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AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONDUCTED BY

J. G. HOLLAND.

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THE CHARTER OAK CITY.

THE NEW CAPITOL.—VIEWS ON BUSHNELL PARK.

THE last census of the United States gave Hartford a population of considerably less than 40,000 inhabitants, ranking it as the thirty-fourth city in size in the country. Midway between two enumerations, as is the present date, it is possible only to guess as to the increase, and to surmise what now is its position numerically in the roll of cities. But if the number of its citizens cannot give it a higher place, still in many other respects it is one of the very foremost. The traditions of its history lead back to the first beginnings of New England settlement, and come down to the present time full of patriotic recollections. Its people have always been active in whatever they have under-

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taken, and whether in historical association, in the range and magnitude of its business undertakings, or in the culture and comfort

SHIP-YARD AT DUTCH POINT.

that the success of these has brought, Hartford has come to be known, not only very widely through the country, but by the universal use of certain of its products, almost around the world.

Relatively to the number of its inhabitants, it is the richest city in the United States. Its savings banks have deposits of about $12,000,000; its banks of discount have capital and surplus of nearly $12,000,000, and deposits of more than $9,000,000; the capital of its other joint-stock companies is $18,000,000; the assets of its insurance companies are more than $113,000,000, and after the taxable portion of what has been mentioned is taken from the city tax list, the assessed value (not more than one-third the real worth probably) of the rest is more than $40,000,000. Of course, besides these evidences of wealth, there is a great deal, as in every city, which never finds its way into the tax list, and can only be estimated. Some of the manufacturing companies included in the aggregate are only organized, not operating; but others have surpluses more than doubling their capital, so that the figures given are certainly low enough; and if some of the assets of the insurance companies are not in Hartford, they are still all tributary to it, and pour their income regularly into the city. The total amount of the list is very much more than $200,000,000, and undoubtedly that estimate of the wealth of Hartford is less than facts would justify.

This attitude of Hartford as a rich city, though comparatively a new one, and to the historian probably not its most interesting, nevertheless is that which, in a mercenary age, is likely to attract for it the first attention. Permanently settled in 1635, it was until some time after the Revolution very far from being the richest town even in poor Connecticut, and the whole colony has not left a barrowful of prerevolutionary plate. Its increase has come chiefly through its railroad communications, the late successes of its manufacturing companies, and the vast development of its insurance interests. It is as a sort of City of Refuge that it is to-day most generally thought of. There is authority to believe that fire will ultimately destroy the world, and death the body; but, meanwhile, the Hartford insurance companies are ready to take risks on the realization of either certainty, and, thus far, in spite of some hard blows, they seem well in advance of fate. By the last official report, it appears that 212,467 people have their lives insured in Hartford. If each of these represents a family of five, then more than a million people are looking to the city as their refuge in the time which the insurance agent, himself a Hartford product, can so pathetically describe as certain to be, for the uninsured, of acute financial as well as domestic distress. These lives are insured for $450,000,000 altogether, and the property insured in the fire companies is $645,646,000 more, so that the total risk which Hartford carries is in round numbers $1,100,000,000. But the business of insurance has reached such a scientific basis that the probable losses admit of close calculation, and the amount of assets necessary to a certain payment is definitely fixed. The Hartford companies, having $113,000,000, have large surpluses above the amount required. Yet nearly all of this accumulation

has come within a short time. The life insurance business began about 1850, and but three fire companies antedate the exceptional disaster of the Chicago fire.

No important life company has ever failed in the city. Although death seems so much more certain than fire, it is also so much more methodical that it is easier to calculate upon its ways. Fire companies, on the other hand, have failed. The Chicago fire put between the writing and the reading of this, some new great fire may have made fresh havoc with them, although the lessons of recent years have taught the managers to scatter their risks, and not to take whole city blocks together as they used. That one affair of Chicago, which marks Hartford's black day, took about ten millions of dollars away from the city, and, eight hundred miles distant from the fire, impoverished men who,

INSURANCE BUILDINGS.

1. Conn. Mutual Life Building, containing also Phœnix Mutual Life Ins. Co. 2. Travelers Ins. Building, with Railway Passenger's Ins. Co.'s Office. 3. Phœnix Fire Ins. Building, containing also Conn. Fire Ins. Co. 4. Hartford Fire Ins. Building, with Offices of State Insurance Commissioner, Atlas Fire and Continental Life. 5. Ætna Ins. Building (Life and Fire Co.'s). 6. Charter Oak Life Co. Building, containing also Office of Hartford Steam Boiler Ins. Co.

out six at once. But the oldest company,—probably the oldest in America,—the Hartford, which was insuring in 1794, is still flourishing. It, the Ætna, and the Phœnix, have paid in full every loss in every fire since they began business, and they are old, while the rest, revived or created since 1871, though young, are thriving under prudent administration. At best, however, they all are engaged in a truly risky business, and, the day before were rich. A singular freak of fate made the loss seem even a bit worse than if it had come on any other date. In Hartford, insurance stock is taxed at its market value, and the tax lists are sworn to, October 1st each year. The fire came on the ninth of the month, and so the holders of the worthless or fallen stocks had for that year to pay taxes on the highest valuations the stocks had ever known. If the fire had

occurred ten days earlier, the difference in favor of the individual losers would have been very considerable. It was only by securing large amounts of new capital, and ment took panic-struck New York by surprise, and everybody who had anything to save rushed at once to insure in a company so evidently sound. A round rate was

RESIDENCE OF MRS. COLT.* (PORTE COCHÈRE.)

sacrificing all the accumulations of years, that the three great companies at that time saved themselves. Under the present official supervision of the business, the companies do not run risks after their early fashion; yet, even then their apparent recklessness often ended in complete success. For an instance: the great New York fire in 1835 which broke every New York company, came upon one of the largest in Hartford just as, after a series of poor years, it was about to pay a liberal dividend. The loss was complete; capital, surplus, dividend, all the assets, went to ashes. But instead of despairing, the President, Mr. Nathaniel Terry, a well-known citizen, who died years ago, borrowed the then considerable sum of $10,000 on his own personal credit, and instantly sent an agent to the city with the money. As soon as he arrived, he paid one loser, a prominent merchant, the whole of his loss, and, with his card of acknowledgment, printed a notice in the newspapers, promising to pay every loss within the sixty days allowed by the contract. This announcecharged for the privilege, and, before the sixty days had passed, the agent had taken in in New York alone enough money to fulfill his promise to pay all losers, and he did do it. This sort of venture would not now be either attempted or allowed; but it suggests the "enterprise" that in the beginning pushed the Hartford companies toward their present high rank. Their losses paid in 1875, when there was no great fire, were $4,913,217. One company has paid $45,000,000, and another $20,000,000, in losses since organization.

Three of the life companies—the Connecticut Mutual, Ætna, and Charter Oak—and two of the fire companies—the Hartford and the Phœnix—have put up fine buildings in the city. These, and three or four other comparatively new, or yet unfinished, structures, are the most noticeable business blocks in Hartford. A half dozen of them tower over the rest of the city in a way to give the spectator, at first sight, the perplexing doubt as to whether the architecture of the town has had a little too much,

* By kind permission we have here made use of several engravings from the beautiful Colt Memorial Volume.—EDITOR.

or much too little, leaven in it to produce such startling inequalities of elevation. But, after several seeings, the odd effect is lost, and there are found significance, utility, and no little beauty in things as they are. The successive levels reached mark the steady rise of the city in importance; first, low brick or wood buildings; then, more pretentious of brick, or brick and stone; then, stone generally from the Portland quarries near chosen by accident, is admirable for its beauty and for its business advantages. It lies on the west bank of the Connecticut River, about fifty miles from Long Island sound, and has the Little, or Park River, flowing about and through it. This empties into the Connecticut at Dutch Point, the place where the Dutch, the first settlers, built a fort in 1633. The high ground of the city affords at various places a fine sweep

FOUNTAIN AT ARMSMEAR.

by; and now great granite piles, rising six or eight stories high, with, too, a revival of the use of brick in some of the finest works. The upper floors of some of the insurance buildings are occupied as residences on the "flat" plan, and are light and cool by reason of their height, and command beautiful views of the city and the country about.

Hartford's situation, though probably of scenery up and down the Connecticut Valley. Outlying manufacturing villages, grown up beside every tributary stream, are here and there visible; the river comes into sight at intervals among its curves; fields and foliage fill the valley, and parallel mountain ranges bound it on the east and west, about twenty miles apart. These, continuing south to tide-water, mark the course of the river as nature first arranged it,

CONSERVATORY AT ARMSMEAR.

when it flowed into the sound at New Haven, and before the stream was turned off toward Saybrook at Middletown, a little below here, by a recent convulsion, only a few hundred decades ago. The soil of the valley is made fertile by annual freshets, and its tobacco, of which large crops are raised, is the most expensive American product of the plant. There is an important trade in that and in other agricultural staples here. For a large district around it, Hartford is the base of supplies, and its local business of all sorts is extensive. Five railroads center here, and the river bears an important commerce, so that the city is made a point of general distribution. All about it are manufacturing communities, mainly created by Hartford capital, among which are Collinsville, with its famous axes and other edged tools, and agricultural implements; New Britain, with its hardware; Thompsonville, with its carpet-works; Rockville, with its woolen-mills; Willimantic, with its immense spool-cotton factories; and South Manchester, the model manufacturing village of America, where the most of the Cheney Brothers' silk-works are situated.

PINERY AT ARMSMEAR.

For a long time the city has been noted for its inventive skill. Before the present

century began, Hartford and its vicinity were operating printing-presses, paper-mills, powder-mills, glass-works, tinware factories, —from which the first Yankee peddlers set out,—the first Connecticut clock factories, and woolen-mills. Many of these industries have remained until now. The first printing-press, set up in 1764, printed the "Courant," and that journal, now 112 years old, has ever since been regularly issued, save for one brief delay during the Revolution, when the supply of paper failed. To meet this emergency, the proprietors hastily built a paper-mill of their own, and that was the founding of the since important East Hartford paper-making interests. The Hartford woolen-mill was in operation in 1788, when General Washington visited it, and his admiration of its work was such that he wrote home to say he should use its best fabrics for himself, and its cheaper stuffs for his slaves, thereafter. The next year, when he was made President, he wore a complete Hartford suit, everything about it, even the buttons, being made in the city, as a present for him, and it was in this Hartford dress that the first President of the United States made the first inaugural speech. There is not space here to enumerate all the manufactures now carried on in Hartford. Connecticut's products are more varied than those of any other State in the Union, and nearly all its varieties are represented about or in the city. A single factory,—perhaps the most famous in the country,—that of the Colt's Arms Manufacturing Company, will have to suffice; and it is worth a note how much Hartford, a city where a battle never was distinctly heard, has had to do with war. The East Hartford Powder Works, the Colt arms, and the Sharp's rifles, of especial Kansas notoriety, are to be considered; and

CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

VIEW IN "COLT'S MEADOWS."

also the fact that two secretaries of the navy, and at least five prominent generals, have been, or are of the city. Everybody has heard of—almost everybody, indeed, has heard—the Colt revolver. No modern invention has come into more nearly world-wide use, nor has any other so universally carried with it its inventor's name. It is a safe assertion that no modern name is more familiar around the globe to-day than Colonel Colt's.

In choosing Hartford for his manufactory, he made a wise selection of a site for his works, and laid out one of the most important parts of the city. The Connecticut River has its spring freshets with all the regularity of nature. Each year it washes out the lower part of the city, and produces trouble all along the line for the residents in the water-wards, who are each year, as regularly as the freshet comes, freshly surprised at its advent. It was a lot of low land, just below Dutch Point, that Colonel Colt selected. He built a solid dike about three hundred acres of land there, and that district has known the spring flood no more. Then the factories, operatives' homes, and other necessary buildings, were put up, which, with their constant increase, have become now almost a city by themselves, and include mills, store-houses, a large public school, the finest church in the city, dwellings, and many other establishments, besides the Colt factories. The first set of these was burned during the war, but new and large fire-proof buildings were erected at once in their place. Now, besides the Colt revolvers, there are made in the factories, steam-engines, printing-presses, and various other machines, and the Gatling guns, large revolving weapons that can be used on land, at sea, or on horseback, and that at the turn of a crank pour out bullets at the rate of four hundred a minute, making them one of the most formidable of recently invented arms. The willow basket-works that utilized the osiers with which the dike is planted and strengthened have lately been burned, and are not rebuilt; but the first purpose of the osier-planting is still met in the hold their roots have upon the dike.

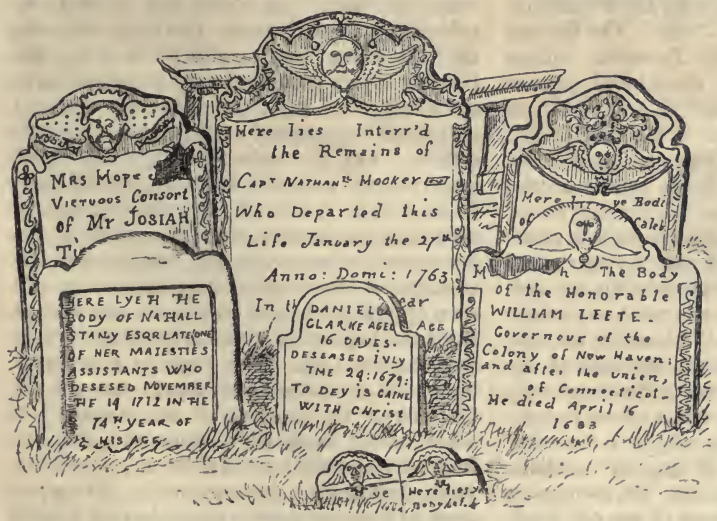
STATE-HOUSE SQUARE, DAY BEFORE "THANKSGIVING"

"Armsmear," with the residence which

Colonel Colt built on the high ground that slopes back from the meadows, is a beautiful place, nearly two-thirds of a mile deep by one-third in its street front-

THE CHARTER OAK.

age on Wethersfield Avenue. The prospect from the house and grounds is magnificent, and the premises are laid out with all the beauty that skilled landscape gardening could add to a naturally graceful situation. The place has its lakes, its deer park, its graperies and groves and gardens; and through the grounds are set a number of fine works of statuary. Within the diked district is the Church of the Good Shepherd, built by Mrs. Colt as a memorial of her husband and children. It is a remarkable piece of church architecture, the work of Mr. E. T. Potter of New York. Its design is exquisite, and the plans, even to their minutest detail, have been executed with a scrupulous fidelity that makes of it an almost faultless structure, symmetrical in every line, and rich and appropriate in its ornamentation. Its large memorial window, imported from England, and its singularly graceful baptismal font, are among its first-noticed beauties. It is considered one of the finest churches in the country; many say that it has no equal in America.



GRAVE-STONES IN OLD CEMETERY.

On the same hill-side, but a little north of Armsmear, is the site of the Charter Oak, the venerable tree, whose familiar tradition has for years reflected glory on Hartford, often called the Charter Oak City.

It stood on the Wyllys place, and the illustration, specially copied from a painting, made for the late Isaac W. Stuart before the tree fell, shows the oak and the old and now departed Wyllys mansion, the frame of which was brought over from England and set up

THE REV. DR. HORACE BUSHNELL.

about 1636. The tree was, so goes the story, spared when the clearing for the house was made, because the Indians had so long used it for a landmark that they had a deep veneration for it, and begged for its preservation. However old it then was, it lasted two hundred and twenty years longer, and only fell in 1856. The current version of the story of the Charter Oak is as well known as that of William Tell or Pocahontas. On the last day of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andros came to demand back the liberal charter that Charles II. had granted, and to set up a new rule. There was a meeting of the general court, a charter was produced at his demand, suddenly the lights went out in a general confusion, and on the resumption of order and candles, the document was gone, Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth having rushed with it off to the oak, and hidden it in the hollow trunk. This act saved the liberty of the colony then, and made Wadsworth and the oak famous now. That is the gist of the story. That there was a meeting with Andros, and that there was a charter and a tree, are admitted still by all; but the more careful historians in this day of reversing "the verdicts of history," are not inclined to go much further in support of the old tradition. Certainly there were two charters, the original and its duplicate. In May, six months before Andros came, the original was put out of the way. One definite account says it was kept in Guilford, Connecticut; and again there are reasons to think it may have gone into the oak. At best, there is nothing certain about it. Whatever disturbance occurred with Andros was over the duplicate, not the original charter; and until some time after the affair, the oak is not heard of in connection with it. A tradition of the Wadsworth family had it that the charter was hidden in the cellar of the Wadsworth house. Years afterward the Connecticut Assembly refused to give Colonel Wadsworth four pounds as a reward for his services, but voted him twenty shillings, suggesting that our fathers did not prize liberty very highly, or else failed to view this deed just as the school-books now record it. Moreover, Mr. C. J. Hoadly, the Connecticut State Librarian, an authority in antiquarian subjects, has, in a recent note to a work he edited, pointed out what seemed to him proof that Andros's visit did put an end to the colonial government, so that if the charter went into the oak, it still went out of legal existence. To retain it, annual elections had to be held. But after Andros came, one election was omitted, and this, he says, terminated the government. A singular proof is offered as evidence that later administrations knew the illegality of their tenure of office, in the fact that Connecticut had no witchcraft craze, although so near to crazy Massachusetts. People were aroused enough to try several witches, and a few were sentenced to death, but all were reprieved by order from Hartford, showing that the administration did not dare to exercise the death penalty, being conscious of its own imperfect hold upon the government, and so of its personal accountability for such deaths. On the other hand, even if the government was not legal, it was all there was; and it is one of the proudest facts in Connecticut history that the charter was preserved, whether in the oak or not, and that the colony never was governed by officers appointed by the crown, but has always, from the beginning, chosen its own rulers by popular election. The original charter reappeared in 1689, and hangs now in the Capitol in the custody of the Secretary of State. The duplicate disappeared, and was found in Hartford in 1818 by the late Hon. John Boyd in a curious way. He was a student preparing for college, having a fancy for odd papers and an antiquarian taste.

He saw the lady with whom he boarded about to cut up into a bonnet-frame an old piece of parchment. By replacing it with pasteboard, he secured the document, and, on subsequent examination, found he had saved the duplicate charter. It now is held by the Connecticut Historical Society out of the range of all the votaries of fashion

All that marks the place to-day where the Charter Oak stood is a white slab set in the sidewalk. Not even a railing fences in the sacred spot, which is daily trodden under foot. But the name cannot be forgotten; for, from high to low, the title Charter Oak is emblazoned upon sign-boards all over the city. These and the chips of Charter Oak that may be found in the home of every "son and daughter of Connecticut" are its chief and its steadily increasing mementoes. Not the gloomiest iconoclast expects ever to see the supply of wood from the old tree give out.

After the Charter Oak Place, the most historic ground in Hartford is the State-house Square, originally much larger than now, very near the middle of the city, where State street, running back several blocks from the river, meets at right angles Main street, the great north and south thoroughfare. The present State-house, about to be vacated for the new Capitol, stands in the Square, and the new post-office is begun there. The two previous State-houses, the first church (which was half church, half State-house, and, later, was made into a barn), the first tavern, first jail, and first burying-ground, were all in the Square. But these have entirely disappeared, the graveyard being more easily forgotten, because, as is said, an economical generation used the grave-stones for the foundations of new buildings. It may have been from the Square that Wadsworth took the charter, perhaps to the oak. It was on this ground that Washington and Rochambeau first met each other, an event of great importance in the Revolution. It was there that Lafayette was publicly received. Indeed, the story of the events of the spot is almost the history of Hartford. A vestige of the old-time market day is found now at Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, when the Square is filled with farm-wagons, from which poultry is sold in the open street. Hotels, eight banks, and a number of the finest business blocks, stand about the present limits of the Square. Near by, on Main street, is the Center Congregational Church, that of the oldest society in the city; and back of this church is the old

WARD'S STATUE OF ISRAEL PUTNAM.*

town cemetery, full of queer grave-stones and graves of the early settlers.

Churches are abundant in Hartford. The first English colony of settlers came with their religious organization all perfected, and the pulpit of the city has been always influential. Stone and Hooker, the first ministers, were both men of note. It was for Stone that Hartford was named from Hertford, England, which had been his home; and Hooker, the master-spirit of the colony, has left a name and memory that will survive as long as Hartford is. From them down to the present time there has been a

* See SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY; Vol. VI., p. 500.

BARTLETT'S STATUE OF WELLS, "DISCOVERER OF ANÆSTHESIA."

succession of strong minds in the ministry here. Of late years was Dr. Joel Hawes, who died in 1867 after a settlement of nearly fifty years, over the Center Church. One of his published works, "Lectures to Young Men," reached a circulation of 100,000 copies, and he was known and felt very widely. Dr. Horace Bushnell, who died this year, was one of the foremost thinkers in the American pulpit. He was a pastor in Hartford for twenty-three years, and a resident for twenty more. His power through his pulpit was felt deeply at home, as well as all through the theological world; but it was as a citizen, as much almost as it was as a minister, that he was known and loved here. He was interested in all the projects for the city's welfare that have matured, and was the source of many of them, and of many others that would have been of great benefit had they been undertaken. The Bushnell Park, recently named in his memory, which is one of the finest of its size in the country, was designed by him, and his energy carried through against great opposition the scheme for its creation. What was one of the worst and most desolate parts of the city has been transformed into a complete garden, a pleasure-ground, and a breathing-spot, that is now of inestimable value, and one of Hartford's chief ornaments. The new Connecticut Capitol, a fine marble structure, is approaching completion on the high ground of the west side, a site selected by Dr. Bushnell, from which Trinity College is being removed. Mr. J. Q. A. Ward's statue of Israel Putnam, erected by the late Hon. Joseph P. Allyn, is on the west park too; and back of it, beyond the river and the railroad are seen, on the left, the High School, on the right, the residence of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Julius Catlin, where Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess, lived for more than twenty years. On the east park, by the fountain, is T. H. Bartlett's statue of Dr. Horace Wells, erected by the city to honor the discoverer of anæsthesia, who was a resident of Hartford, and performed here the experiments by which he made his discovery. A bitter dispute, for which there seems to be no anæsthesia, prevails as to whose the credit of this really is; but, without arguing the point, it may be said that in Hartford there is, and seems possible, only one opinion,—that Dr. Wells was the first to introduce to the human race this grateful gift, for which men owe him most, just when they are most unconscious of all their obligations.

Returning to the subject of the Hartford pulpit, at least eleven Episcopal bishops—Coxe, Doane, Potter, and Wainwright of New

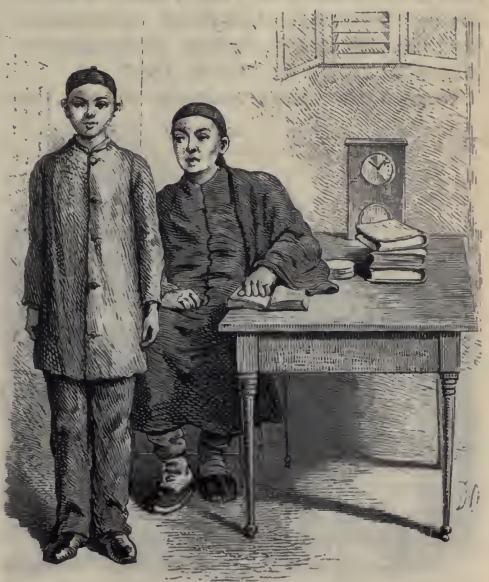
FORMER RESIDENCE OF MRS. SIGOURNEY.

York; Chase of Illinois, Clarke of Rhode Island, Burgess of Maine, Doane of New Jersey, Niles of New Hampshire, and

YUNG WING.

Brownell and Williams of Connecticut—have been residents of the city; while four other Episcopal bishops are graduates of Trinity College, and one Roman Catholic archbishop, Bailey of Baltimore. The Congregational Theological Institute, formerly the East Windsor Hill Seminary, is now in Hartford, and is in excellent condition. The Hartford churches, the buildings themselves, are of all types and of all materials,—wood, brick, and the various sorts of stone. The dark sandstone is perhaps the most frequently chosen. The variety of styles is noticeably agreeable to the eye, and many are very graceful works; several spires, in particular that of the Pearl street Congregational Church, next to the Phœnix Fire Insurance building, being really admirable. Yet, church spires are rather a delicate subject to allude to, for perhaps to signify their faith in the future, an unusual number of the societies have built their churches steepleless, leaving these ornaments to be added in the hereafter; and, meanwhile, the lack of the spires, for which the bases have so long stood waiting in their unfinished rudeness, is the most serious flaw in the appearance of the city.

The Hartford school buildings are said to be the finest in the State. There are nine large public schools, including the public High School, with about nine thousand pupils altogether. The High School, under Professor Joseph Hall, in which is practically merged the old Hopkins Grammar School, established in 1657, has about four hundred and fifty scholars, and has a reputation with all the leading colleges as one of the best of all the preparatory schools. Some of its scholars now are Japanese. It is a singular feature of Hartford that it has a really considerable Oriental population. A dozen or so of Japanese boys—very bright ones too—have been studying in the city for some time. They dress in simple European style, and are distinguished only by their Japanese stamp of countenance, and by being at the head of the classes they enter in the schools. There is also a Chinese settlement, the most important in the country, and one of the most interesting elements of Hartford life to-day. Under the charge of Mr. Yung Wing, the Imperial Commissioner, who has been lately made LL. D. by Yale College, the Chinese Educational Mission has been established, with head-quarters in the city of Hartford. Chinese boys are brought over, and given by this Mission as liberal and useful educations as can be had; and they are to go back eventually cultivated men, familiar with the world, and able to maintain for China its independence and increase its influence among nations. This educational work, conceived years ago by Mr. Wing, and now at last being put into practice, bids fair to



CHINESE PUPIL RECITING.

be one of the great facts of our time, and factors of the future. The pupils and attachés of the mission retain their Chinese manners, dress, and speech, though they learn English, and it is no longer a matter

of any remark to see the full Chinese costume on the street, with the queer shoes, bright-colored clothes, white sun umbrellas, and the round caps with a long "pig-tail" flowing out from each, and to hear the strange jargon of their almost unutterable language. The work of the mission is being very thoroughly done; it has an ample fund, and a building for its use is now being put up on Collins street. The intelligent and attractive young people are put among careful families in various places, but each has to spend a certain time every year at the central establishment, to revive in Hartford the ways and tastes of China, his home. A single incident of their school customs will show how thoroughly the reverse of our ways are theirs of the reverse side of the globe. In studying, each scholar is required to repeat his lesson constantly to himself out loud, and the teacher detects the shirker by missing his voice in the general Babel; and again, at recitation, the scholar stands in front of the teacher, but with his back turned toward him, and repeats his lesson in that attitude. Mr. Wing's work, and his remarkable personal history, were made the subject of a special article in SCRIBNER for May, 1875. Nor is it necessary to write here of Trinity College among Hartford educational institutions, for that was fully described in the number of this magazine for March, 1876.

Besides the actual schools of the city

THE WADSWORTH ATHENÆUM.

there is a powerful educating influence in its libraries. The Watkinson Library of Reference, established by will of Mr. Robert Watkinson, a member of one of the old Hartford families, who left $100,000 for the purpose in 1857, has about 27,000 volumes, selected under the excellent judgment of

HARTFORD PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, its librarian, who has made it an exceedingly useful and valuable consulting library, since he took charge of it in 1862. The Connecticut Historical Society has about 15,000 volumes, the most of which are rare works; while, besides its innumerable and very curious relics, it holds in trust all sorts of old correspondences of great historic importance, as well as interest. These libraries are in or added to the Wadsworth Athenæum building. In this is also the Wadsworth Art Gallery, where, besides works by Trumbull, the early historical painter, and Mr. F. E. Church, a native of Hartford, may be seen a full-length portrait of Benjamin West by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the statuary is a large collection of the pieces by the sculptor Bartholomew, of Hartford, who, though an early death cut him off from the greatest fame, left behind him works full not only of promise but of merit. The Young Men's Institute, in the same building, has a circulating library of about 25,000 volumes; and in the Capitol is the State Library, with a full collection of English, American and Irish law and also other books and manuscripts. On removal to the new Capitol, it is proposed to add to the State Library a copy of every book by a Connecticut author. This list, leaving out the Historical Society, which is private, presents pretty fully the fund of information open to the public. Then there are private libraries known by name at least to all book-collectors. Of these the finest, as it is one of the finest in America, is that

of the late Mr. George Brinley, who spent many years and a deal of money in getting it together. It contains a perfect Mazarine Bible, really the first important work ever printed in the world with movable type A copy advertised in England this year is priced at $15,000 gold. It has also two or three copies of each of the two editions of the rare old Eliot Indian Bible, and these copies are respectively the finest in existence. There is, too, a "Bay State Psalm-book," and of works of the early American press, between the psalm-book (1640) and the year 1700 there is a collection absolutely unequaled. These are only a part of the many volumes, and are its rarities, not its especial elegancies, but the superlatives used in description are fully justified by the facts. Few people know the library except by name, because Mr. Brinley guarded it most zealously as long as he lived. Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull also is the owner of a fine collection of books, manuscripts, and literary valuables, among which are at least two Eliot Bibles, and he is the only person living who can read the book.

Publishing began to assume visible proportions in Hartford early in the century, and, after the issuing of a series of school books, became, as it still is, a thriving industry of the place. The influential volumes in establishing the business were Smith's Geography and Arithmetic, by the late Roswell C. Smith, of Hartford; Olney's Geography; Comstock's Philosophy and Chemistry, and Mrs. Lincoln's Botany. Schoolboys of fifty years ago will remember some of these better than more recent scholars can. The first Connecticut Bible was printed in Hartford in 1809, called the "standing Bible," because the types were brought over from abroad all set up, and were kept standing to print from. Between 1809 and 1861 there were eighty editions of the Bible printed in the city Of late years the most of the Hartford books have been "sold by subscription," and the book agent may, perhaps, be put beside the insurance agent among the products of the city.

The prominence of the city in literature dates back to the first of this and last of the previous century, to the period of Joel Barlow, John Trumbull, Dr. Cogswell, Theodore Dwight, Dr. Hopkins and Richard Alsop, known as the "Hartford wits." These brilliant men, who earned their title mainly by their contributions to a number of papers that were occasionally printed, may properly be called the founders of the literature of the place. Trumbull, the author of "McFingal" (who was admitted to Yale College when seven years old, and who, settling as a lawyer in Hartford in 1781,

GENERAL JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

lived to be eighty-one), and Theodore Dwight, were probably the best known of these. Dwight was an editor, and was offered, but declined, the editorship of the New York "Evening Post," before it was given to Mr. Coleman in 1801. He was in Congress in 1806, and shortly afterward established the "Connecticut Mirror," a brilliant Federalist sheet, intended to be more pronounced than the "Courant" that he had edited. Dwight was secretary of the Hartford Convention, and after it left Hartford. Near to these in time was S. G. Goodrich, the familiar "Peter Parley," who was a publisher before he began to write, and brought out Trumbull's poems in 1820 in Hartford, and afterward, moving to Boston, established there the "Token," in which he introduced Hawthorne and others to the public. His work in American literature was something like Knight's in England. He popularized and, either in his own name or as Peter Parley, he was the writer of one hundred and seventy books, of which his compends of information—history, geography, travel—are still remembered and used. His "Recollections," in two volumes, are full of Hartford stories. The poets Percival and J. G. C. Brainard, the latter one of Connecticut's favorites, were his friends and contemporaries. Of Brainard, whose theme was mainly nature, he says that he wrote his "Ode to

Niagara," admitted to be the finest ever written on the subject, in a hurried half hour, at a call for copy in the office of the "Mirror," which he edited, and when he wrote it he had never been within five hundred miles of the Falls! A story of the Hartford pulpit, told in the "Recollections," illustrates the simple customs of the days gone by. Dr. Strong, after his Revolutionary chaplaincy, was a pastor for many years in the city, where he was universally loved and respected. On week days, the Doctor was interested in the sale of rum as member of a firm who distilled and sold the liquor. This may seem strange, yet it is worth remark that the liquor business appears to have been better in the time when ministers managed it than now; but that is not all the story. The firm failed, and the sheriff followed up the minister with a writ. The latter retired to his house and shut himself up there to escape, but as writs could not be served on Sundays, he would come out of exile on those days, and, making his way to the sanctuary, would in safety lead his flock in their religious duties, nor did anybody then comment on the affair as peculiar. Another version of the tradition has it that the sheriff did arrest the minister but he was released "within limits" as the custom then was, and the legal "limits" had to be especially extended for the benefit of this culprit in order that he might be able to reach the church where he preached. Mr. Goodrich tells of a "literary club" forming in 1818, and there have been such clubs almost always since then. One of the present time, of limited membership, has in its number General Hawley, Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, Charles Dudley Warner, General W. B. Franklin, Mark Twain, the Hon. H. C. Robinson, the present Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, U. S. Judge Nathaniel Shipman, Professor C. E. Stowe,

RESIDENCE OF "MARK TWAIN."

and several others of the leading members of the various professions. Dr. Bushnell and the late President Jackson of Trinity College, were also members.

George D. Prentice, who, in 1828, took charge of the "New England Review" here, and John G. Whittier, who succeeded him in 1830, and published his first volume of poems while in Hartford; Lewis Gaylord Clark, who edited the "Mirror," and William L. Stone, another of its editors, afterward founder of the "New York Commercial Advertiser," and author of numerous volumes, were at some time busy in literary life in the

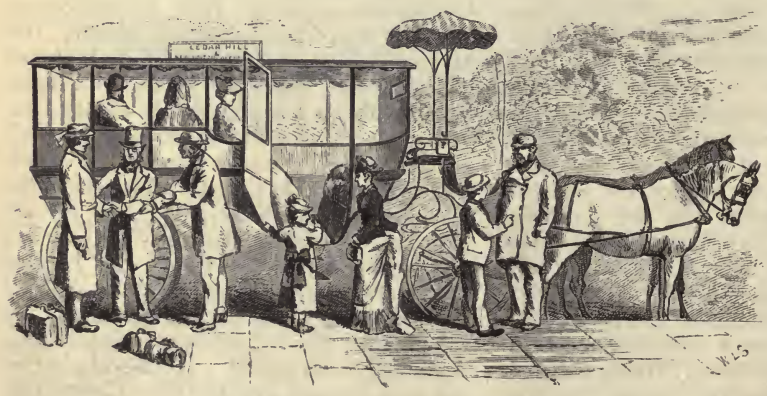
city, and, of later date, are to be named Dr. Trumbull, the late Dr. Bushnell, President Barnard, now of Columbia College, Mr. Warner, the late Henry Howard Brownell, the poet, Mr. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), and the Hon. Henry Barnard, at one time United States Commissioner of Education. Noah Webster, compiler of the Dictionary, was born in Hartford. Among women, either now or formerly of the city, who have acquired prominence in letters, are Mrs. Sigourney, whose first volume appeared in 1822; Miss Catharine Beecher, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, "Gail Hamilton" and Miss Louisa Bushnell, each of whom, by the way, has been engaged in teaching in Hartford at some time; the two last named having been connected with the High School. It is said of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that it has been translated into more languages than any other book but the Bible, and that a special alcove is reserved for it in the British Museum, as a study and for reference in philology. Among the authors mentioned, Barlow, Dwight, Stone, Brainard, Prentice, Whittier, Bushnell, Warner, Clark, and Clemens, all were editors at one time or another, and all but Dr. Bushnell and Mr. Clemens were editors in Hartford. The activity of the city in politics has made its press always noticeably strong. To be sure, some of its most talented and brilliant newspapers have died, but there has almost always been the energy necessary to establish a successor, and failure has not produced discouragement. The "Courant" has kept on its even way among all troubles, and is now owned and edited by General J. R. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and Mr. Stephen A. Hubbard, under the firm of Hawley, Goodrich & Co.,—Mr. Goodrich having charge of the business department. The other daily newspapers are the "Times," founded in 1817, and owned and edited now by the Messrs. Burr, and the "Post," established in 1856, and owned by a stock company, in which ex-Postmaster-General Jewell has a large share. The "Churchman," the very prominent Episcopal weekly journal, is published in Hartford, as are other denominational "weeklies," and several Sunday papers, advertising sheets, insurance journals, and so on.

RESIDENCE OF CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Political activity is a habit inherited from the old Hartford. The colony of Connecticut formed about Hartford, and the first written constitution in the world was drawn up in Hartford, and adopted for Connecticut in 1639. The word "king" does not occur in it, and the liberality of its whole spirit is historic. Under the famous charter, Hartford, that is Connecticut, acquired New Haven colony in 1662, and, after a long opposition, New Haven yielded and consented to be taken in. Hartford was the capital until 1701, then it and New Haven nearly all the time had each the legislature once a year till 1818; then each had it on alternate years, and now, since 1874, Hartford has been the sole capital of the State, and a long dispute is quieted. In national affairs, the place has been honorably conspicuous. Its recruits have been ready always when needed for service. The capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen was the result of an expedition organized in Hartford. Its Revolutionary record is good. The Hartford Convention of 1814, was certainly an important event. It was held in the Senate Chamber of the present State-house. In the Mexican war, Thomas H. Seymour, afterward Minister to Russia, won his fame, and among high officers of the late war, who are, or were of

"LOVE LANE."

Hartford, are Generals Alfred H. Terry of the regular army, J. R. Hawley of the "Courant;" W. B. Franklin of the Colt Arms Company, and the late R. O. Tyler. In civil life, Hartford has had the second Chief-Justice of the nation, Oliver Ellsworth, a native of Windsor, near by, but often resident in the city; Joel Barlow, Minister to France; Seymour and Jewell, Ministers to Russia; Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury under John Adams; J. M. Niles under Van Buren, and Jewell under Grant,



MAIN STREET TO CEDAR HILL CEMETERY.

Postmaster-Generals; Isaac Toucey under Buchanan, and Gideon Welles through both of Lincoln's administrations, Secretaries of the Navy; and Toucey, Attorney-General under Polk. Postmaster-General Niles founded the Hartford "Times," and Mr. Welles was at one time one of its editors.

This is only an imperfect review, after all, of some of the characteristic features of the city, its wealth, how earned and used, and its literary and political importance. With regard to the first of these, something should be said of the Hartford banks. The history of these institutions yields in itself material for a long work. To-day, the National Banks here have more than a third of all the deposits in Connecticut; more than a quarter of the capital, and surpluses averaging forty-three per cent.; while, through the rest of the State, the average surplus is thirty-two per cent. The wholesale dry goods business of the city, built up by sheer perseverance, began about forty years ago in a small way, but developed to great importance; and, a few years ago, every important town in the West had business relations with Hartford through the dry goods trade; yet, there was not in the city a single cotton or woolen mill. The sales of prints, last year, were more than $6,000,000, and of all dry goods between $10,000,000 and $12,000,000. In connection with business, it should be added, that the city pays about one-third of all the taxes of Connecticut.

Of the general appearance of the city, it is not imprudent even for a resident to say that it is remarkably attractive. Its reputation is already established in that respect, and is aided by the fact that the railroads pass along the edge of the park, affording a full view of this charming spot, of the imposing Capitol upon it, and of the pretentious buildings on Main street which are seen beyond. The position of the city is picturesque; it seems to rest naturally and easily where it is put; its macadamized streets are many, and are generally clean, and not yet altogether stripped of fine trees, although many have been "improved" out of existence in the past twenty years. Its residences are home-like and tasteful, and it is noticeable how generally a bit of land is owned with the house Blocks are few. There has

been a wide spreading out from the center in recent years, and where some of the finest places now are, not long ago there were fine chestnut-trees, with his "garden" sunning itself back of the house for summer exercise and instruction, and in the winter the "back-log" burns in a grand open fireplace in the drawing-room, which is lighted by south, east and north windows. These are in the west part of the city. Toward the north, the visitor sees the State Arsenal and several of the older cemeteries, and at the far south, after passing the new Trinity College site and several conspicuous residences, there is reached a comparatively new cemetery at Cedar Hill, well laid out on high ground, from which the prospect includes all the city and a long range up and across the valley. A favorite drive is to Cedar Hill; and Hartford people are, next to base-ball, notoriously fond of horses and driving. The Hartford base-ball grounds and the Charter Oak trotting park are regarded as models among public works of that sort. Another drive, renowned for years for its sentimental associations, which have given it the name of Love

THE RETREAT FOR THE INSANE.

only outlying groves or pastures. "Armsmear," Mrs. Colt's home, has already been described. Another remarkable place is "Mark Twain's," on Farmington avenue. The house is made entirely of brick, with wood trimmings. Some very unique but excellent effects have been given by setting the bricks at different angles in various colors of mortar, and by using different colored bricks. The house within is not noticeable at all for its peculiarity, as it is outside, but is admirably planned. The fine hall and staircase, and the wood-work of the library, which is antique and a foreign importation, are models of beauty. And yet with all that there is to admire in the house owing to the skill of the architect and the taste of its occupants, it remains a fact that Mr. Clemens does most of his writing in his barn,—a habit which, to avert some wretched punster, ought to be cited as one reason why among humorists of the day, his works are stable while others perish; indeed, his "Innocents Abroad" has still a steady and constant sale, and, especially at the West, is a household word, where it ranks as chief among Old Testament commentaries. All of his books are published in Hartford. Close by his house is Mrs. Stowe's, and not far off is Mr. Warner's, gracefully set among

THE AMERICAN ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

IN THE BOYS' READING-ROOM.

Lane, is just about disappearing, its rich woods going down to make way for buildings. Wethersfield, with its State prison and its onions, is but a few miles south of the city; and the Tower, about eight miles west of the city, on Talcott Mountain, is a place of constant resort all summer long. Its views are unequaled anywhere else in the State. The Farmington and Connecticut Valleys lie under it west and east. North, appear Springfield, Mass., and Mounts Tom and Holyoke; the Catskills show themselves at the west in clear days; and south, the East Rock at New Haven is visible.

There is no fitter or pleasanter conclusion to the statements of the city's wealth than the fact that it is a place of many charities. The Hartford Hospital has a very liberal endowment, and is one of the largest buildings in Hartford. Near it is the Retreat for the Insane, a private asylum, founded in 1824, which has treated six thousand patients, more than three thousand of whom have been discharged recovered. There is, near the railway station, on Asylum avenue, on Asylum Hill (both named from it), the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, established in 1817 by Thomas Gallaudet, assisted by Laurent Clerc, a French deaf-mute gentleman, a pupil of the Abbé Sicard. This was the first institution of its kind in the country. Until it was opened, the deaf and dumb had been held incapable of relief. Now they are not only taught useful industries, but learn to read with perfect ease, and to communicate ideas by signs, often more rapidly than others can by words, and sometimes they actually acquire speech. A bust of Mr. Clerc which was designed by a graduate of the institution, stands in the Asylum grounds. There are also among the charities, the Orphan Asylum, the various institutions of the Roman Catholic Church, which, besides several large churches,

THE COFFEE-HOUSE OF THE UNION FOR HOME WORK.

has a convent, schools, and asylums in the city; the Women's Home of the Women's Christian Association, the Widows' Homes, several especial funds held in trust for the poor, and the Union for Home Work, the latest of the Hartford charities, the fullest realization of well-wishing in well-doing that has yet been developed. It is an association of ladies, the payment of a small fee being the only qualification demanded of members. The lady managers consult with a board of gentlemen about important matters of finance; but practically it is all woman's work. A visitor employed by the Union is constantly among the sick and needy. There is a coffee-house, on the Holly Tree Inn plan, in Market street, where thoroughly good food is sold without profit, and where, in a soup-kitchen department, meal-tickets, sold to any purchaser for distribution among beggars, are redeemed on presentation. The coffee-house has a meat-market attached, where meats are sold to any purchaser at rates to cover in profit what is consumed in the restaurant, the market being in no sense a charity, but rather a means of sustaining one. Next door to the coffee-house, still a Union department, is the building used for a day nursery, or *crèche*, where young children are given good care and food all day while their mothers are away at work; and in the same building are lodging-rooms, and the reading-room for girls, who are taught sewing and music, and are read to and furnished with books. On certain days some of the ladies open a sewing-school for children, and at the coffee-house work is furnished to those who really need it, and food and clothes are provided at cost, much also being given away. The aim is not to help poor people to stay poor, but to show them how to earn, and to help themselves; it is scarcely necessary to say that professional and profitable beggary is the greatest obstacle the society meets. In connection with the Union, there is also a news-boys' reading-room, open winter evenings, which is a useful thing, and a very lively place. Books, baths, checkers, and other luxuries are allowed to every boy who wants to come in, the washing being not only allowed, but, if necessary, enforced. This outlines the plan of the Union for Home Work. It is no longer an experiment, but seems to be an established institution, living upon members' fees, the income from occasional entertainments, and voluntary contributions given whenever they are wanted,—for the Union is thoroughly appreciated. Its buildings are utterly plain old houses; there is no show about it; its funds have not gone into a monumental building, and it into debt as a consequence. Its only advertisement is the great work it is quietly doing. Already, kind-hearted people of other cities, who have been looking for some practical scheme to reach just the results the Union reaches, are taking it for their model.

The existence and maintenance of all these charities, the presence of societies of every religious creed, the peaceful blending of as many nationalities as any city in the country contains, are all indications of the liberal spirit which prevails in and characterizes Hartford, whose wealth, culture, business enterprise, and philanthropy are each a reason for its fame among American cities. As to its future, there is room for speculation. Just now, like every city in the country, it suffers serious depression in business, and prophets are not lacking to say that it has reached its growth, and that, having spread out too much, it must steady itself to remain even of its present size and importance under the confessedly heavy taxes that are levied on its citizens; but against these are the known energy of the people, the evidences of how past opportunities have been improved, the traditions of success which attach to the city, and the power of increase that belongs to capital already acquired.

ANDIRONS IN HISTORICAL ROOMS.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE.

In the ebb and flow of thought so characteristic of our modern intellectual life, one idea has many times gained, and as often lost, ground. From the days of Galileo to the present, during the centuries which have elapsed since the gift of its new vision had been bestowed upon the world by the blind Florentine, the doubt has now and again found voice, whether even Divine love and care can be commensurate with Divine power. The infinite reaches of space, revealed or suggested by the telescope, exhausts our capacity for belief. We stagger before the thoughts of an Intelligence which can and does fill every portion of this infinity of worlds with full, perfect and exquisite life. The subtle skepticism of the human heart, ever ready to seize an occasion, again asserts itself. The attribute of power is magnified at the expense of the no less God-like attribute which is satisfied with nothing less than perfection in detail. The world in its innate unbelief returns to the thought that even a love, a wisdom, a forethought which it mocks with the title of Divine, will fail to bestow upon each atom of this infinity, the care and tenderness which the race, in its infancy and ignorance, had fancied to be its own. And so God is pushed back and away from our human lives into a vague and dim abstraction, as the First Great Cause, and nothing more.

But "Wisdom," now as of old, "is justified of her children." Science is always its own antidote, and is ever ready with the solution of the difficulties which it has raised. A little waiting, and the tubes and lenses, the mechanical perfection and delicate adjustments which had created the doubt, resolved it. While the telescope was sweeping the fields of space,—bringing within the ken of man new worlds, and systems of worlds in the universe of unknown vastness above us,—the microscope, in its humbler sphere, was revealing a no less wonderful universe of unknown beauty and perfection beneath us.

The line of telescopic discovery sweeping off into infinite space might well bring doubt and despair to the mind which contemplates that alone; but there is another line of discovery more beautiful, more wonderful still. As we look, and tremble at the Divine power which holds the heavenly bodies in their orbits, we see it come circling round and beneath us, holding us safe within the magic bounds of that Divine love which has made man the central fact of creation.

This little instrument, then, has wrought a noble work for God and truth in the world. The microscope has, apart from its own peculiar work, a mission. Not only has it revealed to us many secrets which make life easier, which soften the pangs of disease and diminish the anguish of bereavement, but it has helped to silence the voice which was delivering its message of desolation to the world, in denying the Fatherhood of God. Not only does it show us the marvelous precision of inorganic nature, and the delicate adjustments of chemical, physical and vital forces in organic, but it brings us into the very antechamber of that court where life holds its mysterious sway,—almost into the presence of the subtile vital force which baffles analysis, and laughs synthesis to scorn.

Let us begin at the very foundation of life, at its humblest manifestation, at the single stone, as it were, out of which all the magnificent architecture of organic nature is constructed. From the lowest form of life to the highest, from the most delicate sea-weed driven hither and thither by every passing ripple, up through the myriad forms of vegetable and animal life to man himself, there is no exception to the law which associates life, and all its functions, with the cell. In Nature's infinite variety there is nothing half so wonderful as the unity which underlies it all. The ideal type is still adhered to, throughout the numberless modifications of cell life. While there are cells of every size and shape, cells for the performance of every function of life, cells which go to make up every kind of tissue, yet, it is true, that every organic structure is in the main an aggregation of mere cells.

Vegetable cells, in the earlier stages of their development, generally approximate to the sphere in form. As they grow older, assume different offices in the economy of the plant, or are pressed upon by surrounding cells, the shape becomes changed. Each vegetable cell is, in its earliest form, a sac of cellulose, filled with a mass of albuminous jelly in which is embedded a roundish body,—the nucleus,—chemically like the surrounding jelly. The wall of cellulose (which is the substance afterward, in many cases, transformed into wood) constitutes

the main feature by which vegetable are distinguished from animal cells.

Nothing could look more innocent than the contents of a vegetable or animal cell, and yet this harmless jelly is responsible for much bitter and rancorous warfare; it is the much berated protoplasm,—"the physical basis of life." The name protoplasm, meaning first form, or first mold, has been given, because no form of life, vegetable or animal, fully developed or in embryo, has ever been found dissociated from it. The protoplasm at first fills the cellulose sac; as the cell wall grows it is seen to give way under the strain, and certain vacancies, called vacuoli, make their appearance, which become filled with cell sap. More and more of these liquid drops appear throughout the mass of protoplasm; they generally coalesce at last, and form a central cavity, while the jelly is merely a lining membrane to the cellulose, or stretches itself across the cavity in the form of threads or bands. When this stage has been reached, in cell developement, the protoplasm is called the primordial utricle. [See Fig 1.]

As internal cells grow older the protoplasm disappears, the cellulose lignifies, and a mere frame-work of hardened cells is left. The moment the protoplasm disappears all vital action ceases, no new material is

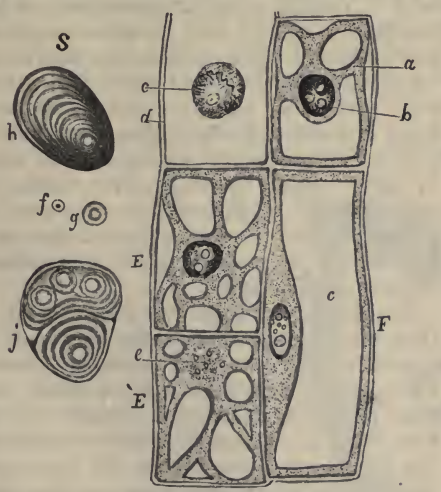


FIG. 1. VEGETABLE CELLS AND STARCH GRAINS.

Parenchymal cells from root of *Fritillaria imperialis*, longitudinal section of young cells near apex of root; *d* cellulose tissue forming cell walls; *a* protoplasmic contents of cells; *c* spaces holding cell sap; *b* nucleus; *e* nucleus swollen by absorption of water; *F* an older cell in which the protoplasm has contracted leaving a large vacuolus filled with cell sap, and itself forming the lining protoplasmic layer of cell wall sometimes called *primordial utricle*. *S*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *j*, Starch grain in successive stages of growth or accretion.

formed, no fresh chemical combinations take place, and the cell neither grows nor subdivides. In the soft, albuminous jelly resides the power, so marvelous and inexplicable, which we call life; within it go on all the processes of vitality and reproduction; from it is formed the cell sap, which is the vital fluid of the plant. It is true that the water of the cell sap is absorbed from outside, yet it always passes through the protoplasmic layer, and in so doing receives certain substances from it which endow it with the power to fulfill its functions.

Protoplasm is more or less capable of pouring or flowing like a liquid, in proportion as it has absorbed more or less water; but it is never in any true sense a fluid. It is endowed with forces which give it the capacity for both an external and internal variability, present in no other known substance. In consequence of the force inherent in living protoplasm, a mass of the structureless jelly (for such it seems to be) may assume a definite external form, it may vary that form, and it may secrete matter having different chemical and physical properties according to definite laws. It is the immediate cause of cell formation, and of every process of organic life, wherever vitality is present.

The cellulose, cell sap, and nucleus appear to be mere differentiations of matter already present in the protoplasm. In some of the lower algæ, or water-plants, a mass of protoplasm escapes from its old cell wall, clothes itself with a cellulose envelope, develops a nucleus and becomes in all respects like the parent cell. In passing out from its old cell wall, the jelly-like mass assumes a variety of forms; it shows itself to be soft, extensible, and inelastic. As soon, however, as it frees itself from external modifying conditions, it assumes a definite shape in obedience to some internal controlling power.

Certain portions of the protoplasm in most vegetable cells detach themselves and become colored; these are the chlorophyl bodies which give the green color to vegetation, and which, under the controlling power of light, perform the most important of the vital functions. The protoplasmic masses which are associated with the coloring matter are found to retain, not only their shape but also their former volume, after the chlorophyl is abstracted. Each chlorophyl body is therefore composed of two substances, the coloring matter and its protoplasmic vehicle. In most cells the chlorophyl bodies are irregularly distributed throughout the jelly, but in some of the lower sea-weed they assume the form of

spiral bands, and in others, of delicate star-like figures. [See Fig. 2.]

The mystery of cell life, which is all life in epitome, has hardly been touched. Though many cells are so small that 125,000,000 may easily be included within a cubic inch of space, yet the work of life

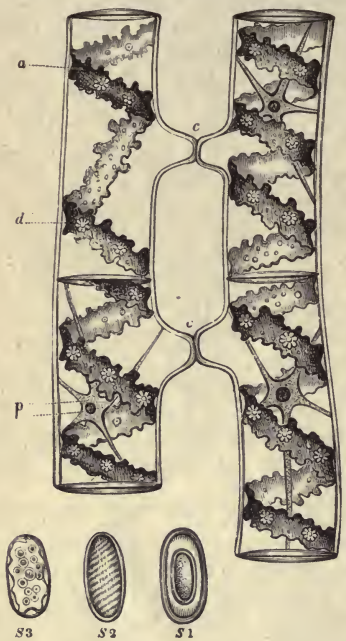


FIG. 2. SPIROGYRA LONGATA ABOUT TO EFFECT CONJUGATION.

a Spiral bands of chlorophyl containing flower-like aggregations of starch grains *a'*, and drops of oil; *p* protoplasm, with nucleus, sending threads across to cell walls; *c* protuberances of cell wall in preparation for conjugation. [After Sachs.] *S1*, *S2*, *S3*, spores of *S. Longata* in successive stage after conjugation. [After Henfrey.]

goes on no less perfectly in one of these cells than it does in higher organisms. The living jelly in each cell receives crude, inorganic matter, absorbs and assimilates it, bringing into existence, by the alchemy of its touch, the material without which all animal life would perish. Besides the cell contents already mentioned, which are integral parts of the cell itself, we find the products of its vital processes; quantities of assimilated matter are stored up for the future use of the plant, such as sugar, oil, and, above all, starch. This latter generally makes its appearance in the chlorophyl bodies, and grows till it fills the space, a fine green coating covering the outside of the starch grains. In old, yellow leaves, the coating of green disappears, and the starch grains take the place of the chlorophyl bodies. In the fall of the year all the assimilated material of the leaves is transferred to the perennial parts of the plant, a cicatrice forms across the stem, the leaf falls gently away, leaving the stem healed over before the severance is effected.

The starch grains, which are at first spherical, grow unequally; the layers, which at first form concentrically, are developed afterward only on one side; the shape in consequence changes from spheroid to ovoid, as may be seen in Fig. 1, *h*. Portions of the protoplasm also assume curious crystalline shapes, cubes, tetrahedra, octohedra, etc., not very definite in their form. The crystalloids give the chemical reactions of protoplasm; and they take up coloring matter, coagulate, and imbibe water so freely as to lose their angularity. They are not at all of the nature of those true crystals, generally of calcium oxalate, or calcium carbonate, which are found in many vegetable cells.

The cell wall inclosing each tiny mass of living jelly is very marvelous in the delicacy and beauty of its structure. As the contents of the cell grow, the cellulose envelope increases by a process which is universal throughout organic nature; particles of cellulose, held in suspension by the protoplasm, are introduced between the molecules of the cell wall; it is thus enlarged to meet the requirements of its growing contents. Various considerations, such as the structure of the cell wall, its action on polarized light, and other peculiarities, lead to the conclusion that the liquid which thus carries each particle of cellulose to its appointed place is water, holding within it solid molecules of definite form, which are held apart by their watery envelope. A "water of organization" is therefore as essential to growth as the "water of crystallization" is known to be in the regular aggregations of the mineral world.

Every cell wall large enough to admit of close microscopic examination is found to consist of three separate series of laminations, cutting each other at angles like the three planes of cleavage in certain crystals. First there are concentric layers of cellulose, like the layers of an onion, the outer and innermost of which are comparatively dense, while the intermediate layers are alternately more or less watery, the other two systems of lamination are vertical, and cut across each other. Sometimes, under the glass, one, and sometimes another, of these shows most conspicuously. The introduction of particles of cellulose between the molecules of the cell wall, or intussusception as it is called,

does not take place equally on all sides. The form of the cell, in consequence, becomes greatly altered during its development.

The most perfect illustration of free cell development, where the guiding force is

FIG. 3. POLLEN GRAINS.

g, of *Cucurbito Pepo* [in water]; *d*, *Passiflora aquilegeæfolia*; *a*, *Pelargonium speciosa*; *h*, *Mimulus moschatus*; *e*, *Basella alba*; *b*, *Hibiscus trionum*; *j*, *Epilobium montanum*; *f*, *Chicorum intybus*; *k*, *Impatiens noli me tangere*; *c*, *Passiflora cærulea*. [After Henfrey.]

wholly internal, may be found in pollen grains [Fig. 3] and elaters [Fig. 4, *e e*]. The irregularities which show themselves in the pollen grains, as spines, papillæ, spiral bands, depressions, and all the infinite variety of ornamentation on the surface of these minute cells, are due to unequal growth in the thickness of the cell wall; the variety in external shape is due to lateral growth.

In the lower algæ and fungi (sea-weed and mushrooms), growth is a mere aggregation of similar cells each of which is capable of performing for itself all the functions of life. It is a sort of banding together of independent savages for the purpose of mutual protection and benefit. This being the case, each cell is capable of sustaining, without serious inconvenience, an independent existence; and in many instances we find them leading just such a life. In higher organisms there is a division of labor; each cell has its function to perform for the whole, and it becomes modified, as it develops, with reference to its special work. The higher physical, as well as the higher social, life is characterized by mutual dependence.

The earliest forms of the higher organisms is almost identical with the permanent forms of the lower. A number of densely crowded cells, exactly alike, forms the rudiment of the plant; as these cells multiply there is a tendency to become definitely rounded on the outside; from the uniform cellular mass the surface layer becomes differentiated, the cell walls of these layers thicken and flatten, and we have an epidermis [Fig. 5]. Still further changes go on in the epidermal cells; some of the surface layers elongate immensely and form trichomes or vegetable hairs [Fig. 6]. The downy appearance of many leaves and the velvety softness of certain petals are due to the presence in vast numbers, of these trichomes. [See Fig. 7.] The forms of these minute vegetable hairs are sometimes very beautiful. In the plate, the stellate hair of a leaf of Elæagnus is shown *in situ*, the vein of the leaf running across the middle of the plate. The forms are too numerous for description, but a variety may be seen in Fig. 6. The prickles upon leaves are merely trichomes lignified; thorns proper do not belong to the epidermal system.

Throughout the whole plant, between the cells of which its substance is composed, are intercellular air-passages, which communicate with each other. The root end of all these passages is closed, but the upper end of each ramification opens into a larger air-space just below the epidermis. A surface cell above the air-chamber divides itself into two or more cells by running up double

FIG. 4. ANTHERAL RECEPTACLE OF MARCHANTIA POLYMORPHA, ETC., ETC.

A, Antheridial disk, vertical section; *a*, antheridia; *o*, openings into hollow containing antheridia; *l*, leaves; *r r*, root hairs; *s*, stomata; B, archegonia of *M. Polymorpha*; *e e*, elaters under different powers.

vertical walls. These walls finally separate, and the single epidermal cell is divided into two or more "guard cells of the stomata,"

as they are called. [See Fig. 5.] These guard cells are so constructed that in dry weather they close, and so prevent the escape of an undue amount of moisture, while in moist weather they open. The stomata form the million little mouths by which the plant inhales and exhales the atmospheric gases necessary to its life; and they also served as pores for the exhalation of moisture. [Fig. 5.]

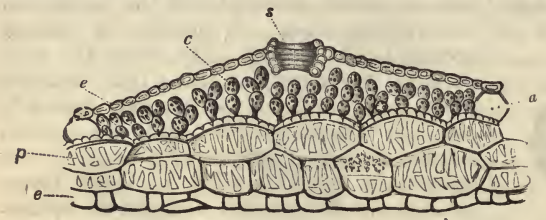


FIG. 5. VERTICAL SECTION OF A PORTION OF THE LEAF OF M. POLYMORPHA.

p, Parenchymal cells; *e e*, cells of the epidermis (lower and upper); *c*, chlorophyl cells growing in an algæ-like form in the superficial intercellular space. [After Sachs.]

The only modifications of cells yet mentioned are those of the epidermal layers. While these are going on, changes quite as great are taking place within the cellular mass. String-like arrangements are formed, constituting strengthening tissue, which are called fibrous, vascular, or fibro-vascular bundles. Even the fundamental tissue between becomes somewhat modified. In this way there arises, by the growth of all but the lower organisms,—not simply layers of uniform cells, but systems of tissue, unlike both physically and physiologically. This may be very clearly seen in Fig. 8.

FIG. 6. GLANDS AND STELLATE HAIRS.

a a a a, Stellate hairs from *Deutzia gracilis*; *b*, hair from *Dionæa* [from nature]; *c*, of *Alternanthera axellaris*; *d*, Seta of rose, *e*, Sting of *Urtica urens*; *f*, from *Bryonia alba*; *g*, gland of hop; h, hair of crysanthemum; *k*, from bulbil of *Achimenes*; *l*, gland of *Dictamnus fraxinella*. [After Henfrey.]

The fibro-vascular bundles become still further differentiated; the rows of cells lying lengthwise in the stem thicken externally while the septa which divide them are absorbed; and, as a result the row of cells is transformed into a single slender tube. These vessels, as well as the intercellular air-passages, serve to convey air throughout the tissues of the plant. When the sap is rising they are sometimes found filled with it; but generally they contain only air. The surface of these scalariform, spiral or pitted vessels, as they are severally called, is most exquisitely marked with patterns of an almost infinite variety. [See Fig. 9.]

The lactiferous vessels are, like the spiral vessels, long rows of cells whose septa have been absorbed; these vessels convey from one part of the plant to another certain dissolved material requisite for its growth. The intercellular spaces are also subservient to the same purpose. The cells pour out their juices into an intercellular space, and they are then conveyed away by the open channels lying between the cells. A gland [Fig. 6, B, *d*, *e*, *g*, *h*] differs from these latex vessels in being a part of no lactiferous system, but mere local formations, which, when they are upon the surface layers, often discharge their secretions outwardly. The sap-conducting passages are intercellular spaces, usually arising from the separation of four cells; both sap and resin passages lie generally in straight lines, or follow the fibro-vascular bundles. They resemble the lactiferous vessels in that they form continuous systems running through the whole plant.

FIG. 7. STELLATE HAIRS FROM LEAF OF ELÆAGNUS IN SITU.

A, Hairs of midrib. [From nature.]

When they occur in the parenchyma, or fundamental cell tissue, they are generally distributed at nearly equal distances, forming a circle in the transverse section of the stem. [See Fig. 8.]

The whole epidermal system is covered and protected by a continuous cuticle which also lines the vertical walls of the stomata. This cuticle, in its turn, is further protected by a delicate coating of wax, the "bloom" so familiar to every one. Sometimes it forms a continuous coating; at others it stands as a multitude of upright or curved rods; again it appears in the form of scales, or of a thick incrustation, giving evidence of laminations like the cell walls, or of layers of granules, or even as erect, doubly refractive four-sided prisms.

We have glanced briefly at cell morphology and development, and considered some of its physical peculiarities; but we have not even looked into its life-history, or the functions performed by it, for the organism of which it is a part. The entire life of the plant depends upon the action of light upon the cells, which contain chlorophyl. New organic compounds are formed only in these cells, and only under the influence of light. After a certain amount of assimilated material is stored up under the influence of the sun's rays, vegetative processes may, it is true, go on at their expense independent of the sunlight. This is especially true of seeds and tubers, which possess large stores of assimilated material. But the plant hibernates in the darkness, rather than lives in the full sense of the word.

The whole animal kingdom may be said to depend upon the vegetable, in two senses. The atmospheric equilibrium is maintained by their mutual action. Animals consuming oxygen and yielding up carbonic acid (carbonic dioxide) and plants consuming carbon and liberating oxygen; in this sense the two kingdoms are mutually dependent, though not equally so; but in another sense animal life is entirely dependent upon vegetable. In the tiny cellulose sac, by the vegetable protoplasm is wrought the very alchemy of life. There alone the inorganic elements of earth, and air, and water are transformed into the only material capable of sustaining animal existence.

Late investigations into the processes of vegetable life go to show that plants, like animals, inhale and consume oxygen, and exhale carbonic dioxide; but this process, which is continuous and gentle, is masked by a much more vigorous action, which takes place within the chlorophyl particles under the controlling power of light. While the regular breathing of the plant goes on, consuming and liberating the same elements as the respiration of animals consumes and liberates, the chlorophyl particles perform a work somewhat akin to assimilation. The carbonic dioxide of the air is seized upon by them, the elements are separated, the carbon is consumed, and the oxygen associated with it is liberated. The quantity of oxygen thus freed, and of carbonic dioxide thus disappearing, so greatly exceeds any effects which during the day the reverse process of breathing could produce, that the gentle exhalation has been entirely overlooked. The store of oxygen has been

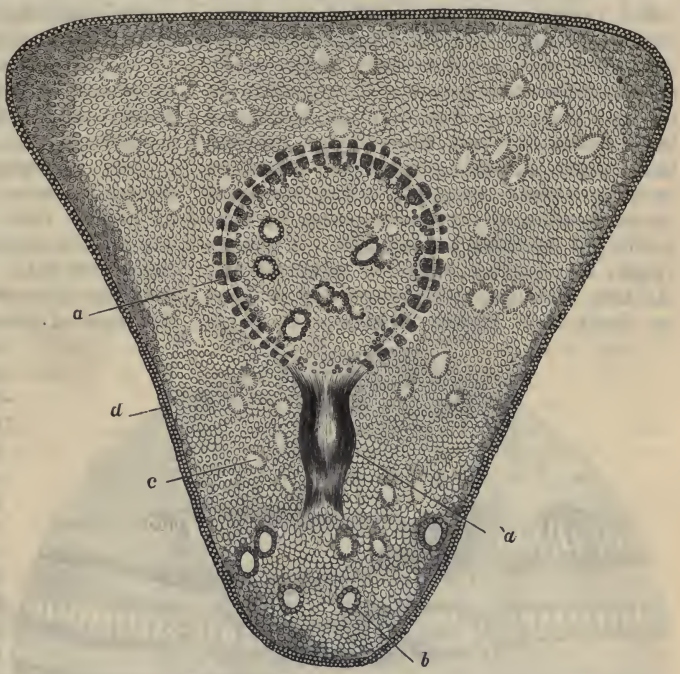


FIG. 8. CROSS SECTION OF CACTUS STEM.

a, Fibro-vascular bundles; *d*, epidermal cells; *a*, vascular bundles in the direction from which a stem is about to be developed; *c*, intercellular spaces, with no separate cell wall. [From nature.]

found to increase steadily in air removed from all influences but those of vegetation. The chlorophyl particles also store up the formed material: the formation of starch, oil, and sugar seems to be a function of chlorophyl exposed to light, and their absorption a function of chlorophyl in the dark.

Nothing is more familiarly known than that sunlight after passing through a three-sided prism is spread out into an almost infinite number of rays, whose colors fade gradually into one another. These seven colors, as for convenience they are called, do not constitute the whole solar spectrum; for beyond the red end there is an invisible heat spectrum, and beyond the violet an invisible actinic spectrum. The chemical decomposition of inorganic matter by light is effected by these actinic rays. A photograph, for instance, may be taken in the blackest darkness, if only the ray of light be shorn of its visible vibrations by being passed through some chemical which is actinically transparent. Experiments upon this point led physicists, very naturally, to divide the spectrum into three parts, which they called respectively, heat, light, and actinic spectra. Organic action shows this distinction to be false, for within our little chlorophyl bodies all chemical changes are wrought by the red and ultra-red rays which had been pronounced impotent. By these red and heat rays the chlorophyl is itself formed; the carbonic dioxide is separated into carbon and oxygen; the sugar, oil and starch are produced. The mechanical processes of growth, of protoplasmic circulation in the cells and the direction and movement of swarm spores, are effected under the controlling influence of the violet and ultra-violet rays. All the solar vibrations which go to make up white light, therefore, appear to possess chemical power, though the matter affected by the several sets of rays is not the same.

The chlorophyl bodies [see Fig. 4, A *c*], though the most important members of the society of cells, are not the only ones, by any means, essential to the welfare of the body corporate. Certain cells which lie at the extremities of roots and branches, or at the base of leaves, are entirely devoted to the work of development and growth; these tiny cells seem to have discovered the fountain of perpetual youth, and to have tasted its magic waters—for they never grow old. They are rich in protoplasm, chlorophyl bodies, and cell sap, and they constantly reproduce themselves by various modes. In the first place, the protoplasm becomes rearranged around a new center, the material being already present. The new protoplasmic body, which possessed a center or nucleus, soon clothes itself with a cell wall. This process is the only one common to all cell formation. The development of the new cell and its separation from the parent may be effected in one of several ways. By *rejuvenescence*, or the formation of one new cell out of the protoplasm of the old one. By *conjugation*, or the union of the protoplasm of two cells to form one new one. By *multiplication*, or the formation of two or more cells by a division of the old protoplasmic body. This last mode may be effected in a number of ways: either the protoplasm gives off a new cell, still maintaining its own existence, or, the nu-

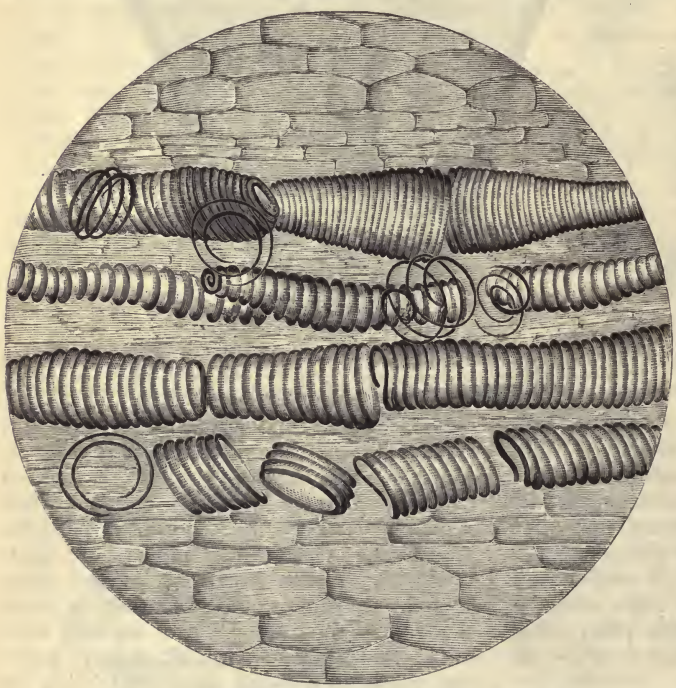


FIG. 9. SPIRAL VESSELS IN LEAF OF IMPATIENS BALSAMINA. Touch-me-not, or Lady's-slipper. [From nature.]

cleus having previously dissolved, and new nuclei having formed, it divides into a number of new cells. The first of these methods is called free cell formation, and is best illustrated by pollen grains, spores, and elaters; the second is called division, and is the general mode of reproduction in all tissue. The direction in which the cells divide determines the kind of tissue; a stem, for instance, is the result of longitudinal, while a leaf or a petal is the result of lateral, division.

Foreign and remote as this life seems to us, yet as we study organic nature more and more closely, the more startling do the resemblances seem. A casual glance, or even a close study, if it takes cognizance only of external and palpable facts, fails to find the bond which unites the sluggish existence devoid of sensibility which we find in vegetation, with the hopes and fears, the delights and anguish of our human lives. And yet, upon the physical side, such a bond does exist. Many things are common to all purely animal life, and it is hard to find anywhere a deep chasm which separates our race from the myriad forms of life beneath, if we ignore man's spiritual nature. Why should we fight about mere matters of anatomy, when we have a Plato, a Shakspere, a Newton to point to? On the physical side, man is undoubtedly allied to brute nature, as he is on the spiritual side to the Divine.

"I confess," says Sydney Smith, "I feel myself so much at ease about the superiority of mankind; I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have ever seen; I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting and music, that I see no reason whatever, that justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul, and tatters of understanding that they may really possess." This, to be sure, is not logic, but it is that witty common sense which is the most powerful weapon ever raised to demolish false reasoning, and it is often of more value than much logic.

POEMS.

Then and Now.

THE woods were brown and bare
Over there,
And the melancholy air
Sighed its requiem everywhere,
And the river
As forever,
Glided on beneath the hill
Desolate and gray and chill.

Heavily drooped the leaden sky
Over the waves,—not tenderly,
Only as if it scarce could bear
All the weight of dumb despair
Hidden there,
And would fain in the river
Bury forever
Its useless longing and hopeless woe,
Far in the secret depths below,
Whence never a ghost could rise
To tell of a lost Paradise.

I stood on the rock
By the shattered oak
That the lightning seared with its fiery shock.
Not a wandering birdling's note
On the icy breeze was brought
To my ear;
Only clear
Was the tinkling, trickling, dripping
Of the water ever slipping
O'er the mossy stones below.
Everywhere my feet could go
Withered leaves, brown and dead,
Rustled crisp beneath my tread.

Long I lingered there.
Ask me not how strange and wild
Were the Presences that filled
All my thoughts! I had no care,
Knew no bitter grief that woke
More than memory's faintest sigh;
And the dreams that flitted by
To my heart no longer spoke.

Long ago,—
So it seemed to my fancy now,—
Vanished the blossoms of Hope's gay spring;
And as I watched them withering,
All the hopes and all the fears,
All the ardor of early years,
All the vivid imagining
Died to a dull indifferent pain.
I was no more glad,
Nor was I sad;
All the color and brilliancy,
The green in the trees and the blue in the sky
Had faded in life's chill autumn rain.

As cold and bare
As the landscape there,
As dim in hue and as bleak and drear
I saw the weary future lie,
No light to cheer,
No storm to fear,
Neither sorrow nor ecstasy,—

My life one echoless monotone,
Alone, alone—forever alone.

The woods no more are bare
Over there!
But green with the tender brightening,
The first light verdure of the spring;
And gently on the river's breast,
The shadows lie in happy rest.
Over the sky,
So blue, and bright, and high,
The clouds flit by,
Shaped by fancy's wildest freaks,
Rising like snowy mountains fair,—
Like spirits of mist with floating hair,
Or anything beautiful and rare.

The pines on yonder rocky crest
Odors yield at the wind's behest,
The violets at their feet
Offer up a fragrance sweet,—
Their life's rich sacrifice,—
Then close their soft blue eyes,
And sleep in death till another spring
Shall bring a new awakening.

Birds in the lofty boughs
Are to each other calling,
Clear-voiced thrushes whose ringing notes
Upon the ear are falling.
And soft in a murmurous under-tone
The rippling waves are gliding on,
While the emerald-covered shore
Gently slopes as in days of yore
Down to the water's brink,
Where the sparks of sunlight rise and sink,—
Sparks that burn not, only glow
And glitter and grow—
Then fade away,
And so, they say,
Fades and pales life's May.

But now 'tis in its fairest bloom,
All light and color and perfume,—
The spring of the year, the spring of the heart,—
And *one* can never depart.
The balmy atmosphere,
The amber light so still and clear,
The delicate flowers
That blossom in these early hours,
The lark's gay song
Endure not long,
And the tender green of wood and shore
Will soon be o'er;
All these may disappear;
But a glory that never shone
On hill, or tree or shore,—
That illumes the heart alone
For once,—for evermore,—
A rose-light strange and rare,
Tender and fair,
Shines over my life so dull and bare.

Even as the spring
Is brightening
The gray old winter's mourning-pall,
So through my dead and colorless days,
Are softly streaming the rainbow rays
Of Love's sweet spring more fair than all;
And eyes that shine and cheeks that glow
In the subtle flow
Of an enchanted atmosphere,
Pure and clear,
Tell the tale of a heart that knows
The rapture of repose;
That in the light of loving eyes
Has found its perfect rest,
That breathes its faintest sighs
Upon a true and tender breast.

The soul so long unsatisfied,
But now no more alone,
Smiles with its deepest wants supplied.
Ah, this could well atone
For a hopeless Past and a Future of pain!
For the cup of grief may fill again;—
But a glory would gleam o'er the darkest scene
E'en if one stood alone where two had been.
No power of Death could break the tie
That binds our souls eternally;
For, wandering on this desolate shore,
For evermore
A voice would whisper,—"Wait, love, wait!
I'll meet thee at the golden gate
Of Paradise,
Where mortal eyes
Forget to weep, and those who love
Shall never separate."

MARGARET LAWRENCE PRAY.

Conceit and Humility.

WHITHER away, O brawling Stream,
Whither away so fast?
Fleeing for life and death you seem.
Speak, as you hasten past.

Answered the Brook, with a pompous roar,
Tossing its creamy foam,
"I go, my flood in the Main to pour—
Listen, O Sea, I come!"

Whither away, O River deep,
Gliding so slow and calm?
Your gentle current seems half asleep,
And chanting a drowsy psalm.

Answered the River, with whisper low,
Swaying her lilies fair;
"Down to the measureless Sea I go—
The Sea will not know I am there."

AUGUSTA MOORE.

The Miner's Story.

I MARRIED Barb'ry out'n the city, you see,
She was far too nice a lass for the like o' me,
I did my courtin' in brave, fine clothes, my best;
I didn't tell her 'at I was a miner-lad, like the rest.

Not that she thought me a gentleman's son, of course,
I'd never go there, riding, with gig or horse,
But I somehow kept under my workin' ways and talk,
And I'd never notice the common lads in my walk.

P'r'aps I let on that I had a farm at the least,
For I could talk knowin' 'bout any barn-yard beast,
And bees, an' the like, an' crops of barley an' rye,
And of seeds an' roots, 's if I had come there to buy.

She was a delicate, purty, lady-like little thing,
With a cheek like the blush on a rose; there's a shinin' ring
Of her yellow hair, in my Bible; I keep it so,
'Cause it kinder draws me to read the good Book, you know.

So I married Barbary—she went home wi' me the same day;
I took her to my old mother, an' what'd the good soul say?
"She's not fit for you, son, a rough miner wants strength in a wife;"
I thought I sh'd sink in the ground—'twas the sin o' my life.

I didn't dare to look in the poor little quiverin' face;
"It's the deceiving I mind, dear, 'tisn't the work, or the place;"
Them's just her words, and I wanted to die in my shame;
"You got me with lying;" her look meant exactly that same.

So I did; and it made me ugly as time went along;
For I fancied that Barbary always remembered the wrong,
So't if she was pale, I'd tease her 'most out of her life,
And tell her she ought to be stronger, bein' a miner's wife.

And once when my temper was up, I cursed her hard to her face;
She fell at my feet, so white and scared! 'twas a burnin' disgrace;
And then came the awfullest hour a man can ever see,
And a little morsel of new-born life, laid on my knee.

Well, p'r'aps one like me'll never see the angels or such,
If the Lord kept *her* from me *I* shouldn't blame Him, much.
I wasn't fit settin' for a di'mond, precious as that,—
You're lookin', I see, at the piece o' crape on my hat.

Lost both, sir; it's all right, I'm not the man to complain.
They're where the glory and beauty is; I'm left alone with the pain;
But I'm fightin' my cursed temper, fightin' both day and night,
And I'll conquer it, if I die—it's all right, sir; all right.

MARY A. DENISON.

Submission.

WHAT use to struggle, Friend?
Your sigh but serves to swell the tempest's roar,
And does not haste the end.
Lie still and wait, for you can do no more.

Man's will subdueth much:
God's will subdueth *all* through time and space,
Your power is not a touch
When used to turn His rod—or force His grace.

Would it avail the seed,
If it should weary of its darksome bed,
And cry aloud its need
Of sunshine, and of liberty instead?

And where would be the flower
If God should heed the seed's impatient cry,
And in that bitter hour,
Open its prison-hole to light and sky?

I tell you, Friend, that we
(I say it, though the chain drags hard to-night)
Are better bound than free—
Who wait in shade, that we may live in light.

R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

Andenken.

I THINK of thee when the forest trees
Bend to the whisp'ring evening breeze;
When the song of the nightingale
Wakes music in the wood and vale.
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee by the woodland spring,
Where the oaks their shadows fling;
When the day and gloomy night
Mingle in the dark twilight.
Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee with smiles and tears;
With trembling hopes and anxious fears;
With longings for thy presence near—
Thy voice to bless, thy smile to cheer.
How thinkest thou of me?

O think of me until we meet,
Beyond the bier and winding-sheet;
Until our hearts in the world above,
Are *one* forever in joy and love!
Thus only think I of thee!

ROSALIE RIVES, from the German of Matthisson.

To a Bird.

WHEN maiden daisies deck the ground,
And violets in the lanes are found,
When warmer suns in heaven glow,
And milder winds o'er meadows blow;—
Thou com'st, sweet bird! at that blest time
To glad with songs our northern clime.

How mellow is each warbled note
That gushes from thy mottled throat!
Such music sweet is seldom heard
As here thou givest, happy bird!
For, listening with a pleased surprise,
The forest seems a Paradise.

Such happy notes tell of a land
By gentle zephyrs ever fanned;
Where summer reigns throughout the year,
And raging tempests come not near.
When winter strips these woods again,
May thou and I that Eden gain.

JAMES A. BARTLEY.

THAT LASS O LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER IX.

But if she did not hear of the incident from Grace, Anice heard of it from another quarter.

The day following, the village was ringing with the particulars of "th' feight betwix' th' Lunnon chap an' Dan Lowrie."

"JOAN HALTED SUDDENLY."

Having occasion to go out in the morning, Mr. Barholm returned to luncheon in a state of great excitement.

"Dear me!" he began, almost as soon as he entered the room. "Bless my life! what ill-conditioned animals these colliers are!"

Anice and her mother regarded him questioningly.

"What do you suppose I have just heard?" he went on "Mr. Derrick has had a very unpleasant affair with one of the men who work under him—no other than that Lowrie—the young woman's father. They are a bad lot it seems, and Lowrie had a spite against Derrick, and attacked him openly, and in the most brutal manner, as he was going through the village yesterday evening."

"Are you sure?" cried Anice "Oh! papa," and she put her hand upon the table as if she needed support.

"There is not the slightest doubt," was the answer, "everybody is talking about it. It appears that it is one of the strictest rules of the mine that the men shall keep their Davy lamps locked while they are in the pit—indeed they are directed to deliver up their keys before going down, and Derrick having strong suspicions that Lowrie had procured a false key, gave him a rather severe rating about it, and threatened to report him, and the end of the matter was the trouble of yesterday. The wonder is, that Derrick came off conqueror. They say he gave the fellow a sound thrashing. There is a good deal of force in that young man," he said, rubbing his hands. "There is a good deal of—of pluck in him—as we used to say at Oxford."

Anice shrank from her father's evident en-

joyment, feeling a mixture of discomfort and dread. Suppose the tables had turned the other way. Suppose it had been Lowrie who had conquered. She had heard of horrible things being done by such men in their blind rage. Lowrie would not have paused where Derrick did. The newspapers told direful tales of such struggles ending in the conquered being stamped upon, maimed, beaten out of life by a brutal victor.

"It is very strange," she said, almost impatiently. "Mr. Grace must have known, and yet he said nothing. I wish he would come."

As chance had it, the door opened just at that moment, and the Curate was announced. He was obliged to drop in at all sorts of unceremonious hours, and to-day some school business had brought him. The Rector turned to greet him with unwonted warmth. "The very man we want," he exclaimed. "Anice was just wishing for you. We have been talking of this difficulty between Derrick and Lowrie, and we are anxious to hear what you know about it."

Grace glanced at Anice uneasily.

"We wanted to know if Mr. Derrick was quite uninjured," she said. "Papa did not hear that he was hurt at all, but you will be able to tell us."

There was an expression in her upraised eyes the Curate had never seen there. He felt the shadow of the night before settle over him again.

"He met with an injury," he answered, "but it was not a severe one. He came to my rooms last night and remained with me. His wrist is fractured."

He was not desirous of discussing the subject very freely, it was evident, even to Mr. Barholm, who was making an effort to draw him out. He seemed rather to avoid it, after he had made a brief statement of what he knew. In his secret heart, he shrank from it with a dread far more nervous than Anice's. He had doubts of his own concerning Lowrie's action in the future. Thus the Rector's excellent spirits grated on him, and he said but little.

Anice was silent too. After luncheon, however, she went into a small conservatory adjoining the room, and before Grace took his departure, she called him to her.

"It is very strange that you did not tell us last night," she said; "why did you not?"

"It was Derrick's forethought for you," he answered. "He was afraid that the story would alarm you, and as I agreed with him that it might, I remained silent. I might as well have spoken, it appears."

"He thought it would frighten me?" she said.

"Yes."

"Has his accident made him ill?"

"No, not ill, though the fracture is a very painful and inconvenient one."

"I am very sorry; please tell him so. And, Mr. Grace, when he feels himself able to come here, I have something to say to him."

Derrick marched into the Barholm parlor that very night with his arm in splints and bandages.

It was a specially pleasant and homelike evening to him; Mrs. Barholm's gentle heart went out to the handsome invalid. She had never had a son of her own, though it must be confessed she had yearned for one, strong and deep as was her affection for her girl.

But it was not till Derrick bade Anice good-night, that he heard what she intended to say to him. When he was going, just as he stepped across the threshold of the entrance door, she stopped him.

"Wait a minute, if you will be so good," she said, "I have something to ask of you."

He paused, half smiling.

"I thought you had forgotten," he returned.

"Oh! no, I had not forgotten," she answered him. "But it will only seem a very slight thing to you perhaps." Then she began again, after a pause of a breath's space. "If you please, do not think I am a coward," she said earnestly.

"A coward!" he repeated.

"You were afraid to let Mr. Grace tell me about your accident last night and though it was very kind of you, I did not like it. It made me feel that you might be afraid to rely upon me at some other time when there was real danger to be faced, and I could be of use if I were brave enough to face it. And that would not be fair to me. I should be very sorry if I thought I was not to be relied upon. If you please, do not think that because these things are new and shock me, I am not strong enough to trust in. I am stronger than I look."

"My dear Miss Barholm," he protested, "I am sure of that. I ought to have known better. Forgive me if—"

"Oh," she interposed quietly, "you must not blame yourself. People so often make mistakes about me, that I am almost used to it. But I wanted to ask you to be so kind as to think better of me than that. I want to be sure that if ever I can be of use to anybody,

you will not stop to think of the danger or annoyance. Such a time may never come, but if it does—"

"I shall certainly remember what you have said," Fergus ended for her.

CHAPTER X.

THE moon was shining brightly when he stepped into the open road—so brightly that he could see every object far before him unless where the trees cast their black shadows, which seemed all the blacker for the light. "What a grave little creature she is!" he was saying to himself. But he stopped suddenly; under one of the trees by the roadside some one was standing motionless; as he approached, the figure stepped boldly out into the moonlight before him. It was a woman.

"Dunnot be afeard," she said in a low, hurried voice. "It's me, Mester—it's Joan Lowrie."

"Joan Lowrie!" he said with surprise. "What has brought you out at this hour, and whom are you waiting for?"

"I'm waiten for yo'rsen," she answered.

"For me?"

"Aye; I ha' summat to say to you."

She looked about her hurriedly.

"Yo'd better come into th' shade o' them trees," she said, "I dunnot want to gi' any one a chance to see me, nor yo' either."

It was impossible that he should not hesitate a moment. If she had been forced into entrapping him!

She made a sharp gesture.

"I am na goin' to do no harm," she said. "Yo' may trust me. It's th' other way about."

"I ask pardon," he said, feeling heartily ashamed of himself the next instant, "but you know—"

"Aye," impatiently, as they passed into the shadow. "I know, or I should na be here now."

A moonbeam, finding its way through a rift in the boughs and falling on her face, showed him that she was very pale.

"Yo' wonder as I'm here at aw," she said, not meeting his eyes as she spoke, "but yo' did me a good turn onct, an' I ha' na had so many done me i' my loife as I can forget one on 'em. I'm come here—fur I may as well mak' as few words on't as I con—I come here to tell yo' to tak' heed o' Dan Lowrie."

"What?" said Fergus. "He bears me a grudge, does he?"

She answered him brusquely:

"Aye, he bears thee grudge enow," she said. "He bears thee that much grudge that if he could lay his hond on thee, while th' heat's on him, he'd kill thee or dee. He will na be so bitter after a while, happen, but he'd do it now, and that's why I warn thee. Tha has no reet to be goin' out loike this," glancing at his bandaged arm. "How could tha help thysen if he were to set on thee. Tha had better tak' heed, I tell thee."

"I am very much indebted to you," began Fergus.

She stopped him.

"Tha did me a good turn," she said. And then her voice changed. "Dan Lowrie's my feyther, an' I've stuck to him, I dunnot know why—happen cause I never had nowt else to hold to and do for; but feyther or no feyther I know he's a bad un when th' fit's on an' he has a spite agen a mon. So tak' care, I tell thee agen. Theer now, I've done. Will tha walk on first an' let me follow thee?"

Something in her mode of making this suggestion impressed him singularly.

"I do not quite understand—" he said.

She turned and looked at him then, her face white and resolute.

"I dunnot want harm done," she answered. "I will na ha' harm done if I con help it, an' if I mun speak th' truth I know theer's harm afoot to-neet. If I'm behind thee, theer is na a mon i' Riggan as dare lay hond on thee to my face, if I *am* nowt but a lass. That's why I ax thee to let me keep i' soight."

"You are a brave woman," he said, "and I will do as you tell me, but I feel like a coward."

"Theer is no need as you should," she answered in a softened voice. "Yo' dunnot seem loike one to me."

Derrick bent suddenly, and taking her hand, raised it to his lips. At this involuntary act of homage—for it was nothing less—Joan Lowrie looked up at him with startled eyes.

"I am na a lady" she said, and drew her hand away.

They went out into the road together, he first, she following at a short distance so that nobody seeing the one could avoid seeing the other. It was an awkward and trying position for a man of Derrick's temperament, and under some circumstances he would have rebelled against it; as it was, he could not feel humiliated.

At a certain dark bend in the road not

far from Lowrie's cottage, Joan halted suddenly and spoke.

"Feyther," she said, in a clear steady voice, "is na that yo' standin' theer? I thowt yo'd happen to be comin' whoam this way. Wheer has tha been?" And as he passed on, Derrick caught the sound of a muttered oath, and gained a side glimpse of a heavy, slouching figure coming stealthily out of the shadow.

CHAPTER XI.

"Hoo's a queer little wench," commented one of the roughest Rigganite matrons, after Anice's first visit. "I wur i' th' middle o' my weshin when she coom,—up to th' neck i' th' suds,—and I wur vexed enow when I seed her standin' i' th' door, lookin' at me wi' them big eyes o' hers—most loike a babby's wonderin' at summat. 'We dunnot want none,' I says, soart o' sharp loike, th' minute I clapped my eyes on her. 'Theer's no one here as can read, an' none on us has no toime to spare if we could, so we dunnot want none.' 'Dunnot want no what?' she says. 'No tracks,' says I. And what do yo' think she does, lasses? Why, she begins to soart o' dimple up about th' corners o' her mouth as if I'd said summat reight down queer, an' she gi'es a little bit o' a laff. 'Well,' she says, 'I'm glad o' that. It's a good thing, fur I hav'n't got none.' An' then it turns out that she just stopped fur nowt but to leave some owd linen an' salve for to dress that sore hond Jack crushed i' th' pit. He'd towd her about it as he went to his work, and she promised to bring him some. An' what's more, she wouldna coom in, but just gi' it me, an' went her ways, as if she had na been th' Parson's lass at aw, but just one o' th' common koind, as knowd how to moind her own business an' leave other folkses a-be."

The Rigganites became quite accustomed to the sight of Anice's small low phaeton, and its comfortable fat gray pony of respectable jog-trot habits. She was a pleasant sight herself as she sat in it, her little whip in her small gloved hand, and no one was ever sorry to see her check the gray pony before the door.

"Anice!" commented Mr. Barholm to his curate, "well! you see Anice understands these people, and they understand her. She has the faculty of understanding them. There is nothing, you may be assured, Grace, like understanding the lower orders, and entering into their feelings."

There was one member of Riggan society who had ranged himself among Miss Barholm's disciples from the date of his first acquaintance with her, who was her stanch friend and adviser from that time forward—the young master of "th' best tarrier i' Riggan." Neither Jud Bates nor Nib faltered in their joint devotions from the hour of their first introduction to "th' Parsen's daughter." When they presented themselves at the Rectory together, the cordiality of Nib's reception had lessened his master's awkwardness. Nib was neither awkward nor one whit abashed upon his entrée into a sphere so entirely new to him as a well-ordered, handsomely furnished house. Once inside the parlor, Jud had lost courage and stood fumbling his ragged cap, but Nib had bounced forward, in the best of unceremonious good spirits, barking in friendly recognition of Miss Barholm's greeting caress, and licking her hand. Through Nib, Anice contrived to inveigle Jud into conversation and make him forget his overwhelming confusion. Catching her first glimpse of the lad as he stood upon the threshold with his dubious garments and his abashed air, she was not quite decided what she was to do with him. But Nib came to her assistance. He forced himself upon her attention and gave her something to say, and her manner of receiving him was such, that in a few minutes she found Jud sidling toward her, as she half knelt on the hearth patting his favorite's rough back. Jud looked down at her as she knelt, and she looked up at Jud.

"Have you taught him to do anything?" she asked. "Does he know any tricks?"

That broke the ice. Jud forgot his confusion.

"He'll kill more rats i' ten minutes than ony dog i' Riggan. He's th' best tarrier fur rats as tha ivver seed. He's the best tarrier for *owt* as tha ivver seed. Theer is nowt as he canna do. He can feight ony dog as theer is fro' heer to Marfort." And he glowed in all the pride of possession, and stooped down to pat Nib himself.

He was quite communicative after this, and really Anice gained a great deal of information from him. He was a shrewd little fellow and had not spent his ten years in the mining districts for nothing. He was thoroughly conversant with the ways of the people his young hostess wished to hear about. He had worked in the pits a little, and he had tramped about the coun-

try with Nib at his heels a great deal. He was supposed to live with his father and grandmother, but he was left entirely to himself, unless when he was put to a chance job. He knew Joan Lowrie and pronounced her a "brave un;" he knew "Owd Sammy Craddock" and reverenced him as a potentate of wondrous capacity; he knew Joan's father and evidently regarded him with distrust; in fact, there was not a man, woman or child in the place of whom he did not know something.

Mr. Barholm happening to enter the room by accident during the interview, found his daughter seated on a low seat with Nib's head on her knee, and Jud a few feet from her. She was so intent on the task of entertaining her guest that she did not hear her father's entrance, and the Reverend Harold left the three together, himself in rather a bewildered frame of mind.

"Do you know?" he asked of his wife when he found her, "do you know who it is Anice is amusing in the parlor? What singular fancies the girl has with all her good sense!"

CHAPTER XII.

THOUGH they saw comparatively little of each other, the friendly feeling established between Anice and Joan, in their first interview, gained strength gradually as time went on. Coming home from her work at noon or at night, Joan would see traces of Anice's presence, and listen to Liz's praises of her. Liz was fond of her and found comfort in her. The days when the respectable gray pony stopped in his respectable jog-trot on the road-side before the gate had a kind of pleasurable excitement in them. They were the sole spice of her life. She understood Anice as little as she understood Joan, but she liked her. She had a vague fancy that in some way Anice was like Joan; that there was the same strength in her,—a strength upon which she herself might depend. And then she found even a stronger attraction in her visitor's personal adornments, in her graceful dress, in any elegant trifle she wore. She liked to look at her clothes and ask questions about them, and wonder how *she* would look if she were the possessor of such beautiful things.

"She wur loike a pictur," she would say mournfully to Joan." "She had a blue gown on, an' a hat wi' blue-bells in it, an' summat white an' soft frilled up round her neck. Eh! it wur pretty. I wish I wur a lady. I dunnot see why ivverybody canna be a lady an' have such loike."

Later, Joan got up and went to the child, who lay upon the bed in a corner of the room.

There were thoughts at work within her of which Liz knew nothing. Liz only looked at her wondering as she took the sleeping baby in her arms, and began to pace the floor, walking to and fro with a slow step.

"Have I said owt to vex yo'?" said Liz.

"No, lass," was the answer, "it is na thee as worrits me. I con scarce tell what it is mysen, but it is na thee, nivver fear."

But there was a shadow upon her all the rest of the night. She did not lay the child down again, but carried it in her arms until they went to bed, and even there it lay upon her breast.

"It's queer to me as yo' should be so fond o' that choild, Joan," said Liz, standing by the side of the bed.

Joan raised her head from the pillow and looked down at the small face resting upon her bosom, and she touched the baby's cheek lightly with her finger, flushing curiously.

"It's queer to me too," she answered. "Get thee into bed, Liz."

Many a passionate battle was fought upon that hard homely couch when Liz was slumbering quietly, and the child's soft regular breathing was the only sound to be heard in the darkened room. Night after night, Joan Lowrie lay with wide-opened eyes, silent, full of stubborn pangs of misery and shame. Amid the sordid cares and humiliations of her rough life, there had arisen new ones. She had secret strugglings of her own,—secret yearnings,—and added to these, a secret terror. When she lay awake thinking, she was listening for her father's step. There was not a night in which she did not long for, and dread to hear it. If he staid out all night, she went down to her work under a load of foreboding. She feared to look into the faces of her work-fellows, lest they should have some evil story to tell; she feared the road over which she had to pass, lest at some point, its very dust should cry out to her in a dark stain. She knew her father better than the oldest of his companions, and she watched him closely.

"He's what yo' wenches ud ca' a handsum chap, that theer," said Lowrie to her, the night of his encounter with Derrick. "He's a tall chap an' a strappin' chap an' he's getten

a good-lookin' mug o' his own, but," clenching his fist slowly and speaking, "I've not done wi' him yet—I has not quite done wi' him. Wait till I ha', an' then see what yo'll say about his beauty. Look yo' here, lass,"—more slowly and heavily still,—"he'll noan be so tall then nor yet so straight an' strappin'. I'll smash his good-lookin' mug if I'm dom'd to hell fur it. Heed tha that?"

Having beaten his enemy with his own weapons, Derrick determined to face him down even should the worst come to the worst. So instead of taking lodgings nearer town or avoiding the Knoll Road, as Grace advised him to do when he heard of Joan's warning, he provided himself with a heavy stick, stuck a pistol into his belt every night when he left his office, and walked home as usual, keeping a sharp look-out, however.

"If I avoid the fellow," he said to Grace, "he will suspect at once that I feel I have cause to fear him; and, if I give him grounds for such a belief as that I might as well have given way at first. He will respect brute courage and brute force, though he has respect for nothing else."

Strange to say, he was not molested. The excitement seemed to die a natural death in the course of a few days. Lowrie came back to his work looking sullen and hard, but he made no open threats, and he even seemed easier to manage. Certainly Derrick found his companions more respectful and submissive. There was less grumbling among them and more passive obedience. The rules were not broken openly, at least, and he himself was not defied. It was not pleasant to feel that what reason and civility could not do, a tussel had accomplished, but this really seemed to be the truth of the matter, and the result was one which made his responsibilities easier to bear.

But during his lonely walks homeward on these summer nights, Derrick made a curious discovery. On one or two occasions he became conscious that he had a companion who seemed to act as his escort. It was usually upon dark or unpleasant nights that he observed this, and the first time he caught sight of the figure which always walked on the opposite side of the road, either some distance before or behind him, he put his hand to his belt, not perceiving for some moments that it was not a man but a woman. It *was* a woman's figure, and the knowledge sent the blood to his heart with a rush that quickened its beatings. It might have been chance, he argued, that took her home that night at this particular time; but when time after time, the same thing occurred, he saw that his argument had lost its plausibility. It was no accident, there was purpose in it; and though they never spoke to each other or in any manner acknowledged each other's presence, and though often he fancied that she convinced herself that he was not aware of her motive, he knew that Joan's desire to protect him had brought her there.

He did not speak of this even to Grace.

One afternoon in making her visit at the cottage, Anice left a message for Joan. She had brought a little plant-pot holding a tiny rose-bush in full bloom, and when she went away she left her message with Liz.

"I never see your friend when I am here," she said, "will you ask her to come and see *me* some night when she is not too tired?"

When Joan came home from her work, the first thing that caught her eye was a lovely bit of color,—the little rose-bush blooming on the window-sill where Anice herself had placed it.

She went and stood before it, and when Liz, who had been temporarily absent, came into the room, she was standing before it still.

"*She* browt it," explained Liz, "she wur here this afternoon."

"Aye," she answered, "wur she?"

"Aye," said Liz. "An' Joan, what do yo' think she towd me to tell yo'?"

Joan shook her head.

"Why, she said I wur to tell yo' to go an' see her some neet when yo' wur na tired,—just th' same as if yo' wur a lady. Shanna yo' go?"

"I dunnot know," said Joan awakening, "I canna tell. What does she want o' me?"

"She wants to see thee an' talk to thee, that's what,"—answered Liz,—"just th' same as if tha was a lady, I tell thee. That's her way o' doin' things. She is na a bit loike the rest o' gentlefolk. Why, she'll sit theer on that three-legged stool wi' th' choild on her knee an' laff an' talk to me an' it, as if she wur nowt but a common lass an' noan a lady at aw. She's ta'en a great fancy to thee, Joan. She's allus axin me about thee. If I wur thee I'd go. Happen she'd gi' thee some o' her owd cloas, as she's ta'en to thee so."

"I dunnot want no owd cloas," said Joan, brusquely, "an' she's noan so daft as to offer 'em to me."

"Well, I nivver did!" exclaimed Liz. "Would na tha tak' 'em? Tha nivver means to say, tha would na tak' 'em Joan? Eh! tha art a queer wench! Why! I'd be set up for th' rest o' my days, if she'd offer 'em to me."

"Thy ways an' mine is na loike," said Joan. "I want no gentlefolk's finery. An' I tell yo' she would na offer 'em to me."

Liz regarded her almost impatiently.

"I nivver con mak' thee out," she said, in a fret. "Tha'rt as grand as if tha wur a lady thysen. Tha'lt tak' nowt fro' nobody."

"Wheer's th' choild?" asked Joan.

"She's laid on th' bed," said Liz. "She wur so heavy she tired me an' I giv' her a rose-bud to play wi' an' left her. She has na cried sin'. Eh! but these is a noice color," bending her pretty, large-eyed face over the flowers, and inhaling their perfume; "I wish I had a bit o' ribbon loike 'em."

CHAPTER XIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING Anice's interference in his behalf, Paul did not find his labors become very much lighter. It seemed that one task disposed of, another presented itself. Often he found that he had barely breathing time left between one difficulty and another. And then after all his labor, the prospect before him was not promising. Instead of appearing easier to cope with as he learned more of it and its inhabitants, Riggan seemed still more baffling. His "district" lay in the lower end of the town among ugly back streets, and alleys, among dirt and ignorance and obstinacy. He spent his days in laboring among people upon whom he sometimes fancied he had obtained no hold. It really seemed that they did not want him —these people; and occasionally a more distressing view of the case presented itself to his troubled mind,—namely, that to those who might chance to want him he had little to offer.

He had his temporal thorn too. He found it difficult to read, hard to fix his mind on, his modest sermons; occasionally he even accused himself of forgetting his duty. All this grew out of the night when he stood at the door and listened to his friend's warning concerning the Rector's daughter. Derrick's words were simple enough in themselves, but they had fallen upon the young Curate's ears with startling significance. He had given this significance to them himself,—in spite of himself,—and then all at once he had fallen to wondering why it was that he had never thought of such a possible denouement before. It was so very possible, so very probable; nay, when he came to think of it seriously, it was only impossible that it should not be. He had often told himself, that some day a lover would come who would be worthy of the woman he had not even hoped to win. And who was more worthy than Fergus Derrick—who was more like the hero to whom such women surrendered their hearts and lives. If he himself had been such a man, he thought with the simplicity of affection, he would not have felt that there was need for fear. And the two had been thrown so much together and would be thrown together so frequently again. He remembered how Fergus had been adopted into the family circle, and calling to mind a hundred trifling incidents, smiled at his own blindness. When the next day he received Anice's message, he received it as an almost positive confirmation. It was not like her to bestow favors from an idle impulse.

It was not so easy now to meet the girl in his visits to the Rectory; it was not easy to listen to Mr. Barholm while Anice and Fergus Derrick sat apart and talked. Sometimes he wondered if the time could ever come, when his friend would be less his friend because he had rivaled him. The idea of such a possibility only brought him fresh pain. He could not bear to confront it. His gentle chivalric nature shrank within itself at the thought of the bereavement that double loss would be. There was little room in his mind for the envies of stronger men. Certainly Fergus had no suspicion of the existence of his secret pain. He found no alteration in him.

Among the Reverend Paul's private ventures was a small night school which he had managed to establish by slow degrees. He had picked up a reluctant scholar here, and one there,—two or thee pit lads, two or three girls, and two or three men for whose awkward patronage he had worked so hard and waited so long that he was quite surprised at his success in the end. He scarcely knew how he had managed it, but the pupils were there in the dingy room of the National School, waiting for him on two nights in the week, upon which nights he gave them instruction on a plan of his own. He had thought the matter so little likely to succeed at first, that he had engaged in it

as a private work, and did not even mention it until his friends discovered it by chance.

Said Jud Bates to Miss Barholm, during one of their confidential interviews:

"Did tha ivver go to a neet skoo?"

"No," said Anice.

Jud fondled Nib's ears patronizingly.

"I ha', an' I'm goin' agin. So is Nib. *He's* getten one."

"Who?" for Jud had signified by a gesture that *he* was not the dog, but some indefinite person in the village.

"Th' little Parson."

"Say, Mr. Grace," suggested Anice. "It sounds better."

"Aye—Mester Grace—but ivverybody ca's him th' little Parson. He's getten a neet skoo i' th' town, an' he axed me to go, an' I went. I took Nib an' we larned our letters; leastways I larned mine, an' Nib he listened wi' his ears up, an' th' Par—Mester Grace laffed. He wur na vext at Nib comin'. He said 'let him coom as he wur so owd-fashioned'."

So Mr. Grace found himself informed upon, and was rather abashed at being confronted with his enterprise a few days after by Miss Barholm.

"I like it," said Anice. "Joan Lowrie learned to read and write in a night school. Mr. Derrick told me so."

A new idea seemed to have been suggested to her.

"Mr. Grace," she said, "why could not *I* help you? Might I?"

His delight revealed itself in his face. His first thought was a selfish, unclerical one, and sudden consciousness sent the color to his forehead as he answered her, though he spoke quite calmly.

"There is no reason why you should not—if you choose," he said, "unless Mr. Barholm should object. I need not tell you how grateful I should be."

"Papa will not object," she said, quietly.

The next time the pupils met, she presented herself in the school-room.

Ten minutes after Grace had given her work to her, she was as much at home with it as if she had been there from the first.

"Hoo's a little un," said one of the boys, "but hoo does not seem to be easy feart. Hoo does not look a bit tuk back."

She had never been so near to Paul Grace during their friendship as when she walked home with him. A stronger respect for him was growing in her,—a new reverence for his faithfulness. She had always liked and trusted him, but of late she had learned to do more. She recognized more fully the purity and singleness of his life. She accused herself of having underrated him.

"Please let me help you when I can, Mr. Grace," she said; "there may be times when I can use my influence—promise that you will ask me to use it when it is possible. I am not blaming anybody—there is no real blame, even if I had the right to attach it to any one; but there are mistakes now and then, and you must promise me that I may use my influence to prevent them."

She had stopped at the gate to say this, and she held out her hand. It was a strange thing that she could be so utterly oblivious of the pain she inflicted. But even Derrick would have taken her hand with less self-control. He was so fearful of wounding or disturbing her, that he was continually on his guard in her presence, and especially when she was thus warm and unguarded herself.

He had fancied before, sometimes, that she had seen his difficulties, and sympathized with him in them, but he had never hoped that she would be thus unreserved. His thanks came from the depths of his heart; he felt that she had lightened his burden.

After this, Miss Barholm was rarely absent from her place at the school. The two evenings always found her at work among her young women, and she made very steady progress among them.

By degrees the enterprise was patronized more freely. New pupils dropped in, and were usually so well satisfied that they did not drop out again. Grace gave all the credit to Anice, but Anice knew better than to accept it. She had been his "novelty" she said; time only would prove whether her usefulness was equal to her power of attraction.

She had been teaching in the school about three weeks, when a servant came to her one night as she sat reading, with the information that a young woman wished to see her.

"A fine-looking young woman, Miss," added the girl. "I put her into your own room, as you give orders."

The room was a quiet place away from the sounds of the house, which had gradually come to be regarded as Miss Barholm's. It was not a large room but it was a pretty one, with wide windows and a good view, and as Anice liked it, her possessions drifted into it until they filled it,—her books, her pictures, her little luxuries,—and as she spent

a good deal of her time there, it was invariably spoken of as her room, and she had given orders to the servants that her village visitors should be taken to it when they came.

Carrying her book in her hand, she went upstairs. She had been very much interested in what she was reading, and had hardly time to change the channel of her thought. But when she opened the door, she was brought back to earth at once.

Against the end wall was suspended a picture of Christ in the last agony, and beneath it was written, "It is finished." Before it, as Anice opened the door, stood Joan Lowrie, with Liz's sleeping child on her bosom. She had come upon the picture suddenly, and it had seized on some deep, reluctant emotion. She had heard some vague history of the Man; but it was different to find herself in this silent room, confronting the upturned face, the crown, the cross, the anguish and the mystery. She turned toward Anice, forgetting all else but her emotion. She even looked at her for a few seconds in questioning silence, as if waiting for an answer to words she had not spoken.

When she found her voice, it was of the picture she spoke, not of the real object of her visit.

"*Tha* knows," she said, "I dunnot, though I've heerd on it afore. What is it as is finished? I dunnot quite see. What is it?"

"It means," said Anice "that God's Son has finished his work."

Joan did not speak.

"I have no words of my own, to explain," continued Anice. "I can tell you better in the words of the men who loved him and saw him die."

Joan turned to her then—her ear caught by the last words.

"Saw him dee!" she repeated.

"There were men who saw him when he died, you know," said Anice. "The New Testament tells us how. It is as real as the picture, I think. Did you never read it?"

The girl's face took an expression of distrust and sullenness.

"Th' Bible has na been i' my line," she answered; "I've left that to th' parsons an' th' loike; but th' pictur' tuk my eye. It seemt different."

"Let us sit down," said Anice, "you will be tired of standing."

When they sat down, Anice began to talk about the child, who was asleep, lowering her voice for fear of disturbing it. Joan regarded the little thing with a look of half-subdued pride.

"I browt it because I knowed it ud be easier wi' me than wi' Liz," she said. "It worrits Liz an' it neer worrits me. I'm so strong, yo' see, I can carry it, an' scarce feel its weight, but it wears Liz out, an' it seems to me as it knows it too, fur th' minute she begins to fret it frets too."

There was a certain shamefacedness in her manner, when at last she began to explain the object of her errand. Anice could not help fancying that she was impelled on her course by some motive whose influence she was reluctant to submit to; as if, whatever it might be, it forced her onward against her will. She had come to speak about the night school.

"Theer wur a neet skoo here once afore as I went to," she said; "I larnt to read theer an' write a bit, but—but theer's other things I'd loike to know. Tha canst understand," she added a little abruptly, "I need na tell yo'. Little Jud Bates said as yo' had a class o' yore own, an' it comn into my moind as I would ax yo' about it. If I go to th' skoo I—I'd loike to be wi' yo'."

"You can come to me," said Anice. "And do you know, I think you can help me." This thought had occurred to her suddenly. "I am sure you can help me," she repeated.

When Joan at last started to go away, she paused before the picture, hesitating for a moment, and then she turned to Anice again.

"Yo' say as th' book makes it seem real as th' pictur'," she said.

"It seems so to me," Anice answered.

"Will yo' lend me th' book?" she asked abruptly.

Anice's own book lay upon a side-table. She took it up and handed it to the girl, saying simply,

"I will give you this one if you will take it. It was mine."

And Joan carried it away with her.

(To be continued.)

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ALONE.

> "Much was in little writ, and all conveyed
> With cautious care, for fear to be betrayed
> By some false confidant, or favorite maid."
> DRYDEN.

"AH, well!" wrote Inez, in the queer little journal which she tried to keep in those days, "so I am to learn what life is. They take their turns, but, one after another of these I love most, leaves me, till I am now almost alone. I will try not to be ungrateful, but I am very lonely."

And here the poor girl stopped, and such was the eventfulness of her life for weeks after, that she does not come to the diary again. As it is apt to happen in our somewhat limited human life, the people who have most to do have little chance, or little spirit, to sit down, night by night, to tell on paper how they did it.

Her aunt's absence must of necessity be three or four weeks in length. They parted with tears, you may be sure. It was the first time they had been parted, for so long a separation, since Inez could remember. She was now indeed put to the test to show how well she could carry on the duties of the head of the household.

And Chloe and Antoine, and even old Ransom, would come to her for orders, in the most respectful way, from day to day. "As if I did not know," Inez said to Ma-ry, in one of their convent interviews, "that they were all going to do just what they thought best, and as if they did not know that I knew it."

Once a fortnight, under the rules for girls' schools, which Saint Ursula had arranged before the barbarians had cut off her head at Cologne, Inez was permitted to visit Ma-ry for an hour in the convent parlor. Once a month, under some such dispensation from the holy father at Rome, as has been spoken of, Ma-ry was able to return the visit, for the better part of a day. For the rest, their intercourse went on in correspondence, with the restriction, not pleasing to two such young ladies, that the letters on both sides were to be examined before they reached their destination, by Sister Barbara. Inez took such comfort as she could, by going to Mass on Sunday at the chapel of St. Ursula, where she could see Ma-ry, and Ma-ry could see her. But, excepting these comforts, the two girls had to live on in hope that Whit-Sunday would come at last, and then Ma-ry was to be liberated from the study and the imprisonment to which she had so bravely submitted.

Poor Inez's anxieties were not to be the questions of good or bad coffee, or tender steaks or tough. Everything seemed to conspire against the peace of that little community, and in that little community the bolts seemed to fall hottest and fastest on the household of Silas Perry.

The community itself was in the most feverish condition. Monsieur Laussat had arrived, with a commission from the First Consul to govern the colony, as soon as it was transferred by Spain; for all mystery about the transfer from Spain to France was now over. Besides old Salcedo, "moribund," and young Salcedo, impudent and interfering, and the Intendant Morales, idiotic and pig-headed, here was this pretentious popinjay, Laussat.

You would have said that the French people would have been pleased. Now they could dance French contra-dances when they chose.

Not so much pleased. The Spanish rule had been very mild. Hardly a tax, hardly any interference before this fool came in. Oh, for the old days of Miro, and then we would not ask for any French ruler!

And M. Laussat, or Citizen Laussat, without a soldier to walk behind him or before him, with nothing but a uniform and a few clerks, is swelling and puffing and talking of what our army is going to do.

But where is "our army?"

It does not come.

Governor Salcedo invites him to dinner and is civil. Young Salcedo makes faces behind his back, and is rude. Meanwhile the Bishop is cross with the Free-Masons, and says the Jacobins are coming, and all the timid people are watching the negroes, and say Christophe or Dessalines are coming. Men who never sat up all night, except at a revel, are watching their own kitchens for fear of secret meetings.

"Ah me!" poor Inez says, "were there ever such hateful times? When will Roland come? When will Aunt Eunice come? When can I go back to the plantation?"

One afternoon, Mr. Perry came home later than usual, and looked even more troubled than usual. He changed his coat, and made ready for dinner; apologized to Inez for making her dinner late, and then bade the servant call Ransom.

"I do not think he is in, papa. He has not come home since I sent him down to you."

"Why, that," said her father, "was but little after noon. He came, and I gave him his papers for the 'Hannah.' The 'Hannah' cast loose and was gone in twenty minutes. Tarbottle stood on the quarter, and waved his hat to me, as they drifted by the office. Where can the old fellow have gone?"

These were the first words, remembered for days afterward, about a mysterious disappearance of the good old man. One more of Inez's stand-bys out of the way!

For that afternoon, Mr. Perry gave himself no care. So often was Ransom out of the way that there was an open jest in the family, which pretended that he was major-domo in another household, and spent half of his time in it. Mr. Perry needed him this evening, but he often needed him when he had to do without him. He merely directed that word should be brought to him of Ransom's return, and made no inquiry.

But when it appeared, the next morning, that Ransom had not slept at home, matters looked more serious. A theory was started that he had gone down the river with the "Hannah," to return with the river pilot; but an express to the vessel, which was making but slow progress, settled that idea. A message up to the plantation showed that he was not there. A note from Captain Tarbottle made sure that the old fellow had landed safely from the brig, but, from that moment, not a word could be heard of poor Ransom.

Mr. Perry's anxiety was much greater than he could describe to Inez. The girl was so much attached to her old protector that his death would be to her a terrible calamity. To Inez, therefore, Mr. Perry affected much more confidence than he felt. The truth was, that if the old man had not carried much such a charmed life as crazy men carry in Islam, he would have been put out of the way long before. In this mixed chaotic population of French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, Sicilians, English, Irish, negroes, and Indians, Ransom was going and coming, announcing from moment to moment, to men's faces, that they were all thieves and liars, and worse. How he had escaped, without a thousand hand-to-hand battles, was and had been a mystery to Silas Perry. Now that Ransom was gone, his own conviction was simply that the hour had come, which had been postponed as by a miracle. After three days of inquiry, he was certain that he should never see Ramsom again. The blow of a dirk and a plash into the river would make little echo; and the Mississippi tells no tales!

No one said this to poor Inez. But poor Inez was not such a fool but she suspected it. She did not like to tell her father how much she suspected, and how much she feared. She did write to her aunt, and she poured out her fears, without hesitation, to Ma-ry. If Sister Barbara or Sister Horrida wanted to read this, they were welcome.

Weary with such anxieties, the poor girl sat waiting for her father one evening, even later than on the day when Ransom disappeared. At last she called Antoine to know if his master had spoken of a late dinner. "No, monsieur had said nothing." Then Antoine might make ready to walk with her to the counting-room; and Antoine might take a bottle of claret with him, perhaps her father was not well.

The sun had fairly set. The twilight is very short, and even at that hour, the street, never much frequented, was still. The girl almost flew over the ground in her eagerness. But the counting-room was wholly locked up; no one was there. Indeed, no one was in the neighborhood.

Papa must have stopped at Mr. Huling's. They would walk round that way; and they did so. With as clear a voice as she could command, and, with well-acted indifference, she called across the yard to Mr. Huling, who was smoking in his gallery, and who ran to her as soon as he recognized her voice.

No. As it happened, he had not seen Mr. Perry all day. He expected him, but Mr. Perry had not come round. He had thought he might have gone up the river. Had Miss Perry any news of old Ransom?

Mr. Huling was the American Vice-Consul, and Inez was half tempted to open her whole budget of terrors to him. But she knew this would displease her father. Indeed he was probably at home by this time, waiting for her. She said as much to her friend, left a message for the ladies, and

withdrew. So soon as she had passed the garden she fairly ran home.

No father there!

A message to the book-keeper brought him round to wonder, but to suggest nothing. Mr. Perry had left the counting-room rather earlier than usual; had walked down the river-bank—that was all any one had observed. The old man was not a person of resource, and could only express sympathy.

And so poor Inez was left indeed alone. What a night that was to her! How it recalled the horrible night on the little Brassos! Only then it was she who had drifted away from the rest of them; now she was the fixture, and everybody—everybody she loved—had drifted away from her. One by one, they had all gone. Nobody to talk to; nobody to consult; nobody even to cry with. Ma-ry gone; Roland gone; her aunt gone; poor old Ransom gone, and now papa gone! Vainly she tried to persuade herself that she was a fool. That papa was at Daniel Clark's card party; or had stopped for a cup of tea with the Joneses. But really she knew that papa did not do such things without dressing, and without sending word home. Papa would never frighten her so. She tried to imagine sudden exigencies on ship-board which might have called him down the river for the night. This was a little more hopeful. But she did not in her heart believe this, and she knew she did not. The girl was too much her father's confidante; he talked with her quite too freely and wisely about his affairs for her to pretend to take this comfort solidly.

She went through the form of ordering in the dinner, and ordering it out again. She wrapped her shawl around her, and sat on the gallery, to catch the first footstep. Footstep! No footsteps in that street after nine at night! She watched the stars, and saw them pass down behind the magnolias. When Fomalhaut was fairly out of sight, she would give it up and go to bed. As if she could sleep to-night!

And yet, poor tired child, she did sleep; she slept then and there. And she dreamed. What did she dream of? Ah me! What did poor Inez dream of most often? She was sitting in the gallery. Her shawl was round her head, as she dreamed; and there was a quick footstep in the street. Then some one stopped, and knocked hard at the street gate. And then, as she sat, she could see a head above the gate—a head without a hat on. And the head spoke in the darkness; it cried loud: "Ransom, Ransom! Cæsar, Cæsar! Miss Eunice, Miss Eunice! Miss Inez, Miss Inez!"

It was the head of William Harrod, and it was William Harrod's voice which called.

Inez was well waked now. With one hand she seized the hall-bell and rang it loud to call Antoine. She dashed down the steps, not waiting an instant, nor seeing the winding garden path. She rushed across the circular grass-plot and through the shrubbery to the gate. She unbolted the gate, flung it back, and threw it open. But there was no one there! Inez thought she heard receding steps in the darkness. But if so it was but an instant. By the time Antoine was by her side all was midnight silence!

The girl compelled the frightened Antoine to run with her to the corner of the street. But all was still as death in the cross-street to which she led him. And she was obliged to return to the house, wondering had she been asleep, and had she dreamed? Could dreams be as life-like as this was? Inez confessed to herself that she had dreamed of William Harrod before. But never had she seen his face or heard his voice in a dream which had such reality as this.

It will not do to say that she passed a sleepless night. There are few sleepless nights to girls of her age and health. But the sleep was broken by dreams, and they were always dreams of horror. All alone she was indeed, and such was their life in Orleans, that there were strangely few people to whom the girl could turn for counsel.

So soon as she thought it would answer in the morning, she went out herself to see Mr. Huling, resolved to intrust all her agonies to him, as she should have done at the first, she now thought. Alas! at sunrise, Mr. Huling had gone down the river, on an errand at the Balize, which would detain him many days. There was only a consul's clerk, a stranger, clearly inefficient, though willing enough, with whom Inez could confide. She did intrust him with her story, but she did not make him feel its importance. He promised her, however, to call on Mr. Daniel Clark, or Mr. Jones, and on young Mr. Bingaman, and to be governed by their advice. He undertook to persuade her that she was unduly alarmed. Her father was visiting some friend. He would be back before the day was over. For such is the way in which

ignorant and inefficient men usually treat women.

Inez had more success in rousing the interest and sympathy of Mr. Pollock, one of her father's companions and friends. But even he, interested as he was, did not want to alarm the city vainly. Nor did Inez want to. He sent an express to the plantation, and lost half a day so, in justifying Inez in her certainty that her father was not there. And in such useless fritter, which she knew was useless, the day was wasted, before he brought the consul's clerk to an understanding of who Silas Perry was, and that some inquiry as to his welfare was incumbent on the Americans in Orleans, and on those who represented them.

A horrible day to Inez. She was becoming a woman very fast now!

Just before dark, when her loneliness seemed the most bitter; when she had done everything she could think of doing; had turned every stone, and felt that she had utterly failed; that she had as little resource as poor old M. Desbigny, the book-keeper, had, she heard an unexpected sound, and one of the little Chihuahua dogs, which the girls had brought with them from Antonio,—the token of M. Lonsdale's attention,—jumped upon her lap.

"One being that has not left me, that tries to find me." This was Inez's first thought, as she fondled the little creature. And there was a sort of guilty thought mingled with it, that she had never been specially attentive to her pet. He was a pretty creature, but he was Mr. Lonsdale's present. Ma-ry had been much more attentive to hers; but Inez had willingly enough left her dog to a little black boy at the plantation. And now this little forsaken wretch, grateful for such scant favors as Inez had bestowed, had followed her down the river. How did he get here to be her companion when she had no other?

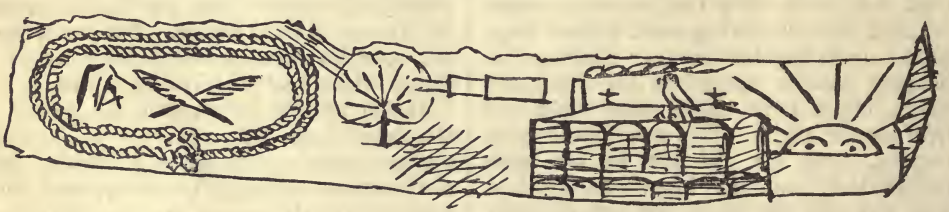
Are you sure of that, Inez?

As she bent over the little wretch to fondle him, she felt a real sinking of heart, at finding that it was not Skip after all, but Trip. Now Trip was Ma-ry's dog, and not hers. Trip had escaped from convent fare to the more luxurious home he was first used to. Inez was so angry that she took him in both hands to push him from her lap,—when her hand closed on a little bit of paper wound tightly round his back leg, so colored with charcoal as to match the hairless skin precisely.

In an instant Inez had clipped the thread which bound it, and took the scrap to the light.

As it unrolled, it was a strip of paper several inches long, very narrow. Not one word of writing on it! Ma-ry had not meant to risk any secrets. But, in dingy red characters,—Inez knew only too well where that red came from,—in the Indian hieroglyphic, with which she and Ma-ry had whiled away so many rainy days, was a legend which answered, oh! so many questions!

There was the sign of Ransom, an eye strangely cocked up to heaven; the sign or



token of Mr. Perry, two feathers, cut in the shape to which the old-fashioned penmen always trimmed their goose-quills. Around these signs was a twisted rope, doubly wreathed. And Inez knew that this meant that both Mr. Perry and Ransom were in prison. But this was not all, but only the beginning. In long series, there was the rising sun; there was the roof of a house; there was a hawk, a tree; strange devices defying all perspective and all rules of design. But Inez knew their meaning, and wrought out the sequence from the beginning. The legend directed her to take, with her brother's field-glass, a little before the sun rose the next morning, some station from which she could see the top of the Ursuline convent. Ma-ry could tell her by the pantomime of her race, what she dared not commit to paper, for fear some adept in the Indian hieroglyphic might catch poor Trip as he worked his way from the convent garden.

Of all the wonders which Roland had brought home from Paris, nothing had delighted Ma-ry so much as this field glass, which he had selected from the workshop of the Lerebours of the day. Often had she expatiated to him and to Inez together, on the advantages of this instrument to people who were surrounded with enemies. More than once had Inez, and once in particular, as she now remembered, had her aunt, tried to explain to Ma-ry, that as most people lived they were not surrounded with enemies, and that the uses of the field-glass were, in fact, pacific. But this girl had grown up with the habit of questioning every rustling leaf. She had not been persuaded out of her theory. All this talk Inez remembered to-night, as she wiped the lenses of the field-glass, and as she reconnoitered the garden to make sure which magnolia tree best commanded the roof of the Ursulines' convent.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEFORE it was light,—long before the time Ma-ry had indicated in her blood-red letter,—Inez was working her way up the tall magnolia which stood south of the house. She had taken a garden-ladder to the lower branches, and now scrambled up without much more difficulty than the lizards which she startled as she did so. How often in little girl days had she climbed this very tree, Ransom approving and directing! And how well she remembered the last victorious ascent for a white bud that seemed to defy all assault; and then, alas, the prohibition which had crowned victory and robbed it of all its laurels, as her aunt and even her father had joined against her and bidden her never climb the tree again!

Ah me! if only either of them were here, she would not disobey them now! How wretched to be her own mistress!

The field-glass was swung around her neck by its strap, and the girl brought in her hand the end of a long narrow pennon of white cotton cloth. When she had attained a station which wholly commanded the roof of St. Ursula's shrine, Inez pulled up by the pennon a fishing-rod which she had attached to it,—one of the long canes from the brake which are the joy of the Louisiana anglers,—and thrust the rod high above her head into the air, so that the pennon waved bravely in the morning breeze. With this signal, Inez knew she could say, "I understand," or by rapid negatives could order anything repeated.

And then she had to wait and wait again, her eye almost glued to the eye-piece. She could, at last, count the tiles on the roof-tree of the convent. She could see a lazy lizard walk over them and jump when he caught flies. The Ursulines is not far away from Silas Perry's garden, and, but for the more minute signals of the pantomime, she would not have needed the field-glass at all.

Ready as she was, she did not lose one moment of poor Ma-ry's stolen time. Inez at last saw the girl appear upon the corridor of the school-room,—what in older countries would have been called a cloister, and, perhaps was, in St. Ursula's fore-ordination. She passed rapidly along to the corner where a China-tree shaded the end of the gallery. Without looking behind her, she sprung upon the railing, she was in the tree in a moment, and in a moment more had left it, to stand unencumbered on the roof of this wing of the spacious buildings.

When people in a house are looking for a person out of a house, there is no point so difficult for them to observe as the top of that house, and there is no point which they so little think of searching.

Ma-ry had had less to do with houses than any person in Orleans, if one excepts a few old Caddo hags who crouched around the market. But she had made the observation just now put on paper, before she had been in Nacogdoches an hour.

If eleven thousand virgins of St. Ursula searched for her in eleven thousand niches, or under eleven thousand beds, they would not find her, and while they were searching, she would be telling the truth,—a business at which she was good, and which St. Ursula herself probably would not disapprove.

The girl turned to Silas Perry's garden, saw the pennon, and clapped her hands gladly.

The pennon waved gracefully in sympathy.

Then the pantomime began. Grief—bitter grief; certainty—utter certainty, and then the sign for yesterday. She was very sorry for the news, she was certain it was true, and she had only known it yesterday.

The pennon waved gently its sympathy, and its steady, "I understand."

The girl walked freely from place to place, and made her gestures as boldly as a mistress of ballet would do, in presence of three thousand people.

Ransom was taken nine days ago. He is

now in the soldiers' room, under the court-house, next the cathedral. Ever since, they have been trying to find Mr. Perry alone. Day before yesterday they found him and took him. He is in the governor's own house. After early mass, yesterday, one of the fathers came to the convent, as was his custom. After he had confessed three novices, he had a talk with Sister Barbara. He told her what Ma-ry told Inez. Sister Barbara told Sister Helena, in presence of a Mexican girl, whom Ma-ry had been kind to. The Mexican girl told Ma-ry.

Ma-ry thought that Ransom and Mr. Perry were both to be sent to Cuba.

Cuba was intimated by an island which would be reached by a voyage of ten days, an island in which there were a thousand Spanish soldiers.

Lest any news should be sent after this vessel, an embargo on all vessels would be ordered for a fortnight. The embargo was denoted by rowers, who were suddenly stopped in their paddling. Ma-ry had to repeat this signal, because the pennon waved uncertainty. When she was sure all was understood, she kissed her hand, and then, pointing to the rising sun, bade Inez keep tryst the next day but one.

The glad pennon nodded its assent cheerfully, and Ma-ry disappeared.

News indeed!

Inez wrote this note to Mr. Bingaman.

INEZ PERRY to MICAH BINGAMAN.

Thursday Morning.

MY DEAR MR. BINGAMAN: I have just learned, and am certain, that my father is in confinement in the government house.

Old Ransom, our servant, who disappeared ten days ago, is shut up closely in the guard-house.

Both of them are to be sent to Cuba. And for fear the news shall be sent down the river, an embargo will be proclaimed to-day.

I beg you to press up the consul's clerk to some prompt action. Cannot Mr. Clarke be sent for?

Respectfully yours,

INEZ PERRY.

Well written, Inez! You are becoming a woman, indeed! Sister Barbara does not teach one to write such letters, and I am not sure that even St. Ursula fore-ordained them, or looked down to them through the prophetic vista of many years!

Antoine was sent with this note to Mr. Bingaman; and really glad, for the first time, that there was anything she could do, Inez ordered her breakfast and sat down, determining very fast what she would do next.

And this time the girl ate her breakfast with a will.

As she finished it, she heard a question at the back steps of the corridor, on the brick-walk which led to the kitchen, and then a sort of altercation with the smart Antoine.

"Ask Miss Perry," said a stranger, in very bad French, which Antoine knew was no Creole's, "if she does not want to buy some *filé?*"

Antoine did not reflect that his young mistress overheard every word; and with accent more precise than the stranger's, but with expression far less civil, told him to go to hell with his sassafras, that the sassafras of Little Vernon was worth all other sassafras, and that he was to leave the garden as soon as might be.

Inez needed no nerving for her first contest with Antoine. She rang sharply.

"Antoine, you are never to speak to any person so, in my house. Go, beg the man's pardon, and bid him come in."

Antoine went out, mumbled some apology, and returned much crest-fallen with the huckster.

Inez had never said "my house" before.

Inez rose. She scarcely looked at the man, who was, indeed, the wildest creature that even the Sunday market could have shown her. Bare feet, red with mud, which must have clung to them for days; trowsers of skin, patched with cottonade, or cottonade, patched with skin; hair bushy and curling, covering and concealing the face, and the face itself browned so that it would be hard to say whether it were Indian, mulatto, or Spanish, by the color. A miserable Indian blanket, torn in twenty holes, of which the largest let through the wearer's head, gave the only intimation as to his nationality.

Inez lifted the dried leaves in her hand, tasted some of the fibers, and said:

"Your *filé* is very good; I wish you had brought us more. Take the basket into the herb-room." Then, to the obsequious Antoine, who led the way: "No, Antoine, wait at the gate for Mr. Bingaman's message; or no, Antoine; go, ask him if he has no answer for me. I will show the man upstairs."

The savage shouldered his basket and followed Inez. She threw open the door of a corner room in the attic story. He brought the basket in, and kicked the door to behind him; and then, and not till then, did Inez rush to him, seized both his hands in hers, looked upon him with such joy, as an hour before she would have said was impossible, and then said:

"Am I awake. Can it be true! Where did you come from?"

"Dear Miss Inez," said Will Harrod, "it is true; you are wide awake, and your welcome," he added boldly, "pays for the sufferings of years."

"Welcome! You knew you were welcome, Will!"

She had never called him "Will" before; and they both knew it. Her cheeks flushed fire, and they were both—oh! so glad and and so happy!

"There never was a time when I needed you so much," said she eagerly, as she made him sit down.

"There never is a time when I do not need you," said he, bravely.

"But why are you in all this rig? I thought I must not let Antoine know."

"I am afraid you are right. You are certainly prudent and wise. Heavens! How careful I have been for the last forty-eight hours! Are they all crazy here?"

"I believe the Governor is crazy. The Intendant is surely. But, do you know what they have done? My father is in prison, and Ransom, dear old Ransom, too."

"In prison?"

"In prison, and are to go to Cuba. You know what that means. But, I feel now as if something could be done, now you are here. How are you here? Oh, Mr. Harrod; they all told me you were dead!"

And here the poor girl fairly cried; and, for a moment, lost her self-command.

"Did you think I was dead?" said he, eagerly.

"Think so? I knew so till Tuesday night; then I dreamed I saw your head over the garden gate, and it called me,—twice it called me."

"Yes," said Harrod, laughing; "and it called very loud, and it called Cæsar and Ransom, too. But, before anybody could come, the men with sticks were after the head, and the poor head had to run, and to hide again till this morning. I gave them the slip this time."

"It was you? It was you? Then, I am not a fool! But, Mr. Harrod, you called Cæsar; do you not know?"

"Know, my dearest Miss Inez, I know nothing. I only know, that after escaping from those rascally Comanches, after starving to sleep, and waking so crazy with hunger that I thought I was in purgatory, after such a story of struggle and misery as would touch a Turk's heart, I came out at Nachitoches for help, to be clapped into their guard-house. Then I knocked two idiots' heads together; blew out what brains one had with his own gun, trusted to my friendly river again, and worked my way down on a log to Pointe Coupée to be arrested again by a *garda costa*. I bided my time, till they were all blind drunk one night, stole their boat and floated down here, to be arrested, this time, for stealing the boat. But I am used to breaking bounds. Tuesday, I took refuge with some friendly Caddoes, and, by Jove, the savage protects what the white man hunts to death. My own costume was not so select as this. I owe this to their munificence."

"I thought you were dressed like a prince," said Inez, frankly. "Now you have come, all will be well."

Then came a little consultation. Inez explained to him the reign of terror in which they lived, so far as it could be explained. But she found first of all, that she must break his heart, by telling of Phil Nolan's fate, and Fanny Lintot's. All through his perils, he had heard no word of that massacre. His calling for Cæsar had given her the first suspicion of his ignorance.

How much there was to tell him, and how much for him to tell her!

Inez bravely told the horrid story of Phil Nolan's death. She told him, as frankly as she could, why she did not at first believe that he was in the party; and then, how Cæsar had confirmed her. But all hope for his life was over, she said, when Mr. Perry had found the news of Richards's treason, and the others, as Mr. Perry had found it, and as the reader has heard it. Two years had gone by since the gay young man had bidden them good-bye, in sight of the San Antonio crosses.

"But now you have come," she said again, bravely, "all will be well, and now we must look forward and not back. Do you remember that?"

"It has saved my life a hundred times," said he. "God only knows where I should be," he added, reverently, "if I had not remembered to look up and not down."

"These people have lost the track of you, as the knocker of heads together. You have now only to dress, pardon me," said she, really merry now,—to think that she should ever be merry again—"and to shave, and then you may walk unrecognized through our valiant army. Go into my brother's room," she said. She led him in and unlocked the wardrobes. "See what you can find; there must be some razors somewhere."

"If my right hand has not lost its cunning," said Harrod, entering into her mood."

"Take what you find," said she. "I wish only dear Roland were here to help you. He is not as stout as you are, but, perhaps, you can manage."

And so she hurried down-stairs, happy enough, to forget, for a minute or two, her weight of anxiety.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SAVAGE LIFE.

"And as his bones were big and sinews strong,
Refused no toil that could to slaves belong;
But used his noble hands the wood to hew."
PALAMON AND ARCITE.

WILLIAM HARROD had indeed lived through a life-time of horrors in the period since he had parted from these ladies above San Antonio Bexar.

It is of such adventures that the personal history of the pioneers, who gave to us the valley of the Mississippi, is full. But it is very seldom that personal history crowds together so much of danger, and so much of trial, in so short a time.

So soon as he knew that he was a prisoner, Harrod frankly accepted the situation of a prisoner, with that readiness to adapt himself to his surroundings, which gave at once the charm and the strength to his character. He was to be a slave. The business of a slave was to obey. That business he would learn and fulfill; not, indeed, with the slightest purpose of remaining in that position; but, because a man ought to make the best of any position, however odious. With the same cheerful good-temper, therefore, with which he would have complied with a whim of Inez, whom he loved, or a wish of Eunice, whom he respected, he now complied with a whim of the Long Horn, whom, at the bottom of his heart he hated, and whom he would abandon at the first instant. Nor was here any treachery to the Long Horn. If Harrod or the Long Horn could have analyzed the sentiment, it was based on pride,—the pride of a man who knew so thoroughly that he was the Long Horn's superior that he need not make any parade about it. He submitted to his exactions, as a sensible person may submit to the exactions of a child, whom for an hour he has in charge; but, for whose education he has no other opportunities, and is not responsible.

Day after day, therefore, the Long Horn had more and more reason to congratulate himself on the slave he had in hand. He did not congratulate himself. A process so intricate and so much approaching to reflection, did not belong to the man or to his race. But he did leave to Harrod, more and more, those cares for which the women of his lodges were too weak, and for which he was too lazy; and, of such cares, in the life of a clan of shirks and cowards, there are not a few.

Harrod himself was able to learn some things, and to teach many, without his pupils knowing that they were taught. This does not mean, as a missionary board may suppose, that he built a log-cabin, sent to Chihuahua for primers and writing-books, and set the Long Horn and the False Heart to learning their letters and their pot-hooks. He taught them how to take care of their horses; and many a poor brute, galled and wincing, had to thank him for relief. He simplified their systems of corraling and of tethering. And, on his own part, thoroughbred woodman as he was, his eyes were open every moment to learn something in that art which is so peculiarly the accomplishment of a gentleman, that no man without some skill in it can fairly be called a Chevalier.

It was to such arts that he soon owed a dignity in the tribe, which materially tended to his own comfort, and ultimately effected his escape.

The great wealth of the Indians of the plains of the Colorado of the West, and even of the mountains, was in their horses. They treated them horribly, partly from ignorance, partly from carelessness; but, not because they did not value them. It is a mistake of the political economists, to suppose that selfishness will compel us to be tender when our passions are aroused. Of course, the easiest way to obtain a good horse was to steal him, as these fellows had stolen Harrod's. In periods, either of unusual need or of unusual courage, they pounced on a Spanish outpost, and so provided themselves. Perhaps they won horses in fight, as the result of a contest in which large numbers overpowered small; the only occasion in which they ever fought willingly. Failing such opportunities, they were fain to catch the wild horses, and, after their fashion, to break them to their uses. They were passionately fond of horse-racing, which is not to be counted as only an accomplishment of civilized men.

So great is the power of the man over the

brute, that one man alone, and he on foot, can, in the end, walk down and take captive, even the mustang* of the prairies. It would be only in an extreme case, of course, that that experiment would be tried. But two men alone can catch their horses from a herd even of wild ones, almost as well as if they had more companions. If they be mounted, so much the easier for them.

In the sublime indolence of the Comanche chiefs, therefore, horses beginning to fail, "The Long Horn" and "The Sheep's Tail" each of them detached a slave to the hard job of taking three or four horses each for them, which they would next have to break to the saddle.

The method of capture is based on the habit of the wild horse, to keep at or near his home. He knows that home as well as the queen bee knows hers, and his range is probably not much wider than that through which her subjects wander. Each herd has its captain or director, and this director does not lead it more than fifteen, or, at the utmost, twenty miles in one direction. When he has passed that limit, he returns and leads his herd with him to the region which is familiar to them.

The hunter observes this limit for any particular herd of horses, and then knows what his duty is. He builds a corral ready for his captives. Then one of the two pursuers, if the party be as small as in Harrod's case, follows the herd, even leisurely. They only follow close enough to have their presence observed. The stallion who leads, leads at such pace as he chooses, avoiding the pursuer by such route as he chooses. If the herd turned against the pursuer, they could trample him into the ground. But they do not turn; they avoid him. The pursuer keeps steadily behind. At a time agreed upon, one of the two men stops with his horse for rest and sleep; the other, "takes up the wondrous tale," and, for twelve hours, keeps close enough to the wandering herd to keep them moving; in turn, he stops and sleeps; but his companion is awake by this time, has found the trail, and keeps the poor hunted creatures in motion. There is no stop to sleep for them; and so jaded and worn down are they by a few days and nights of this motion,—almost constant and without sleep,—that at last no thong nor lasso is needed for their capture. You may at last walk up to the tired beast, who has lost his night's rest so long, twist your hand into his mane and lead him unresisting into the corral you have provided for him. Poor brute! Only let him rest, and you may do what else you will.

On such an enterprise, Will Harrod was sent with the Crooked Finger, a young brave who was young enough to have some enterprise, and proud enough to be pleased at being trusted with so good a woodman as Harrod. Each of them was respectably mounted,—not very well mounted, for the "Long Horn" and the "Sheep's Tail" had but few horses, or they would not be hunting more,—and they wanted the best horses for themselves. Nor, for this line of horse-taking, was speed so essential. The young fellows found the herd, and made a good guess as to its more frequent haunts; then they built their little corral; then they took a long night's sleep; then they started for the trail, soon found it, and soon overtook the animals they sought. Harrod was magnanimous as always; he bade the Crooked Finger take the first rest; he would follow the herd through the twelve hours of that moonlight night, and at dawn of the sun, the Crooked Finger must strike in. When Harrod had reason to suppose that he was well on the trail, he also would stop, and he and his horse would sleep.

For two days and two nights this amusement continued. An occasional pull at some dried meat kept soul and body together, and the horses and the men followed their uneventful round, which was, in fact, a very irregular oval.

As Crooked Finger finished his second tour of service, he saw Harrod just mounting for his third. They simply nodded to each other; but Harrod dismounted and busied himself with his horse's mouth and rein. Crooked Finger approached and gave some brief report of the day's pursuit; to which Harrod replied by the proper ughs; and then, as Crooked Finger dismounted, he seized the savage in his iron arms, much as he remembered to have been seized himself by the Long Horn, fastened his elbows tight behind him with a leather thong, and kicked his horse so resolutely that the horse disappeared. Harrod's horse was tethered too tightly to follow him.

"Good-bye, Crooked Finger," said Harrod, good-naturedly; "here is meat enough, if you are careful, to take you to the lodges. I am going home."

The vanquished savage made not a strug-

*The derivation is said to be from the Spanish. "Mestaña," that which is common property, or belongs to the State—"mesta."

gle, and uttered not a sound. In Harrod's place, he would have scalped the other, and he knew it. He supposed that Harrod did not scalp him, only because he had no scalping-knife.

Harrod was free, and so far did he have the advantage of the tribe, that they made no attempt to follow him. And he never feared their pursuit for one moment. But he did fear other captors, and he feared want of food. This meat, provided for the hunt, would not last forever. This somewhat sorry beast he rode, must have time to feed. The hunting of a man who has neither knife, gun, nor arrows, is but poor hunting—for food, not very nutritious. And poor Harrod knew that the time might come when he should be glad of the sorriest meal he had ever eaten in a Comanche lodge. But Harrod was free, and freedom means—ah! a great deal!

This chapter cannot tell, and must not try to tell, the adventures of days and weeks, even of months, at last lengthening out into the second year of his exile, as by one device and another, the poor fellow worked eastward and still eastward. He came out upon the lodges of the Upper Red River, where Phil Nolan had smoked the pipe of peace only the year before. He found the memory of his great commander held in high esteem there, and he had wit to represent himself as a scout from his party, only accidentally separated from them for a few days. Nicoroco remembered the calumet of peace, and tidings had come to him of Nolan's discipline of One Eye, a memory which served Will Harrod well; and, after a sojourn of a few days with Nicoroco, Harrod proceeded, refreshed, upon his way.

It was after this oasis in the desert of that year's life, that the most serious of his adventures came. He had been hunted by a troop of savages, of which nation he knew not, but whom he dared not trust. He was satisfied that the time had come when he must do, what he had all along intended to do, abandon his poor brute, who was more and more worthless every day, and trust himself to the swollen current of the magnificent Red River. Such raft as he could make for himself, must bear him down till he could communicate with the pioneer French settlements, and be safe.

He knew very well, in this crisis, that it was the last step which would cost. But Harrod was beyond counting risks now. He risked everything every day.

It is not so easy to make a raft, when one has not even a jack-knife. Trees do not accidentally rot into the shapes one wants, or the lengths one can handle. But Harrod's ambition for his raft was not aspiring. Two logs, so braced and tied, that they should not roll under him; only this, and nothing more, was the raft which he needed. In a long, anxious day the logs were found. With grape-vines mostly, and with the invaluable leather thongs which had been his reins so long, the obdurate twisted sticks were compelled to cling together. Their power of floating was not much; but they were well apart from each other in one place, and there, Harrod wedged in a shorter log, which was to be his wet throne. And so, with a full supply of poles and misshapen paddles, he pushed off upon his voyage. The boiling and whirling stream bore him swiftly down, and there was at least the comfort of knowing that the last act of this tedious drama had come. How the play would turn out, he would know before long.

Day after day of this wild riding of the waters! And for food—the poorest picking! Grapes—well-nigh raisins for dryness—astringent enough at the best—sassafras bark was a flavor, but not nourishing—snails sometimes, and once or twice a foolish fish, caught by the rudest of machinery. But very little at the very best. "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare," said poor Will Harrod. For he was very hungry.

Where he was, he did not know; only he was on the Red River above "the Raft." His hope was to come to "the Raft"—then he should only be two or three days from the highest French farms. Only two or three days,—Will Harrod, with nothing to eat! Armies have perished, because for twenty-four hours the regular ration did not come!

Even the Red River could not last forever! At last he came to a Raft, so thick and impassable that he hoped it was the Great Raft. Any reader who has seen the tangled mass of timber above a saw-mill can imagine what the Great Raft was, if he will remember that it was made up, not of felled logs, but of trees with their branches, as for centuries they had been whirled down the stream. First formed at a narrow gorge of the Red River, it extended upward, at this time, one hundred and thirty miles. The river flowed beneath. Soil gathered above. Trees took root and grew upon it to be large and strong. In high water the river found other courses round it. On parts

of the Raft a man could travel. Through parts of it, a canoe could sail. It was this wreck of matter,—this "tohu va bohu,"—the utter confusion of water which was not land, and land which was not water, which marked for Will Harrod the end of his navigation.

With the precious thongs, a bit of sharp flint, and the tail of an imprudent cat-fish, as his only baggage, he landed on the bank, not far above the water line, and boldly pushed down on the southern shore. He thought Nachitoches could not be a hundred miles away; and that night he slept well. The next day, he made good time. Little to eat, for no cat-fish rose to his bait; still that night he slept well. The next day came the worst repulse of all!

A bayou back from the stream—all gorged with bark and trees and wreck like the main river—cut off his eastward course. Nothing for it but to return!

Never! That way was sure death. Will ventured on the Raft itself. To cross the bayou proved impossible. One could not swim there—one could not walk there, more than one could fly. But the river itself was here more practicable,—not for swimming, but for walking. So old was the Raft that the logs had rotted on the surface, and weeds and bushes had grown there. It was more like a bit of prairie than of river. One must watch every step. Still one could walk here; and though the channel was very broad here, Will Harrod held his course, slowly and not confidently.

No food that day!—not a snail—not a grape—not a lizard—far less red-fish or cat-fish. And that night's sleep was not so sound. Water is but little refreshment, when one breakfasts on a few handfuls of it, after such a day. But with such breakfast Will Harrod must keep on. Keep on he did; but he knew his legs dragged, that he missed his foothold when he ought not, and that his head spun weirdly,—that he did not see things well.

"This is one way to die," said poor Will aloud. And then, sitting on a moss-grown cypress stick, he looked wistfully round him, and then, when a belated grasshopper lighted by his side, with a clutch of frenzy he snatched the creature, and held him helpless in his hand.

Victory!

The grasshopper, yet living, was tied tight to the end of the little thong, which had served for a line all along. A stout acacia thorn, one of a dozen at Harrod's girdle, was tied in a knot just above. And, with cheerfulness he had thought impossible, he went to the nearest open hole, to bob and bob again, for his life.

But how soon the dizziness returned! How many hours did he sit there in the sun? Will Harrod never knew. Only at last, a gulp, a pull at the cord, and a noble fish—food for three or four days, as Will Harrod had been using food—was in the air,—was flapping on the so-called ground at his side!

Victory!

With the bit of sharpened stone which had served him all along, he killed the fish, opened him, and cleaned him. Little thought or care for fire! He returned carefully to his lair, to put by the sacred implements of the chase, which had served him so well. Weak as he was, he tripped,—his foot was tangled in a grape-vine, and he fell. As he disentangled himself, he could see an alligator rise—not very rapidly either—from the stream, make directly to the prize, and, before poor Will was free, the brute had plunged with the fish into the river.

"Miss Inez," said he, as in the evening they sat in the gallery, and he told this story, "I never despaired till then. But my head was swimming. The beast looked like the very devil himself. I lay back on the ground and I said, 'Then I will die.' And, will you believe me, I fell asleep.

"I woke up—I do not know how soon. But as I woke, my one thought was of sitting and bobbing there. What had I seen when I was bobbing? Had not I seen a log cut with an axe? Why did I not think of that before? Because I could only think of my bait and my line. Was it cut by an axe? I went back to the stream. It was cut by an axe. It was an old dug-out,—a Frenchman's pirogue, bottom up. How quick I turned it over! Where it came into that bayou, it could go out. I laid into it my precious line and cutting stone. I broke me off sticks for fending-poles. I was strong as a lion now. I bushwhacked here—I poled there—I paddled there. In an hour I was free,—and then the sun was so hot above me, that I fainted away in the bottom of the canoe!"

"You poor, poor child!" sobbed the sympathizing Inez.

"And the next I knew, it was evening, and an old Frenchman held me in his arms at the shore, and was pouring milk down my throat in spoonfuls. Weak as I was, I

clutched his pail, and he thought I should have drunk myself to death. He did not clap me in irons, though I did come from above."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME.

"Curse on the unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bowed,
Rends all alike, the penitent and proud."

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

But Miss Inez and Master William did not spend that morning in telling or in hearing this tale. It is from long narratives, told in more quiet times, that we have condensed it for the reader.

No. They had other affairs in hand.

Inez had been diligently at work preparing her costume for the day, before Antoine had summoned her to breakfast. Chloe had been as diligently at work in the laundry, while breakfast went on.

While Harrod made his toilet,—a matter of no little difficulty,—Inez made hers.

At last he came down-stairs—shaven and shorn, washed and brushed, elegantly dressed with a ruffled shirt, an embroidered waistcoat and a blue coat; dressed, in short, in the costume of civilized Europe or America, as he had not been dressed for two years.

He went through the hall and from room to room of the large parlors down-stairs, but saw Inez nowhere. In the front parlor was a little sister of charity, who seemed absorbed in a book of devotions. Harrod touched his hat and asked if he could see Miss Perry, to which the sister, without so much as raising her modest eyes to the handsome Kentuckian, only replied "*Pas encore.*"

Harrod struck the bell which stood in the hall and summoned Antoine. The respectful servant wondered if he had left the garden gate open, but did not distress himself. Harrod bade him call his mistress. Antoine thought she was in the parlor, but, as he looked in, saw no one but the sister of charity. She asked him also if he would summon his mistress. Antoine said he did not know where she was, but he would try.

The minute he was well out of the hall, the sister of charity hopped up, and executed a pirouette, to Harrod's amazement, clapped her hands and ran across the room to him. "So, sir, I knew you after two years' parting, and you did not know me after an hour's! That shows who understands masquerading best."

"Who would know you, with that ridiculous handkerchief tied round your mouth and nose, and those devout eyes cast down on your prayer-book. At the least, you cannot say my disguise covered me."

"Indeed," said Inez, laughing, "that was its weakest side."

And she proceeded to explain her plans for the day. She was going to the prison to see old Ransom. Her father was out of the question. But an interview with Ransom could be gained, she thought; for she believed, as it proved rightly, that no such calendar of sisters was kept at the prison gate, that the warders would know of a certain new-comer, whether she were or were not *en règle*. Of her own costume Inez had no doubt whatever.

And so they parted,—Inez for this duty, Harrod to see the American consul, Mr. Pollock, Mr. Bingaman, and the other Americans, and to determine what should be done in this rudest violation yet, of the rights of the American residents in Orleans.

At the Palace of Justice—if it may be so called—Inez had even less difficulty than she had apprehended. The place was not strictly a prison. That is, the upper stories were used for the various purposes of business of the fussy administration of the little colony; and below, a dozen large cells and a certain central hall had been, by long usage, set apart as places of confinement—barred and bolted—for prisoners awaiting trial, and for anybody else indeed, who, for whatever reason, was not to be sent to the prison proper.

To the sentinel on duty at the door, Inez simply said—

"You have a sick man here."

"Two, my lady. Will my lady tell me the name of the sinner she seeks?"

"If there be two," said Inez, speaking in Spanish, with which the French sentinel was not so familiar, "I will see them both," and, acknowledging his courtesy as he passed, she entered into the general prison, where nine or ten poor dogs sat, lay, or paced uneasily. Among them she instantly saw Ransom sitting handcuffed on a chest.

He did not recognize her, and she affected not to see him, but she passed close to him and said quite aloud in English, "Ransom, take care that you are very sick when I come to-morrow." Then she passed on into the side cell, which had been opened at her direction. The

particular Juan or Manuel who was lying there had not expected her. But he was none the worse for the guava jelly she left him, nor that she sponged his hands and face from the contents of the generous canteen she bore. She read to him a few simple prayers,—visited the other invalid in the same fashion,—and was gone.

The next day, however, Inez had three patients. She had soon disposed of those whom she saw the day before, and then found herself, as she had intended, alone with Ransom, who lay on the shelf in his cell with a few leaves and stems of the sugar-cane under him.

Ransom explained, that on the day he was missed, having been lured away, just as he left the brig, into a narrow street, where none "but them greasers" lived,—as he was talking with the man who had summoned him, he was caught from behind, his arms pinioned behind him, he tripped up, steel cuffs locked upon his feet, and in this guise was carried by four men into a neighboring baraca. As soon as night fell, his captors brought him to the Government House. They had since had him under examination there three times. They had questioned him about Nolan and Harrod,—about Mr. Perry and Roland,—about Lonsdale and the "Fire-fly," and about General Bowles. They had asked about the message sent up the river by Mr. Perry the previous spring. But, specially, they had questioned him about the Lodge of Free-Masons, to find whether Mr. Perry, Mr. Roland, or Mr. Lonsdale belonged to it;—and about what Ransom knew, and what he did not know, of the movements of one Sopper, an American, whom the authorities suspected of raising a plot among the slaves.

Now the truth was that Ransom knew Sopper very well. He probably knew Ransom better than he did any other person in Orleans, where the man was, indeed, a stranger.

"They'd seen me with him, Miss Inez. He's a poor critter; haint got no friends, any way, 'n' I wanted to keep him out o' mischief. He's one of them Ipswich Soppers,—no, he aint; he came from Sacarap,—they was a poor set; but they did zwel as they knew how. They'd seen me with him, so I knew they was no use of lyin' about it, 'n' I told 'em I knew him, cos I did."

"Ransom, there is never any use of lying," said poor Inez, doing something to keep up her character.

Ransom smiled benignantly. "I told 'em he was a poor critter; wa'n't of much account any way,—they wrote that down in they books, 'n' made four copies, to send to the King to read."

But it was clear that Ransom's examination had been of that sort which did nobody any good, and him least good of all. Inez could see, as he detailed it, that he had made the authorities suspect him more than ever; and, from the tenor of the last examination, she saw that the authorities thought that he was an accomplice in the Negro Plot, regarding which they were most sensitive.

"Taint no account, mum, any way, now Mr. Perry knows I'm here; he'll go to the guvner, and the guvner 'll have to let me out. Didn't have no way to send ye word, or I'd a sent before."

Then Inez told him that her father had been seized also.

The poor old man started from his bed, and could hardly be kept from rushing to the rescue.

In one instant he saw the position. And in the same instant his whole countenance changed, and his easy courage fell.

Often as he had thwarted Silas Perry, and often as he had disobeyed him, in his heart he was a faithful vassal, and nothing else. He would have "died with rapture if he saved his King," but when that King was check-mated his truncheon fell at once.

Inez went further, and said her fear was that they would both be sent to Cuba for trial.

"No, Miss Inez, ef your father's in prison, they aint no more trial for me. Tried me three times a'ready, and I give em a bit o' my mind each time. No. They's done with me." And he sank into silence.

Inez broke it, with a consolation she did not feel.

"Keep up good spirits, dear Ransom," she said. "We are all at work for you. Mr. Harrod has come home, and he is at work; and Mr. Bingaman and the consul. Aunt Eunice got home last night and she will work for you. Mr. Lonsdale will work. We shall never let you come to harm."

The old man sat silent for a moment more. Then he said calmly, "No, mum, they's done with me. Bingaman's no account, never was, unless he had Mr. Perry to tell him what to do. Aint none on 'em knows what to do, ef Mr. Perry don't tell 'em. Capt. Harrod, he's a gentleman. But they don't, none on 'em, know him here.

No, mum, they's done with me." And he made another long pause. "They'll send ye father to Cuby, and they'll hang me. They'll hang me down by the Arsenal,—jest where they hanged them Frenchmen. It's just like 'em, 'n' I told 'em so, I did. Ses I, you hanged them Frenchmen, and you know you've been all wrong, ever since ye did it, ses I. But they didn't hang 'em theyselves, they didn't dare to. Darned ef they could get a white man in all Orleans to hang 'em. Cum to the 'Hingham Gal,'—she was lyin' here then, 'n' there was a poor foolish critter in here, named Prime, 'n' they offered him twenty doubloons to hang 'em, 'n' he says, says he, 'I'm a fool,' says he, and he was a fool, 'but I aint so big a fool,' says he, 'as you think I be,' says he; 'n' they had to git a nigger to hang 'em, cos no white man would stand by 'em. That's what they'll do with me," said poor old Ransom.

In speaking thus, Ransom was alluding to O'Reilly's horrible vengeance upon the Creole gentlemen, who had engaged in a plot to throw off the Spanish rule more than twenty years before.

"Ransom," said the girl, sobbing her heart out, "if they hang you they will hang me too." Then she promised him that she would return on Sunday; bade him be sure he was sick in bed at noon, and with a faint heart found her way home.

She would have attempted more definite words of consolation if she had had them to offer. But Harrod's report of yesterday had not been encouraging. The consular clerk had been roused to some interest, but to no resource. The embargo had been proclaimed. That had confirmed Inez's news, and had awakened all the merchants. Harrod had made him, the clerk, promise to call on the governor with him at one o'clock. By way of preparing for that interview, he made one or two visits among English and American merchants,—when, suddenly, to his disgust, he found himself evidently watched by a tall man of military aspect, though not in uniform. Harrod was close by the Government House. He determined, at least, to strike high and to die game. He would not be jugged without one interview with the governor in person.

He entered the house,—went by as many sentinels as he could, by what is always a good rule, pretending to be quite at home, giving a simple hasty salute to the sentries,—and so came to the governor's door, as he had been directed. Here he had to send in his card,—but he was immediately admitted.

He explained that he had expected to be joined by the American consul. His message, however, was important, and he would not wait.

"And what is your honor's business?" said the courtly governor.

"It is to ask on what ground Mr. Silas Perry is held in confinement, and to claim his release as an American citizen."

"Don Silas Perry in confinement!" said the governor, with a start of surprise, which was not at all acted. He was surprised that this Mr. Harrod should have come at his secret. "Where is he in confinement?"

"No one knows better than your excellency," said Harrod, who noted his advantage; "he is imprisoned under this roof. Your excellency can show me to his apartments, unless your excellency wishes me to take your excellency there."

This was a word too much, and probably did not help Master William. It gave his excellency time to rally, and to ask himself who this brown, well dressed man of action and of affairs might be.

"You have sent me your card," said he; "you have not explained to me who has honored me by introducing you,—nor do I understand that you represent the American consul. I think indeed that the American consul is not in the city, that he is at the Balize."

"Your excellency does not wish to stand upon punctilio," said Harrod. "The consul's clerk will be here in five minutes. The American consul will be here to-night. It is in the name of the Americans of the city that I speak."

The governor looked his contempt. "His Majesty the King of Spain has given these gentlemen permission to reside here to attend to an unfortunate commerce, all but contraband, which will end in a few months at latest. But his Majesty has never been informed, till this moment, that these gentlemen expected him to consult them in the administration of justice." Then, as if he were weary of the interview, he turned to a servant, who gave him a card, and, as if to dismiss Harrod, said, "Show this gentleman in."

To Harrod's dismay, the military man entered, who had tracked him in the street.

He thought his game was up, and that he was to be put into the room next to Mr. Perry's. But he had no disposition to surrender a moment before his time came. Without noticing hint or stranger, he said:

"If your excellency despises the Ameri-

cans here, you may have more regard for the Americans at home. Your excellency has the name of a friend of peace. Your Minister at home is called the Prince of Peace. Your excellency has simply to consider, that if Mr. Silas Perry and Mr. Seth Ransom are not free to-morrow night, a courier will carry that news to the Tennessee river in ten days, to Kentucky in five more. Let it once be known that two American citizens have been sent to Cuba, and ten thousand riflemen from Kentucky and Tennessee will muster at their ports to avenge them. The boats are there, as your excellency knows,—the river is rising, as your excellency knows. Whether the 'Prince of Peace' will thank you for what your excellency brings down hither upon the river, your excellency knows also." And William Harrod rose. "I see your excellency is engaged. I will find the vice-consul, and will return with him."

"Stay a moment," said the military gentleman, "stay a moment, sir. Do I understand that Mr. Perry is in confinement?"

"He is under lock and bar in this house, sir," said Harrod fiercely.

"And for what crime?" said the stranger.

"For no crime under the heavens of God," said Harrod, now very angry, "for no crime, as you would say if you knew him. You must ask his excellency on what accusation."

"I will take the liberty to ask his excellency that question," said the other. "Mr. Perry is my near friend," he added, turning to the governor; "he is the near friend of the King of England, to whom he has rendered distinguished services. I know your excellency too well to think that, at this critical juncture, your excellency would willingly thwart the government I represent, by the arrest of a person whose services, I had almost said, we require."

The picture was a striking one, as these two fine young men stood, the one on each side of the governor, who was himself to the last degree annoyed, that by his own blunder he had lost the one great advantage in Spanish statecraft,—the advantage of dealing with each alone.

"My dear Mr. Lonsdale," he said, giving to the English diplomatist his hand,—"if you will do me the favor to dine with me, I can explain, perhaps, what you do not understand. If our young friend here, the embassador from Kentucky, will, meanwhile, study the constitution of the United States, he will understand perhaps that I cannot treat with envoys from separate States. Good morning, sir,"—this sharply to Harrod. "If you will take an early lunch with us,—it is waiting now." This courteously to Lonsdale.

"I am greatly obliged," said Lonsdale coolly. "I have business with this gentleman. I will do myself the honor of calling again." And with hauteur quite equal to what might be expected from the Duke of Clarence, he withdrew.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FACE TO FACE.

"A brave heart bids the midnight shine like day,
Friendship dares all things, when love shows the way!"

ANDROMAQUE.

As they left the Government House, Harrod hastily explained to Lonsdale who he was, and told what he himself knew of the passages of these dark days, and why he knew so little. Lonsdale explained who he was, that he had but just landed from his own galliot, in which he had brought Miss Perry, and the old lady whom Miss Perry had gone to Natchez to find. But they had left Natchez before any bad news, even of Ransom's disappearance, had arrived there; and the first intelligence Mr. Lonsdale had had of either calamity, was in the words he had heard William Harrod use at the governor's.

He had parted from Miss Perry only at the landing, having promised to join her again at her own house, within an hour. He was therefore sure, that, up till her arrival at home, she had had no intimation of the wretched news.

Harrod was quick enough to observe that in his language there was a certain air of authority, as if he had a right to protect Miss Perry, and to be consulted intimately in her affairs. For this, Harrod had not been prepared by Inez's hurried narrative. Inez had spoken of Mr. Lonsdale as the English gentleman whose escort they had received in coming from Texas; but she had scarcely alluded to him again.

The two went hastily to Mr. Perry's house, filling up, as each best could, the immense gaps in the information which each had, as to these matters in which each had personal reasons for intense interest. Let them do their best, however, there were large chasms unfilled. For what reason was Mr. Perry arrested? For what, poor Ransom? What new motive could they now bring to bear? And should William Harrod not make good

his threat of sending a courier through General Bowles's country into Tennessee and Kentucky?

Inez was away on her first visit to the prison when the young men arrived. They found Eunice in all the agony of surprise, anger and doubt, having received from the very incompetent lips of Antoine and Chloe, such broken account as they could give, of the little which Miss Inez had chosen to intrust to them. Eunice was writing to the consul as they entered. By her side was the lovely white-haired Mother Ann, who had come so gladly with Eunice, certain that she should find her lost grandchild, and who now found herself in the midst of another tragedy so strange. The beautiful old lady had not learned the lessons of sixty years in vain. Her face had the lovely saint-like expression of the true saint, who had never shirked life in a convent, but who had taken it in its rough-and-tumble, and had come off conqueror and more than conqueror.

"Never mind me, dear Eunice," she said, in her half Quaker way, "let us do what we may for thy brother first, and for this brave old fellow, who loves my dear girl so. What is a few hours to me, now I am so safe, so sure, and so happy?"

Upon their rapid consultations Inez came in, still in the sister's costume. She flung herself into Eunice's arms, and sobbed out her grief. A common cause gave frankness and cordiality to her welcome of Lonsdale, such as she had never honored him with before. Then came rapid conferences, and eager mutual information. Inez could tell, and Harrod could tell to this group, what had not been revealed to Antoine and to Chloe of Ma-ry's information. Harrod and Lonsdale had to tell of the governor's coldness, and the dead-lock they were at there. But both of them agreed that they must go at once to the American consulate to report, and Lonsdale said, very simply, that he could and would bring in all the intercession of Mr. Hutchings, the English consul. Such an outrage made a common cause.

"And we and this dear, dear, dear lady, will go,—we can go on foot, dear aunt, and liberate my darling from the convent." This was Inez's exclamation, and then she stopped. "But what a blessing that she was not liberated before! Where should we be now, but for the White Hawk?"

Then they all turned to Harrod and to Lonsdale, to make sure that they should not want her at the convent still. But it was agreed, that they now had, in all probability, all the information that Ma-ry could give. The chances were vastly against their gaining more.

"I must have the dear child here," said Eunice, promptly.

"Thank God you say that," said Inez.

And, so soon as she could transform herself into Miss Inez Perry, they were all three on their way.

It was not the regulation day for seeing visitors; there had been no chance to consult the Pope or the Vicar-General, and Saint Ursula had not provided in her last will for any such exigency. But Eunice was so forceful in her quietness, and dear "Mother Ann" was so eager in her quietness, for she did not say one word, that even Sister Barbara gave way, and Inez was obliged to own to herself, that even she could not have improved on the method of the negotiation. Sister Barbara disappeared. She was not gone long. She came back with the White Hawk, to whom she had said nothing of her visitors.

The moment the pretty creature entered the room, the quiet, lovely grandmother sprang across like a girl, and flung her arms around her, and kissed her again and again. "My dear, dear, dear child!" This was all she could say. The girl's likeness to her murdered mother was enough for the other mother who had brooded over her loss so long.

And Ma-ry, dear child, kissed her, and soothed her, and stroked her beautiful white hair, and said little loving words to her, now, as a child might do, just learning to speak, now, as a woman of long experience might do. How much these two would have to tell each other, and to learn from each other! And the first meeting was all that the eager heart of either could demand.

"Dear, dear, dear grandmamma," for the child had been teaching herself this word in anticipation. "Was she not very lovely?"

"My darling, she was very lovely. You are her image, my child. I knew you were named Mary. My sister was named Mary, and you are named for her. I have here," and she pointed to her heart, "your dear, dear mother's last letter. She says she had named you 'Mary,' and she says you were the only baby in the settlement, and the pet of them all! And I was to come and help take care of you when you were a baby. And now, at last, I have come."

Sister Barbara was as much affected as the others. She agreed with Miss Eunice, that it was not probable that Ma-ry's studies

would flourish much under the stimulus of this new element in her life. And it was also so improbable, that any similar case had transpired in the eleven thousand experiences of the eleven thousand virgins, that their memoirs were not even consulted for a precedent; and, failing the Vicar-General and the Pope, as above, Sister Barbara consented that the White Hawk should go home with the visitors and stay till next week. Alas, for Sister Barbara, "to-morrow never comes," and "next week" never came for this return to study.

Ma-ry, meanwhile, signaled to Inez, to ask whether she might not be needed on the house-top the next morning. Things might be mentioned in the house which needed to be published there. But Inez re-assured the loyal girl, and, in five minutes more, her little packet was ready and she kissed Sister Barbara "good-bye," forever, as it proved.

"But the little dog, Ma'm'selle—the little dog. He will be wretched without you, and you will be wretched without him."

With the gravity of a bishop, and with a penitent's conscience smiting her, Ma-ry explained that she had not seen the little dog since yesterday. And Inez hastened to add that he was safe at home. And so, with some jest on the dog's preferring the fare at one house, to that of the other, they parted. And thus, to use the common phrase which Miss Edgeworth so properly condemns, Miss Ma-ry's "education was finished!"

They met the gentlemen at dinner. Antoine and Felix were tolerated as long as might be, and, for so long time, the talk was of Harrod's experience, of Lonsdale's trials, of Mrs. Willson's wanderings, and of Ma-ry's recollections. But as soon as these two worthies could be dismissed, serious consultations began again.

The two consuls had had as little success as the unofficial gentlemen had had. Indeed, they had anticipated no success. Arbitrary as the Spanish rule always was, it had, till lately, been sensible and mild until Salcedo, to whom, rightly or not, Harrod ascribed the change of policy which had swept even De Nava away, and whom Harrod made responsible for Nolan's murder. Under Salcedo, the rule had been abrupt, tyrannical, and inexplicable.

"You would think," said Lonsdale, "that the approaching cession to the French prefect would make the Spaniards more tolerant and gentle. But, on the other hand, they seem to want to cling to power to the last, and to show that Laussat is nobody. Laussat is a fool, so our consul thinks, a fussy, pretentious fool. He came here as prefect, with great notions, with great talk of the army behind him, and he has not yet so much as a corporal's guard for his ceremonies. The Spaniards make fun of him, and even the Frenchmen cannot make much else of him.

"Yes, if he were not here, we should fare better. From this double-headed government, it is hard to know what we may look for. One thing is fortunate," he added, drily, "we have three or four frigates and their tenders, within a day of the Balize. I have bidden Hutchings send down word that they are to be off the Pass till they have other orders."

Eunice only looked her gratitude; but she certainly blushed crimson. Inez was forced to say, "How good you are." But this time she was frightened. Even she did not dare to say, "Who are you?"

But, who was he? Who was this man who said to the English fleet, "Sail here, or sail there," and it obeyed him? And why did Aunt Eunice blush? What had they been doing and saying at Natchez, and in this six days' voyage down the river? Was Aunt Eunice to be Duchess of Clarence, after all?

The truth was that Mr. Lonsdale and Aunt Eunice had come at each other very thoroughly. First, their correspondence had helped to this, for nothing teaches two people who have been much together, how much they rest on each other, as an occasional separation, with its eager yearning for messages or letters. Horace Lonsdale needed no teaching on this matter. Eunice was perhaps surprised when she found how lonely a summer was, in which she did not see him as often as once a week. After this parting, had come the renewed intimacy at Natchez, and, from the first, they found themselves on a personal footing different from that of the spring. She had found him the loyal and chivalrous English gentleman, which, indeed, he had shown himself from the first moment that she had known him. He had found her always the same unselfish woman she was then and there. It had been hard for him to come at her, to give to her the whole certainty of his enthusiastic admiration; because, Eunice Perry was quite out of the fashion of asking herself what people thought of her; or, indeed, of believing that they thought of her at all. If the truth were told, Horace Lonsdale

had not been used, in other circles, to meet women as entirely indifferent to his social position, as was Eunice Perry. He might, indeed, have traveled far, before he found a woman so indifferent to her own accomplishments, so unconscious of remarkable beauty, and so willing to use each and every gift in the service of other people, as she.

To pay court to this unconscious vestal, was no easy matter. So Horace Lonsdale thought. Words or attentions, which many a pretty countrywoman of his would have welcomed with delight, in the false and unbalanced social habits of London in those days, passed by Eunice Perry as if he did not exist, had never spoken the word or offered the attention. He found very soon, that if he meant to render her service, it must be by serving those she loved; and he counted himself fortunate,—and fortunate he was,—that the chaotic condition of the times in which they moved, gave him, once and again, the opportunity to do so.

The absurd stories as to who and what he was, had, of course, their share of foundation. He was a younger son of the distinguished family whose name he bore, and had been placed in the English Foreign Office, when yet young, for education and for promotion. Choosing to use the opportunities of his position, in a time when every day furnished the material for a romance, instead of flirting at Almack's or riding in Hyde Park, he had been intrusted with one and another confidential duty, in which he had distinguished himself. As the new century opened, the plots of Miranda, in Cuba and on the Spanish Main, the insurrection in St. Domingo, and the certainty of a change in Louisiana, made it necessary for his chiefs to seek more accurate information than they had, as to the condition of the Spanish colonies. Such a man as Lonsdale would not shrink from an appointment, which gave him almost *carte blanche* in traveling in those regions, then almost unknown to Europe. His social standing, his rank in the diplomatic service, and the commission he was intrusted with, gave him the best introductions everywhere. And, when the ladies of our party met him at Antonio, he was, in good faith, pursuing the inquiries regarding the power of Spain, which had been confided to him.

The absurd story that he was the Duke of Clarence had grown up in some joke in a London club. But, it had found its way to one and another English ship on the West India station; and from these vessels had diffused itself, as poor jokes will, in the society of almost every place where Lonsdale made any stay. In truth, it was very absurd. He was five years younger than the Duke, was taller and handsomer. But he had light hair, worn without powder,—a fresh, healthy complexion, so that, as Inez afterward told him, when she condescended to take him into favor, he looked so handsome and so much as one wanted a king's son to look, that everybody took it for granted that he was one. However that might be, the rumor was sometimes a very great convenience to Horace Lonsdale, and sometimes such a bore and nuisance as to arouse all his rage. He said himself, that whatever else it did, it always doubled the charges on his tavern bills.

Lonsdale had not let the favorable opportunity pass, which his visit to Natchez, and the escort he gave Eunice Perry to New Orleans, afforded him. He told her, like a gentleman, that her love and life were inestimably precious to him; that the parting for a summer had taught him that they never could be parted again. And Eunice, who for fifteen years had let the admiration of a hundred men drift by her unobserved and unrequited; who had quietly put fifty men on their guard that they should come no closer, and had sent fifty away sadly, who would not take her hint and pressed too near, Eunice told him the truth. She told him that once and again, in the anxieties of that summer, she had caught herself wishing for his sympathy and counsel,—nay, if the truth must be told, for a cheery tone of his, or a cheery look of his, before she had wished even for her brother's help, or for Inez's love; and when she said this to Horace Lonsdale, Horace Lonsdale was made perfectly happy.

But, all this narrative, so uninteresting to the young reader of seventeen, who seeks in these pages only the history of her country, does but interrupt the story of the fate of Silas Perry and Seth Ransom.

The formal interview with the Spanish governor, and with Laussat, the French prefect, took place the next morning after Lonsdale and Miss Perry came down the river. Only these two officers with their secretaries, and the fussy young Salcedo, in a very brilliant uniform, were present to represent the French and Spanish governments; —to represent the insulted merchants, only the English and American consuls with Mr. Lonsdale and William Harrod, were admitted.

And, oh, the horrors of the red-tape of a Spanish inquiry! Ransom had not exaggerated, when he said they copied what he said four times for the King to read. And, what with soothing Laussat's ruffled dignity by interpreting into French, and meeting Castilian punctilio by talking Spanish, while every person present spoke English and understood it, the ordinary fuss was made more fussy, and the ordinary misery more miserable.

But no promise, either of a trial or of a release, could be extorted. Laussat, the Frenchman, talked endlessly. But he had, and knew he had, no power,—strictly speaking, he had no business there. The same might be said of young Salcedo, who talked, however, more than any one but his father, and to no purpose. He had come, as was his wont, without being asked. The governor had summoned Laussat only as a later man in power used to invoke Mr. Jawkins, when he wanted to avoid responsibility. The governor himself said little and explained nothing. The consuls made their protests,—made their threats,—which were written down "for the King to read;" but, the governor declared he was under orders. Count Cornel, Minister of the Colonies at Madrid, had written thus and so; and who was a poor local governor to stand one instant before Count Cornel?

After this had been said six times, and the protest had been five times renewed, Lonsdale rose and said gravely:

"Then we must leave your excellency. The transaction appears to me much more serious than your excellency thinks it. Your excellency claims the right to send British subjects secretly to Cuba for trial. We resist that right; I say *resist*, where my colleague said *protest*. I ought to inform your excellency that I sent directions this morning to his Britannic Majesty's naval officer in command below the Pass. That officer will search every vessel coming down the river, and will rescue any British subject he finds on board, though that subject be on a ship of war of the King of Spain."

There was a moment's silence. Governor Salcedo, himself, did not maintain the haughty look of indifference which he had pretended. He looked Lonsdale steadily and anxiously in the eye. Laussat pretended not to hear what was said. The secretaries prepared four copies for the King.

"And will the American squadron look for American citizens?" said the governor, at last, with a sneer.

"I think there are no American vessels of war there," replied Lonsdale quietly. "If they were, Mr. Clarke would communicate with them, I suppose."

"And how does your order, Mr. Lonsdale, affect the persons whom you say are our prisoners; for whom, observe, I disclaim all responsibility?"

"Your excellency cannot mistake me. Silas Perry and Seth Ransom are both subjects of George the Third."

"The American consul has claimed them as American citizens," said the governor in excitement. "And you must pardon me, Mr. Lonsdale; your ignorance is that of a stranger; their nationality is perfectly known here. No person so important in the American interest, always excepting the honorable consul, as Mr. Silas Perry; unless, indeed, Señor Ransom's claim is superior to his, as he certainly supposes it to be."

"I speak of facts," replied Lonsdale, "facts everywhere known. These men were born British subjects. It is true, that the State of Massachusetts, in which they were born, is no longer a part of the British Empire. But these men, born under the flag of England, were not residents of Massachusetts when that change took place. They have never forfeited their allegiance to the King of England nor his protection. They are under the English flag to-day!"

Everybody was amazed at this bold position so suddenly assumed by this calm man. For a moment there was silence. Then the governor said:

"It is too late to-day; but, if the men can be found in this jurisdiction, we will learn from them to what nation they belong."

"And when shall we have this privilege," asked Mr. Lonsdale boldly, "of seeing the prisoners, who, as I had understood, were not known by your excellency to be imprisoned?"

"To-morrow is Sunday," said the governor with equal coolness. "I understand that it will be disagreeable to Englishmen and Americans to attend to business then. Shall we say Tuesday?"

"No day better than Sunday for an act of the simplest justice," said Lonsdale.

The governor had committed himself, and it was agreed that after Mass the same party should meet again.

And then the English and American gentlemen were bowed out of the room, and the four clerks completed their four memoirs for the King.

(To be continued.)

A SCOTTISH LOAF FACTORY.

Among civilized peoples, the English and their descendants occupy the first place in all matters connected with industry. The peoples of Great Britain, the Americans, and the English-speaking colonists in all parts of the world, are the leaders in commerce and manufactures. From England have come the greatest "captains of industry." The English-speaking workman has made the modern railway, elevator, steamship, the sewing and mowing machines, and the telegraph, and his language is the language of trade. To England, the mother of workmen, we may therefore naturally look if we wish to observe the latest phases of industry, to study the currents that affect the movement of trade, or to forecast the future of those two partners in business,—master and man. In England grew up and flourished, and is now beginning to fade, that epidemic of mingled justice and unreason, charity and selfishness, known as trade unionism, and in England we may best study those later movements that may be included under the general name of "co-operation."

Co-operation first meant the union of the laboring man and his employer for a common end,—profit. Their relations had not been wholly pleasant, and it was thought that if they could go into a co-partnership that their differences might be extinguished and their profits increased. Latterly, the term co-operation has come to mean a great variety of things, and it is now made, with more or less justice, to include almost every commercial and industrial combination, from life assurance to shoe-making. At the present stage of the co-operative movement, it is useless to define the term exactly. For the purposes of the writer, it may be said to include all those experiments in trade and manufactures where men and women have combined their labor and money for their mutual benefit and advancement.

The co-operative shop, the building society, industrial partnerships, the life assurance, and the mutual medical society, and some kinds of friendly societies, may be here called co-operative in a broad sense. Allied to these may be noticed a number of efforts made by employers and others for the benefit of working-people, and for the purposes of this and other articles, these may be also called co-operative in aim. Briefly, co-operation means in England any and all combinations of working-people and others for their mutual benefit in a purely financial sense. Its advocates also claim higher and nobler aims —social advancement and education. It is true, co-operation has really elevated, refined, and educated many of its members; but its chief aim is material gain; its objective point is the shilling. Some people have affected to see in co-operation only a financial dream, a kind of fanciful speculation that would ultimately run its disastrous course, and end in a return to the usual methods of trade. It is not the intention here to discuss this or any other point or theory for or against co-operation. The writer's aim is simply to report the present status and methods of co-operation in England and Scotland as it appears to the disinterested observer, and to point out as clearly as may be its influence upon commerce and manufactures.

Co-operation has grown up naturally and quietly from insignificant and almost pitiful beginnings to gigantic proportions. It has a following of tens of thousands; its capital is counted by millions. Already it has made a marked impression upon trade, and its system of dealing has become a model for an entire "nation of shop-keepers." It grows even month by month; its stores spring up in every direction; its coal-cars roll on every English railway; and it has already planted an office on Broadway. Its demands are felt in the cheese markets of Utica, and the provision centers of Cincinnati and Chicago.

THE AIMS OF CO-OPERATION.

Co-operation, in its more particular sense, refers to the combination or union of a number of people, either to supply themselves with certain staple articles of consumption, or to manufacture some article that may be sold for their mutual benefit. When it has to do with selling coals, provisions, and other goods, it is called "distributive co-operation." The other kind of co-operation, the union for work, is called "productive co-operation." The aim of both distributive and productive co-operation is primarily to benefit the co-operators in a financial sense; but it must be noticed that the original aim of distributive co-operation was not so much to buy and sell teas and sugars at a profit as to get good teas and pure sugars. If the British shopman resents the advent and progress of the co-operative movement; if

he complains that it is stealing his trade, and bringing ruin to his door, he has himself much to blame. Distributive co-operation began as a natural protest against his sanded sugars and painted teas, his demoralizing "gratuities," and his ruinous system of credits. He had sought to win two profits; and the poor buyers, the flannel-weaver of Rochdale, and London Post-office clerk, rose in rebellion, and bought their own teas. The city man tucked his single chest under the back stairs of the General Post-office and doled out the tea "after hours." The poor weavers of Toad Lane made the place famous with their wheelbarrow load of groceries. To-day, the carriage of my lord of the army or navy drives up to a palace, and his lordship actually buys his own wines and cigars at the army and navy or civil service stores; and every mechanic, miner, and laborer in the kingdom knows the way to the nearest co-operative store in his town or village. The British shopman declaims loudly and bitterly against the co-operative store, and, at the same time, he adopts its healthy cash payments and sensible methods of doing business. Distributive co-operation began that the house-mother might have pure tea, that the father might wear good shoes, and that the children might have sweet milk and bread. To-day, it accomplishes this and more. It seeks to elevate and educate; it opens reading-rooms and libraries, gives lectures in the arts and sciences; it organizes excursions for children; it has its social conferences and its congresses, and, withal, it makes money.

Of the two kinds of co-operation, distributive is by far the more successful, and may first command our attention. Productive co-operation, and co-operation in its larger sense, including building associations, will next be presented, together with some examination of the points of difference in the practice of English and American building associations.

A VERY SMALL SHOP.

Kinning Park, Glasgow, is not wholly lovely. Plain, straight streets, closely built up with lofty stone tenement-houses, and vast mills and foundries. On one side, the railway; to the north, the foul sink of the Clyde; to the west, Govan,—noisy with iron ship-yards; and, to the east, the city. Along its streets, under the tenements, are rows of small shops,—the green-grocer, the flesher, the haberdasher, and, more numerous than all, the spirit merchant. Above the shops lives a dense population of working-people, mainly mechanics in the Clyde ship-yards. These shops are all very small, hardly large enough to hold more than a few brown sides of American bacon, a barrel of flour, or a heap of cabbages, and only designed to supply the needs of a poor and underpaid working population.

West Scotland street, Kinning Park, in nowise differs from the usual Glasgow street, and the two shops numbered 88 and 90 are just like all the rest,—one small counter, a few shelves, and a window wherein the goods may be displayed. Unlike its neighbors, there is no display in the windows. The door of one shop is closed, and the two windows seem to be mere store-rooms. Over the door is a large wooden sign: "Kinning Park Co-operative Society, Limited." A very small shop, indeed, but it is a type of a great multitude of its fellows scattered over Great Britain, and, in examining its system of doing business, we can obtain quite as good an idea of the subject as we might if we visited some of the grander and more prosperous stores in Yorkshire or Lancashire. Besides, it is better to see the smallest first, as it may show how humble some of these experiments in co-operation have been. The immense establishments at Halifax, Leeds, Oldham, Leicester, and elsewhere, sprang from quite as small beginnings, and could boast of perhaps less than this Kinning Park society. Viewed from the street, the place seems closed up, as if trade was too dull to warrant the shopman in taking down the shutters. Entering the only door that is open, we find trade active enough. A small child, seated on the counter, is being fitted to a pair of shoes. The shopman is busy dealing out potatoes, and the child's mother is waiting upon herself. The shopman's assistant is attending some girls making purchases, and a number of people are waiting their turn with commendable patience. The little 10 × 12 place is crowded from floor to ceiling with every variety of goods,—bread, salt fish, bacon, hosiery, shoes, groceries, provisions, and vegetables,—as if the society attempted everything. The salesman, a plain workaday Scotchman, deals out his potatoes, and then, with apologies for the crowded state of the shop, offers to show the establishment. It is a short story, only the little retail shop, where the customers are received; the adjoining shop where the more bulky goods are stored, and a small and dingy room in the rear, empty, unless four nail-kegs, and four boards laid

upon them for seats, and a wooden table, can be called furniture. This is all,—two shops and a "committee-room." In this back room the honorable "board of management" holds its meetings. The officers sit on these planks and deliberate on the amount of teas and sugars, bacon and cheese, they can handle, and, in fact, govern "the society." The salesman presents the last balance-sheet and report of the society, a plain, matter-of-fact document, cheaply printed on cheap paper, but worthy careful attention, as we shall see. Then we return to the shop, and stop a moment to observe the trade. A girl is buying some tea and sugar, and she lays three shillings on the counter and takes her bundles. The shopman makes the change, and with it presents an oval piece of sheet-tin stamped on one side thus: "*Kinning Park Co-op. Soc. 2/6.*" She takes the sixpence and the tin token, and, putting both in her purse, goes away with her goods in hand. A woman wants a loaf of bread, and, having paid for it and received a tin token, she takes from her pocket a handful of the tins and spreads them on the counter. The salesman counts them all, and then sweeps them into a drawer and presents her with a brass token marked "£1." So each proceeds, pays cash on the spot, and receives a metallic token expressing the amount of the purchase. If they have too many tins of small denominations, —shillings, half-crowns, etc.,—they can have them changed for pound tokens, just as we observed the woman do.

ALLOCATION OF PROFITS.

Nothing is so small that it cannot teach. A petty variety shop in an outlying district of Glasgow, a "society" of riveters and blacksmiths, may have lessons worth learning. In the first place, notice that of the two shops only one is open, while both windows, so valuable in ordinary trade, are mere store-places for the least perishable of the goods. Notice also the apparent indifference to the customer. The two salesmen seem to have quite enough to do to supply their customers without troubling themselves to solicit the casual purchaser. Moreover, every one pays cash before taking the goods away. Contrast this with the usual tactics of the British shopman. See his windows skillfully arranged to tempt the passer-by. He knows the average shopper does not put away all his childishness when he becomes a man, and that he will usually buy what he sees in preference to what he wants. Enter the shop, and the beaming graciousness of your reception is so persuasive, you feel that in some manner you commit a grievous fault if you do not make a purchase. You do not find the thing wanted, and you buy something you do not really wish, just because it seems "mean" not to do so after so much smiling attention. You haven't the money. What consequence? Have it charged. So you are bowed out with some useless article and a debt. These united riveters and blacksmiths know better than that. They do not seek to trap the idle passer; they never tease the visitor into a purchase, and they insist on the money.

The riveter's wife climbs the stone stairs of her tenement and lays her loaf on the table. A sensible loaf, big, a cheerful brown on top, white at the sides, a goodly and seductive loaf, a trifle over weight, to appease the law, and the price exactly the same as at all the shops, the ruling Glasgow price for the day. It is an honest loaf, of goodly savor, and with a history, as we shall presently see. She has been well served, and without teasing, solicitation, or debt. Moreover, in a safe corner she has a folded certificate for a paid-up share in the society, and earning five per cent. interest each year. With it is a heap of brass tokens representing a dozen pounds sterling. Next quarter-day every pound wil earn one shilling and threepence in good money, being her share in the allocation of profits declared by the society for the quarter, and all this over and above the interest on the money invested in the share. Surely this little Glasgow variety shop has something to teach.

The nineteenth quarterly report and balance-sheet for the quarter ending April 5, 1876, issued by this Kinning Park society is instructive. The cash receipts are set down at £1030 13s. 2½d. The store or trade expenses were only £54 1s. 3d., and divided in this peculiar manner:—wages, £33 4s. 3d.; rent, 215 shillings; hall rent, 4s.; gas, 42s. 2d.; stationery, 1s. 8d.; printing, 24s. 6d.; postage, 4s. 9d.; secretary, 4s.; treasurer, 20s.; committee, 10s,; auditors, 12s.; delegates, 4s.; sundries, 9s. 4d.; legal expenses, 10s.; bonus on wages, 19s. 10d. A strange shop that pays eight shillings for "delegates" and "hall rent." Delegates to what? The last conference or congress held in the neighborhood, where perhaps a hundred men, each representing a shop like this, met to discuss "the progress of the movement" over a cheerful cup of tea provided by the society located nearest to the

place of meeting. The "hall rent" means the rent of the room where the last quarterly report and balance-sheet was read by the president before the assembled riveters and boiler-makers—members of the society. The secretary, treasurer, committee and auditors are paid for their services; but the amounts are merely nominal. Ten shillings divided among the eight directors, and six shillings each for the two auditors whose names are signed to the report. A desire to see the society prosper must be their chief reward. The bonus on wages means that nineteen shillings and tenpence was divided between the salesmen, at the rate of one and threepence in every pound of wages they earned the previous quarter, as an extra payment. The rest of the expense account explains itself, and we may turn to the report again to see what is done with the profits, if there be any. The sales over the counter and the new shares taken up are not the only sources of profit. The society has been prosperous, and it owns shares in other societies, and its profits in these are set down at £13 16s. 6d. from the "Baking Society," and £9 os. 6d. from the "Scottish Wholesale." So we find under the head of "Allocation of profits," that the members purchased the previous quarter, goods to the value of £1055, and the report says the members were paid £67 19 shillings as profits, being at the rate of one shilling and threepence in every pound. Each member brought in his or her tokens, and received the one and threepence the tokens represented, either in cash or had the sum added to their share account. The balance-sheet, moreover, shows that on the £414 held as shares by the members, £4 11s. 4d. was paid as interest. The liabilities of the society at date may be summed up as follows:—Members' claims (some shares withdrawn since last report), £395 1s.; reserve balance, £31 14s. 3½d.; due merchants, £89 18s. 2½d.; profit, £67 11s. 8d. The assets consist of shares in "Wholesale Society," £112 8s. 9d.; shares in "United Baking Society," £119 18s. 2d.; goods in stock, £254 5s. 7d.; fixed stock, £49 10s.; cash balance, £48 2s. 8d.; or in all, £584 5s. 2d.

This Kinning Park society has been purposely selected as one of the smallest of these stores. It has not been wholly successful, as its report shows that it has suffered in the past some losses through ill-chosen salesmen, and yet the society has prospered. It has supplied its hundred members with the best the market afforded, and at the regular rates. It has paid interest on the investment, and every member has received back fifteen pence of every two hundred and forty he expended at the shop. The society has prospered in the past, for it has enough to spare to purchase shares in two other societies to the value of £232 6s. 11d. A large part of this must have been courageously withheld from the "allocation of profits," and the rest was earned in the two societies.

If this society stood alone in the world, its balance-sheet would be a remarkable document. But within a dozen miles are thirty or more just like it; two or three blocks away, is the Baking Society, and down the Paisley Road, toward the Clyde, stands the huge stone warehouse of the Scottish Wholesale Society, doing a business of over one hundred and seven thousand pounds every three months; while, if we look further south, into England, we see the Manchester Society doing a business of over a million every twelve weeks. Kinning Park is only one in a company of more than a thousand. Each is conducted on the same general principles as this humble association of machinists. Some are smaller still; others have twenty times its income, and their balance-sheets show expense lists that include such diverse items as schools, science classes, scientific instruments, reading-rooms and that famous "two and a half per cent. for education."

WAYS AND MEANS.

The distributive societies of England and Scotland, differing only in minor details, and being conducted on the same general principles, we need not examine the working constitution of any one in particular to understand their management. We can turn to the printed "model rules" published by the Central Co-operative Board, Manchester, and find the main facts briefly stated. The Central Board is maintained by a federation of a very large number of societies, and is intended to collect and distribute information concerning co-operation for the uses of the members of the federation and all others who may wish it.

These model rules cover every branch of co-operative work, and new societies generally copy them in greater or less degree, and thus secure a uniform system of management. We may, therefore, refer to them in explaining the plan upon which such work is conducted. The first chapter gives the name, objects, and location of the society,

and states where and how the books, securities, and accounts are to be kept, all of which has to be "registered" according to the law concerning provident and industrial societies. The second chapter gives the rules defining the members, their liabilities and claims on the society. From this, it appears there are three classes of

MEMBERS.

First, special members; secondly, such other members as the society may admit; thirdly, other societies or companies. Each member, whether an individual or a company, must hold one or more shares in the society. Any person or company may apply for admission to the society on the payment of one shilling for a copy of the rules. If the application is accepted by the government of the society, the applicant takes one or more shares, as may be directed, and makes the first payment (generally a shilling) on each share. Married women may be admitted on the written consent of their husbands, except on special application in writing, and according to the married women's property Act. Minors may be admitted on fully paid-up shares, but cannot hold office in the society. No member can vote at any meeting of the society if in arrears in his subscription, or if he holds less than a prescribed number of shares. The members are recognized as such only from a list of their names, residence, etc., kept by the society, and each society limits the number of shares a single member may hold.

SHARE CAPITAL.

The capital of such a society is generally held in shares valued at one pound, payable at once, or in installments, with a fine for neglect of payments. These installments may be as low as threepence a week, and may be anticipated to any extent. The fines may be omitted in cases of distress, and all dividends due on a share must be added to the installments till the share is paid up. In case of default of payment, the society may recover all money due by process of law. These shares may be transferable or not, may be withdrawable after sufficient notice, or may be recovered by purchase by the society at its option, as each society may elect. The usual plan is to make the shares non-transferable and subject to purchase by the society. The number of shares to entitle a society or an individual to membership, and the maximum number they or he may hold, may also be settled by the society at their convenience. Withdrawable shares may be issued for capitalizing the profits, and may be withdrawn according to certain rules designed to equalize the payments among all holders of such shares. Every member may nominate, in a book kept for the purpose, one or more persons to whom his shares may be transferred in case of death. In default of such nomination, the legal representative of the deceased member, on production of the proofs required by law, may receive the shares of the said member, or their value in money, in which case the shares are considered as extinguished. This payment is at the will of the society, and in case of a transfer of shares, the person receiving them cannot have a vote in the society unless he then becomes a member. The legatee of a deceased member may also receive the dividends on his shares, but can have no vote unless he joins the society. The society may also receive deposits and loans from its members subject to certain conditions, and such loans are to be considered as transferable loan stock in the society. The society may also hold shares in, or may make loans to, other societies.

THE GOVERNMENT.

All co-operative societies are governed by a committee, consisting of a president, secretary, treasurer, and a fixed number of directors, all of whom must be elected by the members, and serve in rotation. The president must preside at all meetings of the committee, and must sign all the reports of the society. The secretary and treasurer perform all the duties incident to such offices, and the treasurer must be under bonds. Each and all of these officers may be paid such sums for their services as the society may from time to time appoint. The duties of the committee include the general conduct of the society's business, the appointment and payment of all servants, the purchase of goods, land, buildings, and other property, and the adjustment of all losses and profits, loans, investments, and other financial matters concerning the society. The committee may also appoint local committees for the government of special branches of the business, or branch stores and workshops. Besides these officers, there are always two or more auditors whose duty it is to examine all reports, books, and accounts of the society as it may from time to time direct.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The profits resulting from the business of a co-operative society are usually divided as

follows: First, the payment of the agreed interest on the loans or deposits; secondly, the reduction of the fixed stock or plant of the society; thirdly, the reduction of the preliminary expense of starting the society if unpaid; fourthly, the payment of a dividend on the ordinary share capital of the society; fifthly, in the creation of a reserve or contingent fund; sixthly, in promoting culture and instruction among the members by forming an educational fund; seventhly, contributing to the general cause of the co-operative movement, or to the social, provident, or other benefit of the members. Lastly, the surplus, if any, may be divided, first, among all the members, according to their purchases; secondly, a less sum among non-members who may have made purchases at the store; thirdly, a bonus on the wages paid to the servants of the society.

THE LOAF FACTORY.

St. James street, Paisley Road, Glasgow, is only a few blocks from West Scotland street, Kinning Park, and is very like it, except that a deep railway cutting occupies the wide space in the middle of the street. Here, on the corner of a cross street, is a large bake-house, or, as it is sometimes called, a "loaf factory," and known by its sign as the "Works and Registered Office of the United Co-operative Baking Society, limited." The plant includes a two-story stone bake-house, store-houses, offices, and a stable, and occupies a part of a large lot of land fronting on two streets. On entering the street door, one is shown up a steep wooden stair to a box of a room called the office, on the second floor, where the manager of the Works may be found. He readily and gladly offers to show the establishment in all its details, which are simple enough. Upstairs is a large store-room crowded with bags of flour from France and Canada. Below is the bake-house, just like many another bake-house, except that there is no machinery of any kind. Here we find fifteen men, stirring and mixing the great masses of dough with their hands and arms alone. Machinery may do it better elsewhere, but nowhere could one find more thoroughness and cleanliness. A long range of ovens fills one side of the bake-room, and from one of these a man is skillfully drawing huge blocks of loaves. A boy with a brush dipped in cold water paints the top of each loaf as it comes out, giving it a glistening brown color that makes the bread very attractive. Other men are breaking up the blocks of bread into single loaves and packing them into wooden trays. The trays, when filled with their fragrant loads, are taken away to a large paved room opening by wide doors upon St. James street. Here we see them packed into the society's wagons ready for delivery on the morrow. The wagons are closed tight against the rain, and provided with doors at the end and blinds at the front. The manager remarks that they want more room. The business is growing rapidly, and they will soon be obliged to extend their buildings over the rest of their lot of land. At the manager's request, before leaving, we visit the stables, and see the fourteen horses that are needed to deliver this daily bread.

After all, this is only a rather large loaf factory; it does not present any special features of mechanical interest, but as a commercial experiment it is well worth our attention. Every morning the five wagons start out with sixteen thousand loaves of good bread, and supply thirty-eight retail co-operative stores, located within fifteen miles of Glasgow, with enough for the regular demands of their members. There is also a "bread-room" or shop attached to the works, where the bread is sold at retail to the general public. The sixteen thousand loaves sent out by the teams are consigned to the stores at a fixed price per pound, and are wholly consumed by the people dealing at these stores. Each store takes all it can conveniently sell, and pays cash for the bread every week; and to allow a profit, there is a discount of ten per cent. on all purchases. Besides this, there is a strict account kept of all the purchases made by each society, precisely as the individual member keeps an account of his purchases at the store by means of the tin tokens. The chief point of interest in this matter is in the fact that these works are maintained by a federation of co-operative societies. Thirty societies have shares in the United Co-operative Baking Society,—in other words, own it. The remaining eight societies that are supplied with the bread are not members of the federation, and do not hold shares, though they have more or less money loaned to the Baking Society. All, from Anderston to Whiteinch, supply their members with good wholesome bread, fresh every day, and at the regular market rate. Each society gets the trade discount of ten per cent. and a bonus or extra profit on its purchases, and each receives interest on its loans and shares as capital in the factory.

BREAD AND PROFITS.

The "Twenty-ninth Quarterly Report and Balance-sheet of the United Co-operative Baking Society, limited," is a large and handsome sheet, crowded with figures, and exhibiting a pleasing balance on the right side. After giving the name and registered office of the Society "St. James st., Paisley Road, Glasgow," it says:—"*Societies require to take one share for each member, increasing their shares as their members increase. The payment of 1s. per share is all that is required: the discount and interest making up the remainder of the share.*" This is in large type, as if an important statement. Then follow the names of the members of the "Board of Management," with the names of the various societies they represent. The report is for the quarter ending April 29, 1876, and is as follows:—

"TO THE MEMBERS.—It is again our pleasing duty to submit for your approval another Quarterly Statement and Balance-sheet of the Federation. The turn-over for the Twenty-ninth Quarter is £6775 16s., being an increase of £224 4s. 9d. over the preceding Quarter. There is a gross balance for the Quarter (after allowing the stores 10 per cent. for selling the bread) of £1780 9s. 9d., from which we deduct interest on capital and all trade expenses, leaving a balance to divide of £801 3s. 1d. This we purpose (with your sanction) dividing as under—1s. 4d. per £ on members' purchases and wages earned; 8d. per £ on non-members' purchases; £200 to reserve fund for reduction purposes, which we allot as follows:—£100 to the reduction of fixed and live stock; £50 to the reduction of buildings; £50 to the permanent reserve; and the balance, £112 4s. 7d. we carry forward.

"The number of sacks baked during the quarter was 26253/4, given an average of 202 per week; an increase of 13 sacks per week over last quarter.

"The above facts must be highly satisfactory to the members, as it is to us, showing that the society is still progressing in all its points; the sales of bread having been steadily increasing, we consider a strong argument in favor of the federation. Our success is a proof also to outsiders that working men can conduct even a productive concern successfully, when there is honesty of purpose, blended with watchful trust and mutual confidence.

"We leave the sheet with you and hope you will see, in the disposal of the balance, that the best interests of the society, and therefore of the members, have been guarded.

"Yours, etc.,
(Signed) "THE COMMITTEE."

Then follow the detailed statements of accounts, filling three large pages, and including the cash, profit and expense accounts, shares and purchase accounts, and the always interesting "allocation of profits." Each of the federated societies has all its accounts printed in full, and each can see just how all the others stand. From the "Capital Account," it appears that the United Society's liabilities are (briefly summed up) as follows:—4289 shares at £1962; loans, £2847 os. 5d.; cash overpaid by societies (on account of purchases), £122 5s. 10d.; bonds on property, £830; merchants' bills and trade expenses, £554 12s. 0½d.; reserve balance, £876 16s. 1½d.; rent reserved, £37 15s.; bonus on wages, £43 14s. 5½d. The assets balance this as follows:—Shares and loans in the Scottish Wholesale Society, £304 4s. 2d.; goods in stock, hay, buildings, fixed and live stock, etc., £3901 6s. 10½d.; loan to Oak Mill, £200; interest on overdue accounts, £2 19s. 7d.; cash balance, £2190 13s. 4½d.—making a total of £7274 4s. 11d. The society owns its buildings, or is paying for them rapidly; it has more land on which it can erect new ovens; it pays cash for everything it needs; its trade expenses—wages, repairs, allowance to the officers, traveling expenses for the committee, and even the "dog and cat keep" (26 shillings)—only amount to a trifle over a thousand pounds; its credit is firmly established, and its business is steadily growing. It can afford to send its delegates to conferences; its expense list includes forty shillings each paid to the "Renfrewshire Conference" and the "Glasgow Conference."

The constitution of this society resembles in its general features that described for a single co-operative society, except that the individual members are replaced by societies. Each of the thirty co-operative shops, including little Kinning Park, contributes to the capital of the United Society, and each has a vote in its management. Each society adjusts its share-list every quarter by its list of members, and holds as many shares as it has members. If it takes in a dozen new members, it pays a dozen shillings to the United Society, and takes out the twelve new shares valued at ten shillings each. The profits and discounts soon raise it to par, and then it has interest on all the new shares. Besides this, the societies may lend their spare cash to the United Society, and it, on its part, may lend its money to the Scottish Wholesale as shares or loans. These shares it need not pay for in full, for its profits in the Wholesale will also help to pay for the share, and in every transaction interest will be paid from one society to the other.

The riveter's wife buys her daily bread at the Kinning Park Society. Hundreds of other men's wives at Avonbank, at Maryhill,

at Tollcross, up the Clyde beyond Glasgow; at Pollockshaws, to the south; at Paisley, at Bridge of Weir, and many another busy village scattered round about, buy their loaves according to their needs. Each pays hard cash, and receives the bread and a tin token as voucher for her purchase. Now, why all this complication, this federation of societies, these elaborate statements of business, these allocations of profits printed on thirty-eight balance-sheets and scattered through city tenement and country cottage? Why not buy the loaves at the same price, on credit, at the nearest loaf factory in the good old way? Because there is "little to earn and many to keep." It is this "allocation of profits" that has taught the five thousand people interested in this loaf factory to create and manage such a curious and complicated experiment in co-operation. Five large wagon-loads each day are sent to join the enormous traffic that swarms over the Broomielaw Bridge, past the black coal-pits, the resounding ship-yards, and over the breezy hills, that the weaver, the miner, and the laborer's "little" may the more happily keep his clamorous "many."

The riveter's wife paid the full price for her loaf of bread, but the numerous rebates and discounts that must be taken out before its real cost can be found are almost past belief. In the first place, she bought, for perhaps a shilling or two, a one-pound share in the little shop. She could not pay its full value, and many months passed before she received any money return on the invested shillings. In place of cash, the profits earned by the shop were added to her share till its full par value was reached. Perhaps this is now accomplished, and she is receiving five per cent. interest on the share. Here is one profit on the loaf returned to her in part. The tin token is more obvious. At the end of the quarter she will take it, with any others she may have, to the shop, and will receive back fifteen pennies for every two hundred and forty she paid for bread or otner goods. She can lift these pennies, or let them remain in the hands of the society as a loan, or as part payment for a new share.

Then, the shop, acting as her agent, may buy with its surplus funds shares in the United Baking Society. On these shares it will receive interest which will help pay the interest on her shares. The society buys its bread of the Baking Society, and gets a discount of ten per cent. on all its purchases as a selling profit. Moreover, there is a bonus of one shilling and fourpence in every pound sterling spent for the bread. If the society has money to spare, the Baking Society will accept it as a loan at interest. Tracing this still farther, we find that the Baking Society owns shares in the Scottish Wholesale Society and receives interest thereon. The flour and salt employed in making the loaf were bought of the Wholesale Society, and on this purchase there is a bonus of fourpence in the pound. Beyond this, the Wholesale will accept any loans the United may have to spare, and will pay interest thereon. Surely, the riveter's shilling runs a nimble race. With tens of thousands of other men's shillings it started the scattered retail shops; their profits opened the Baking Society, and its profits, together with the profits of a hundred other societies, built the great warehouse of the Scottish Wholesale. The loaf apparently cost seven and a half pence (or thereabouts) in money. Its real cost must be found after these interests on interests, this procession of bonuses, have been subtracted from it. The actual figures may be unimportant, but the lesson of the loaf is both obvious and profound.

DAYS AND VOICES.

Swift the elm-tree's leaves are falling;
Plaintively the pee-wee calling
Mingles with the leaves his notes;
And the ghost of summer floats
Through the air.

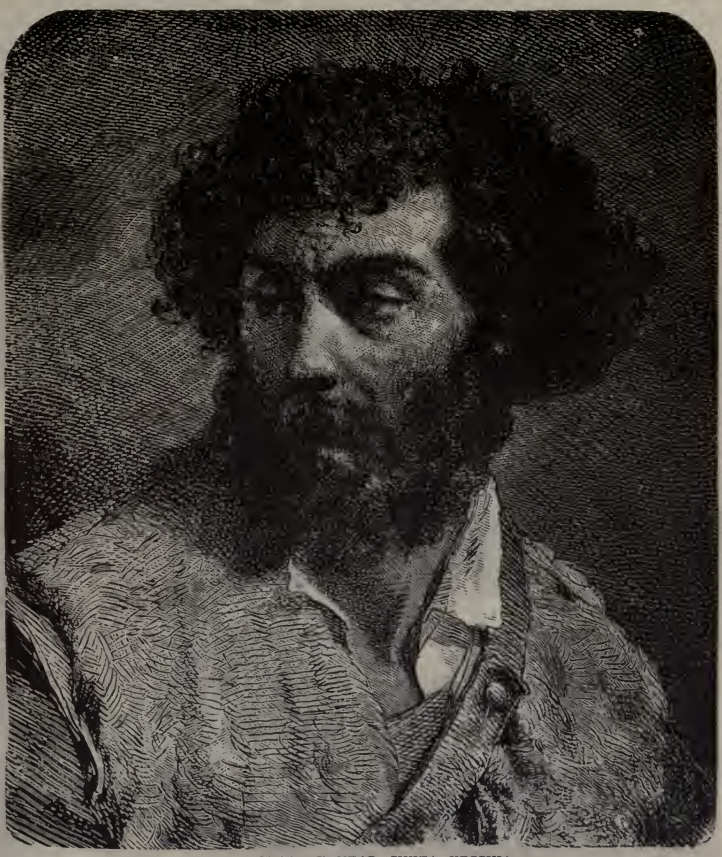
Like the leaves, the days long vanished,
Mixed with voices dead or banished,
Come to me with those sweet notes.
But the ghost of gladness floats
Through despair.

PICTURES FROM ROME.

"A LITTLE PENNY, SIGNORE. I'M HUNGRY."

FRANK was sitting in a low balcony of the Corso, and it was an afternoon of the Carnival.

He had come to Rome only the day before. Coming up to Rome in those days meant more than it does now, and a great deal more than it ever will again. You were not ticketed and boxed up with two hun-



PEASANT NEAR CIVITA VECCHIA.

dred and fifty like articles of transportation, and slid along under watch of an official with air as stiff as his coat-collar, —stopping or not stopping (especially *not*), according to his orders,—tantalized with a glance from a little window at the last end of something you would give a scudo to see, and at length suddenly unboxed, dropped on the platform of a stupid station, and told that it is Rome.

No, indeed! The style in which Frank and I rolled up to the Eternal City is one of its eternal memories —to ourselves. The two little Sardinian nags pattered along before our fluffy, old vettura, like Cinderella's rats with the pumpkin. The vettura was yellow, black, and blue; it made its own music like a superannuated band of bell-ringers, with accompaniment on the bones,—creaking and snapping, jingling and jangling, from bells on the belly-bands, cracking whip, rickety bolts and wobbling wheels. Bright blue feathers bobbed up and down at the ponies' ears. Gorgeous was Gregorio, in his red-brown breeches, yellow vest, and cockade of rooster-feathers in his hat; and glorious were we, perched on the high seat behind him, with the free sky above, the wide Campagna in front, and beyond, though unseen, Rome!—Rome, felt already like a magnetism which almost tingled through the fingers,—Rome and all that life means to the marvelous imagination of the twentieth year, within our embrace. We could ask Gregorio about everything we saw—of which, to be sure, he knew nothing, but that is all the antiquarians know about much of it. We knew we could stop when we chose and so we did not choose to stop. The slow motion gave us good, long looks at the half-hidden ruin, the browsing white-and-purple cattle, a wild-eyed buffalo, the shaggy peasant pausing at the road-side to let us pass and to enjoy what sensation his dull, black-ringed eyes could take in from our appearance. We had soon done joking Gregorio and ourselves upon our wonderful equipage; its rattle, clatter and patter hardly reached our ears any longer, and the brooding spirit of the Campagna at last settled on our imagination and made us silent. By and by, on the line of the horizon, a regular form began to rise. Four eyes, looking often in one direction, had caught it, and two tongues at once were starting to ask, when Gregorio nodded quietly over there and said, "San Pietro;" as if he meant, "There's the gentleman you want to see;" and he gave the reins a pull and laid the whip across the ponies' withers. The road runs on till it strikes plump against the dead wall of the city, and then follows the wall for some time before finding the gate of the Cavaleggieri. This seems very odd and disconcerts you a little. Then you

want to lay your hand against its gray old side and make sure that all this is a reality—a reality for your own very self. Then the vettura drives under the gate, rumbles through a narrow street of Trastevere, turns right, and goes grazing with its hubs a row of tall, tawny columns, whose spaces show through them two shimmering fountains and an obelisk and a like colonnade beyond. You know it for the Piazza of St. Peter's. Really, you feel a little embarrassed at this disrespectful rush into the august presence. Of course, your imagination is disappointed. You say to yourself, "This is where I will come to-morrow." You do not exclaim, "Saint Peter's! Wonderful!"

And getting into Rome at all, in those days was a different thing from what it is now. These last twenty-five years have undone the policy and international sentiment of centuries. In Rome, in those other days, the awful governmental eye rolled and glared in all directions; the Middle Ages ended last week.

The man of the custom-house demanded our passports and then demanded us. We dropped down from our perch and were motioned toward an inner room. We went in, one at a time. Behind an immense black mustache which stood out horizontally to right and left, sat a little, thin, straight man, with the air of a generalissimo in opera bouffé. He had already flattened out the passport upon his desk. He mumbles out your barbarian patronymic as if it were a mouthful of cherry-pits, and you respond. Then he reads your height—written in numerals—5 feet 11—and runs his eye

"QUATT-R-RO!" "NO-O-OVE!"

along you deliberately, to take an altitude. Then he makes believe he knows enough of English to understand the description of your hair, complexion, mouth, chin and nose, and examines every one of them consecutively. You see his pompous silliness,—"dog in office,"—but know he can annoy you very much; and so you stand wondering whether to play *servitore umilissimo* or to lift him by the mustache and drop him gently out the window. Then he pores over every pass on the paper, from twenty different governments, eying them sidewise and upside down. Now he has found a flaw, five passes back. He consults his register. No. But he asks you mysteriously about it. You know nothing. He shakes his head. Diligent, indefatigable, incorruptible official! You think so? No, he is scaring you into a bribe—if he can. But he can't. In the outer room, meanwhile, they are waiting for your key, to pounce down and eviscerate your trunk. You stand by and see the operation, with what equanimity a youth of Christian nurture and admonition may have vouchsafed you. Every book is opened, some scanned wrong side up. That map of Rotterdam may be a plan of the Roman fortifications; that old hotel bill, a list of conspirators to assassinate the Pope. In one corner is a little odd-looking box. *Ecco!* poison! bullets!

"Please open this, signore," the official says firmly.

"Certainly. There! Bullets—of quinine. *Take* them!"

"*Scusi*," and a grin.

Frank, as I began, was sitting in a balcony on the Corso. Some new voices in the room behind drew him to turn around. A blonde, bearded face struck him for a second, as a memory; but in the shadow, it suggested the beery-faced Milanese who had lodged opposite him in the Casa Toni at Florence and was tippling his way boozily through Italy. So Frank turned again to enjoy the opening fun of the street. In a moment a card was thrust over his shoulder and held before his eyes. He read, "Frederick Bannard." He threw back his head and found his Milanese looking down on him in the person of an old schoolmate of six years gone, never once seen nor heard of since, who had been a year in the country, and no more dreamed of Frank's presence than did Frank of his. Frank jumped up, they clapped hands together with a laughing "How do you do, old boy?" and they sat down together in the balcony and chatted fast about what had become of the other boys, and about all the nice girls they had known together. Then Fred laid out excursions for to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow—all of them in the old, old Rome of the Palatine and the Forum; for both of the young fellows had taken honors in the classics.

Fred took Frank for dinner over to the classic Lepre's, into the room where the artists used to gather, and do so to this day. Then Frank took Fred to his lodgings, a few blocks below, in the Way of Life—Via della Vita.

"Way of Life!" exclaimed Fred. "So is the grave! But why shouldn't the Way of Life have just a little bit of life in it?"

It stood in a respectable quarter of the town, and was like some other cross streets, dull as a convent corridor; a long, high, time-stained wall on one side, with a little barred window or two near the top; then a few dwellings of the same bruised, mottled gray; no salient bit, hardly a window-sill or lintel, to catch a little more of light. A passer-by made a sensation. It seemed like a barracks, a convent and a row of haunted houses. If you met anybody, you asked him mentally, "What are you doing here?" and he was asking the same of you. There was an especial chill in the air. The pavement in the shadow—without sidewalks then—bore a green mold, in spots. The masked and cowled funeral processions seemed to make their favorite route through it. Still it was only a strongish type of most Roman streets of the day—solitary, silent, always wearing penitential sackcloth and keeping Lent. I spent a week there, and the only sign of life that I recall was one game of *morra*, played by two tipsy stragglers who happened to be crossing the town just there. It was moonlight; after eleven; still as a stone. I sat at the open window under Frank's. Suddenly "*Mor-r-ra!*" rattled like a tattoo on the air. I leaned out, and in the clear moonshine, by a passage, the players were beginning their game.

"*Quattr-r-ro!*" cries graybeard. At the same instant, "*Nove!*" rumbles the bass of the baker; and as quickly, out jump some fingers from their right hands. Sum total being neither four nor nine, nobody wins.

"*Un-n-ndici!*" exclaims the baker.

"*Do-o-o-dici!*" cries the other.

Undici wins; baker cries *Fatto!* sticks out a finger of his left hand for a counter, and holds it there till his saint gives him

THE LANDLADY'S BOY.

another game to send it company. They go down the street slowly, still playing, and disappear around the corner—*Tre! Tutti! Sette!* sounding fainter and fainter, till all is quiet again.

And our house within was stiller and chillier than this Way of Life without—still as a convent of the Buried-alive. Frank was on the second floor, with a family whose father had "no visible means of support," and whose only child stuffed birds for the living of the household. The old man was as invisible as his means of support. We only heard him and heard of him. The daughter had a shock of red hair that flared every way like fire-works, a fierce eye, and a hooked nose, and was particularly great in posing hawks—in fact, an artist in hawks. The pope had patronized her hawks. A hawk tearing up a rabbit, two hawks fighting, became a drama, a tragedy, in her hands. Surely she had her blood from some of those old Goth-kings who swooped down upon the Rome of the Augustuluses. I shall never forget her hungry swoop down the staircase upon us both, one day, with her last hawk in hand; nor her look of triumphant satisfaction, as she pointed out the beauties of attitude, and stroked the feathers, and played with the wicked beak. She could not coax nor shame us into buying it. We only laughed, when in the street, over the odd adventure. Recalling it now, I wonder if the family had not gone breadless that morning, and were not perhaps huddling at the balustrade above to see the prospect for a dinner. God forgive us! We were too young to guess such possibilities then.

The rooms had no fireplaces that would work a fire; the floors were tile and without a rug to catch your feet from the morning bed. There was a clock on the mantel, but, like those you meet so often in the taverns of South France, it hadn't spring, chain or wheel—all pawned, perhaps a year ago. There was not an easy-chair or settee, for self or friend.

So we took Fred's suggestion, and

A ROMAN GIRL.

after a few days migrated to his *casa* on the sunny Pincian, in the Gregorian Way. It stood near the edge of the bluff which is ascended by the Stairs of the Piazza di Spagna. In Fred's room, two or three bright calico settees invited the company, had two children. The boy was about thirteen, and was sent to the Seminario every day when the innumerable *festas* permitted it. The Seminario was one of the two great public schools of Rome. Only Roman children could enter its classes, but they

CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

after a day's tramp, to pleasant horizontal musings, as the sun went down behind the Cathedral dome, the dark ovals of the pines and the purple hills.

Our landlady was an Italian widow, who went on very rudimentary preparation. It had, at that time, about seven hundred pupils—all boys, of course. The education of girls, at Rome, was in a semi-oriental barbarism of neglect. Our little

Seminarist, in his three-cornered, cocked-up broad-brim, his priest's frock and big shoe-buckles, sprawling at hop-scotch—which we taught him as an improvement on his game of Campana—made lively amusement for us, for a while.

Frank began to think himself in paradise, as the Frenchmen say. The rest of us soon began to think that his paradise had an angel. Not that he was actually in love, but he had a vivid feeling of the beautiful, and the imagination, if not the skill, of an artist. He could admire a lady and talk rapturously about her and never especially care to visit her. It was enough for him to know that so much beauty and brightness and sweetness were there, if he only saw them from time to time. Perhaps he enjoyed some ladies' charms better when absent than when present. He could idealize all the more. And it was not the landlady's daughter that had captured Frank's enthusiasm. The child was only a step-daughter, and hardly, one would think, of the same range of life as the landlady herself; especially in a country where marriages follow the lines of social position. Most of her features were Roman enough—hair, brow, eye and chin; but the contour and nose showed *forestiere* blood—Neapolitan, for instance, rather than Roman.

Fred thought so too. "But the brow reminds me," he said, "of a girl I met, late one afternoon, the other time I was in Rome, as I was walking in from the Campagna. I was just on the square of the Minerva—down there below the Pantheon, you know—when she crossed slowly to the opposite side. By Father Pan! from that moment on, I have believed in hamadryads, centaurs, satyrs."

"Ha! ha! ha!" burst out the company.

"What are you laughing at? Yes," and he struck an attitude, with out-playing arm,

> "'I'd rather be
> A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus ——'

and so forth," waving the rest off grandly into the air, as if it had not slipped his memory.

"Ha! ha! Well, tell us about her."

"Well, she was short, —rather thickset; face more square than round; eyelashes, brows and hair, heavy, coal-black and slightly coarse; her motion had a massiveness—a certain wideness in it—which Homer would have likened to the movement of an ox. Without one hint of the sensual, still you thought only of the animal. You wondered if the square corners of her forehead might not be like the sacred Io's — budding with the horns of the heifer."

"You must have had a sitting for that portrait," said our Belgian companion. "How long did you take at it?"

"How long? A demi-semiquaver — the time it takes for a daguerreotype."

REBECCA.

I had the luck of seeing Fred's phenomenon soon after, by the Appian gate. It was certainly unforgettable. It seems to me now to bring Hawthorne's Donatello within the psychologic, and almost within the physical, realities. Who knows but that this girl, or one of her blood, started his strange conception?

Frank's angel was the landlady herself—old enough for his mother, and showing motherly thoughtfulness over him; but she was beautiful enough to touch any fancy—with a sweet dignity of face and attitude, slightly tinged with melancholy in the dark, large eyes; the voice

"—— soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman,"

and a rare thing in Italians. She was one of the four handsomest women I ever saw. If I had been an artist, she should have been my only model for a heroic statue of Italia in her Woe.

We had been indulging, at Lepre's, in the epicurean dissipation of a three-franc dinner, when the young Frenchman who had joined our party a few days before, told us of a flagellation which was appointed for that evening in one of the smaller churches near the forum of Trajan. Clique was our worthy friend's name. He was a quiet fellow, a dutiful Catholic, and doubtless half hoped some good for our heretic souls in witnessing, if not sharing, the action of penitence. We had tramped the Campagna all day long, but rose ready for this rare spectacle wherewith to close the evening. We straggled down the Corso—five of us, all told—and at last reached the church of Sant' Angelo in Pescheria,—a church which covers the ruins of a temple of Juno, and witnessed Rienzi's inauguration of his Roman republic.

"BROCCOLI! BROCCOLI!"

But odors, not the frankincense and myrrh of the sanctuary, notified our approach upon Sant' Angelo. In the crooked alleys of the quarter, we had struck against the Jews' Gate—the Claustro Israelitico—and in half a minute passed from the quiet of a narrow square to a buzzing, humming, chattering, fluttering, five-story hive of hu-

man creatures; faces quite different from those around the corner; words of an unknown dialect; with another five-story or eight-story hive beyond, and beyond, and beyond; the walls bulging or collapsing as from the dead weight of human numbers; the innumerable windows overhanging with heads and making you think they must be taking turns with the crowd inside, in escaping suffocation. In the street, the women sat against the wall or in the dark doors, patching old clothes or sewing together bright-colored pieces of silk and embroidery

THE CARDINAL'S WALK IN THE BORGHESE.

of every shape and age, as though the row had an order to fit out a first-class circus or a fancy-ball before to-morrow night.

Some of these faces were, to me, very interesting. The true Hebrew type surpasses in more than one point that of most European races. It contains quick impressibility, delicacy and versatility of apprehension, sentiment. And why not? Are not these poor, abused children of exile, these slaves and jests of Christian generations, are they not the children also of the sacred seer Isaiah, of the sublime, the sweet poet

David; a people whose music, first heard of old, in the world's dim morning, beneath the tents of Jubal, has held the listening heart of men with the noblest strains of modern genius? I have known them in practical and in educational relations, and wish to add my testimony against the Christian stupidity and hate that have victimized them for so long—against the prejudice which survives among the cultivated, to their own social loss. And the Roman Jew has often retained in his physiognomy, in its contour, its profile, rather more of the original, oriental cast, than most other of his European brethren. A face you can see here sometimes, whose like might have looked out upon the jeering crowd, from chains and dust, behind the triumphal car of Titus, and been sculptured on his Arch. And the disagreeable specimens that strike you only too frequently, it is true, you will find to be exaggerations on the genuine oriental model, rather than mongrel departures from it.

But we must proceed to our flagellation, especially as by this time it is growing a little dark.

We find a black-frocked sacristan or deacon beside the main door, standing with both hands in his pockets; but the main door is closed.

"Will you tell us, sir, where we enter for the flagellation?"

"With pleasure!—*con piacere*—signori," and he marched us around to a small side door, with an air of satisfaction. Here we found a group of the humbler classes—men alone—one or two from the Campagna, all the rest from the neighborhood. They were waiting patiently for the door to open, silent or barely whispering to one another; and soon we all filed in.

Just inside the door sat another black-frocked official, with a number of scourges lying across his lap—each made of three thick cords, knotted at the ends, and about two feet long. Everybody took one and went in search of a seat—in search, for objects in the building were but dimly visible. What little light struggled in through the dull, high windows, soon ceased, and nothing remained to us but one small candle at a corner of the altar steps. One row of benches lined the wall on either side, and on them, about forty persons, all told, had scattered themselves. The middle of the floor was piled up with chairs, prayer-desks and stools.

A SABINE SHEPHERD.

We all sat silent in the cavernous gloom; every eye, no doubt, fixed by the fascination of that candle. Soon another black-frocked figure, like an animated exclamation point, came forward and took position right behind the candle—its shadows all thrown upward and flickering every way. He began in a "lamentable voice," like Daniel's in the den, to recount the story of the Mother on Calvary, and of the painful Stations of our Savior in his journey to the Cross. He reminded us of the sins and transgressions of our own hearts, which had procured those sufferings; of the punishment justly due to every soul; and exhorted us to repent, to castigate now this sinful flesh and to spare not. He took the candle and disappeared with it behind the altar and left us to the blackness of darkness; or, rather the darkness of blackness.

Soon a second priest stole from behind the altar with the candle in his hand, and placed it on the platform at his foot. He repeated the exhortation of his brother. His face lighted unnaturally from below, with big blots of shadow where the eyes should be, looked at moments as weird as a skull,—as if the bones of some old catacomb saint had slid down from their shrine, to thrill us with a cry of Purgatory. His voice rose higher and took tone and rhythm like a chant, and then suddenly ceased. Somebody took away the candle. The priest remained.

Then, after the blankest pause in the blackest of darkness, a sound, like the plash of a heavy rain-drop came from the direction of the altar; then another, rather like a whack; then a whack near you; then two or three opposite; until the whacks waxed into a general shower. Then voices began a wail of penitence and prayer—"*Gesu mio!*" "*Madonna della misericordia!*" "*Miserere mei, dominus!*"—half cry, half chant, rising, subsiding.

The candle re-entered. The priest stood where he had disappeared and gave us a dismissal, and we proceeded to the door. There, outside, stood a row of women, who passed in after the last of our company had come out. We left the square to the pos-

session of the *broccoli*-dealer, who had opened her stand with its pile of cabbages and flaring torch during our penitential service in the church, and to one little beggar-girl looking up wistfully, in half hope of a charitable morsel to give a relish to her loaf.

TITA OF SPOLETO.

One pleasant afternoon, of a day of festa, we found ourselves in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. We were resting from a walk over the whole of them, sitting on a marble bench beside the favorite drive, or lying off

——"with elbow on the grass."

"Well!" said Frank, "I haven't seen them all yet, but, I think we can beat old Europe or young Europe in the article of parks. This comes the nearest to my ideas of all upon the Continent; but, for the true purposes of a park, it goes only half way, as it seems to me."

"Yes," answered Fred; "but it will seem otherwise to you, when you add a little reflection to your observation. This Yankeeism provokes me. Perhaps you haven't made the profound reflection, yet, that Italian gardens are in Italy, have you?"

"Ha! Well, as I come to think of it, I can't say that I have. Ha!"

"Well, they are, you see."

"And then? What of it? Go on."

"Well, take even an extreme case,—the gardens of the Quirinal, for instance. You were withering those up with ridicule, root and branch, the other day, after your visit. Now, in the first place, persons need here a very dense shade in these walks, to make the out-door heat endurable. You will think so, if you get caught here even so late as June. They need a shade that seems to the eye as solid as a stone wall. You forget that summer, not winter, makes the Italian year. And then again, in winter, when they want the sunshine and air, the tall, close hedges that make the summer cool, stop the winds and make winter comfortable."

"Now, I take issue with you on that. In the summer accommodations, you count out the breezes which would circulate but for the thick, high hedges; and the still, damp chill that you feel among them in winter is ten times worse for health—and, I should think, for any but an Italian's comfort—than a free, sweeping norther. One chief reason for them, I believe, must be the Italian's surprising indifference to nature. Astonishing! isn't it, amid their Apennines and by their sea!"

"I don't know why it is strange, with so much of human art to keep them from nature. Books don't make men original, and why should pictures? I agree with you, there. The people don't want nature; but, still their peculiar ideas about gardens have a sort of reason below."

"The other day, at Genoa, a little company of Genoese ladies and gentlemen tried to keep me from taking vettura across the mountains of the Riviera di Levante, because the way by sea was so much shorter! Those were persons of fair culture. They lived within fifty miles of the mountains and had never crossed them. The Italians can't let nature have her own way anywhere, except, I must confess, in this Borghese garden here. See how they play the fancy barber in the Quirinal, the Boboli, and so on."

"Wait a minute. They must have trees in the garden for summer shade. Good! Now, in winter, they also want to enjoy the outlook from their windows, if it is only

toward the villa of a neighbor. Now, the thickness of the foliage, if the trees were left to their own growth, would make a hermitage of every villa. So, you see, they simply employ a tree intelligently, as an American does a creek, to do such and such work, so and so. Every man to his taste."

"Yes; but that is no taste at all, no more than the designs of all their fountains, whenever they leave the simplicity of basins lessening as they ascend. See these absurd dolphins standing on their chins like circus-tumblers, twisting their tails together and holding up a tower of little marble pools. See the nightmare contrivances in city squares as well as villa gardens, of lions' muzzles shooting columns of water—a miracle that beats the smitten rock of Moses."

"Well, what would you have? The good designs for a fountain are few and have been exhausted."

"Oh, no! They never began on them, as I have discovered. It seems so easy, if they would only consent to be natural. I declare, I know just one fountain in all Italy, so far, that satisfies me. That was in Pisa, I believe, or somewhere up north there. It was a boy frolicking in the basin, pouring the water from a graceful fan-like shell, and watching it with face half upturned sidewise, as it fell. Why not design two laughing water-nymphs showering each other? And while the idea of the river-god with the stream gliding from his urn is admirable in the classic way, the urn is never rightly managed. It should be something half art and half nature, a happy accident in the rock or ground, such as nature often shows, making you think that herself had turned artist just there, as she becomes a geometer in the crystal and the egg.

"But then, aside from all these details," Frank continued, "a popular park should be a resort of popular pleasure. Now, what amount of wholesome pleasure is to be got from the contemplation of a tumbling ruin, a broken statue, a sarcophagus? It reminds you of the first thought of the young fellows in our country towns at home, to take their sweethearts for a pleasure drive to the cemetery. Exhilarating, hilarious, that! And then here, when they haven't ruins enough to go round, they build some. Some in this Borghese garden, you know, are artificial."

"But this is what they have to show you in Italy."

"All right, only don't admit their claim to finer public resorts than we have at home—that's all. In Paris, there's the Bois de Boulogne. What an utter stupidity! A dead, monotonous level of woods, one tree as like another as if furnished on contract under sworn inspectors. That description fits the Thiergarten in Berlin as well; and what is Unter den Linden after you've heard the music of the name? Half a dozen parallel alleys of shade, between brown houses and the rattle of two carriage-ways."

TITA'S BROTHER.

So we went on discussing, with frequent interruptions to look at some gorgeous equipage that lolled by; or at the splendid head and beard of an Armenian bishop, in his black frock, attended by two noble-looking young men, all of them bearing in their ex-

THE HOLY STAIRS.

pression something of the calm, deep mystery of the sacred East; or at a tall, lithe Greek, in swelling trousers, silver-embroidered jacket of blue with glittering skull-cap—a man so misfeatured that, positively, for a few seconds, you were not sure whether he was man or ape.

Some of the country people had come in to enjoy the *festa*. There was a family procession, slow, looking gravely around, but with an air of isolation from all the rest, of half-timidity, of wonderment at the meaning of the scene. They were peasants, in poor (but evidently their best) costume; and Fred recognized them as people from the neighborhood of Spoleto, in the Sabine Hills. The face of the man had less to interest one than that of the Campagna peasant. It gave no signs of physical suffering, but was simply stolid, without experiences of any kind, comfortable enough because not knowing enough to be otherwise. They had made a purchase of a new red cotton family umbrella—a sort of household tent—and the daughter was carrying it in both arms against her breast, like a baby in long clothes.

On reaching home, we found our Belgian and Frenchman in Frank's room, extended on parallel settees, with elbows up and hands clasped under

their heads,—the ideal of bachelor comfort,—discussing their tramp around the rim of the town. They had wound up with the Scala Santa and the Carthusian Convent.

Clique, our Lyonnais, was a good Christian fellow, and seemed to have been truly edified and "penetrated," as his countrymen say, by the spectacle of the faithful climbing on their knees the very staircase which bore our Savior's feet; by the identical portrait of Jesus, drawn by Saint Luke and finished by an angel; and by the drops of blood which ran from his scourged flesh as he passed down those steps. But it was too much for the Frenchman in him, to join the kneeling procession, and he and his companion had availed themselves of the stairs at the side, where the profane may approach the relics on foot.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S WELL.

The Belgian had more to tell of Michael Angelo's cloister in the convent of Santa Maria degli Angeli. Well might he, per-

haps. A hundred columns of unfluted Doric, of almost Tuscan severity, surround the cloister; a hundred simple Roman arches repeat their peaceful swell from capital to capital. In the slant sun, the travertine of which they are made takes sometimes a delicate flush of gold, like the pillars in a picture by Claude. Their perspectives, with the pure geometric lines of shadow on the pavement of the portico, are among the most impressive architectural effects in Rome.

This cloister was the last work of Angelo. As if in unconscious prophecy, his own hand planted four cypresses around the fountain in the center; three of which those columns have watched and guarded now for full three hundred years. The fountain also is his—ever giving life and freshness to the green—the emblem of his perennial fame.

But these pleasures were after all but the episodes of the young fellows' stay in Rome. Both Frank and Fred preferred the Lenten weeks for a visit there, because that season sinks the ecclesiastical, in one sense, from sight, and seems a more becoming recognition of the departed grandeur of the ancient city. They advised every one to seek Rome only in Lent. Before Holy Week, they had left for Naples; neither of them to return till years had gone,—never, indeed, to find again the Rome which their young hearts and fancies had left.

—The illustrations of this article are taken from a volume entitled "Italy; From the Alps to Mount Ætna." Edited by T. Adolphus Trollope. Containing about 70 full-page and 300 smaller illustrations. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

ENGLAND.

WHILE men pay reverence to mighty things,
They must revere thee, thou blue-cinctured isle
Of England—not to-day, but this long while
In the front of nations, Mother of great kings,
Soldiers, and poets. Round thee the Sea flings
His steel-bright arm and shields thee from the guile
And hurt of France. Secure, with august smile,
Thou sittest, and the East its tribute brings.
Some say thy old-time power is on the wane,
Thy moon of grandeur, filled, contracts at length,—
They see it darkening down from less to less.
Let but a hostile hand make threat again,
And they shall see thee in thy ancient strength,
Each iron sinew quivering, lioness!

UNDER THE ROSE.

I AM cold and I am light
As the fleecy, floating snows?
If a thorn ran through my heart
You would only see the rose.

Fickle, shallow, thoughtless, gay?
And you truly think me so?
You may view the ocean's foam
But its deeps lie far below.

Come and stand by me awhile
Where no other friend has been;
I will open wide my heart,
I will show you all within.

What!—you start and turn away,
And the tears begin to fall?—
Ah! my heart!—you thought it gay?
It is broken—that is all.

COLLEGE EXPENSES.

THE division of colleges into city colleges and country is more marked in regard to the expenses of their students than in regard to the character of the instruction they give. The instruction of a Harvard professor of Greek may not differ essentially from that given by an Amherst professor; but the expenses of a Harvard student are double or triple those of an Amherst student. The extremes of the total annual expenses of students at Harvard, which may be considered the representative of city colleges,—like Yale, and the colleges in the city of New York,—are about $450 and $4,000. But the poor, economical student, who stints himself to $450, lives in *res angusta domi* and eats the cheapest food; and the rich student, spending $4,000, lives as luxuriously as the wealthiest New York or Boston families. But these amounts are extremes; more poor students spend $550 or $600 than $450; the expenses of the majority of wealthy students do not exceed $2,500, and there are only half a dozen among the whole eight hundred who succeed in consuming $4,000. The poor student pays for tuition $150, as does the rich; for room-rent, with chum, $22; for board at the Memorial Hall Club, in which are many of the rich, as well as all of the poor students, $190 ($5 for 38 weeks). The cost of his coal and gas is about $30, and of his text-books, not less than $20. These five items amount to $412, without including either clothes, washing, or traveling expenses. He provides furniture for his room, which (a chum bearing half the expense) costs about $50; but a room furnished at the beginning of the Freshman year requires no special refurnishing afterward. The total annual expenses, therefore, of a Harvard student, of the most rigorous economy, cannot be less than $450, and probably will amount to $500.

The expenses of a wealthy Harvard student may be thus estimated: For tuition, $150; for room-rent, which is $160 higher than at any other college, $300,—but a room renting for this sum is one of the best of college rooms in America; for board, at $8 a week, $304; for attending theaters, concerts, suppers, $500,—the largest item in the expenses of many a Harvard man; for society fees and subscriptions, $400 (the initiation fee to one club, the Porcellian, is $500); for private servant,—a luxury which about half the students enjoy,—$50; for horses, $150; for coal and gas, $75; and for books, $100. This total amount of $2,000 includes, however, the cost of neither clothes, washing, traveling expenses, nor furniture. The cost of furnishing a college room elegantly is not less than $500, and may amount to $1,000. The annual expenses, therefore, of the average wealthy student at Harvard amount to $2,500. A few wealthy students spend more, many less; the limit on the one side being $3,500 or $4,000, and on the other $1,000 or $1,500.

What is true of expenses at Harvard applies *mutatis mutandis*, and without the *mutanda* being considerable, to Yale and other large city colleges. Most necessary expenses, however, are less at Yale than at Harvard. The extremes of room-rent are $25 and $140, and tuition is $140. The poor student can, therefore, pass a year at Yale for from $50 to $100 less than at Harvard. To the wealthy student, moreover, New Haven does not present as favorable opportunities for spending money in attending places of amusement as Boston; but the societies at Yale are more expensive than the Harvard societies. To the wealthy student, therefore, and the student of average means, the expenses of four years at Yale do not differ essentially from the expenses of four years at Harvard.

But if these large colleges have been charged, as they have been, with being the "colleges of rich men's sons," their aid given to indigent students is very generous. Yale has twenty-eight scholarships, yielding annually sums varying from $46 to $120, with an average of $60. The basis of their bestowal is—first, the poverty, and, secondly, the scholarship of the recipient. She also distributes, as do many colleges, a considerable amount among her students who intend to be ministers. She annually devotes not less than $8,000 to the aid of this class. Harvard has one hundred and four scholarships, whose annual incomes vary from $40 to $300; their total annual income is $24,250, and, therefore, the average income of each scholarship is about $230. The basis of their assignment is—first, scholarship, and, secondly, character and poverty. A rich student, whose rank is high, does not care to receive one; and a poor student, whose rank is low, cannot. Twenty-five

scholarships are thus annually distributed among the high-ranking, indigent students of each class. The highest scholars receive the largest scholarships, and the smallest scholarship is usually received by one who holds the fortieth place in a class of a hundred and fifty. Besides scholarships, she annually either gives or lends to indigent students $3,000. She is also so strongly buttressed by her Thayers, Lowells, and other wealthy friends, that she ventures to say in her annual catalogue that "good scholars of high character, but slender means, are seldom or never obliged to leave college for want of money."

It is a well-known fact that the expenses of students at country colleges are lighter than at city colleges. The reasons for it are the familiar reasons that indicate that a family can live more cheaply in the country than in the city. Not only are the necessaries of board, rent, clothing, fuel, and tuition cheaper, but also the temptations to spend money in concerts, theaters, suppers, and in every species of pleasant extravagance, are fewer. These *et ceteras*, which form so large an item in the annual budget of a Harvard or Yale man, are trifles in the cash-account of an Amherst or Dartmouth student. A poor student at Amherst—which may be regarded as the type of large country, as Harvard is of large city, colleges—spends annually about $350, and the rich student about $1,300. Tuition is the same for both, —$100; but the poor student probably has a room whose rent, with a chum, is only $18; and the rich student, one whose rent, without a chum, is $125. The poor student boards in a club at $3 a week; and the rich, in a family at $6. The former limits his expenses for books to the cost of his necessary text-books,—$15; the latter, if he be a man of taste, expends in this way $100. $18 buys the coal and lights of the one, $30 those of the other. The one expends in society taxes and subscriptions $15; the other, ten times the sum. The poor student probably spends nothing for either horses, concerts, theaters, or suppers; the rich, $200. The annual expenses, therefore, of a student of the most rigorous economy at Amherst, or at colleges of the same character, are about $350, being from $50 to $100 less than at Yale, and from $100 to $150 less than at Harvard; and the expenses of a rich Amherst student, varying from $900 to $1,300, are from $500 to $2,500 less than those of a wealthy Yale or Harvard man. The man of average means —the most frequent type of the college student—spends $700 at Amherst, and at Yale or Harvard, $1,000.

If the expenses of their students are less, so also the pecuniary aid given by Amherst and like colleges is, in all cases, less than that given by Harvard, and, in many cases, less than that given by Yale. Amherst and Dartmouth are exceptionally generous. The former has forty scholarships, with an average annual income of $81; and the latter, one hundred and twenty-four of $70 each. Amherst, like Yale, distributes the income of $70,000 among students who are candidates for the ministry.

In all colleges, besides the aid derived from scholarships and beneficiary funds, students can assist themselves by manual labor, teaching, and tutoring. Manual labor offers the inducement of exercise as well as of money, and at Cornell and Western colleges, considerable of it is done. Teaching was more in vogue seventy-five years ago than at present. A few Bowdoin and Dartmouth students still spend their winters in those "ruby founts of knowledge,"—country school-houses,—but the practice is discouraged by all college faculties. In Yale, and especially in Harvard, a good deal of tutoring, or coaching, is done; and, at $2 an hour, it is the most remunerative kind of work. A recent graduate of Harvard carried himself and his brother through college with money earned in this way.

Many interesting and striking comparisons between the character of an education obtained at our different colleges, and its cost, are suggested by the annexed tables. It is as true in regard to education as in regard to commodities, that what costs most is best. Expenses at Yale and Harvard, which are by many considered the best, as they are the largest of our colleges, are by far the highest. The large country colleges in the east, as Princeton, Dartmouth, Amherst, follow Harvard and Yale in respect to expenses; and are, in turn, followed by small country colleges, as Hamilton. Expenses at large Western colleges, as Michigan and North-western Universities, are about the same as at small country colleges in the east. Small Western colleges, represented by Beloit and Illinois, graduate their students at the least expense. The Yale or Harvard student of average means, spends twice what the economical student of the college spends, and one-half or one-fourth of what the wealthy student spends. The expenses of the average Amherst or

Dartmouth man are double those of his poor, and one-half those of his rich, brother; and the same *proportional* expenditure obtains at Michigan and North-western Universities. The same ratio holds good at small Western colleges also. The economical student is graduated at Beloit, for $800; at Dartmouth, for $1,200; at Harvard, for $1,800; the student of average means for, respectively, $1,200, $2,200, and $4,000; the wealthy student for $2,000, $3,600, and any amount from $6,000 to $16,000. The expenses of the poor student at Harvard are almost equal to those of the rich student at Beloit, or to those of the average student at Dartmouth; and the expenses of the average Harvard student are as high as those of the rich Dartmouth student. What one wealthy man at Yale or Harvard spends would educate either ten or twenty poor men at Beloit or Illinois, or from six to twelve poor men at Dartmouth.

The pecuniary aid given by colleges varies in amount as much as the expenses. As a rule, subject, however, to variations, those colleges whose students spend the most, offer the most aid, as Harvard; and those whose students spend the least, offer the least aid, as most Western colleges. The basis of the bestowal of aid is generally threefold,—scholarship, need, and character. Many colleges, however, offer special pecuniary privileges to students who intend to be ministers.

Expenses at Vassar, the only college exclusively for women given in the table, are about the same as expenses at large country colleges in the east. The economical Vassar woman spends, however, more than her economical brother at Cornell or Union; but, if she is wealthy or of average means, her expenses are probably less than those of her brother of the same pecuniary ability. The distinctions of wealth are not so marked at Vassar as at most colleges for men, and there are fewer temptations for spending money. The students at Wellesley and at Mount Holyoke are, as a class, less wealthy than the Vassar students, and their expenses are correspondingly lighter; at each institution the annual charge for room, board, and tuition is only $250.

It may be added that expenses at Oxford and Cambridge do not essentially differ from expenses at Harvard and Yale. An Oxford student who spends $750 is called economical, and one who spends double this sum is not charged with extravagance. But all "reading" (hard-working) men at these English Universities can obtain more aid than students at American colleges. Scholarships average from $200 to $500, and fellowships from $1,000 to $2,000. In the German Universities, every item of expense is cheaper than in either American Colleges or English Universities. The aid given to indigent students is also less; the principal part of which is the privilege to attend the lectures on credit, payment being postponed till the beneficiary has entered either the public service, or one of the learned professions.

The first set of columns in the following table gives the extreme and the average price of the annual rent of rooms in twenty-five American colleges; the second, the extreme and the average price of board; the third, the tuition; and the fourth gives the extreme and average amount of the total annual expenses.

College.	Room Rent, Annual.	Board, Weekly.	Tuition, Annual.	Total Expenses, Annual.
Amherst	$18—125—45	$3.00—6.00—4.00	$100	$350—1,300—700
Beloit	15—40—30	1.50—3.50—2.50	36	200—500—300
Boston University	60—120—80	3.00—8.00—4.00	60	300—1,000—500
Bowdoin	50—25	2.75—4.00—3.00	75	300—1,000—500
Brown	20—40—30	3.25—5.00—4.00	75	350—1,000—500
Un. of California	30—100—50	4.00—9.00—5.00	00	250—1,200—500
Columbia	300—450*	.....	200	600—3,000—1,000
Cornell, about	45	2.50—6.00—4.00	60	300—1,100—500
Dartmouth	20—40—30	2.50—4.00	70	300—900—550
Hamilton	6—36—20	3.00—5.00—4.00	60	350—800—450
Harvard	22—300—125	5.00—8.00—6.00	150	450—4,000—1,000
Haverford (Friends')	.....	.....	...	 425
Illinois	14—50—28	2.50—4.00—3.50	36	200—500—300
Michigan Un.	30—80—40	1.50—5.00—3.00	00	175—700—350
North-western Un.	10—50—20	1.80—6.00—2.50	45	250—600—350
Oberlin	7.50—30	2.25—4.00—3.00	12	250—750—350
Princeton	27—86—50	3.25—7.00—5.00	75	350—1,200—600
Trinity	54	3.00—6.00—4.00	90	300—1,000—500
Tufts	15—75—40	3.50	75	350—1,000—550
Union	150†	3.00—5.00		300—800—500
Un. of Virginia	15—30	2.25—4.50—3.00	75	300—900—550
Wesleyan Un.	18—36—24	2.75—5.00—3.50	75	300—1,000—500
Williams	15—50—30	3.00—6.00—4.00	75	300—1,000—500
Yale	25—140—50	4.00—8.00—6.00	140	400—4,000—1,000
Vassar	Room and Board, $8 a week		100	500—1,200—600

* Board and room. † Room-rent and tuition.

AMOUNT OF AID FOR INDIGENT STUDENTS.

Amherst.—40 scholarships of $81; income of $70,000 to candidates for ministry.
Beloit.—Tuition free to candidates for ministry, and to a few others.
Boston University.—Tuition free to a few needy students.
Bowdoin.—27 scholarships average $60; also, a beneficiary fund of $550.
Brown.—100 scholarships average $80; also, income of $8,000.
University of California.—No aid, but tuition is free to State students.
Columbia.—Tuition free to needy students.
Cornell.—Tuition for *State* students may be remitted, amounting to $40,000.
Dartmouth.—124 scholarships average $70.
Hamilton.—20 scholarships average $80; also, $3,000.
Harvard.—104 scholarships average $230; also, $3,000.
Haverford (Friends').—"Several" scholarships of $225.
Illinois.—7 scholarships of $36.
Michigan University has neither scholarships nor beneficiary funds.
North-western.—Small amounts loaned to candidates for ministry.
Oberlin.—Offers no direct aid, only "facilities for self-support"
Princeton.—"Limited "no. scholarships of $75; to candidates for Presbyterian ministry, $30.
Trinity.—Scholarships from $30 to $3,000, amounting to $4,000.
Tufts.—27 scholarships average $75; tuition free to ten students; also, gratuities.
Union.—Numerous scholarships averaging $100.
University of Virginia.—Tuition free to candidates for ministry and to very needy students.
Wesleyan University.—A "limited" number of scholarships of $75.
Williams.—$6,000 is divided among needy students.
Yale.—28 scholarships of $60; $8,000 for candidates for ministry.
Vassar.—Income of $50,000 distributed in scholarships of $100 and $200.

BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. VII.

FIRE-PLACES, BOOK-CASES, ETC.

No. 1. A CORNER IN ST. ANNA'S HOUSE.

It was not only the Eastern people who had the hospitable custom of offering a guest water for washing, when he entered the house. The custom passed over into Europe, with others as hospitable, and descended down to a time quite near our own. Of course, the offer to show a guest to a room where he can repair any damages that may have occurred on the road between his own house and that of his host, and can put on the last touches of preparation for dinner, is a regular part of our own ceremonial, and is perhaps our translation of the Eastern rite. But our ancestors were in this, as in many things, more direct than we, and this very directness made many of their ways more comfortable. If they did not keep up the actual servant, with ewer, basin, and towel, they put these utensils where the visitor could get them without trouble, and they made them so attractive to look at that even if there were no servant to offer them, they were a standing offer themselves. The vignette at the head of this article—a corner from Albert Dürer's wood-cut, "The Birth of the Virgin," drawn from the original by Mr. Lathrop, and engraved by Mr. King, will hint to the reader, in a rude way, how the old people used to contrive to do their hospitality—one point of it, at least—by proxy. In a niche, sometimes, as here, but as often against the plain wall, they suspended a hollow ball of brass or copper from a chain, and provided it with a cock. Below this globe there was fastened against the wall a basin or trough, which, in some cases, as in this of Dürer, was provided with a pipe by which the water that had been used could be got rid of. In old Dutch pictures these vessels are to be seen of different shapes and sizes, and, as their use has lately been revived, we find modern artists also painting them. There was a pretty water-color at Goupil's lately, in which one of these vessels, large and handsome, and made of *faience*, was the hero. When pottery began to be employed in the place of metal, these "cisterns," as they were called, were made of earthenware and even of porcelain, and with their bold forms and picturesque ornamentation, they were certainly handsome pieces of furniture, and useful as handsome. In Jacquemart's pretty little book, "Les Merveilles de la Céramique," there is a good example engraved, and they are produced to-day as a regular article of manufacture by the French houses that make a specialty of reviving old styles in earthernware and porcelain. For myself, I have such a dislike to almost the whole of what are called in housekeeping, "modern improvements" (being a disbeliever in the benefits of gas, plumbing, and heating apparatus, except, where, as in hotels and factories, they are necessary on a grand scale), that I naturally prefer a contrivance like this "cistern"—convènient, pretty to look at, and in no danger of becoming a diphtheria-trap—to one of our fixed basins. However, I am well aware that there is a sufficient reason for our American wholesale adoption of mechanical contrivances in the miserably inefficient character of our servants. In nine cases out of ten, we use gas, furnaces, and plumbing, instead of lamps or candles, open fires, and movable washing apparatus, because it saves immensely in the labor and expense necessary to carry on a household. But, nowadays, when better servants are to be had, and "service" is getting to be more and more a profession, we may reasonably plead for a more domestic, and less hotel and steam-boaty, way of living, knowing that in doing so we are pleading also for healthier ways of living, and not

merely for picturesqueness. Besides, it may cheer up the weaker brethren who are made uncomfortable by doing differently from their neighbors, to know that a great many people are on the side of reform in this matter, and that it may almost be said to be "the fashion" (magical word!) nowadays, to work by a "student-lamp," or a "moderator"—the perfection of light-givers—with an open fire of soft coal in the grate, and no pestilent, life-destroying furnace within the four walls; while, upstairs, the plumbing is confined to the bath-room, the movable wash-stand with its china and glass and "comforts" generally, being restored to its old supremacy,—taken out of its closet prison, and set in light and air.

We will waste no words with people who go through England with its absolute perfection in the art of domestic living, and whose good inns everywhere, in town or country, make our bare, dreary barracks more desolate in the remembering — and sigh for what they call the "modern improvements" they have left behind them. To some people, a great ingredient in the charm of Europe is, that they are rid of the very things that others are all the time sighing for.

No. 2. A CORNER FIRE-PLACE.

A friend writes: "I shall never forget, when remembering the minor pleasures of my visit to England, my first experience of an 'inn.' We went directly to Chester, and, to the disgust of the porters, declined to go where, being evidently 'gentry,' we should have gone by instinct—to the elegant spic-and-span, bran-new 'Grosvenor,' but insisted on being carried to one of the old-fashioned inns. We found a large house with its traditional 'landlady' in the bar, and were shown into a waiting-room while our parlor was made ready. This proved to be a large apartment furnished in a comfortable, home-like way, with the same sort of furniture that would have been found in an ordinary English house—I mean, there was nothing in the room that suggested it had been furnished 'on contract.' When dinner-time came, we found the table laid in our own parlor, the waiter and his boy in black coats, white neckcloths, and white cotton gloves, and the table set like one's own and differing in no respect, not even in the quality of the furniture, from what one often saw afterward in England at the tables of very good people. We had ordered our dinner beforehand, the landlady having come up and asked us what we would like, very civilly, and kindly helping us to choose, so that when we sat down, the tiresome waiter we had left three thousand miles away, with his

skipping alternations from freezing neglect to pushing obsequiousness, and his 'bill-er-fare' with its chaos come again, and its damnable iteration, were a forgotten nightmare, and the dinner was a foretaste of Paradise. I remember that after dinner when

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn!

"Among my reminiscences of travel, I do not know of any sharper contrast than be-

No. 3. THINGS NEW AND OLD.

the dessert was set,—the cloth being actually removed and the old mahogany revealed,—the waiter, in putting on the table some handsome old Worcester plates (made in the days when there was a Worcester that had something better to do than making bad copies of Japanese perfections), whispered that 'Mrs. ——, thinking we might like, as Americans, to see some old china, had sent these up,' and how was it possible after that to feel that we were in a hotel? The surprise was reserved, however, for bed-time, when, on going to our chamber, we found a small fire flickering cheerfully in the grate, the candles lighted, the curtains of the four-post bedstead drawn and the clothes turned down, while at one side of the room, placed upon a cloth of its own and with its own towel-stand supplied with bath-towels, was the welcome hat-bath, an English gift to the world worth all the sewing-machines and steam-engines that were ever invented. Here was a comfortable lap of fortune to have fallen into, and we hummed with Dr. Johnson those lines of Shenstone that no home-staying American (at least, since the good old days of 'Bunkers!') can ever understand the sense of:

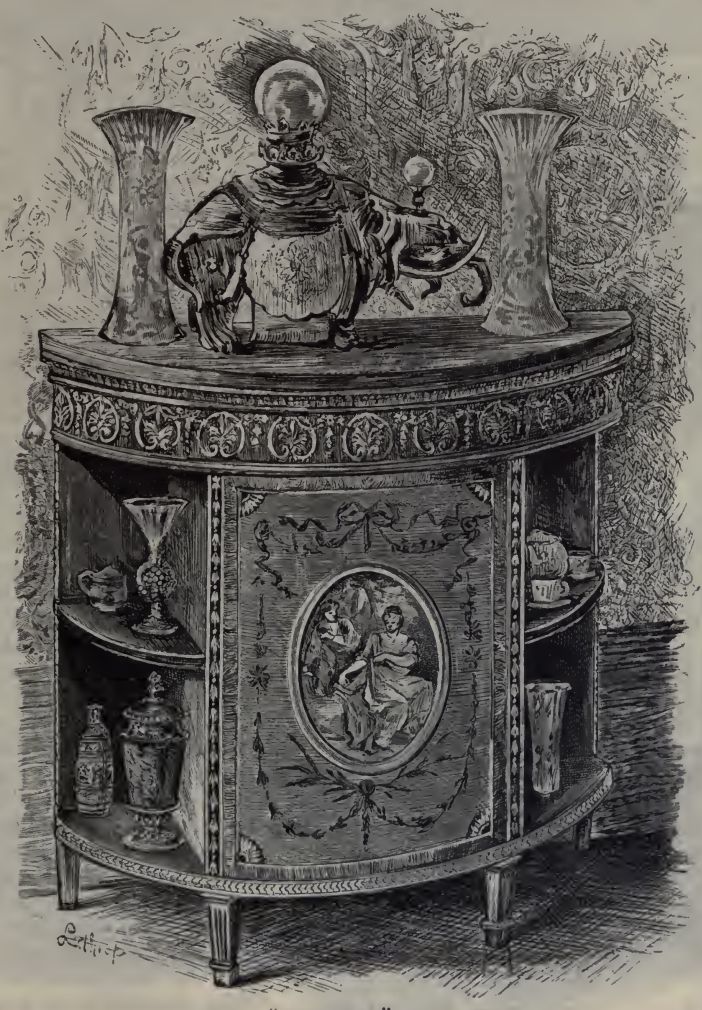
tween this comfortable inn at Chester and the hotel we went to on arriving in New York—one of the three or four 'first-class' hotels; for, whereas in Europe no one who is merely after comfort, and not after a showy way of spending money, ever goes in a city to the first-class hotels, here at home it is never safe to go to any other. At this hotel we were shown into a big bare room, containing just what was necessary for decent living—a carpet, a bed, a bureau, a looking-glass, a table and four chairs, with the inevitable furnace-hole in the wall, the gas-burner, where no one could use it in dressing, and the wash-basin in the narrow closet—a scientific desolation (your room being exactly like every other in the caravansary) which we Americans have carried to perfection. At dinner, we sat in the well-lighted, handsomely proportioned dining-hall, and 'fed'* with the multitude—the

* With what instinct in the choice of a word Shakspere makes Lady Macbeth betray her scorn for the people who flocked to her solemn supper. "*Feed*," she said, "*Feed*, and regard him not!" If she had been thinking of them as human beings, she would have said "Eat!" but she thought of them as swine, and her word fitted her thought.

gentleman in front of us enjoying his ice-cream, water-melons, peaches and coffee all at once—he at the tail of the *carte* while we were at the head. Yet for all this bare and bleak discomfort, we paid far more than for the English hospitality."

To return for a moment before leaving it, to our "cistern." It would find its most natural place in the hall of a country house, or on the back veranda, where the means and appliances for hand-washing were always to be found in the time of our Dutch ancestors in Manhattan and "up the river." But, even in our city houses, it might often be a convenience; for the cases are rare in which there is any place for washing our hands short of mounting to a bedroom.

Cuts Nos. 2 and 3 are pictures of fire-places, both which have been drawn from real life. The "corner" fire-place is from the same house in which was found the book-shelf shown in SCRIBNER for June, 1876, p. 175. This house is one of those whose picturesqueness and home-likeness are the result of additions and improvements, made from time to time to a house in which, from an early period in the owners' occupancy, they found themselves cabined, cribbed, confined, and which they made to suit themselves, by slow degrees, in as natural and easy a way as possible. This fire-place seems to me to be a successful treatment of the "corner fire-place problem" which sometimes confronts us in dealing



No. 4. "MISS ANGEL" PAINTED IT.

with old houses, and which would be a convenient device applied to the plan for a New York City house given in our last article. In this way our chimney could be made to serve for two houses, and a corner cupboard would balance it at the opposite sides of the room.

Cut No. 3 is a "restoration" effected in an old house at Newport, by Mr. McKim, one of the foremost of our young architects, who has shown an uncommon sort of skill in finding out what there is left in an old house to build upon for modern comfort and elegance. Here was the old kitchen of a sea-side house, with its big fire-place and its wainscoted wall, and the architect has, by a simple enough treatment, turned it into a handsome parlor. The whole house has been conserved with the same judgment, the old kept wherever it was sound enough, and suited to a new lease of life, and whatever new was added kept true to the spirit of the old time, though without any antiquarian slavishness.

No. 5. OLD-TIME ELEGANCE.

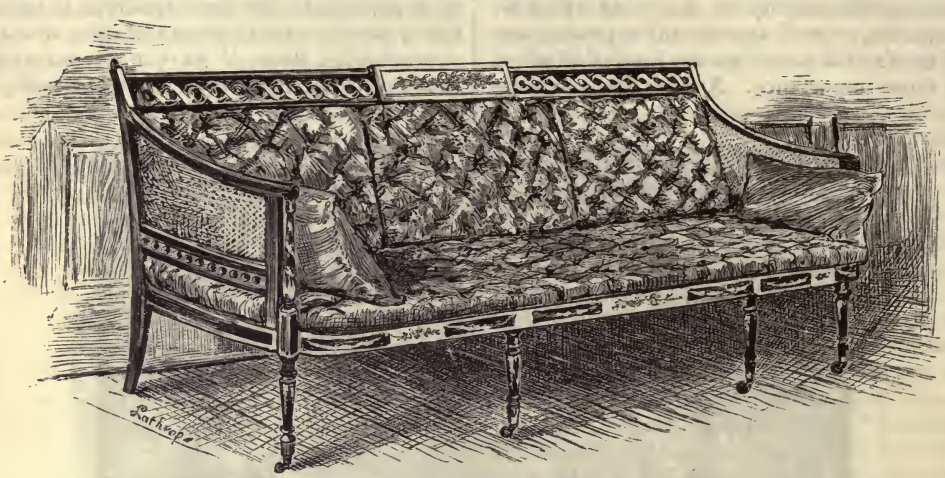
A change is coming over the spirit of our time which has its origin partly, no doubt, in the memorial epoch through which we are passing, but which is also a proof that our taste is getting a root in a healthier and more native soil. All this resuscitation of "old furniture" and revival of old simplicity (more marked perhaps in the East than here in New York) is in reality much more sensible than it seems to be to those who look upon it as only another phase of the "Centennial" mania. It is a fashion, so far as it is a fashion, that has been for twenty years working its way down from a circle of rich, cultivated people, to a wider circle of people who are educated, who have natural good taste, but who have not so much money as they could wish. We go to the rich people's houses, and see in their parlors, bedrooms, and dining-rooms,—beautiful pieces of furniture of the old time, made when there was a class of men who looked with pride upon their trade of cabinet-making, and wrote books about it, in which they talked with as much gravity and affectation of learning, about perspective and proportion, as if their theme had been the solution of the sphere, or the elixir of life. In one house we find a corner cupboard like No. 4, an exquisite piece of inlaid work, with its ormolu mountings (not mere rough castings left as they came from the mold and not meant to be examined closely, but finished with as much artistic care by the *ciseleur* as if they had been mountings for plate), and with its door-panel gracefully painted by the hand of Angelica Kauffmann herself. Or, they find this other piece, No. 5, a ladies' wardrobe of a little later date, with its mock columns at the corners mounted with brass, and finished with the hand of a jeweler. We see hundreds of pieces,—for we are getting to be rich in this country in these beautiful, handsome, curi-

ous pieces,—and we come away with a new notion, that the furniture of a particular period can reflect the delicacy of feeling, refinement of manners, and all that goes to that subtile quality in the mind which we call taste, as well as some of the productions of man's skill which we are fond of thinking of more importance. And we find, on looking about us, that the furniture of the Revolutionary period is evidently the outcome of a refined and cultured time. It would not require to strain a point, nor to deal in paradoxes, to prove that the people who designed, bought, used and enjoyed such furniture as we see to-day displacing the French and German miracles of ugliness that have been our only wear of late years, must have been a delicate-minded, cultured, and sensible race, with a very lively sense of the limitations of decoration as applied to things in daily use. We are all of us growing to like these qualities, to enjoy them, to try to make them our own, and to communicate them, if we can, to our children and those about us. There is beside, I suppose, the pleasant knowledge that this furniture, if not all of it made in America, was all of it made for Americans, or bought by them; and there is a feeling that in going back to its use, in collecting it, and saving it from dishonor, and putting it in safe-keeping, we are bringing ourselves a little nearer in spirit to the old time. Of course, this is but superficial,—no need to

No. 6. A SCREEN OF BOOKS.

say it,—but we live in a world where even superficial influences have weight.

There is one comfort in the Revolutionary furniture—it is seldom that we come across a piece to which the words ugly or awkward will apply. Certainly they will never apply to the pieces that belonged to well-to-do people. There was a "style" in those days, and in colonial days, and the rich people had the best pieces, of course, and the not-so-rich and the well-off followed the style as closely as they could; but even in pieces that belonged to poor people, we see the excellence of the model. I have seen a great many fine specimens of this old furniture, but I never saw a piece that I would not willingly own, if I needed it and had room for it. There is always merit of some kind. It is well-shaped, it is useful, it is made of handsome wood, it has excellent moldings, and rich turnings, or picturesque carving—and its individuality is not the least of its recommendations; there are never two pieces exactly alike. There was no one in those days apparently who made things "for the trade."



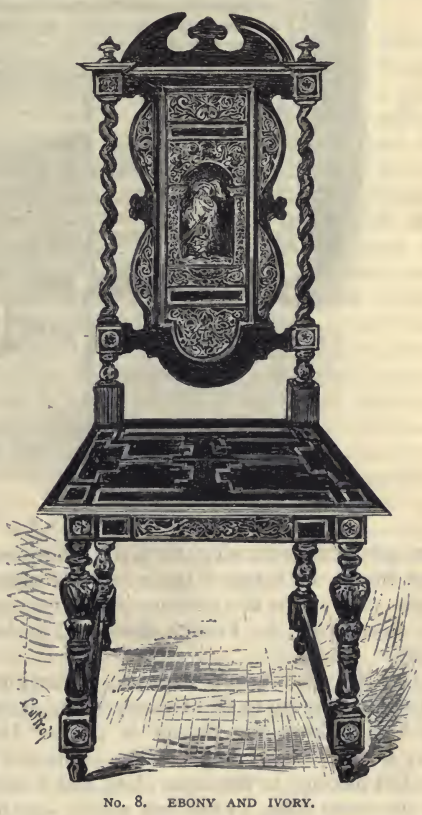
No. 7. A FRENCH SETTEE.

The design for a book-case, which was engraved in the February SCRIBNER, p. 489, has had so brilliant a success, the original having been visited, measured and copied, until the plain, straightforward pine shelves would have blushed if wood once shellacked could ever turn color, that I fear the one I now bring forward, in Cut No. 6, may suffer in the comparison. But it is so different and so excellent in its own way, I think it can hardly fail to make friends. Such a design, besides, may be used where the other one could not at all be made room for. These book-shelves were designed for his own use by a gentleman of this city, and the drawing was made from the original by Miss Maria R. Oakey, and engraved by Mr. Marsh. The room in which the shelves are set up is rather a small one, narrow in proportion to its length, and having a fire-place in the middle of one side, a door-way opposite, a window at one end, and a door-way in the other. Accordingly, space has been saved, and the shape of the room bettered by the present device of building a book-case against the end opposite the window, and leaving the door-way, but substituting a *portière* for the door. The top of the case is designed to accommodate the casts of Michael Angelo's "Night" and "Morning"; and over the middle of this pediment was found to be a good place to hang and to rest a large circular dish of *faience*. The lower portions of the book-case, on either side the door, are ingeniously contrived for holding prints, photographs, architectural drawings, and the like; they are closed by a flap like the flap of a portfolio; this opens down, and the contents of the case are kept in their places, as in the portfolios of a print-seller, by pieces of thick card-board. A contrivance like this needs no particular description,—it explains itself, and recommends itself. It answers its owner's needs perfectly, and adds greatly to the appearance of the room, giving the distinction that always comes from means well employed and made to serve the utilities and the graces at the same time.

Cut No. 7 is a drawing of a settee, which belongs by right next to those which appeared in the first of these articles in

SCRIBNER for June, 1875, p. 169. Those two drawings were not taken from the real object, but were made for me by Mr. Inglis, in accordance with a notion of mine. The present drawing is made by Mr. Lathrop from "the life," and if the reader agrees with me in finding the settee pretty as it is in black-and-white, he would think it far prettier in the original, with its gay decoration. The wood-work is painted with a black ground, relieved with gold, and with medallions in which are brightly painted flowers. The back, the seat and the ends, are filled with bamboo woven-work, and this is gilded—a very elegant way of treating bamboo, and not more expensive than painting done as painting should be. This particular settee is furnished with cushions made of a rose-scarlet satin; but of course, something less costly, and less liable to injury, may easily be found that will please the eye as well. The stuffs called Algérienne made of silk and cotton, in gay but well-harmonized stripes, are serviceable, and look well to the last; there are serges, too, but probably the best coverings for cushions are made of the stamped plushes which are now made in England, with patterns and colors that leave nothing to be desired. It will be observed that the cushions of this French settee, like those of the one published earlier in this series, are movable, and it will also be noted that they are thin. Being the same on both sides, they can be turned frequently, and can be more easily dusted, beaten and aired.

Cut No. 8 is a drawing of a chair—one of the inlaid Italian chairs—which I recommended for the entry or hall. This example is perhaps too costly for the purses of most of us; but it was the only one within reach,—it belongs to the Messrs. Cottier,—and serves to show the model I had in my mind. Some of these chairs are made of a lighter wood, and inlaid all over with mother-of-pearl, arranged in geometric patterns. These are manufactured to this day in Italy, and can be bought there at reasonable prices; but such things are not regular importations, and if they are found in our shops,—in Sypher's or Hawkins's, for instance,—they have been bought by those dealers at some family break-up, or from some traveler parting with his old trophies, and now off for fresh fields and pastures new. Some pretty stools of wood, thickly inlaid with mother-of-pearl, were in the Egyptian and Morocco Departments at the Exhibition; but they had hardly time to alight from their journey before they were picked up by diligent seekers after things out of the common. Another variety of this chair comes from Italy, and, keeping the same general shape, varies the flat surface with much bold carving. These chairs are often met with; but of course they vary in quality of design. Still, I have several times seen chairs with old Italian carving at Sypher's that I, for one, should be glad to own. Such pieces will, in most cases, prove to have descended from New York families, who, thirty or forty years ago, came home from Europe, where they had been living, keeping house, and educating their children, and who found it not unprofitable to bring back much of their household gear with them. I was much in a family years ago, who, though good Americans, seemed to be almost as good Frenchmen. A branch of the father's business was in Paris, and all the sons and daughters had been "finished,"



No. 8. EBONY AND IVORY.

as the old-fashioned phrase ran, in Paris, and they kept up their French by using the language constantly in their conversation among themselves. Their house was furnished from top to bottom with furniture brought from

their rooms in Paris, for it used to be much easier to do this then; the Custom-house had not at that time learned to classify things with such scientific accuracy as it does to-day, nor to exact its tithes of mint and cummin with such cold-blooded indifference to sentimental memories. Thanks to this penchant for Europe in the minds of our New Yorkers, and to the genial leniency of Uncle Sam, we have a stock of furniture good. A desire to get something of the effect of carving in relieving plain surfaces, without at the same time incurring much expense, explains the device of pieces of turned work, cut in halves, and fastened by the flat side to certain parts of the piece, as at the ends of the division between the upper and lower baluster columns, and between the lower baluster and the foot on which the piece rests. These are best seen at the

No. 9. OLD COLONY DAYS.

here gathered from all parts of the Continent, and which, by turns of the wheel-of-fortune, finds its way to the antiquaries' shops, and so, to-morrow, to French flats, and parlors new.

Cut No. 9 is a group of pieces of furniture, all of it belonging to Old Colony times, drawn by Mr. Lathrop for Bryant & Gay's "History of the United States." The cupboard at the left belongs to the same class, and I think to the same time, as the one which was figured in SCRIBNER for October, p. 804. These pieces were made of oak, and are fastened together by wooden pins. The carving, though rude, is effective. There is not much of it, but it is put where it does the most left-hand side. Similar pieces of turned-work, cut in two, are made to serve as pilasters, one at each side of the door, with a round-arched panel in the upper of the two stories into which the cupboard is divided. There is no waste room in this cupboard. Beside the six cupboards* proper, there are drawers in the three other divisions,—in that which answers to the frieze, in the

* How the word cupboard has changed its meaning! From standing for a set of shelves (boards) on which plate could be displayed, it has come to be applied to a closet in which things can be shut up. Some of the old cupboards, like the side-boards in vogue to-day, had closets below them, and these have gradually usurped the name of what was once the superior portion.

base, and in the part between the upper and lower range of closets. The height of the whole is such that the top can easily be reached with the hand, and it is thus equivalent to a shelf. In this old piece, as in all of the same style that I have seen, color has been employed as a further ornament. The baluster columns were painted black, or red picked out with black, and the other turned ornaments as well, while the panels were occasionally decorated with ciphers in a flourish of heraldic foliage, or with birds and flowers in a half-conventional, half-natural style. But these painted decorations have been in almost all cases effaced, whether intentionally, or merely by hard usage, cannot be told. I wish they had been left, for I should like some examples of homely, but effective, color decoration to survive, and point the way to something better in the art of decorating furniture than prevails at present. I have already touched on this subject, but at that time I did not know that there was any one here who was likely to help us in getting the sort of decoration needed. The house-painters cannot help us, though there are men among them who could if they were made to see the profit of it; and our artists (being so superior, as they are, to Giotto, Delli, Gentile da Fabriano, Paolo Uccello, and the rest of the early Italians, who all painted furniture, door-panels, bridal chests, trays, shields,* whenever they could get a chance)—our artists are, for the most part, above any such degradation of their profession, and it is only in England that we see a return to the charming old fashion. There it is nowadays getting to be common to call upon artists to do this work, and some interesting results have been produced. In SCRIBNER for October I called attention to such a piece in the Exhibition furnished by Messrs. Collinson & Lock. The reason why we do not see more of these pieces painted by the old Italians is, that the panels have been cut out and framed as pictures, in the greed of amateurs and owners in the last hundred years. Some day, no doubt, the same fate will overtake this fine cabinet decorated by Mr. Murray. In SCRIBNER for April there was shown a cabinet, made by Cottier & Co., for which Mr. Lathrop painted two most beautiful panels; and now comes Mr. H. M. Lawrence of Albany, who, besides decorating china in a very interesting way, has also painted a number of panels with flower-decoration that seem to me to show much promise. I wish somebody had venturesomeness enough to design a cupboard, or wardrobe, or book-closet for Mr. Lawrence or Mr. Lathrop to decorate; but in these matters, there seems nowadays not only to be no venturesomeness, but no desire to get out of the comfortable ruts we are all jogging along in.

Yet, all the time people are doing things to please themselves, and striking out in the experiment some good ideas. Thus a gentleman told me the other day that, wishing to fit up his kitchen in a substantial way, he seized the opportunity offered by the sale at a bargain of a considerable number of paneled outside shutters taken from an old house, and still, from having been made of hard wood, and in a time when carpenters knew what a panel meant, in good condition, and with these he wainscoted his kitchen, paneling the walls at small expense, and making a stylish room of it. If people really loved their houses,—loved them as we *can* love material things from their association with what is nearest and dearest to us,—and if they did love them, they wouldn't be so willing to give them up and change for new ones, as they are with us,—they would find many devices to improve them, not in the mere "dumb-waiter," "permanent wash-tub" sense of the word, but in the sense that makes them homes for home-loving, cultured families; devices that, while they would add much to their attractiveness, would make small demands upon the purse.

* We have several specimens of this work in our country: panels taken from these chests in the Jarves collection in Yale College, and a fine example of a chest with its panels still in place in the possession of Mr. Roswell Smith of New York, with three or four trays in the Jarves collection, and in the little-known and neglected Bryan gallery in our own city in the possession of the Historical Society.

RODNEY MAVERICK.

You have seen men shuffle, hobble, slouch, swing, stride, pound; here was a man who could walk. He was straight without stiffness; his head turned easily as he moved, and his eyes took in all that went on. All his motions were easy, unconscious, without halt or haste. He did not tramp, but his arms and his feet went straight forward in perfect time and tune and seemed to consume the distance; though he walked quite leisurely, you had to quicken your pace not to fall behind him. The street seemed to roll back under his feet, and as he went before you, the roar of the city turned to martial music and the tramp of marching hosts.

Coming among quieter streets, open, sunny and pleasant with trees, he took a note-book out of his breast and looked for something in it, observed the names of the streets at the corners, then the numbers of the houses, and stopped at one in a high, airy suburb. He asked for Miss Marble, and stood looking at the flowers in the parlor windows, till he heard her firm tread and the rustle of her dress from stair to stair. He turned as she entered, one hand still caressing the pink he had been smelling, and looked at her with a smile.

"I'd have had it in another minute, Nina," he said, and then advanced and offered his hand.

Her first sharp look of questioning interest broke up with a flash and she laughed quick and freely, and said:

"Well, Rodney Maverick!"

His amused expression merged into a glow of deep pleasure, as he held her hand a moment and looked straight into the fine, bright, innocent, friendly face, and clear, frank, questioning eyes that met his nearly upon a level.

"So you've come back," she said; "I had quite given you up. Do you know how long it is? How many years?"

"No," he answered, "I haven't any idea,— a century, I should say, at a venture. It seems so, now that I think of it."

She laughed again,—a quick, brief bubble of merriment habitual to her, restrained with a bend of the chin upon the insubordinate throat,—and continued:

"Well, you've grown complimentary. So you haven't even thought of me!"

"Oh, logical sex!" he retorted, turning the amused look upon her again. "Or is it artifice rather than logic? Do you want me to tell you how I've dreamed about you whenever I could sleep for thinking of you? But no, you don't deserve it. What is this I hear? What said the little bird to me? Did it sing true?"

She blushed to the white forehead and turned from him an instant, catching her lips in her teeth, but faced him again with a look half serious, half comical.

"How should I know?" she demanded. "What did it say?"

"Artless creature!" he returned; "you know the song very well; how does it go?" He whistled a triple bird-like call. "Mayne—Mayne—Mayne. It tried its hand at Westlake, but that was too many for it. No one but you and I would have recognized it."

She laughed an unrestrained peal this time, turning away, but coming back swiftly with defiant eyes and her color still flying in shreds and patches like a flag whipped and furled by the wind.

"Yes," she cried, tossing her head at him with radiant effrontery, "the little bird sang true. What have you got to say about it?"

"It was shabby of you, Nina. Why didn't you wait for me?"

She dropped her head, still keeping her eyes upon him but changing to a mockery of his own mock sincerity.

"I got tired of waiting," she answered, "and took Mayne in despair. Why didn't you speak in time?"

He was looking at the flowers or out of the window, but he turned and looked in her face and said with seeming perfect frankness:

"I wish I had."

Her eyebrows lifted, and she eyed him curiously between a pout and a smile.

He dropped the bantering tone then, and spoke of her little sister who had died in their long separation. And while she talked to him, in full confidence and simplicity, of the poor little creature's suffering and patience, he needed no telling of the deft hands and tongue and tireless sisterly affection that had smoothed the hard path to the little feet. He listened in silence, his head slightly bowed and not facing her, but he saw the earnest play of her nimble lips and features, her hands lying one upon the other in her lap, and her unconscious

eyes bent upon him; and he felt that their boy-and-girl acquaintance had somehow and strangely grown, in absence and forgetfulness, and a deep glow of thankfulness crept through him, as for an unsuspected treasure.

Suddenly her brave voice stopped in the pitiful narration with a catch in her breath. Her eyes fell; she rose up quickly and went and plucked the pink he had held and made a little bouquet with her back toward him; then she turned back.

"So you're going into partnership with Mayne, Rodney?" she said.

"We went into partnership a long while ago," he answered, with a smile.

"Yes, I know what a Damon and Pythias you are. I believe Mayne thinks more of you now than of me." (The red flag flew out in her cheek again.) "But what queer things your men's friendships are! You praise to the skies behind each other's backs, and are hardly civil when you meet; you go away for a year or two and forget to say good-bye, think of it six months after, and write a postal card."

Maverick laughed. "You and I haven't written even postal cards, Nina; and yet we don't hate each other very much, I hope?"

She stood before him, with one foot advanced, smelling the flowers, and looking down at him.

"That's true," she said, thoughtfully.

"We ought to be good friends, Nina," he said.

"We're both going into partnership with Mayne, aren't we?" she answered his smile blushingly.

"Chaffing aside, Nina, he's a good fellow; I haven't seen much of him these last years; I don't need to, don't you see? As long as he's in the world I know where he is and what he is. I've held on to him many a day when he knew nothing about it, and when there didn't seem much else to hold by. And if I want him, I've only to speak."

He spoke in a way that made her turn serious.

"Sit down, Nina, I want to tell you about him. Has he ever told you how we became friends? No? Well, I'll tell you. It was at school, you know, out in Ojibway County. Mayne was the leader in all the games and as high in his classes as he cared to be, and every one liked and admired him, even the teachers whom he exasperated. I remember the first time I saw him, the high-stepping, strong-built fellow with the downcast trick of the eyes and rosy, roguish face, one shoulder cocked up comically to hold the satchel slung across it. Do you know, Nina, I was thinking that over last night and trying to recollect what it was that drew us together, and I couldn't make it out. I can understand well enough why I liked him, but what he saw in me I can't think. I was a little weakly fellow, shy and not much liked. I remember being hurt at a sort of instinctive resentment that some of the boys showed toward me when they took any notice of me, and wondering what was the reason of it. Every one became more friendly after Mayne took me up. But I can't understand why he took to me."

A neighboring church-clock chimed four, and Rodney sprang up.

"By the way!" he cried, "I must be moving. I was to meet Mayne."

"Well, good-bye," Nina said, pinning the nosegay to his coat as she let him out. "I suppose you'll cultivate my friendship now as you do Mayne's, and call again in a year or two."

He laughed and held out his hand.

"Don't flatter yourself you'll get off so easily. Good-bye." He walked quickly and lightly street after street. When a block or two from the office, he saw Westlake coming,—a strong, active, business-like fellow. Rodney waited for him. He marched straight up to him, grasped him by the shoulder, wheeled him round, drew his arm under his own, and tramped on.

"You're late, boy," he said; "give an account of yourself."

"You'd make allowance for me if you knew what kept me," Rodney answered, smiling.

"Yes," Westlake answered. "I know where you've been. I've smelt that pink before, I think. You're as reckless as ever, I see—running your head into the jaws of destruction the first thing. Beware, young man!"

Rodney laughed again. "Oh, I'm tough eating now; I ought to be." Then more seriously, "I'm a good deal stiffer on my legs than I used to be, Mayne. I don't weaken to things nor try to change the shape of the world, and get doubled up myself over the sharp edges as much. I laugh more than I used to."

"And get more flesh on your bones," said Mayne.

"Well, that is a good use to put adversity to, isn't it?" laughed Rodney.

"A good use to put bones to," growled Mayne.

They went to dinner together and talked about business. Rodney Maverick's sister Lucy was married to Nina Marble's brother, Ralph. Rodney had just come to the city to live with his sister and join his friend, Mayne Westlake, in business. Rodney had known Nina years before she came to live in the city with her aunt, and it was through that acquaintance and the subsequent connection of their families by Lucy's marriage, that his friend Westlake had become acquainted and afterward betrothed to Nina, before Rodney knew what was going on.

The two young men had talked a couple of hours in Westlake's room, when he began suddenly to strip off and replace his clothes, while Maverick was having his say.

"Well, Mayne," he broke out presently, "what mean these swift and funereal habiliments? Art summoned to the house of mourning?"

"House of evening," he replied automatically, tumbling up a drawer, then turning round sharply: "Say, Rodney, I'm going over to Nina's. Will you come?"

"No, I guess you'll get on without my help. I'm going in to talk with Lucy and the children."

They parted on the street. Rodney watched Mayne catch a car at the corner, lighted a cigar and strolled along toward his sister's. Arriving there, who should he find chattering baby-talk over laughing little Willy, but Nina Marble, who had come over to see her brother on a business matter. They four and the little ones sat a while, chatting very pleasantly, and then Rodney told Nina who had gone to call upon her. She turned toward him quickly with a flush and a bright glance of inquiry.

"Well, you're a pretty fellow sitting here so coolly all this time, making fun of me and not telling me."

She caught up curly-headed little Alice, tossed and coddled her and crowed over her a little while, then set her down, sprang up and turned upon her brother.

"Well, Ralph Marble, are you ever going to start to go home with me?" she cried.

Marble stretched out his legs and leaned back. "I'm very comfortable, Nina," he answered. "You ought to be glad you're in such good company. There's Maverick now; take him. I'm tired."

And Marble gaped a brotherly yawn. Nina turned swiftly toward Rodney with an expression between frank appeal and mock despair.

"Only too happy," replied Rodney, smiling.

She poured out her voluble wrath upon her brother's devoted but resigned head, ended with a musical laugh, and led the way out, stopping just an instant to kiss Lucy affectionately.

She took Rodney's arm and they walked along.

"He's a good good-for-nothing, that brother of mine," she began, and rambled on, now sober, now merry, and bubbling over with sweet and innocent laughter. He went beside her, amused and admiring. Such spirit, such grace, such humor and quickness of sympathy and appreciation, such steadiness and directness of carriage, moral and physical! Underneath his light talk and laughter, he found himself saying, "A brave girl! A brave girl!"

Nearly at her door, they met Westlake coming away. He stopped close to them and laughed. "Well, Rod," he exclaimed, "you've made a good beginning of poaching on my preserves. I believe it's a conspiracy between you two."

Rodney left them at the door, and sauntered on alone. His mind went back to his former acquaintance with Nina; she was the same girl, only steadied and sharpened by four or five years' experience. Yet it seemed as if he had not seen or thought of her before. He needed the evidence of her frank friendliness now to convince him of their previous friendship. How was it he had hardly thought or heard of her these years? To-night she took the light and color and flavor out of dear, gentle, happy Lucy, whom he had that very day found such pleasant company,—and out of certain other faces in his mind. The phrase of his pleasant reverie broke off suddenly with a dash of regret and pain. That had been always his way: some one face and voice so burning themselves into his consciousness, that all others turned pale and flat beside them. He was sick of it; was there no end to it? It so beggared the world, and wore on a man, this focusing of all his being. Must he always carry his heart on his sleeve? Brooding thus, the bearing of these sorry thoughts flashed upon him, and he stopped with a sudden feeling of fear. He turned about in the street, and his feeling was that he stood at bay, with all the world facing him. And his thought retorted resentfully,—"I have got to be somewhere!"

Nina and Westlake naturally fell into talk

about Rodney. She told him in a general way how Rodney had spoken of him that afternoon. Her words seemed to call up unpleasant recollections. He sat quiet, and after a while began prodding the arm of the chair with his penknife, continuing the operation as he queried in reply.

"Did he tell you any more? Did he tell you what happened after we left school?"

She took his closed hand in both hers while he was speaking, knelt and cautiously extracted the dangerous weapon and carried it off.

"Oh," he laughed, "I thought it was my old office chair. I'll bring you a little shellac."

"Hush! No!" she said, pointing the knife at him, and shaking her head rapidly. "Tell me. Go on." She threw herself down on a stool at his feet and rested her chin on her hand.

"It was nine—ten years ago this May,—I hadn't seen Maverick in some months, when he came in one morning in a hurry. He told me that he was on his way to invest his little fortune of something less than ten thousand, which he had acquired that winter from his father's estate. I suppose he saw a black look in my face, and he asked me what was the matter, and I told him. I've never told any one else."

She thought she saw the black look now that Rodney had.

"I don't care," she answered, looking at him steadily. "Don't tell me unless you had rather."

"Oh, yes," he persisted. "I must tell you now." But he stumbled over the beginning, and then blurted out defiantly, "It's nothing to be ashamed of —— Midshipman Easy didn't ask his father's permission to marry, because his father hadn't asked his." He laughed unpleasantly, then came to the scratch doggedly. "My father had trust funds in his charge, and thought he could use them to better advantage than the parties with whom they had been invested. Well,—he made a mistake, that's all. When Rodney came in that morning we were on the brink of exposure and—ruin." There was a thickness in his voice, very unusual with him; but he cheered up immediately. "That's the whole story, except that father found the next day at his bank, a deposit of nine thousand and odd to the credit of his wards, and that tided us over the bar."

Nina stood up, her eyes dilated and her face glowing. "That was magnificent," she said. "And Rodney did that! I declare it makes one believe in the old chivalrous time. Do you know, Mayne, he never told a soul." She stood beside and above him, and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Lucy told me that he had money, and they could never find out what became of it."

He took down her hand, touched it with his lips, smiled evanescently, and held and fondled it absently as he talked with an unconscious undertone of harshness that suggested some obscure and long-pent resentment.

"No, he wouldn't tell. They say Byron had an introverted vanity to be thought worse than he was, which was bad enough; Rodney has an introverted shame of being thought better than anybody else. He's been so sensitive about this that we can hardly keep from quarreling about it. I'd rather owe it to the Jews. I took it light at first; I was going to pay it off directly,—it seems as if I expected to find gold and greenbacks for picking up in the streets, but I found they didn't lie around very thick. At the end of a year I sent him a statement of what I had done, and a check for what I could spare. He was away out West then, at a place called New New York,"—Nina's eyebrows drew up, and her lips broke apart, but Mayne didn't see her,—"editing a paper. You know he's a restless genius. He returned the check, indorsed, and the accounts inclosed, with a sheet of his editorial paper with a printed heading, 'New New York Pioneer,' etc., and written on it, 'Your MSS. are respectfully declined.'"

It was more Mayne's lugubrious manner than the inverted and pirated joke that made Nina turn away and scream with laughter, in which he joined with an involuntary guffaw, and then looked at her ruefully. She came back repentantly, trying to compose her face, putting out her hands to him.

"Go on,—don't mind me. Only I shall begin to be afraid that your love is much like your hate."

"I sometimes think so myself," he replied. "I don't believe I should chafe so under an obligation to any one else; and I believe Rodney was more sincere than he knew when he said once, upon my speaking of it, that he wished I and the money were at the devil. Don't you see it puts a mercenary taint into all our relations. He's all the time afraid I'll mention it, and I have to go rough-shod with him to keep from seeming sordid. I've come to hate money; yet I scrape and hoard it like a miser, to try to

get out of its power. Father died and left things mixed, and mother and the young ones on my hands, and I'm only just getting out of the woods. One reason why I've got Rodney to go in with me is to let him help me out. I want to get my head above water before ——" He looked at her in lieu of finishing the sentence.

The firm of Westlake and Maverick, successors to Mayne Y. Westlake, began business forthwith. They were very successful. Westlake was in high spirits; Rodney had very pleasant quiet hours with Lucy, "high-jinks" with the children, and bouts of banter and merriment with Nina when they met at Marble's, or when Mayne took him to Nina's, as he often would; and he had to go home with her from her brother's on more than one evening. Not that he thought that a hardship; he found those walks with her and her soberer conversation anything but distasteful. He had never been so happy; he was conscious of doing satisfactory work, and that by it he was helping Mayne equally with himself. He had learned the folly of borrowing trouble or repining for the past; sufficient to the day was the duty and the happiness.

Early in June Nina went to the country. When Rodney heard of it first, it gave him an unwelcome twinge. But that was nothing new; it brought back to him a weakness of his youth which he had thought outgrown. Since his earliest recollection he had found few things harder to bear than to have people go away. A kind of phantasmal fear, a terror that walked at noonday, would take hold of him at such times and make him afraid to be alone, and yet lonesome with people around him. But he did not get rid of the feeling all day now, and instead of sleeping it off he awoke, feeling sore and disinclined to the day. When she was gone, he went about his affairs as usual, but with a want and hankering that he did not dare to analyze yet could not shake off. Day after day it haunted him till he was tired, and then in its place came a strong anger that tingled through him, rising up and lying down, that he knew was unreasonable yet was no matter of reason. He took it to bed with him and nursed it till it was hot. Then he fell asleep and dreamed. He was standing in a remembered room, looking down upon a girl's face, not Nina's, for he looked down upon it, and it was gentler, shyer, more unworldly. His heart was full, but there was no bitterness in it, only tenderness and pity and high determination. She was in deep trouble, and he was going away to fight in her behalf. He did not think it strange that nothing was said, but stooped and touched her forehead with his lips and went away quickly; and he awoke with that feeling warm upon them. Coming up into consciousness out of that bath of purity and inspiration, with the tremor and brave purpose still upon him, the tumult and passionate resentment were gone out of his heart, and their places filled with all tender and pitiful yearnings. He was the child again in the old country house; he had fallen asleep tired out with the great south storm that came up straight off the ocean, made the house shudder, and shook him in his bed with its vehement rushes and bursts, clamored demoniacally at his window, and appalled him with its roar; and when he awoke the sun was shining and the pathetic birds were singing over the new earth, washed and at peace,—the only other sound, felt rather than heard, the ponderous throbbing monotone of the surf on the beach twenty miles away.

Westlake and Maverick were very busy through the hot weather. Mayne ran away Saturday night or Sunday morning, but could not get Rodney to stir. One week he went about it with a set purpose, arranged things and worked nights, but waited till Friday before speaking. Then he said:

"Rodney, I want you to take a week or two to breathe. There's nothing to keep you now. You've worked like a horse all summer, and I want you to be fresh for Northgate and Saulsbury. Run down and keep Nina company; she misses seeing you,—'awfully,' she said." He laughed, but Rodney's eyes turned away from his face and rested on the wall a minute or two, and then went back to his work. Westlake regarded him curiously a while, and then asked rather roughly:

"Well, Maverick, will you go?"

Rodney looked up sharply and said:

"No."

Westlake turned round and went out.

They talked only about business matters through the day. At its end Westlake was going off without speaking, when Rodney called him back,—"I think I'll go to-morrow," he said, writing out his sentence carefully. "I was an ass this morning. That's what you've been about lately,—doing three men's work."

Mayne came round and took the pen out of his hand. "I can do that," he said.

"You'll need your time to sling some things together."

He wrote to Nina that Rodney was going, and to make it pleasant for him. Five or six days later he got a letter from her, asking when Rodney was coming, and he was smitten with a sudden contrition. Rodney was at his desk again, when Westlake came in the next morning but one. He called out,—"Mayne, where's the 'original affidavit' in Saulsbury?"

Westlake brought the paper and laid it down.

"You didn't go to Southbrook?"

"No, I went down the coast."

"Rodney," Mayne said, determinedly, "I was the long-eared animal the other day. I didn't know you were tender still about that—about Louise. I didn't think of it. It's a good while for any other fellow, you know."

Rodney stood up; his face turned dark, and his eyes dropped. He answered hoarsely.

"Let it go, can't you?"

"Then it's all right? Did you have a good time?" was all Westlake commented aloud.

"Prime," was Rodney's answer, and the end of the conversation.

One evening, later in the season, Rodney went down to dinner, and found Nina with Lucy and Ralph; the little ones were climbing over her uproariously, and all were glad to have the sprightly, warm-hearted creature back. Afterward Ralph got out the cigars; Rodney took one and went across the room for a match. There were several in the box, he scratched one and put the rest in his pocket. Ralph went and fumbled in the box.

"You've scooped the last match," he said; "you'll have to give me a light."

They stood close together, kindling one cigar at the other. When Marble would have turned away, Rodney held him a moment with his eye, and said in his usual tone, clear and slow, only timing his words by the sound of Nina's chatter.

"Don't leave your sister to me, to go home with."

They puffed steadily and gravely, looking at each other, then Marble dropped his head and wheeled away. He smoked in silence awhile, then he said to his sister:

"Nina, when you and Luce come to a comma or semicolon, I've got an errand your way, and I'll see what's left of that unruly member safe home."

She flashed round at him a look of half serious, brilliant astonishment.

"Why, what a dutiful brother it's grown!" she cried, and proceeded to rail at him.

Nina found Ralph a dutiful brother more times than one. One day Westlake spoke to Rodney again.

"You are not having a first-class time, are you, Rod? You don't relax at all heavily. You keep up too much steam in your thinking-machine. You ought to unbend—or bend, as I should say; you read too many books and too little human nature. You're getting regular poky. You never go anywhere with me now, and Nina says you hardly speak to her. I want you to come with me to-night."

He did not ask for fear of a refusal, but took it for granted and kept watch of him. He invited himself to dinner at Mrs. Lucy's and told her so when they got there. He brought Rodney away with him directly afterward, and into Nina's parlor. He did not sit down himself.

"Nina," he said, "you know that I can't stay here to-night, but Rodney doesn't. You are to bolt and bar him in when I go, and see if there's any juice left in him. He's getting as musty as an antediluvian; try your powers on him."

He laughed and vanished. Before Rodney fairly comprehended, Nina was back with the outer door key in her hand. She dangled it at him, laughing gleefully, and slid it into her pocket. He could not help being amused at the situation; that, or her presence, or both, broke down all his defenses and infected him with a reckless abandonment to the influence of the hour.

"You and Mayne have made me a prisoner," he declared, "and you must take the consequences. I won't go now till you put me out."

And whether or not she exerted herself to amuse and interest him, she succeeded thoroughly. It was late when he came away. He did not linger on the streets, but went straight home and to bed. In the week or two that followed, no one could find fault with him for a recluse,—certainly not Westlake nor Nina. He saw her every day, wherever he could find her, in Westlake's company or out of it. If he could be said to think at all, it was that it was their own doing, and they must take what came of it. He did not care what came; he was drunk as with opium. His voice was clear and bold, his laughter free and high. Never before was there such rhyme in his walking; his nerves were strong and his brain sang to music all day long.

The only other justification he stopped or cared to make to himself was that by thus openly flinging himself into the current they must be forced to see whither it was running; but the very boldness of the exhibition deceived them, and they saw in his reckless drifting only brave swimming.

There was one person who thought he saw more. Ralph Marble put his head in at Rodney's door, one evening. Rodney bade him come in. Marble had his cigar in his right hand, the left in his pocket. He sauntered over and leaned against the bed. He drew a whiff or two.

"Dressing, eh?" he said. "I was going to ask you to go to the theater with me, but I suppose you are going somewhere else."

Rodney looked up sharply. "I'm going over to Nina's," he answered; his stooping posture had sent the blood to his head, and perhaps it was the same cause that made his voice grate a little.

Marble nodded, and smoked imperturbably, and got up and lounged over to the window. Rodney brushed his coat very hard, and put it on. He turned toward Marble abruptly.

"Do you want me to go with you?"

"Yes." Marble turned and looked at him.

"Come on, then."

On the street they walked two or three feet apart. They did not look or talk to each other. Marble was excessively cool; Rodney was sharp-set and inclined to harsh laughter. A dog got in his way at a corner and he kicked it into the gutter. Marble laughed without turning his head. After a while he asked Rodney where they should go.

"Go? I thought you were going."

"Oh, I don't care; it is the same to me. There is high art, low art and no art; there's the spectacular, the burlesque, comedy and tragedy, the melodramatic which is low and stupid, and the minstrels, low and amusing; the vulgar, the fashionable and the highly respectable. You takes your choice and pays your money."

Rodney made a brief and emphatic consignment of the "highly respectable." "Let's go to the minstrels," he said.

Rodney was out early the next morning. He found Westlake still in bed.

"Mayne," he said, "I can't stay here. I'm going away."

He looked as if he hadn't slept, but Westlake did not notice that. He lay still.

"Why don't you go then?" he asked.

"I don't want to leave you in the lurch, but ——"

Westlake rose up with the bed-clothes round him.

"No, of course you don't," he roared. "What do you want? the devil knows what *you* want. You want to get from under just as I'm getting on my legs and let the house come down about my ears. You want to keep me under your thumb, and play the benefactor to me all my life. You want to go puling back to throw your head under foot again, that's what you want. You don't care for me, or Nina, or anybody but that puritanical ——"

He saw then that Rodney's face was white and shaken, and he stopped. Rodney put his hand up to steady himself; the floor heaved under his feet.

"That will do, Mayne," he dragged the words out. "Don't say any more. You don't know what you're saying."

He groped his way out by the wall, though it was broad day, and went stumbling down the stairs. He did not come to the office; in the afternoon Mayne went to look for him. He had not been home since morning. Mayne went back after dinner. Rodney had been in and gone out again. Lucy drew Mayne into the hall and the gas-light showed each an anxious face.

"Is he—is there—do you know what is wrong with him?" she asked timidly.

"Yes, I ought to. Nothing on his side, except that he's too good for common clay. Don't worry; it's only my cursed folly."

He went to Nina's. She had seen Rodney pass but he had not come in. Mayne would not stay; he took a car and came back. Near Marble's he got off again. When half a block away, he heard a car stop and looked back. It was going the way he had been; the lamp-light showed him one man getting out and another getting in. He started back on a run, turned the corner and took to the middle of the track in pursuit. He overtook it and climbed in; there was no one but Rodney inside, in the far corner. He did not look up till Mayne hedged him in with his arms. He looked now as if he had not slept for a week. Mayne was out of breath; that accounted for the bend of his head and the rise in his throat. He did not attempt to speak for a while; he seemed to be satisfied just to look at him and have him fast and close.

"I'm deuced glad I've got you, old boy," he said finally; "I thought I never should. I don't know what to say about this morning.

There's nothing I oughtn't to say and do, but it isn't in my line, you know. I'd have eaten my head the next minute. You don't mind now, Rod? Shall I say any more? I said an elder soldier, not a better; did I say 'better?'" There was a warmth of regret and affection in his tone and eyes that no words could convey.

Rodney turned his head, as though it were stiff. He raised and expanded himself, and worked his neck and jaws as if moistening his throat, but he said nothing. A softened expression thawed through the mask of his face under Mayne's steady regard, like rough ice under the sun.

"Where were you going? Can I come with you?" Mayne continued.

"Nowhere—I don't know." He turned away and back again instantly. "Yes; I believe I was going to Nina's."

"Thought you would find me there, eh? I never saw anybody like you for not bearing malice, Rod. Shall we go there now?"

"Oh, no!" The words welled out. "Let's get out and walk; it's smothering in here."

They got off. Rodney took hold weakly of Mayne's arm. Mayne grasped the hand, held it a moment with a strong, quivering grip, then drew the arm under his, almost to the shoulder, and held it close and hard. They walked a little way in silence.

"You haven't answered me, Rod," Mayne complained. "I know I don't deserve an answer. I ought to go down on my knees to you if that sort of thing wasn't out of date, but I know you don't want any grimacing. Only I think you ought to say if you don't mind now. 'Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,' you know, Rod. Shall I say any more?"

"No, no!" Rodney answered. "Don't speak of it. You hurt me to death, but you didn't mean it. You didn't understand. I can't stand anything from you. But it's all right. Only don't let anything set you against me, Mayne; I can bear anything but that; set this down to my credit against anything that may happen on the other side of the account. And put this with it, Mayne: whatever may come between us, I want you to believe that I try not to do you any wrong,—before God I do!"

They had been standing still without knowing it. They strolled on. A feeling of awe crept over them and neither spoke for a while. Around them the city hushed its feverish pulsation; over them wheeled the stars through the inconceivable firmament. They stood before the presence of the infinite and unchangeable that have awed questioning human eyes from the beginning; and beside that sublimity all petty cares and fears and hopes shrank into insignificance, and only love and faith stood up pure and unabashed.

They fell into tender and reverent converse of the things that are unseen and eternal; the old, old pathetic yearnings and aspirations; the ideal and intangible things that alone are real and abiding.

By and by they came to Rodney's door, although he had not known or cared which way they went. Lucy answered the bell hastily, and with an anxious face. Mayne took her hand and pressed it, smiling happily.

"We just stopped to tell you that Rodney's going to stay with me to-night."

She reached out her hand for Rodney, and looked up at him thankfully. He took it and stooped and kissed her, a thing he seldom did. "Good-night, dear," he said, and they went away. They did not go in till they were tired, and then they lay down and slept side by side, as they used to like to do after a day among the hills and woods, or on the bay. Rodney dreamed they were out together again, back in those long, long, old summer days, and woke with Mayne smiling over him.

"Come, boy," he called, "it's time you were up. 'Plow deep while sluggards sleep,' and so forth."

He whistled an air while they dressed. Then he came suddenly and put his strong hand on Rodney's shoulder.

"I'm not going to let you go," he said, "I've got you down in black and white, you know, and I hold you to the bond." He looked at Rodney steadily and added, in a different tone,—"I don't want you to go back there; you've suffered enough, Rod, and I can't do without you; I should miss you fearfully."

"I'll try," Rodney answered, and turned away.

He did try for a week. It came Sunday evening; Ralph went to church and Rodney sat in Lucy's sitting-room. The little ones climbed over him and he fondled them, but there was something about him that made them quieter than usual; they bent their heads backward and looked up in his face. When they were gone to bed, something happened to little Phil, and he came mourning in his night-gear, to be comforted. Rodney watched Lucy soothe him and carry him off consoled; and when she sat down before him he said:

"If I were to get hurt, Luce, would you cure me as you do Phil?"

She looked up at him swiftly, and for answer put out her arms to him with a pitiful smile.

"Do you know, then?" he asked.

"Yes; I think so."

His head went down before her till she could not see his face. She took it in her arms and drew it to her breast and laid her face upon it.

"Poor boy!" she said. "Poor boy!"

She stroked his hair and caressed him like a little child. When he sat up again she took up the smooth-worn book that lay beside her, chose a place (she hardly knew how), and read with fervor:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation. * * * Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory."

The sublime strain thrilled, swayed, inspired him. When the sweet, fervent voice was still, the impassioned cadences continued to vibrate through him like the after-rhyme of a great bell. They sat silent, absorbed in such purified and uplifted meditation until Ralph came in.

The next day Rodney tried to speak to Mayne but could not. In the afternoon he left his desk abruptly and went out. He went straight to Nina. He had not seen her for some time alone. When he came into her presence he was seized with a violent trembling and had to turn away before speaking.

"Nina," he said, "I want you to do me a very great favor. Will you do it?"

She looked at him with keen inquiry but answered directly:

"I will do anything I can for you, Rodney."

"Will you? thank you," he said fervidly. "I want to give you my wedding-present—now, to-day. You will take it?"

She sat down and crossed her hands.

"But Rodney, this is extraordinary; why, I don't know when I'm going to be married."

"I know, I know," he persisted. "I can't explain, but it's very necessary. It is of the greatest importance. Will you not take my word for it?"

"Certainly," she answered, "I would take your word for anything. I will do as you wish."

He turned and looked round the room.

"Please get me a bit of paper, and pen and ink."

She brought them, and he sat down and wrote. He held it in the sun to dry, and brought it to her. He did not speak.

"Is this it? Is this the present?" she asked.

"Yes, I beg you to accept it."

She took the paper then and read it. It was an order upon Mayne Y. Westlake, for nine thousand dollars and over, with interest, payable to Nina L. Marble on demand, and in full discharge of all debts and obligations to Rodney Maverick.

Nina did not raise her head when she had read it although she let it fall in her lap.

"Do you understand?" Rodney asked.

She lifted her face slowly and looked at him.

"No, I don't understand.—Oh, I know what this means well enough,—but I don't understand, and I can't understand, why two young men who would lay down their lives for each other should for that rather poor reason be forever itching to fight."

"It is rather strange," he said. "But you don't know the whole of this, Nina." He dropped his eyes. "And this doesn't seem an ungenerous use to make of my power over him, as he called it, does it? I thought it would free us both."

"Oh, no!" she cried out, standing up and laughing restrainedly. "Ungenerous? I never heard of anything so magnanimous in my life. To think of my finding fault with you for giving me ten thousand dollars (I know he has a good part of it already), and you have really made it seem as if I were the benefactor. I really begin to think I could understand men's friendships after a while. You have put it in such a way that I can't refuse it; I do think you generous, Rodney, and I thank you very much. You're the best fellow in the world."

She laid her hand on his arm and looked with frank admiration in his face.

He turned away his head a minute.

"Then you'll do what you can, to make Mayne consent. I don't think he ought to object."

"I should think not. It is none of his affairs. I'll make him behave. I've got him under my thumb now." She laughed and showed in tragic pantomime how she would hold the order over him in terror and threaten him with an awful forefinger. Rodney could not help smiling. He sat down and looked at her, and grew sober again.

"Nina," he said, "I've got to go away from here soon. I shall have to say good-bye." But he sat still, lounging back in his chair.

A petulant expression of pain came over her. She answered without looking at him.

"You're a strange contradictory fellow. If you were in a story, if I didn't know that you don't really care for anybody but Mayne, I should say you were in love. I wish you were." She rested her chin in her hand and went on reflectively: "Yes, I wish you were. A good shaking up would do you good. You'd have something else to think about, and if you took Mayne's friendship less seriously, you would get on much better together. I wonder you haven't, Rodney—such a soft-hearted person as you are."

"Nina," he said, "I've been in love since I was ten years old."

Her hand dropped from her chin. "Dear me!" she sighed. Her eyes and her features fell together. A vague premonition of danger affrighted her at last. She went on for the sake of saying something, without clearly knowing what she said.

"Since you were ten? That was beginning early. It could not be one person all that time?"

"No, not one person, nor two."

"Fickle man!" she retorted, with an attempt at her natural banter. "And pray, why did you desert all the luckless maidens?"

"For various reasons," he answered. "One was too good; one was not good enough; and one,"—he faltered, but there was no stemming the tide that swept him now, and he plunged on fatuously,—"and one is promised to another man."

She rose up and turned her head, as he had often seen her turn to cry out with laughter,—but when the cry came now it was a great sob.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" she sat down and sobbed spasmodically, her teeth shut together and gleaming between her vibrating lips, the crown of her coiled brown hair bowing over her, her chin bending in upon the swelling throat and breast that would not be restrained of their importunate grieving.

Crouched down in his chair, his face and whole person seemingly shrunken to half their natural size, Rodney sat and watched her helplessly, noting, with a kind of wooden feeling, how fine she was in this new part and how like her sobbing was to her habitual laughter.

"Oh, Rodney!" she began, when she could control her voice, "what a blind, silly creature I've been. But I did not think of it, indeed I never did. How could I? You were so much cleverer than I,—I used to think you were laughing at me. I don't see what you could see in me; it's very good of you, I'm sure. I won't say I'm sorry, except that you should be troubled about such a foolish creature. And you must not go away. Why should you? I should miss you terribly, and now that we understand each other there will be nothing to hide, and you will soon learn that I'm not the girl you're thinking of. There is nothing to be ashamed or afraid of, and I can't let you go. I do like you, Rodney; I like you very much."

There was no strength in him to resist such an appeal from that tear-stained, innocent face and husky voice.

"You're very good to me," he said. "God knows I don't want to go."

There was no more to be said. He turned away, downcast, and came out slowly. She followed him closely and took his hand at the door.

"You'll come back soon?" she said.

"Thank you," he answered, and went away.

Nina sat alone awhile in her parlor, then got up and went to Lucy and was closeted with her an hour.

Mayne called for Rodney late in the evening and asked him to come out and walk. The manner of both was subdued, Mayne preoccupied, Rodney expectant and hard.

"I'm not in a gushing humor to-night," Mayne said, when they had walked a little way. "You'll have to let me postpone my undying gratitude. It may seem strange to you—it does to me, but that magnificent thing you did by Nina hasn't put me in a thankful humor. I know it was magnificent, and the best part of me feels as I ought about it; but I haven't got that part on to-night. So if I growl, it's the other part of

me—the cat and dog part—that snarls, and not at you but at fate. I believe I grudge you having all the splendid openings for investments of that kind. I'd like to have just one try. That's a meek and gracious spirit, isn't it? And to tell the truth, I believe I'm a little jealous of you. A man likes to do the magnificent thing by his Juliet himself. No one has any business to be bigger or stronger before her. I'm glad you didn't come round before I had made things secure. Did your ears burn to-night? Mine did, to hear her talk about you."

He did not notice Rodney much, but seemed to talk more to himself. His ill-humor worked itself off as he rambled on, and he took Rodney's arm and wandered into gentle and gentler talk of Nina, her unselfishness, her address, and her faculty of infusing harmony and enjoyment, and much more. He took no notice of Rodney's restlessness, that he walked with quick, short steps, and zigzagged between him and the curbstone. Rodney took his arm and held it with all his might, and Mayne maundered on about her gifts and graces. Rodney began to stagger in his gait; he put up his mouth once, as if to shout into Mayne's ear, but he made no sound; Mayne only turned his head and turned back, and kept on in his blind rhapsody. They came upon a bridge above a sunken street. In the middle, Rodney flung round and cried out: "Stop!"

The word seemed to be caught up and tossed about in the empty streets above and below, "Stop, stop, stop!" He held Mayne by the arms and backed him against the parapet. And Mayne demanded:

"What's this about? why should I stop?"

"Because I'll throw you down there if you don't. You're enough to drive a man crazy. You're as blind and deaf as the dead. Nina, Nina, Nina! My head is bursting with Nina!"

Mayne shut his eyes. A flash of lightning showed him the path he had been walking. He turned out of Rodney's grasp and leaned far over the bridge. "Oh, my God!" he groaned.

When he stood up, Rodney faced him. "Will you let me go now?" he asked mockingly. "Do you hold me to the bond?"

Mayne held him with one hand, and the grasp shook him to his feet and seemed as if it would crush his shoulder.

"And has she known this and let it go on without letting me know?"

"Go and ask her," Rodney answered savagely.

The hand on his shoulder shook powerfully. The voice that spoke to him was not loud but came from the depths.

"You've deceived me. You've made a fool of me. You can go where traitors belong!"

He turned and went away hotly. With some difficulty at that hour, he got speech with Nina. He held her hands in no gentle way.

"You had a good deal to say about Rodney to-night; I understand it now. I know why you wanted me to promise never to quarrel with him. You had good reason for threatening to consider our engagement broken in that case; you might have said it seriously instead of in jest."

She tore away her hands. Her face was like blood. She turned aside a moment and panted. When she faced him her eyes blazed.

"I *had* good reason," she cried. "I said it in jest and now I say it in earnest."

"Well, you're free then," he said. "We've quarreled already. I wish you joy. Good-night."

Two or three days later, some one came to the office from Mayne's boarding-house to ask what had become of him. Rodney did not know. After office hours he walked toward Nina's, debating whether he should go there. Before he had decided, he met her, walking queenly in brave attire; she stopped before him.

"Do you know where Mayne is?"

"No, do you?"

A shake of the head and blanching of the cheek, and no more was said about him. Neither showed any further concern. Weeks passed and grew to a month, and they neither heard nor spoke of him.

Then Rodney made private inquiries in every probable direction to no purpose; Mayne's relatives lived in the West but he was not there. Nina asked no more questions, and no one dared speak to her about him. Whatever she thought or felt, her carriage was straight and steady and her face unperturbed. She saw a good deal of Rodney. A grave kindness took the place of their old laughing badinage. They met upon a firm footing of confidence and friendship, and Rodney felt that they were as far apart as if all the seas weltered between them.

One day he found a letter at the office, addressed "To the Friends of M. Y. West-

lake." It was a mere scrawl, dated at a lumbering camp in the north. It said there was a man there, sick, of that name; and the address was found in his hat. Rodney took the letter to Nina. She sat down and turned white when she saw him. She felt faint when she read it, but shook it off.

"Can I go there?" she asked weakly.

"I'm going. I'll send you word."

She held him. "If I can do any good, you'll be sure to let me know? Promise. And tell him,"—she bowed her head a moment,—"tell him he was mistaken."

He nodded and ran away. He never stopped till he found him. By a river in the forest, on the floor of a loft in a log shanty, he found him lying in a red shirt, gaunt, with ragged beard and sunken eyes. The host said the water hadn't seemed to agree with him at first, and he wasn't up to the chopping business, though he had never seen a green hand take hold sharper. He was ambitious and made a dead set to keep his end up and "'climate" himself at the same time, and kept on his legs till they went from under him. He hadn't had any doctor; there wasn't one short of Scott's.

Scott's was the terminus of the new railroad, thirty miles off. Rodney went there, found a doctor and told him the case. He asked a few questions in a keen, quiet way.

"I'll go and see him," he said, "but you'd better send for the young lady."

Mayne was in the outlying country between waking and sleeping in those days. Rodney met Nina at the train and drove her out across the broad, white-clover meadows, and resplendent autumn woodlands. He told her briefly about Mayne and then they said little more.

Mayne came slowly and laboriously out of nebulous, labyrinthine places, and opened his eyes. They met Rodney's, smiled and then were darkened. Rodney bent and spoke eagerly:

"Yes, I'm here. Look up, old fellow. You've been sick, you know, but you'll soon be well again. It's all right; you have had a bad dream, that's all. See,—here's Nina."

"Yes, yes, Mayne!" Nina cried; she put her face very close to tell him, and had not lifted it when Rodney turned and came out.

They moved him in to Scott's as soon as he was able. He was worse after that but soon rallied. He and Rodney were sitting together one day, looking down the river and not speaking.

"Mayne," said Rodney, "I didn't deserve all you said that night. Isn't there something you want to say about it?"

"I was thinking of that," Mayne replied. "I hardly know what to say; there's nothing worth saying. But you didn't quite understand. I had been grouty about taking favors from you and bragging about what I should do if I ever had the chance. And then it seemed as if fate took me up short and said, 'Here's the chance you want. You had the start of him with her; now stand back and let him have his innings.' And I found the dose harder to swallow than I had when it was your throat instead of mine. I didn't like the taste of it and it made me furious. I suppose I didn't say that exactly, but that was about what it meant, only I'm very sure if things had been reversed I should never forgive you while I had breath."

"Then I won't," Rodney answered drily. "Let's leave forgiveness and flummery to the women, if it's the same to you. I thought you seemed to have something carrying that didn't improve your appetite. If it's off now, let it go."

Mayne did eat better after that. He grew stronger rapidly. All three were very gentle and friendly in a subdued way. Finally they thought Mayne well enough to go home. One crisp morning they got upon the train. Rodney was still and absent. When the warning sounded he took a hand of each and said, "Good-bye."

They sprang up and held him fast.

"You're coming? you're not going to leave us?"

"Yes, I've promised to stay here. They want a lawyer. It's a rising place. I have some clients already, and they promise to make me county judge in five years."

He rattled and laughed but his eyes were full.

"Oh, Rodney!" and "Oh, dear!"

The train was moving. "Good-bye! Good-bye!"

They saw him from the window, but his back was turned. And the eyes that strained back toward him were blurred and dim.

MÈRE GIRAUD'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

"PRUT!" said Annot, her sabots clattering loudly on the brick floor as she moved more rapidly in her wrath. "Prut! Madame Giraud, indeed! There was a time, and it was but two years ago, that she was but plain Mère Giraud, and no better than the rest of us; and it seems to me, neighbors, that it is not well to show pride because one has the luck to be favored by fortune. Where, forsooth, would our 'Madame' Giraud stand if luck had not given her a daughter pretty enough to win a rich husband?"

"True, indeed!" echoed two of the gossips who were her admiring listeners. "True, beyond doubt. Where, indeed?"

But the third, a comely, fresh-skinned matron, who leaned against the door, and knitted a stout gray stocking with fast-clashing needles, did not acquiesce so readily.

"Well, well, neighbors," she said, "for my part, I do not see so much to complain of. Mère Giraud—she is still Mère Giraud to me—is as honest and kindly a soul as ever. It is not she who has called herself Madame Giraud; it is others who are foolish enough to fancy that good luck must change one's old ways. If she had had the wish to be a grand personage, would she not have left our village before this and have joined Madame Legrand in Paris. On the contrary, however, she remains in her cottage, and is as good a neighbor as ever, even though she is fond of talking of the carriages and jewels of Madame Legrand and her establishment on the Boulevard Malesherbes. In fact, I ask you, who of us would not rejoice also to be the mother of a daughter whose fortune had been so good?"

"That also is true," commented the amiable couple, nodding their white-capped heads with a sagacious air. "True, without doubt."

But Annot replied, with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders:

"Wait until Madame Giraud is invited to visit the Boulevard Malesherbes," she said. "We have not heard that this has happened yet."

"She would not go if she were, at least not to remain. Her heart has grown to the old place she bore her children in, and she has herself said to me most sensibly: 'Laure is young, and will learn easily the ways of the great world; I am old, and cannot; I am better at home among my neighbors.' Doubtless, however, in course of time she will pay Madame Legrand a visit at her home in Paris, or at the Château which Monsieur Legrand of course possesses, as the rich and aristocratic always do."

"Doubtless!" said Annot, grimly; "doubtless."

Honest Jeanne Tallot passed the sneer by, and went on with stout gravity of demeanor:

"There is only one thing for which I somewhat blamed Mère Giraud, and that is that I think she has scarcely done her duty toward Valentin. He disappointed her by being an ugly lad instead of a pretty girl, and she had not patience with him. Laure was the favorite. Whatever Laure did was right, and it was not so with the other, though I myself know that Valentin was a good lad, and tender-hearted."

"Once," put in a white cap, "I saw her beat him severely because he fell with the little girl in his arms and scratched her cheek, and it was not his fault. His foot slipped upon a stone. He was carrying the child carefully and tenderly enough. You are right in calling him a good lad, neighbor Tallot. He was a good lad,—Valentin Giraud,—and fond of his mother, notwithstanding that she was not fond of him."

"Yes," added her companion; "but it is a truth that he was a great contrast to the girl. *Mon dieu!* his long limbs and awkward body, his great sad eyes and ugly face! While Laure,—was she not tall and slender and white, like a lily in a garden? And her voice was like the ringing of silver, and her eyes so soft and large. As an infant, she reminded one of the little Jésu as one sees him in the churches. No wonder that Mère Giraud fretted at the difference between the two. And Valentin was her first, and what mother does not look for great things in her first? We cannot help feeling that something must come of one's own charms if one has any, and Mère Giraud was a handsome bride. An ugly bantling seems to offer one a sort of insult, particularly at first, when one is young and vain."

"There was no more beautiful young girl than Laure Giraud at sixteen," said Jeanne Tallot.

"And none more useless," said Annot

loudly. "Give me a young girl who is industrious and honest. My Margot is better provided for than Laure Giraud was before her marriage; but her hands are not white, nor is her waist but a span around. She has too much work to do. She is not a tall, white, swaying creature who is too good to churn and tend the creatures who give her food. I have heard it said that Laure would have worked if her mother had permitted it, but I don't believe it. She had not a working look. Mademoiselle Laure was too good for the labor of humble people; she must go to Paris and learn a fine, delicate trade."

"But good came of it," put in Jeanne Tallot. "It proved all the better for her."

"Let her mother thank the Virgin, then," cried Annot, contemptuously. "It might not have proved the better; it might have proved the worse; evil might have come of it instead of good. Who among us has not heard of such things? Did not Marie Gautier go to Paris too?"

"Ah, poor little one, indeed!" sighed the white caps.

"And in two years," added Annot, "*her* mother died of a broken heart."

"But," said cheerful Jeanne, somewhat dryly, "Laure's mother is not dead yet, so let us congratulate ourselves that to go to Paris has brought luck to one of our number at least, and let us deal charitably with Mère Giraud, who certainly means well, and is only naturally proud of her daughter's grandeur. For my part, I can afford to rejoice with her."

She rolled up her stout stocking into a ball, and stuck her needles through it, nodding at the three women.

"I promised I would drop in and spend a few minutes with her this morning," she said; "so I will bid you good-day," and she stepped across the threshold and trudged off in the sunshine, her wooden shoes sounding bravely upon the path.

It was only a little place,—St. Croix, as we will call it for want of a better name,—a little village of one street, and of many vines, and roses, and orchards, and of much gossip. Simple people inhabited it,—simple, ignorant folk, who knew one another, and discussed one another's faults and grape-crops with equal frankness, worked hard, lived frugally, confessed regularly and slept well. Devout people, and ignorant, who believed that the little shrines they erected in their vineyards brought blessings upon their grapes, and who knew nothing of the great world beyond, and spoke of Paris with awe, and even a shade of doubt. Living the same lives generation after generation, tilling the same crops, and praying before the same stone altar in the small, quaint church, it is not to be wondered at that when a change occurred to any one of their number, it was regarded as a sort of social era. There were those in St. Croix who had known Mère Giraud's grandfather, a slow-spoken, kindly old peasant, who had drunk his *vin ordinaire*, and smoked his pipe with the poorest; and there was not one who did not well know Mère Giraud herself, and who had not watched the growth of the little Laure, who had bloomed into a beauty not unlike the beauty of the white Provence roses which climbed over and around her mother's cottage door. "Mère Giraud's little daughter," she had been called, even after she grew into the wonderfully tall and wonderfully fair creature she became before she left the village, accompanying her brother Valentin to Paris.

"*Ma foi!*" said the men, "but she is truly a beauty, Mère Giraud's little daughter!"

"She should be well looked to," said the wiseacres,—"Mère Giraud's little daughter."

"There is one we must always give way before," said the best-natured among the girls, "and that one is Mère Giraud's little daughter."

The old *Curé* of the parish took interest in her, and gave her lessons, and, as Mère Giraud would have held her strictly to them, even if she had not been tractable and studious by nature, she was better educated and more gently trained than her companions. The fact was, however, that she had not many companions. Some element in her grace and beauty seemed to separate her from the rest of her class. Village sports and festivities had little attraction for her, and, upon the whole, she seemed out of place among them. Her stature, her fair, still face, and her slow, quiet movements, suggested rather embarrassingly to the humble feasters the presence of some young princess far above them.

"*Pouf!*" said a sharp-tongued belle one day, "I have no patience with her. She is so tall, this Laure, that one must be forever looking up to her, and I, for one, do not care to be forever looking up."

The hint of refined pride in her demeanor was Mère Giraud's greatest glory.

"She is not like the rest, my Laure," she would say to her son. "One can see it in the way in which she holds her head. She

has the quiet, grave air of a great personage."

There were many who wondered that Valentin showed no jealousy or distaste at hearing his sister's praises sounded so frequently to his own detriment. There was no praise for him. The poor fond mother's heart was too full of Laure. Her son had been a bitter disappointment to her, and, to her mind, was fitted for nothing but to make himself an adoring slave to his sister's beauty; and this the gentle, generous fellow certainly was. He was always ready to serve her; always affectionate; always faithful; and Mère Giraud, who was blind to, or careless of, all his loving, constant labor for her own comfort, deigned to see that he did his duty toward Laure.

"He has at least the sense to appreciate her as far as he is able," she said.

So when Valentin, who had a curious talent for engraving, was discovered by some one who understood his genius, and could make use of it, and was offered a place in the great, gay city, Mère Giraud formed an ambitious plan. He should take Laure and find her a position also; she had the fingers of a fair magician, and could embroider marvelously. So she trusted Laure to him, and the two bade farewell to St. Croix and departed together. A month passed, and then there came a letter containing good news. Valentin was doing well, and Laure also. She had found a place in a great family where she was to embroider and wait upon a young lady. They were rich people, and were kind, and paid her well, and she was happy.

"When they first saw her, they were astonished," wrote the simple, tender Valentin. "I went with her to present herself. My employer had recommended her. There is a son who is past his youth, and who has evidently seen the world. He is aristocratic and fair, and slightly bald, but extremely handsome still. He sat holding a newspaper in his long, white fingers, and when we entered, he raised his eyes above it and looked at Laure, and I heard him exclaim under his breath, '*Mon Dieu!*' as if her beauty fairly startled him."

When the *Curé*, to whom the proud mother showed the letter, read this part, he did not seem as rejoiced as Mère Giraud had expected. On the contrary, he looked a little grave, and rubbed his forehead.

"Ah! ah!" he said; "there lies the danger."

"Danger!" exclaimed Mère Giraud, starting.

He turned, and regarded her with a rather hesitant air, as if he were at once puzzled and fearful,—puzzled by her simplicity, and fearful of grieving her unnecessarily.

"Valentin is a good lad," he said. "Valentin will be watchful,—though perhaps he is too good to suspect evil."

Mère Giraud put her hand to her heart.

"You are not afraid?" she said, quite proudly, beginning at last to comprehend. "You are not afraid of evil to Laure?"

"No, no, no," he answered; "surely not."

He said no more then, but he always asked to see the letters, and read them with great care, sometimes over and over again. They came very regularly for six or seven months, and then there was a gap of a few weeks, and then came a strange, almost incomprehensible, letter from Valentin, containing news which almost caused Mère Giraud's heart to burst with joy and gratitude. Laure was married, and had made such a marriage as could scarcely have been dreamed of. A rich aristocrat, who had visited her employers, had fallen in love with her, and married her. He had no family to restrain him, and her beauty had won him completely from the first hour. He had carried her away with him to make a prolonged tour. The family with whom she had lived had been lavish in their gifts and kindness, but they had left Paris also and were voyaging. The name of Laure's bridegroom was Legrand, and there came messages from Laure, and inclosed was a handsome present of money.

Mère Giraud was overwhelmed with joy. Before three hours had passed, all St. Croix knew the marvelous news. She went from house to house showing the letter and the money, and it was not until night that she cooled down sufficiently to labor through a long epistle to Valentin.

It was a year before Laure returned to Paris, and during that time she wrote but seldom; but Valentin wrote often, and answered all his mother's questions, though not as fluently, nor with so many words as she often wished. Laure was rich, and beautiful as ever; her husband adored her, and showered gifts and luxuries upon her; she had equipages and jewels; she wore velvet and satin and lace every day; she was a great lady, and had a house like a palace. Laure herself did not say so much. In her secret heart, Mère Giraud often longed for more, but she was a discreet and far-seeing woman.

"What would you?" she said. "She

must drive out in her equipage, and she must dress and receive great people, and I am not so blind a mother as not to see that she will have many things to learn. She has not time to write long letters,—and see how she cares for me,—money, see you, by every letter, and a silk dress and lace cap she herself has chosen in the Boulevard Capucines. And I must care for myself, and furnish the cottage prettily, and keep a servant. Her wealth and great fortune have not rendered her undutiful,—my Laure."

So she talked of Madame Legrand, and so all St. Croix talked of Madame Legrand, and some, of course, were envious and prophesied that the end had not come yet, and Mère Giraud would find herself forgotten some fine day; and others rejoiced with her, and congratulated themselves that they knew so aristocratic a person as Madame Legrand.

Jeanne Tallot was of those who sympathized with her in all warm-heartedness and candor. With her knitting in her hand ready for action, and with friendly unceremoniousness, she presented herself at the cottage door one morning, nodding and speaking before she had crossed the threshold.

"Good-day, neighbor Giraud. Any letters from Laure this morning?"

Mère Giraud, who sat before the window under the swinging cage of her bird, looked up with an air a little more serious than usual.

"Ah!" she said, "I am glad it is you, Jeanne. I have been wishing to see you."

Jeanne seated herself, smiling.

"Then," said she, "it is well I came."

But immediately she noticed the absent look of her friend, and commented upon it.

"You do not look at your best this morning," she said. "How does it occur?"

"I am thinking," said Mère Giraud with some importance of manner; "I am thinking of going to Paris."

"To Paris!"

"I am anxious," shaking her head seriously. "I had last night a bad dream. I wish to see Laure."

Then she turned and looked at Jeanne almost wistfully.

"It is a long time since I have seen her," she said.

"Yes," answered Jeanne in a little doubt; "but Paris is a long way off."

"Yes," said Mère Giraud; "but it appears that all at once I realize how long it is since I have seen my child. I am getting old, you see. I was not very young when she was born, and, as one grows older, one becomes more uneasy and obstinate in one's fancies. This morning I feel that I must see my Laure. My heart yearns for her, and"—hastily—"she will undoubtedly be rejoiced to see me. She has often said that she wished she might lay her head upon my breast again."

It seemed that she was resolved upon the journey. She was in a singular, uneasy mood, and restless beyond measure. She who had never been twenty miles from St. Croix had made up her mind to leave it at once and confront all the terrors of a journey to Paris,—for there were terrors in such a journey to the mind of a simple peasant who had so far traveled but in one groove. She would not even wait to consult *Monsieur le Curé*, who was unfortunately absent. Jeanne discovered to her astonishment that she had already made her small preparations, had packed her best garments in a little wooden box, laying the silk gown and lace cap at the top that they might be in readiness.

"I will not interfere at all, and I shall not remain long," she said. "Only long enough to see my Laure, and spend a few days with her quietly. It is not Paris I care for, or the great sights; it is that I must see my child."

St. Croix was fairly bewildered at the news it heard the next day. Mère Giraud had gone to Paris to visit Madame Legrand —had actually gone, sending her little servant home, and shutting up her small trim cottage.

"Let us hope that Madame Legrand will receive her as she expects to be received," said Annot. "For my part I should have preferred to remain in St. Croix. Only yesterday Jeanne Tallot told us that she had no intention of going."

"She will see wonderful things," said the more simple and amiable. "It is possible that she may be invited to the Tuileries, and without doubt she will drive to the Bois de Boulogne in Madame Legrand's carriage, with servants in livery to attend her. My uncle's sister's son, who is a *valet de place* in a great family, tells us that the aristocracy drive up and down the Champs Elysées every afternoon, and the sight is magnificent."

But Mère Giraud did not look forward to such splendors as these. "I shall see my Laure as a great lady," she said to herself. "I shall hold her white hands and kiss her cheeks."

The roar of vehicles, and the rush and crowd and bustle bewildered her; the brightness and the rolling wheels dazzled her old eyes, but she held herself bravely. People to whom she spoke smiled at her *patois* and her innocent questions, but she did not care.

She found a *fiacre* which took her to her destination; and when, after she had paid the driver, he left her, she entered the wide doors with a beating heart, the blood rising on her cheek, and glowing through the withered skin.

"Madame Legrand," she said a little proudly to the *concierge*, and the woman stared at her as she led her up the staircase. She was so eager that she scarcely saw the beauty around her,—the thick soft carpets, the carved balustrades, the superb lamps. But when they stopped before a door she touched the *concierge* upon the arm.

"Do not say my name," she said. "I am her mother."

The woman stared at her more than ever.

"It is not my place to announce you," she said. "I only came up because I thought you would not find the way."

She could not have told why it was or how it happened, but when at last she was ushered into the *salon* a strange sense of oppression fell upon her. The room was long and lofty, and so shadowed by the heavy curtains falling across the windows that it was almost dark.

For a few seconds she saw nobody, and then all at once some one rose from a reclining chair at the farther end of the apartment and advanced a few steps toward her —a tall and stately figure, moving slowly.

"Who ——?" she heard a cold soft voice say, and then came a sharp cry, and Laure's white hands were thrown out in a strange, desperate gesture, and she stopped and stood like a statue of stone. "Mother—mother—mother!" she repeated again and again, as if some indescribable pain shook her.

If she had been beautiful before, now she was more beautiful still. She was even taller than ever,—she was like a queen. Her long robe was of delicate gray velvet, and her hair and throat and wrists were bound with pearls and gold. She was so lovely and so stately that for a moment Mère Giraud was half awed, but the next it was as if her strong mother heart broke loose.

"My Laure!" she cried out. "Yes, it is I, my child—it is I, Laure;" and she almost fell upon her knees as she embraced her, trembling for very ecstasy.

But Laure scarcely spoke. She was white and cold, and at last she gasped forth three words.

"Where is Valentin?"

But Mère Giraud did not know. It was not Valentin she cared to see. Valentin could wait, since she had her Laure. She sat down beside her in one of the velvet chairs, and she held the fair hand in her own. It was covered with jewels, but she did not notice them; her affection only told her that it was cold and tremulous.

"You are not well, Laure?" she said. "It was well that my dream warned me to come. Something is wrong."

"I am quite well," said Laure. "I do not suffer at all."

She was so silent that if Mère Giraud had not had so much to say she would have been troubled; as it was, however, she was content to pour forth her affectionate speeches one after another without waiting to be answered.

"Where is Monsieur Legrand?" she ventured at last.

"He is," said Laure, in a strange hesitant voice,—"he is in Normandy."

"Shall I not see him?" asked Mère Giraud.

"I am afraid not, unless your visit is a long one. He will be absent for some months."

She did not speak with any warmth. It was as if she did not care to speak of him at all,—as if the mention of him even embarrassed her a little.

Mère Giraud felt a secret misgiving.

"I shall not stay long," she said; "but I could not remain away. I wished so eagerly to see you, and know that you were happy. You are happy, my Laure?"

Laure turned toward her and gave her a long look—a look which seemed unconsciously to ask her a question.

"Happy!" she answered slowly and deliberately, "I suppose so.—Yes."

Mère Giraud caressed her hand again and again. "Yes," she said, "it must be so. The good are always happy; and you, my Laure, have always been dutiful and virtuous, and consequently you are rewarded. You have never caused me a grief, and now, thank the good God! you are prosperous." She looked at her almost adoringly, and at last touched the soft thick gray velvet of her drapery with reverence. "Do you wear such things as this every day?" she asked.

"Yes," Laure answered, "every day."

"Ah!" sighed the happy mother, "How Monsieur Legrand must adore you!"

At length she found time to ask a few questions concerning Valentin.

"I know that he is well and as prosperous as one could expect him to be; but I hope"—bridling a little with great seriousness—"I hope he conducts himself in such a manner as to cause you no embarrassment, though naturally you do not see him often."

"No," was the answer,—they did not see him often.

"Well, well," began Mère Giraud, becoming lenient in her great happiness, "he is not a bad lad—Valentin. He means well ——"

But here she stopped,—Laure checked her with a swift, impassioned movement.

"He is what we cannot understand," she said in a hushed strained voice. "He is a saint. He has no thought for himself. His whole life is a sacrifice. It is not I you should adore—it is Valentin."

"Valentin!" echoed Mère Giraud.

It quite bewildered her, the mere thought of adoring Valentin.

"My child," she said when she recovered herself, "it is your good heart which says this."

The same night Valentin came. Laure went out into the antechamber to meet him, and each stood and looked at the other with pale face and anguished eyes. Valentin's eyes were hollow and sunken as if with some great sorrow, and his large awkward frame seemed wasted. But there was no reproach mingled with the indescribable sadness of his gaze.

"Your note came to me," he said. "Our mother ——"

"She is in there," said Laure in a low, hurried, shaken voice, and she pointed to the *salon*. "She has come to embrace me,—to make sure that I am happy. Ah, my God!" and she covered her deathly face with her hands.

Valentin did not approach her. He could only stand still and look on. One thought filled his mind.

"We have no time to weep, Laure," he said gently. "We must go on as we have begun. Give me your hand."

This was all, and then the two went in together, Laure's hand upon her brother's arm.

It was a marvelous life Mère Giraud lived during the next few days. Certainly she could not complain that she was not treated with deference and affection. She wore the silk dress every day; she sat at the wonderful table, and a liveried servant stood behind her chair; she drove here and there in a luxurious carriage; she herself, in fact, lived the life of an aristocrat and a great lady. Better than all the rest, she found her Laure as gracious and dutiful as her fond heart could have wished. She spent every hour with her; she showed her all her grandeurs of jewelry and *toilette;* she was not ashamed of her mother, untutored and simple as she might be.

"Only she is very pale and quiet," she remarked to Valentin once; "even paler and more quiet than I should have expected. But then we know that the rich and aristocratic are always somewhat reserved. It is only the peasantry and provincials who are talkative and florid. It is natural that Laure should have gained the manner of the great world."

But her happiness, poor soul, did not last long, and yet the blow God sent was a kindly one.

One morning as they went out to their carriage, Laure stopped to speak to a woman who crouched upon the edge of the pavement with a child in her arms. She bent down and touched the little one with her hand, and Mère Giraud, looking on, thought of pictures she had seen of the Blessed Virgin, and of lovely saints healing the sick.

"What is the matter?" asked Laure.

The woman looked down at the child and shivered.

"I do not know," she answered hoarsely. "Only we are ill, and God has forsaken us. We have not tasted food for two days."

Laure took something from her purse and laid it silently in the child's small, fevered hand. The woman burst into tears.

"Madame," she said, "it is a twenty-franc piece."

"Yes," said Laure gently. "When it is spent come to me again," and she went to her carriage.

"My child," said Mère Giraud, "it is you who are a saint. The good God did wisely in showering blessings upon you."

A few days longer she was happy, and then she awakened from her sleep one night and found Laure standing at her bedside looking down at her and shuddering. She started up with an exclamation of terror.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she said. "What is it?"

She was answered in a voice she had never heard before,—Laure's, but hoarse and

shaken. Laure had fallen upon her knees, and grasped the bedclothes, hiding her face in the folds.

"I am ill," she answered in this strange, changed tone. "I am—I am cold and burning—I am—dying."

In an instant Mère Giraud stood upon the floor holding her already insensible form in her arms. She was obliged to lay her upon the floor while she rang the bell to alarm the servants. She sent for Valentin and a doctor. The doctor, arriving, regarded the beautiful face with manifest surprise and alarm. It was no longer pale, but darkly flushed, and the stamp of terrible pain was upon it.

"She has been exposed to infection," he said. "This is surely the case. It is a malignant fever."

Then Mère Giraud thought of the poor mother and child.

"O my God!" she prayed, "do not let her die a martyr."

But the next day there was not a servant left in the house; but Valentin was there, and there had come a Sister of Mercy. When she came, Valentin met her, and led her into the *salon*. They remained together for half an hour, and then came out and went to the sick-room, and there were traces of tears upon the Sister's face. She was a patient, tender creature, who did her work well, and she listened with untiring gentleness to Mère Giraud's passionate plaints.

"So beautiful, so young, so beloved," cried the poor mother; "and Monsieur absent in Normandy, though it is impossible to say where! And if death should come before his return, who could confront him with the truth? So beautiful, so happy, so adored!"

And Laure lay upon the bed, sometimes wildly delirious, sometimes a dreadful statue of stone,—unhearing, unseeing, unmoving,—death without death's rest,—life in death's bonds of iron.

But while Mère Giraud wept, Valentin had no tears. He was faithful, untiring, but silent even at the worst.

"One would think he had no heart," said Mère Giraud; "but men are often so,—ready to work, but cold and dumb. Ah! it is only a mother who bears the deepest grief."

She fought passionately enough for a hope at first, but it was forced from her grasp in the end. Death had entered the house and spoken to her in the changed voice which had summoned her from her sleep.

"Madame," said the doctor one evening as they stood over the bed while the sun went down, "I have done all that is possible. She will not see the sun set again. She may not see it rise."

Mère Giraud fell upon her knees beside the bed, crossing herself and weeping.

"She will die," she said, "a blessed martyr. She will die the death of a saint."

That very night—only a few hours later—there came to them a friend,—one they had not for one moment even hoped to see,—a gentle, grave old man, in a thin, well-worn black robe,—the *Curé* of St. Croix.

Him Valentin met also, and when the two saw each other, there were barriers that fell away in their first interchange of looks.

"My son," said the old man, holding out his hands, "tell me the truth."

Then Valentin fell into a chair and hid his face.

"She is dying," he said, "and I cannot ask that she should live."

"What was my life—" he cried passionately, speaking again—"What was my life to me that I should not have given it to save her,—to save her to her beauty and honor, and her mother's love! I would have given it cheerfully,—a thousand times,—a thousand times again and again. But it was not to be; and, in spite of my prayers, I lost her. Oh, my God!" with a sob of agony, "if to-night she were in St. Croix and I could hear the neighbors call her again as they used, 'Mère Giraud's little daughter!'"

The eyes of the *Curé* had tears in them also.

"Yesterday I returned to St. Croix and found your mother absent," he said. "I have had terrible fears for months, and when I found her house closed, they caused me to set out upon my journey at once."

He did not ask any questions. He remembered too well the man of whom Valentin had written; the son who was "past his youth, and had evidently seen the world;" the pale aristocrat, who had exclaimed "*Mon Dieu!*" at the sight of Laure's wondrous beauty.

"When the worst came to the worst," said Valentin, "I vowed myself to the labor of sparing our mother. I have worked early and late to sustain myself in the part I played. It was not from Laure the money came. My God! Do you think I would have permitted my mother's hand to have touched a gift of hers? She wrote the letters, but the money I had earned honestly.

Heaven will justify me for my falsehood since I have suffered so much."

"Yes," responded the *Curé*, looking at his bent form with gentle, pitying eyes; "Heaven will justify you, my son."

They watched by Laure until the morning, but she did not see them; she saw nothing; to-night it was the statue of marble which lay before them. But in the early morning, when the sky was dappled with pink and gold, and the air was fresh and cool, and a silence, even more complete than that of the night, seemed to reign, there came a change. The eyes they had seen closed for so many hours were opened, and the soft voice broke in upon the perfect stillness of the room:

"The lilies in the garden are in bloom to-day. The were never so tall, and white, and fair before. I will gather them—for the altar—to give to the Virgin—at my confession. *Mea culpa—Mea* ——" and all was over, and Mère Giraud fell upon her knees again, crying, as she had cried before, amid a passion of sobs and tears:

"She has died, my child, the death of a blessed martyr."

It was rather strange, the villagers said, that Madame Legrand should have been buried in the little grave-yard at St. Croix instead of in some fine tomb at *Père la Chaise;* but—it was terribly sad!—her husband was away, they knew not where, and it was Valentin's wish, and Mère Giraud's heart yearned so over her beloved one. So she was laid there, and a marble cross was placed at her head—a tall, beautiful cross—by Monsieur Legrand, of course. Only it was singular that he never came, though perhaps that is the way of the great—not to mourn long or deeply even for those who have been most lovely, and whom they have most tenderly loved.

IN AND ABOUT THE FAIR.

DINNERS, PLANTS AND PICTURES.

Among the arts, that of cooking a good dinner, and of serving it well, is not the least; and in this the French are easily first. The *Trois Frères* is certainly not to be counted on the same plane with its namesake in the French capital; but one may find an excellent dinner there; and with a friend or two to share it, and a little dearly earned knowledge of the size and cost of dishes, there need be no undue extravagance. Popular opinion has indeed taken a strong set to the opposite belief; and this has been kept alive very much by the unwise and anti-American system of making a considerable charge for "service," —an item which finds explanation, but not a satisfying one, when the visitor observes the array of carefully dressed women who hold position upon the dais in the recesses of the restaurant, who keep as many books of entry as are requisite in a first-class counting-room. The American instinct is fretted by this superfluous machinery; indeed, throughout our commercial life, we ignore those fine arrangements of checks and counterchecks—so peculiar to French business habits—which make fraud almost impossible. We incline to the attitude of trusting more, and of punishing the knavery invited—in the "papers."

Again, the purveyors of this French establishment have not conciliated American feeling by their treatment of ground and buildings. Upon one of the most beautiful sites within the inclosure, they have put a disorderly array of structures stretching along the borders of the lake,—making far less of their opportunities than any restaurateurs upon the ground. It would have been an easy thing to arrange umbrage and awnings in such fashion, that one might have indulged in the dainty dishes of the Parisian host, in full view of the pretty sheet of water and its grassy shores, and so given to the whole the air of a *fête champêtre*. We question, indeed, whether the utter indifference of the French proprietor to such structural disposition of his buildings as would mate best with the surroundings, has not in some measure intensified the resentment with which we con his scale of prices. No foreign nationality (if we except possibly the German) has shown so low an estimate of the American capacity for judgment in matters of taste, as the French. None has given so prevailing evidence of a disposition to regard our æsthetic

aims and criticism as tentative only, and crude and barbarian; nor has the disposition, we think, been unkindly in any sense,—only assured, and serene, and patronizing.

It is natural, if exasperating; and the Eastern States, if called upon to contribute to an exhibit of art industries and art triumphs in the far-away West, or on the Pacific Coast, would, very likely, by virtue of their superior age and longer schooling, show an easy, indifferent, patronizing regard, —doubtless as galling, and very probably, as misplaced. The truth is, that in this day of swift traffic and intercommunication, the capacity to apprehend and comprehend good work of the highest kind, is in disproportionate excess to the capacity for actually accomplishing the work. The education that provokes good critical estimate of art-work outmarches the slower culture out of which the ripest results of art-work are evolved.

To go back now to our dinner at the *Trois Frères:* it is certainly the best place at the exhibition—if not the best in the country—to find what the trickery of good cooking can do with indifferent meats. Not to say the meats are generally indifferent; but you shall find there the mere fragments from a breast of veal, or the segments of a calf's head, so bedecked and so dressed with piquant sauces, and so beflanked with savory vegetables, that you shall come to a new knowledge of the triumphs of cookery. Add to this a taste of Burgundy, which is real,— whether of homely Macon, or the more enticing Beaune,—and one gets an experience of a French dinner, which, for once in a way, it is worth while to have.

The Lauber Restaurant is at a long remove from the entrance; but, if one finds himself upon the Horticultural plateau, or in the Agricultural Hall, at an hour when weariness and appetite suggest a dinner, he can do no better than to make trial of the German methods of cookery and service, at the Lauber. The trees under which the great restaurant is embowered are inviting; so, too, are the breezy and ample corridors, and the tented court, where a German band stridently and faithfully contends with the buzz of talk and the clatter of dishes, from mid-forenoon until dark. The consumption of lager here is simply amazing; but one may sidle away from sight of its abounding froth by following an eddy of the crowd into one of the pavilions which flank the corridors, where comparative quiet may be had for a taste of German cookery and of German wines. English dishes and French may of course be had; but the general flavor and method smack strongly of the Rhineland.

Many a fragrant reminder of old-time experiences will come to the traveler in his dinner search among the restaurants of the fair; nor should the freshest and least experienced of American visitors forego the opportunity of testing the more considerable of these dinner caravansaries. We are at the fair to measure so far as we may all the outcome of the civilization of our sister nations, the world over; and when we have grown wearied with study of their art, their guns, their cloths, their jewels, what better can we do in the noontide of rest, than test the dinners they cook? It is a pity, indeed, that the opportunity is not larger in this direction. We can try a cup of Tunisian coffee, and the excellent bread and chocolate of Vienna; but there is no Hollander to regale us with Deventer gingerbread, or his cheese, or herring; no Spanish service of an *olla-podrida;* no Provençal flavor of garlic, even at the *Trois Frères.* There is no Indian specialty of curry, or of mulligatawny; no sight of chopsticks, unless one follows the Chinamen to their private haunts. There is, again, no restaurant where one can be sure of great "rounds" of beef, or true roast sirloin, or turtle soup, or turbot, or muffins. The English could have wisely supplemented their very full exhibit by an honest British tavern table, were it only as a reminder of the Tabard, or of Weller, senior, or of Dame Quickly.

American culinary gifts are nominally represented by a great dining-place upon the farther plateau; but its German and French-tongued waiters, and its varied bill of fare, suggest very little that is significant of the country. The Southern restaurant does, indeed, make a merit of its fried chicken and hominy; and the New England cottage of logs made promise of brown bread and baked beans; but this latter is rather a "show," than a contribution to the dining wants of the visitors.

As Americans, we may safely boast of the fish pompano and cavalli; the former now appearing by title in the fare lists of one or more of the restaurants; but, curiously enough, not upon the bills of those restaurateurs who profess to be especially American. Surely, these fish will hold their own against the sole and the turbot of the British gastronomers. Nor must we omit in this

connection, mention of the admirable exhibit of food fishes, whether by model or actual specimens, which is shown under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute in the Government Building. The exhibit not only embraces the fish themselves, but also all known methods of capture, thus interesting the amateur sportsman and the naturalist, as well as those practically devoted to the fisherman's craft.

A foreign exhibit of similar, but of less extended character, is to be seen in the Agricultural Hall, where Norway makes show of her nets, her fishing-boats, hooks, grappling-irons, and the exceeding novelty of a fishing-sledge fully appointed for service. Here, too, the fish appear in plaster models, and the carefully prepared products of her fisheries are shown in the ordinary trade packages; among these, dried cod, preserved salmon, anchovies and white herring. We have slipped easily from our dinner talk into the notice of Agricultural Hall, since, apart from the great display of implements (the most complete that has ever been on exhibition in America), it may be regarded as a great world's larder. Besides Norway, there are a half dozen countries who tempt us with their stock of preserved fish. Russia makes show of the product of its North Sea fisheries; Canada has its salmon and trout; France its sardines; Bologna its eels; and even Japan has its sturgeon.

When we pass beyond the course of fishes, there seems no limit to the *menu* of the nationalities. All forms of wheaten flour; all forms of maize; all devices of leaven; all chemical adjuncts of cookery confront us everywhere. A baking powder is forced upon our notice in the hot buns which are proffered smoking from the oven. Bread, in the disguise of biscuit, is piled in motley mosaics, and the flour domain is symbolized in an old-time mill which carries the advertisement of a shrewd manufacturer.

Then, there are the meats. the desiccated meats of France; the prepared meat-cans of a score of exhibitors; the minced meats, chopped and barreled for use; the dried meats; the beef juices; the pots of preserved game, by which one can have the delight of ptarmigan or grouse out of season. There remain all the accessories; curry, which needs only a warming; mushrooms in budded plumpness: English mince-pies and plum-puddings; the birds' nests of Oceanica; isinglass from Russia; Spanish olives; nuts from Portugal and Brazil; truffles, pâtés, caramels, and the appetizing display of Crosse & Blackwell's piccalilli and sauces. The sight of all these is not a little rasping to one's appetite, if he wanders there toward midday; and he may thereupon be tempted into a cozy California restaurant in an angle of the hall, where a fairish cold lunch is to be found, with the additional temptation (upon the bills) of a pint of California wine. It is not a crowded restaurant. As well first as last, we must admit the dominant fact respecting wines, and our American efforts to make them,—that we have not yet succeeded in matching the light, fragrant product of Burgundy, or of the Bordeaux region. The difficulty cannot lie in the manipulations, for we have imported those taught in the best vineyards of France; it cannot lie in the vine, for we have imported cuttings of all the best wine grapes of Europe. The sun and the soil determine the quality of the wine; and ours, thus far, with all our available fruitage, determine a rankness and acidity of product which no process of fermentation has yet toned down to the delicacy of the light wines of France.

Passing southward out of the Agricultural Hall, and crossing Belmont Valley, down which a wimpling brook flows through its marge of grass eastward, we come upon the Horticultural plateau, brilliant with its flowery parterres. The absence of shade upon the plateau, however much it may have counted in favor of vigorous plant-growth, has made it a fearful place for midday strolls under the August sun. Toward evening, however, and in early morning, this region of plants and flowers will amply repay a more leisurely and careful scrutiny than it is apt to receive. The foliage plants are here in full force,—among them the tricolored canna, and the charming zonal geraniums. These are flanked with great bandlets of annuals, with fields of verbenas, with groups of dahlias, with thickets of roses, with beds of herbaceous plants. Blotches of crimson, flames of scarlet, sheets of white, on all shapes of parterre, dazzle and distract one. There is a general harmony in the distribution of the plots; but as the plots individually are subject to the planting skill of different florists, there is no large coherence of plan as respects disposition of colors. The general effect, however, is piquant and good, and can be measured best by a look from the exterior galleries of Horticultural Hall.

The amazing beauty of some of the new French gladioluses are specially worthy of mention, as are also sundry groups of French

roses, which have been guarded against the fierce heats of midsummer and kept in lusty vigor by a neat swathing of their stocks in moss. Certain fruit-trees, *en espalier*, exhibited by Dutch gardeners, are noticeable for their deft training; as are also the standard currant and gooseberry bushes, shown by an Austrian horticulturist. These latter are grafted upon stocks of the Missouri currant at a height of three feet, producing an odd, tree-like effect, and (it is alleged) securing the English gooseberry against the blight of mildew.

The orangery exhibit is neither large nor worthy. The rhododendrons from Surrey in England, which, by their magnificent display, charmed the visitors of early July, have all been sold, mostly, as we understand, to florists. However, a very large collection of rhododendrons still remains, exhibited by the Messrs. Parsons. The same gentlemen also show a very numerous collection of azaleas, whose brilliant blossoms are recalled with delight by those who saw them in June.

In the same neighborhood must be noticed the many large groups of conifers, almost numberless in tint and form,—from the stately araucaria to the golden plumelets of the Japanese retinospora. Those who love rich shrubbery—and every one ought to love it—should give an hour to the study of these charming evergreen strangers, and to the reading of their names; which, by an admirable system of labeling, are distinctly legible. The collections of the Messrs. Parsons, and of Messrs. Hoopes Bro. & Thomas, are particularly noticeable for their fullness and for the thrift of individual specimens. The latter firm shows also a very dainty little assemblage of English ivies, making one regret all the more the scant hardihood of these charming climbers.

Among the conifers will be noted young plants of that Japanese species which may be seen under the wing of the Japanese building,—quaint pigmies of trees, not three feet high, yet over seventy years old. They are gnarled and twisted as if they had fought the winds and caught their picturesqueness of form—as old oaks catch theirs—by battling with tempests and wintry storms upon the hills. And yet these dwarfed trees are thoroughly creatures of art. By examining closely the specimens in the Japanese ground, you will see traces of the dwarfing process. The leading shoots have been clipped, or bent downward; the lateral branches turned in and tied back; lusty limbs twisted and wrenched into quaint postures; marks of the torturing-pins, and bands and cuts are still observable; it is a crippled dwarf of a tree, made quaint and picturesque by its years of struggle against the toils of the gardener.

Is there a compensating beauty in them? Not, surely, as we reckon the beauty of plant-growth. But consider—that the Japanese, in their horticultural system, have offices for such dwarfed monarchs of trees to fill. With them, no homestead is complete without its garden; a few square rods may be all at command, but this area must have its garden treatment, and the gardens are modeled after nature. "*San-sui*" (mountain and water) is the term which in Japanese describes the gardeners' work. The aim is—within however limited an area—to present a complete landscape, with rock, valley, plain, water, and mountain. Under such miniature presentment, trees and plants must be dwarfed to bear proper relations to the dwarfed valleys and rocks. To such an extent is this copying of nature in little carried by enthusiastic gardeners that a rocky landscape, with its heights and level spaces and trees, is wrought out, with nice attention to proportions, within the limits of a great bronze basin. We doubt if gardeners of the West will emulate them in their mimicry of nature; but they may well emulate the painstaking skill which makes such small successes possible, and the assiduous care, and the close study of plant-life, which are enforced by such arts.

Whoever observes closely the treatment which the Japanese gardeners have given to the little area of ground about their building, must be struck by the easy and natural way in which they have adapted their approaches, and their slight show of planting, to the broken and uneven surface which they had at command. There is no labored leveling, no pretentious terracing, only a little deft dressing of unsightly scars, a trifling bit of leveling for a lily-patch, a twist of a walk or two, a planting of a screen, a few wooden steps where ascent might have been toilsome, a rude fountain basin, a few vases, and the equipment is complete.

Returning now for a moment to the Horticultural plateau, we find upon its western skirt, and at no great remove from the Woman's Pavilion, an elaborate little kiosk, of Moorish aspect, encircled by a flaunting array of sub-tropical plants. You would naturally suppose its office to be an important one, in connection with the administra-

tion of horticultural affairs. It is, however, nothing more than the showy and brilliant cover to an adroit advertisement of the Pacific Guano Company; and it will give some notion of the magnitude of these trade ventures, and appeals to public notice, when we say that this company has expended upon its kiosk and contents, and its surrounding plantations and their due keeping, some fifteen thousand dollars. The Company has undertaken the care of sundry adjacent parterres, where flowers and field crops—including cotton and tobacco—have been treated, in alternate rows, with the phosphatic salts they furnish—to give ocular demonstration of their efficacy. What the results may have been we cannot say; but within the kiosk is a most elaborate and interesting show of all forms of commercial phosphates, in all stages of progress, from the crude insoluble nugget of Sombrero, to the last and finest and most digestible of superphosphates. Many an American and foreigner will gain in this vicinity his first sight of the cotton plant in full boll; another exhibit of which, as well as of most other important "crop plants," has been, with wise foresight, established in the rear of the Government Building.

Nor is this the only thing that has been well done by those who have had the Government Exhibition in charge. No building upon the grounds will better repay a studious and careful examination of its various departments. There, under the wing of the Smithsonian Institute (which has a good civil service of its own) are to be seen—not only the fish exhibit, to which we have previously alluded, but all the game of our forests, and a marvelously full display of our mineral resources. Flanking this, and under direction of the Department of the Interior, appears the procession of our "century of inventions," the paraphernalia of our schools, the census diagrams, and graphic illustrations of our territorial surveys. The Agricultural exhibit is specially noticeable for its collection of our woods, and their capital arrangement. The United States postal system may here be studied in detail—even to the making of the postal envelope. The War and Navy Departments show such array of our destructive resources as quite delights the ingenuous, unsophisticated countryman. The Gatling gun, whose tremendous death-dealing capacity is made apparent by the handling of an adroit gunner, has always a gaping crowd about it; as does also the cartridge machine, whose murderous little cylinders take their last killing touches from the deft fingers of female operatives. Other curious ones hang about that triumph of automatic machinery which cuts, and folds, and pastes, and stamps, and bunches the postal envelopes—as one might say—at a blow. Others congregate with eager inquisition around the relics of Arctic voyages of exploration;—the Esquimaux trappings, the dogs, the battered weapons, the sledges, the log-book, and a score of minute objects fretted by long wear under that dreary Arctic sky, where so many brave fellows have lain down to their rest. Meantime the young lads of every visiting party will be intent upon the full-rigged model of gigantic proportions (for a model) of a first-class sloop of war; or that more gorgeous one of an old French or Spanish three-decker, with gilded, square-built poop and cumbrous enrichments.

There are interesting relics of General Washington,—of course scanned eagerly by every visitor,—including his battered camp-equipage and a well-used coat, buff waistcoat, and short-clothes. These latter might very discreetly have been hung in Memorial Hall, in close proximity with the startling exhibit of the father of his country emerging from the back of an eagle. No critical commentator could have spoken more incisively or eloquently about the merits of the memorial bust, than the old buff waistcoat and breeches!

Another curiosity of a somewhat remarkable character is exhibited under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, in the "collection to illustrate the animal resources of the United States." You are led on to it by quite careless and unsuspicious glances at numerous animal products; glue, implements fashioned of bone, of feathers, well-dressed hides of sundry ferocious animals; a beautifully tanned snake skin shaped into uncanny looking slippers; and there, beside them, is a stanch, well-sewed, ponderous pair of brogans made out of human skin! There is no mistake about it. They might be worn to-morrow by a base-ball player without a shock to his understanding. They are as positively real as the Rizpah picture in the French gallery,—and in much the same line of art. If not saintly relics, they are certainly *puritannic*.

Pursuing our leisurely observations under the roof of the Government Building, and scanning for the second or third time the very interesting show of forestry in the agri-

cultural department, our curiosity is piqued by a line of portraits hung over the office at the end of the building, beneath one or two of which we see the familiar names of Isaac Newton and of Watts. Quietly wondering if these portraits are really authentic, it suddenly dawns upon us that these historic names,—as well as the honored one of Edmund Burke,—have been held by successive administrators of our own Patent or Agricultural departments. Pondering on this odd coincidence, and the refreshing dignity it seems to give to that section of our administration, we find ourselves confronted by a sturdy, jaunty, well-dressed Scotch-Irishman, who has the air of being "very well acquent" with whatever is best worth knowing almost everywhere, and who, observing our puzzled regard of the pictures in question, volunteers relief:

"It's a verra gude portrait of ould Sir Isaac; but I dunna see Lard Bacon; yit he was a clever mon, and verra much given to experimints."

We shift our stand-point now to the vestibule of Memorial Hall. There is regal height and amplitude, but great poverty of color. This latter is all the more striking and provoking, since this regal antechamber is assigned to statuary that finds no relief against the bald white of the walls. Not only do the figures lose the effect which would be secured by shaded background, but there is absence of any systematic arrangement. Small and large, fanciful and severe, are grouped in promiscuous array around the hall, with a result that is very distracting. The rotunda, which is entered from the vestibule, is, at the first glance, very imposing, by reason of its stately proportions and its walls royally high. But, as your eye runs over the whited surface, and you begin to query, as one needs must, if the decorative features of corbels and cornice are of just proportions, you can hardly help feeling that there has been a lack of harmonious adjustment in details, and you get the impression of hastily executed work, and of one which, in its minor features at least, has not been elaborately wrought out.

Rich devices in color will undoubtedly do away with much of this effect, and perhaps establish the harmonies which seem lacking; but now a cruel whiteness reigns throughout the hall, which puts all the relief decoration at its worst. Yet the multitude of visitors agree in calling it a grand hall,—which it certainly is.

The white glare is even more afflictive in the rotunda than in the vestibule, by reason of the flood of light which pours down through the glazed dome; and the statuary with which the hall abounds is, for the most part, submitted to the same distracting contiguity with white wall-surfaces. The only painting in presence, with the exception of Stuart's Washington, is an astonishing allegorical work, elaborately framed, and set off with such hangings of drapery as to make the unreflecting observer believe that he has encountered a gem. The central object, and the one occupying the post of honor, is a *terra cotta* duplicate of Mr. John Bell's "America," of which the original sets off one of the angles of the terrace at the base of the Albert Memorial, in Hyde Park, London. It is a good thing in its place; and the *terra cotta* duplicate is good; but it does not belong in the central hall. It was designed for open air exposure, where people could see it at a good remove away, which never can be done here; nor, indeed, can any such aspect be gained as the sculptor had in mind. It is lifted upon a huge pedestal, which, with the *terra cotta* group it supports, makes a mass of portentous size. The great bulk dwarfs the height of the dome, interferes with the floor space, and nullifies one of the best effects which the rotunda was intended and fitted to make good. If, in place of this incumbrance, a half dozen of the best statues had been grouped upon a circular dais in the center of the hall, both architect and visitors would have been the gainers. As the matter stands, marbles are planted in pairs and in companies around the great pedestal of the "America," finding in this instance a happy chance relief against its darkened tint. Around the circuit of the walls are posed other marbles—statuettes, busts upon boxes, colossal figures, desks and stands of salespeople who offer photographs, catalogues, opera-glasses; the heterogeneous assemblage impressing one like the "huddled-up" arrangement of a great manufacturer of marbles, in which the individuality of no one figure has chance for thoughtful consideration. The reposeful and dignified air which should belong to a great gallery of statuary is certainly lacking. Some effects, by reason of ill-considered juxtaposition of figures, are quite comical. An attempt also on the part of some artists or their friends to secure special relief for their work, only emphasizes the motley of the array. A strong head of Mr. Evarts, mounted upon a box, has a cove-shaped little screen of dark drapery

behind it—giving the effect, from certain points of view, of a sharp-faced ancient lady, in an old-fashioned calash. Yet there are some nobly-wrought figures in this assemblage which will reward the search for them and bravely withstand the huddle of their surroundings.

From the hall, one passes to the left—to the domain of England and the United States, with a side-show of Spain and Sweden; and to the right, to the exhibits of France, Austria and Germany. The corridors of approach are too cramped for good view of the pictures which line them—even if these were not thronged the better part of every day with a surging crowd. This is all the more to be regretted, since the water-colors of England are in one of the corridors, and are deserving of careful study,—such study as can only be given at an early hour of the morning. The oil colorists have better treatment, and one may have full sway among the pictures which best express the vitality of British art to-day. It is the fashion to speak well of them; and, for courtesy's sake, it is a good fashion,—for the British, of all the nationalities, have most frankly and generously met the spirit of our endeavor to make exhibit of what the world was doing best.

There are good glimpses to be had, too, of older British art. Lawrence, and Wilkie, and West, and Haydon, and Constable, and Turner are to be seen fairly. Reynolds, also, is present in a superb portrait, which yet gives little indication of the masterful witchery of the "Strawberry Girl." Gainsborough is unfairly shown; and who sees this example only, will have little idea of the grace and sweetness and translucence which belong to his better work. Landseer has a pair of lion studies—studies only, but to us more expressive of the range and vigor of his talent than the more elaborate and studied examples of his which are shown elsewhere, in the same hall. Maclise's "Ghost Scene," if not his best work, is every way typical of the bent of his genius.

Near to this last hangs a large canvas of Frith, which always engages the attention of a crowd. It is the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales"; and apart from any special merit as a painting, would draw—as all marriage scenes do and will; then it is royal, and the Queen is there; and it is as real as laces, and fine dresses, and pretty faces can make it. Too pretty, and too fine, and too scenic perhaps to kindle any glow, and to inwrap our sympathies as if it were an actuality, in which we bore part; but what can an artist do with a royal wedding but to make it scenic? what else does anybody do with the arrangement of a wedding?

In another hall is Frith's "Railway Station." Here he has larger range, and is not cramped by ceremony, and shows greater cleverness. There is a female figure of his, too—Pamela, superlatively pretty, though something waxen, and—white as the hand of Cressida,

"In whose comparison all whites are ink."

There was surely never a face altogether like it; but then, there was never another Pamela. We cannot help thinking that the old book-seller Richardson would have delighted in it—that he would have caressed the painter for doing the fond fair so much honor—that he would have summoned all his gossiping spinster friends into his little back-shop to regale themselves with tea-drinking, and so sweet a vision of his charming Pamela!

There is a capital portrait by Sir Francis Grant, of his daughter—Mrs. Markham, full of a good healthy sort of realism; and Sir Francis is to be specially commended for showing how captivating a woman may be when clad only in a quiet, honest, homely, work-day dress. A small canvas of Mr. Millais' does not of itself explain to those who see him here for the first time, the great reputation he has so worthily gained.

Tadema is a favorite with all the dilettanti; and he is very Greek; the finesse and delicacy of his work are unsurpassable. There is no inexactness; everywhere, a firm touch, emboldened by most various and minute knowledge; but somehow his pictures (and we venture our lay opinion, most modestly) seem to us to lack *motif*—to fall short of a centralized and completed interest; graces and elegancies there are by troops, but no rally of them into battalions for pointed service; hence his pictures impress us as fragmentary,—as parts of something larger,—bits of richest mural decoration, if you please, whose whole is not formulated.

There are two charming pictures by Faed, with wonderful little children in them, that everybody must needs love to look upon. At one end of the longer British hall is a painting called "The Trawlers waiting for the Darkness," by Colin Hunter. There is not much in it that one can tamely write down, catalogue-wise. There is twilight;—dim, but very determinate lines of shore-

land;—water, that you may almost hear idly plashing against the dark sides of the old punt which waits the trawlers. But there is sentiment in it, as rounded and complete as in a good evening hymn. By steady onlook you find yourself all swathed in the quiet feeling of it, and forget the artist and his art in a rapt enjoyment of the soft rich glow of twilight. We should think there must be good work in it to win upon one so strangely and so strongly as it does,—engendering, as you look, such satisfying and luxurious and beguiling quietude of spirit, as you get from reading a sweet and tender poem.

Of a very different order, but nevertheless challenging very earnest regard, and much rampant criticism from the crowd of sightseers, is the Circe, and her Homeric miracle, by Rivière,—a picture which is more or less known by engravings. The bewitching daughter of the Sun would seem to have just wrought her charm upon the ill-fated companions of Ulysses, who, in the guise of a drove of swine, come toward her down the forest glade, with a lumpish and crowded eagerness. The Circe is all over Circe—beguiling, enticing and brimming with sorcery. The pigs are certainly not such as would take a premium at the Agricultural end of the fair; but, with their red scurfy skins, and leering swinish eyes, they are beastly—to a charm. Not a good thing to do, we should say; nor an inviting thing for the eye to dwell on—whether in boudoir or salon; but for all this, most rarely well done.

The critics commend warmly a great many of the Spanish paintings; but they strike us as things wrought out after conventional rules. It would seem as if they might have been painted two centuries ago, and as if the artists—whatever powers may belong to them—were beleaguered with traditions which forbade any sympathy with the art activities of our day and time.

Sweden and Norway, though not currently ranking with the more southern nationalities in art development, yet show such glimpses of murky birchen forests, and deep fjords, and cold glittering skies as give one vivid conceptions of the Norse country, and make good their lack of finesse by their bold seizure, and strong presentment, of what is most characteristic of the scenery of their northern land.

While in the western gallery, one should not miss the opportunity to look into the adjoining south-western pavilion, for a sight of the two or three mosaics which are set down in the catalogue as "a loan from the Pope." They are copies of Raphael's "Madonna della Seggiola;" another Madonna of Sasso Ferrato, and a Flower Piece.[1] They will give a hint to those who have not tired of the wealth of such things in Rome, of what may be done with such intractable material by great pains and groping labor. No examples of this art approaching these have heretofore been exhibited in this country; and they will far better reward examination than the stereotyped representations of the Roman Forum, and Aqueduct, and St. Peter's, and Campidoglio, which are the almost unvarying subjects of the commercial side of this art. A score or more of these latter—some of them of great magnitude and cost—are to be seen in the northern vestibule of the building. These evidence indeed, the same long siege of care and toil; there is rare mechanical adjustment of the vitreous bits of pigment; but the iteration of this ancient method and of these old subjects which has gone on now, for a century or more, is something wearisome. It would seem as if the Roman mosaicists, who have a pride in their art (and there surely are such), might take some new departure, and leaven their work with the vitality of fresh and original design.

The Florentines, with their *pietro duro*, are more wakeful to this necessity; and the old lilies and roses and other stereotyped prettinesses are giving way to quite new and most various work. We may note specially in instance of this, the beautiful water-fowl exhibited by Niccola Scarselli, of Florence, in the entrance hall of the Annex. Both plumage and tint are rendered in a way that is altogether remarkable.

The cheerful Pavilion which contains the Papal mosaics has also upon its walls, and included in the church loan, an exhibit of Roman tapestry—the Martyrdom of St. Agnes—which, it is hardly needful to say, suffers by comparison with the product of the Gobelin looms. Beyond these objects, this pavilion has little to claim notice; and would seem indeed to have been made the receptacle of a great variety of products. Besides a score or so of minor pieces of American statuary and bass-reliefs, there is a metal model of Independence Hall; various bits of stained glass, which by their disorderly assemblage give a most bizarre effect; and to crown the medley, a most astounding Cleopatra in marble.

A severe, but very decorous, exclusion of

one-fourth of all the paintings shown in the various United States galleries would have made the exhibit one of which Americans might have been far more proud, and one which would have given a more assured basis to our art status as compared with the other nationalities. As it is, we have entered the race handicapped with a great burden of slovenly and pretentious and inartistic work. We think that nine out of ten intelligent observers would agree in this estimation of our gross home exhibit; but we doubt if four out of ten could be brought to agree as to where the lines of exclusion should definitely be drawn. Nor do we intend to assume any such thankless task as to suggest them ourselves. We purpose, indeed, to evade any temptation to dally with such a topic, by marching boldly over to the eastern wing of the hall, and by giving a closing glance at what most centralizes attention in that quarter.

The two subjects which, beyond all question, engage most consideration, whether of artists or of the crowd, are the "Rizpah" of Georges Becker in the French gallery, and the "Catharine Cornaro" of Makart, in the Austrian gallery. Neither Germany nor Russia has anything to name beside them, as works of first-class importance.

The "Rizpah" cannot be fairly seen, by reason of the narrowness of the hall and the great vertical range of the canvas; yet crowds hover around it, drawn by its horrible fascination. Our readers know, or should know the story—being a good Biblical one, though having a French interpreter. King David, upon a time, had to do with certain malcontent Gibeonites, and to appease their wrath, he gave up to them (what they demanded) five of the dead Saul's grandsons, and two of Saul's sons, who were children of Rizpah. And the Gibeonites hanged them, and were appeased. But poor Rizpah, who could not save her sons from the cold diplomacy of David, or from the wrath of the Gibeonites, determined in her grief to find such bitter solace as she might in saving their stark bodies, and the bodies of their kinsmen, from the wild beasts and the vultures. So she took sackcloth and went to the high rock of Mount Gibeah where the bodies hung (four miles north from Jerusalem), and watched there, as she best might, through all the weary and blazing heats of the later Judean summer, and battled as she best might, after such weary waiting, against the foul birds and beasts.

Well, what rendering do we find in this work of art?

First,—seven stark, pinched, naked, brown, revolting corpses swaying upon a gibbet,* and backed by a gloomy, cavernous, Domdaniel sky. Next,—in the foreground, a gigantic woman, with full cheek, flashing eye, and fury in her face, theatrically posed, and with hand and arm like a smith's, extended backward; she holds a bludgeon, with which she threatens a huge vulture that comes swooping down, and is as melodramatic and as fine as she. The drawing we can believe to be wonderfully true and strong. We suspect there is no error in the tendons or the swellings of that arm; there is no lack of best possible balance in that pose; no flesh could be firmer than hers or more positive. We have no doubt that the swinging corpses have been studied to the tenseness of every stiffened and shrunken muscle in their bodies. They are horrible enough to be utterly true. And she, Rizpah, is a great, fine animal. She might have bounced with a war-whoop to such an attitude upon the boards of the best theater of the *Boulevard du Temple;* and she would have brought down the house.

But this great actress will never bring us to think that she is indeed the Rizpah of Judean story; the broken-hearted, haggard, famished, watching, grieving, desolate mother; overwhelmed with her sorrow, and cringing in her sackcloth upon the rock Gibeah, yet lifting from time to time her trembling withered hands, and her piercing, despairing outcry to fright away from the bodies of her dead boys the carrion messengers of the air.

We think the painting is untrue to Judean story, and untrue to nature. And notwithstanding its amazing cleverness, we believe it can prove no way helpful in furthering the aims of the best art culture.

The Austrian picture by Makart is of a different tone and intent. It is a huge canvas, with a score or more of life-size figures, and is a gorgeous miracle of color. The subject is "Venice doing homage to Catharine Cornaro." The date, doubtless 1489, when Catharine Cornaro, having been plausibly inveigled out of her kingdom of Cyprus, returned thence with a gallant convoy, and was received by the Seigneury, with such

* The later commentators say that the "hanging" was upon crosses,—was, in fact, crucifixion. But this reading would be quite too tame for the French treatment of the story.

fêtes and gifts as should make her forget the loss of her island kingdom, in taking the humbler position of daughter of the Republic. She was in the prime of life, childless and a widow, but possessing such attractions as made her, years after, the reigning toast among the gay young nobles who thronged to her country palace at Asolo. If the chroniclers tell truth, Makart had a right to make the Queen even more beautiful than he has done; and a Venetian festal reception of that day is warrant for very wantonness of color.

There are some slight lapses perhaps from correct drawing which would be hard to find in Becker; and the dog in the foreground is fearfully undog-like. But there is a brilliancy, and an audacity, and a riotous, strong hand, and fertile brain so rampant in it,—up and down,—that smaller blemishes are lost sight of, or not believed in. We doubt, somewhat, if it would bear full dissection as strict historic record; there may be archæologists who would detect anachronisms in it, just as the French masters might detect lapses in the drawing. But Makart is clearly a man who will not draw rein for slight obstructions; he will bound over them. If he cannot find the historic letter for a tunic, or a jewel, or a head gear, he will coin them. He will make light of lesser truths if he can compass the larger ones that revive and express the magnificence and splendor of the Venetian homage which was shown to the Queen, Cornaro.

There are all stamps of faces upon the canvas; but in Venice all nations met. There is wondrous gold cloth and brocade; but Venice was the *entrepôt* of all the richest stuffs, Saracenic or Christian. There is display of fruits that look as if they might have come from the sorceress Armida; but the Republic was even thus early as famous for its gardens as for its wealth.

It is not a pageant that, with our nineteenth century habits strong upon us, we can enter into with much zest; but it is a page torn from old chronicles of that city by the sea, and set before us in a blaze of splendor. We thank Herr Makart for such opportunity to forget ourselves in a royal revel of the past.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Wagner at Bayreuth.

In all the world, there is nothing so admirable as the power of an idea. The King and the Emperor, crowned with prerogatives and hedged about with dignities, make a grand display, and sit, perhaps, in fancied security; but it has often happened that an idea, exploded under them, or sent by a single voice to sap their thrones, has brought them to naught. At a time when papal Rome held the Christian world in its grasp, and dictated terms to the great powers of Europe, Luther was seized with an idea, and it bore him whithersoever it would. Nothing could suppress it or him; and the end was revolution in the great church, a hopeless schism, and our Protestant civilization. The little knot of antislavery agitators, so contemptible at first—laughed at, hooted at, spit upon, maligned, despised, hated, mobbed—had an idea which they pushed with zeal and persistency, until the system with which it was in antagonism tottered to its ruin.

A genuine idea—an idea that is germinal and vital—that is neither a kink nor a crotchet—is a first-class power; and there is no radical wrong—not even a conventional right—that can stand long against it. It is much less than a decade since George William Curtis uttered his protest on the subject of Civil Service Reform. He was not the first who had had convictions upon the subject—not the first who had talked about it, perhaps; but he was the first who entered upon a crusade on behalf of the idea that civil office is not the legitimate spoil of party warfare, and that it can never be made so without the consequences of official corruption and inefficient administration. It was a vital idea, but it was opposed to the political practice of the country, and to the personal and party interests of every man engaged in politics, from the President down to the most truculent ward politician. Yet, we have seen, during the past summer, two great political parties bowing to this idea—getting down on their knees to it—as one which they cannot possibly fight, whether they love it or not. It is one beyond the power of their machinations to kill; so they have adopted it, and seek to make political capital of that which will sweep their old capital out of existence, and introduce a benign revolution into public affairs.

It is not very many years since, in America, we began to hear of Richard Wagner. As a musician, he spoke in a new language, and nobody understood him. He was laughed at as an eccentric or a mountebank. The fact that the young King of Bavaria was his most devoted and loyal patron was taken as evidence of the royal imbecility. His work was scoffed at as "the music of the future," so persistently scoffed at, indeed, that his enemies are now "hedging" by calling themselves the prophets of his fame. Such, unwittingly, they were, in well-set and stereotyped forms of language. But within

recent years it began to be discovered that this musical madman had an idea; that the idea was germinal and vital; that there was a wonderful method in the madness, and that Richard Wagner was a great genius. Still, it is only within two or three years that he has found sympathetic interpreters in this country, and met with popular triumphs. To the credit of the musical taste of America be it said, however, that the great man's mastership was heartily acknowledged here before the triumph at Bayreuth. His victory was the easier, perhaps, in that our people were less settled than those of the old world in the conventional forms of musical expression. In other words, they had less to unlearn than those who knew more.

The future history of operatic art can only determine whether the changes which Wagner has introduced are revolutionary, or are simply in the line of development and supplement—whether his work is the outflowering of a tree, or a new planting. It may be that Wagner's voice is simply a declaration of independence on the part of German æsthetic and musical culture. The opera had its birth in Italy, and with only small modifications has, up to Wagner's time, been weakly imitated from Italy, not only in Germany, but in France and England. Although opera has flourished in all three of these countries, it has not been felt to be indigenous to either one of them. Italian opera was a genuine outgrowth of the national life and genius. Its genuineness, as such, has been the source of its strength everywhere; while German, English, and French opera have always been more or less at a discount. Has Wagner begun at the bottom to build German opera—opera that shall be as distinctly an outgrowth of the German national genius as Italian opera is of Italian genius? In the advancing history of music, are we to have like developments in France, England, Russia, America? Perhaps so. At least, a great step in advance has been taken; and scenic, poetical and musical art have been brought together so closely, and blended in such wonderful effects, that they seem not sisters, but the same. Royalty, nobility, poets, painters, masters in art of many names, have assembled to witness the great consummation, and render their homage to the consummate artist. The world is richer; and Herr Wagner can afford either to live or to die.

But we began this article to call attention more particularly to the moral lesson, or the lesson of life, conveyed by this great triumph. The power that rules the world is the power of ideas. Any man with genius enough to conceive a vital and germinal idea, and vitality enough to push it, is a master, sure of his triumph. He has that within him which gives a crowning significance to his life. To possess a great idea is to have a mission. It is to know what to do. It is to have a path and a goal. It is to have a perennial fountain of inspiration. It is to see always before one, not with the eye of faith but with open vision, a consummate triumph. The man who said he would rather be right than President, chose simply to be more powerful than President. Offices, positions, names—these are but shows. The men who have ideas are the masters of them all, and masters of their kind. The politician sneers at the idealist as long as he can, and then he turns and worships him. The conventionalist in art scoffs the innovator until the innovator's idea is embodied in some overwhelming form, and then he throws up his hat for him with the shouting multitude. Blessed are the men who have ideas. They are the movers of the world.

Country Homes.

We wonder if anybody knows how many country houses there are within fifty miles of New York, and owned by its citizens, that are offered for rent or for sale. We suppose no one does know either this or how many in addition their owners would be glad to part with. A New Yorker makes a pile of money, and then he begins to note the palaces that overlook the Hudson from their beautiful heights, and to long to give a kindred expression to the wealth he possesses. His family, long confined to their city residence, sympathize with him, and delight in the prospect of a country home. A site is bought, and the grading, fencing, tree-planting, and building commence. The new enterprise is in every way delightful; and for two years it goes on, in all its interesting details. The building introduces a new set of ideas, and a new kind of culture. There are books to be read, and plans to be discussed, and new furniture to buy, and visits to be made to the charmed spot, and the family never was so happy. At last, everything is ready, and the family, on some fresh June morning, take possession. Friends come in welcome throngs to see the new glory, and the host is never weary in showing them over the house and grounds. The first summer passes away delightfully, and the second is like unto it, save that the charm of novelty is somewhat worn away. The third season is entered upon courageously, but, at last, it begins to be discovered that the orange has been sucked and that the family would really like a little variety. They were formerly in the habit of going to Saratoga, the White Mountains, Long Branch, Niagara, or Lake George. The overtasked housekeeper of the city finds that her cares are continued through the summer, and she wishes she could have a little freedom. The daughters have no company except such as they can bring into the house by invitation; and social recreation can only be had at the cost of the father's purse and the mother's care.

To the average family, a fixed country home for the summer may possibly retain its attractions for five years—rarely longer. Then they are sick of it. Perhaps the head of the house can be there but little, and the women are left nearly alone. Perhaps there are burglars around, and then a sad farewell is given to peaceful sleep. Servants are away from their church and their companionships, and become discontented and difficult to keep. There are troubles connected with the marketing. Their old doctor is beyond call. Worse than all, hard times come, and the fortune, which was deemed so ample, shrinks

until the head of the house wishes from the bottom of his heart that his place were at the bottom of the sea, or that he could get his money back. They have all tried the experiment. They had a good time at the beginning of it, but what would they not give if their costly toy were well off their hands, and they were at liberty to run around among their old haunts, cut free from all household cares, fall in with the tides of society at the watering-places, see new sights, make new acquaintances, and go and come when they choose!

We suppose we have thus given substantially the history of more "country home" enterprises than can be counted. Up and down the Hudson, among the hills of New Jersey, out into Westchester County, over upon Long Island, there are parks and palaces, villas, cottages, and what not, that can be bought to-day for from twenty to sixty per cent. less than they cost, in any number. They are regarded as a burden by their owners, and a bore by the women who are obliged to pass their summers in them. Instead of their keeping a house in the country, the house keeps them. Instead of being masters and mistresses, they are slaves in a wearisome bondage. Happy the day when they can rent or sell, and once more be free to become summer vagabonds.

We were about to repeat "Punch's" advice to those proposing to be married—"Don't!"—to those who, owning a city home, are moved to build one in the country for their summer resort; but, on the whole, considering the times, we do not deem it necessary. The extravagant growth of country residences has been due mainly to a fictitious prosperity, or to suddenly acquired fortunes. The times of this prosperity—the times which produced these fortunes—are passed away. We have fallen back to humbler wants, and simpler tastes, with smaller means; and people are somewhat widely learning that, after all, there is a better way to pass a succession of summers than in one's own house. They are learning that the country home which they remember, where they, their fathers and perhaps their grandfathers were born, standing upon ancestral acres, is one thing, and that a gay palace, fitted up for summer use, that has never been hallowed by a birth or a burial, is quite another. The old associations find no foothold in rooms that are not wintered in, by happy firesides. They will not take root in the bare halls, the graveled walks, the velvet lawns, as the owners and temporary occupants find to their sorrow.

A little of the savage still lives in the best of us,—at least, so much as rejoices in the liberty of going and coming at will. About the easiest of our housekeeping there always clings a flavor of slavery; and to be obliged to go to a country home every year, and to take care of it,—to carry our burden through the year whether we desire to drop it or not,—is enough to make a housekeeper hate a country home; for it only continues, in a less convenient sphere, the torments and toils of her city life. So, to thousands of our citizens the temporary country home is—to use the slang of the street—"played out." The glamour which once invested it has faded off, and, in short,—it is "for sale." Homer Morgan can tell you all about it. He has a map of the grounds, a photograph of the house and stables, and a "last price." It is delightfully situated, five minutes from the train, ten minutes from church and post-office, has a charming neighborhood, is without mosquitoes, free from the shakes, is very desirable in every respect to a genteel family of means, and is to be sold only because the owner has no further use for it.

American Art.

One of the most notable facts connected with the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia is the universal devotion to the art galleries. Every day testifies of it, and every writer speaks of it. Whatever portion of the superb show may be neglected, or only thinly attended, the art galleries are always full. However rapidly other departments may be skimmed over, here the crowd lingers. It is the universal testimony, also, that this part of the exhibition is not in any way what could be desired. No country but England has made an attempt to show its best things. Everywhere, outside of the English pictures, respectable mediocrity is the rule, and commanding excellence the exception. Still, it is here, among the pictures and the statuary, that the great masses of visitors find their highest satisfactions, and the return for their fees of admission.

To those who have spent many days in the London National Gallery, in the galleries of the Louvre, in the halls of Dresden, in the palaces of Florence, and among the exhaustless art-treasures of Rome, the exhibition at Philadelphia can have only a subordinate interest. The poverty and the contrast must seem great, and, to an extent, painful; but to the majority of visitors, the present exhibition is the first of any magnitude they have ever seen. It is to them a superlative delight,—a revelation of achievements, the possibility of which they had never conceived. The wonders of the Main Building, of Machinery Hall, and of the minor collections, are all subordinate to those of the finer arts. The pictures have formed the central, dominant point of attraction, every day, from the beginning to the end.

Now, these facts mean a great deal with relation to the future of art in this country. They mean that there is an innate love of art—of the beautiful in picture and sculpture—in the average American, from which it only needs time and opportunity to reap grand harvests of achievement and appreciation. We can now perfectly understand Mr. Archer's statement, to which we have previously alluded in these columns, with regard to the effect upon English art and the English mind of the London Exhibition of 1851. It will be remembered that he attributed the great progress of art in that country during the last twenty-five years to that exhibition. The people went to studying art at once, so that art-schools were multiplied throughout the realm almost a hundred-fold. It is owing to that exhibition that England has been able to show us so much that is satisfactory at Philadelphia.

Like causes, under like conditions, produce like results; and we look forward upon the next quarter of a century to the only general movement in art that our young country has ever known. We are ready for it, and stimulus and direction have come just when we need it. Hitherto, our art has been desultory, patchy, and partial. The absence of life-schools has driven our artists all to landscape, or sent them abroad and kept them there. Figure-painting by artists who have always lived in America is almost unknown. For the growth of illustrated literature in this country, it has been next to impossible to find competent figure artists to draw upon the block. So this is one of the good results for which we confidently look:—a general development of art throughout the country, and the establishment of art schools of real excellence in all the American cities.

There must infallibly come, with the universal cultivation of art and the nourishment of the art feeling, a change in our industries, or, rather, a very broad enlargement of them. We are now manufacturers of hats, shoes, cotton cloth, iron, woolens, and a limited amount of silks for service,—of sewings more particularly. We can build ships, too, with sufficient motive, and machinery of all sorts, from a Waltham watch to the largest steam-engine; but of beautiful things we make very few, and these mainly in imitation of those which we import. Now, there is nothing in our national economy so desirable as the diversification of our industry. We see what other nations have done in the exhibition of the Main Building, and by trying hard we could probably imitate the products which so arouse our admiration. That, precisely, is what we do not want to do. That would never help us, except temporarily and in a mean way. It is curious to see how the people themselves, by a sort of blind instinct, have plunged to the bottom of the secret. There must be a cultivation of art from the beginning—there must be education in the perception and delineation of forms and the combination of colors, before we can hope to do any original work, in the way of making our own beautiful things. Our foreign cousins would send us new forms while we were imitating their old ones—new forms conceived in a fundamental knowledge of art to which we could lay no claim.

So, at the very basis of all the beautiful industries that are so desirable to us as a nation, there must be laid a popular knowledge of art. We must have drawing competently taught in our common schools, everywhere. We must have art schools for those who in the common schools have shown special gifts and adaptations for art. Thus, by beginning at the bottom, all those industries which involve the fine art element will naturally grow up among us, based upon our own designs. In truth, there is no other ground upon which these very desirable industries can be established; and we beg the American people to recognize the fact that the cultivation of art is to result in something far beyond the picture that hangs on the wall, and the statue that fills the niche;—it is to result in the profitable employment of hundreds of thousands of men and women in producing articles of ornament which we now import. Universal art cultivation is the soil from which will naturally and inevitably spring a thousand interests and industries that will minister to American prosperity, comfort, luxury, and refinement.

If any of our readers should ask us what we mean by this,—what industries would be developed by the general cultivation of art,—we have simply to refer him to the dinner-service from which he takes his food, after reading this article. There are ninety-nine chances in a hundred that it came from China or Europe; and we have simply to say that in either case there is no general knowledge of art in this country, sufficient to produce the decorations upon it. If it is French and expensive, American art has no more power to produce it than it has to produce the Chinese. We do not know enough to make these decorations, and if we could succeed in a clumsy imitation of them, we could design nothing new. This is an illustration simply. Our tables, our rooms, our wardrobes, abound in articles which we ought to make ourselves, but which we never can make until, by thorough instruction and patient practice, a great multitude of American men and women have become artists. It is this which gives the highest practical significance to the art exhibition at Philadelphia, and makes the public interest in it an era in the national life and development. To us it is the most hopeful and promising of all the possible results of the Great Exhibition.

THE OLD CABINET.

If there is anything salutary in the contemplation of virtue, the residents of New York must derive great benefit from the sight of so many good people from the interior, who include this city in their Centennial tour. You see them everywhere—in the horse-cars, on the sidewalk, at the places of amusement. You see them walking down the street, gazing into the shop windows "with examination," as George Eliot might say; sometimes in plain country garb; sometimes in Philadelphia "store-clothes;"—one young gentleman, we noticed, had taken pains to conform his costume to the strictest requirements of polite society, and so appeared on Broadway in a village-cut "swallow-tail," a little the worse for wear at the buttons. The appearance of persons from the interior in the streets of the metropolis was never a rare event; but never, perhaps, did the farming population swarm hitherward in such

numbers and variety. It gives one a new idea of the immense store-house of common-sense, and kindliness, and uncontamination, which exists far away from the too busy, too knowing, and too naughty centers of population. Doubtless, there is plenty of badness in agricultural life; doubtless, there are farmers who damp down their stale peas in order to give color to the lie that brings them a day nearer the vines; and the village primary has also its "manager;"—but, setting aside the debating society's arguments in favor of and against village life as opposed to city life, nobody can look at the faces of these family groups from the farms,—faces sometimes jovial and healthy, sometimes pinched and anxious,—without a feeling—tainted it may be with a touch of superiority and patronage—that these are good souls; men and women, girls and boys, who often think themselves extremely wicked, but who cannot possibly be so very wicked after all.

We trust that we are not deceived as to the goodness of these people. For more and more it becomes evident that the hope of the Republic is the personal virtue of its inhabitants. Such outside reforms—reforms of mere system—as that of the Civil Service, are chiefly valuable for their effect upon individual character. They are of great immediate importance in the conduct of public affairs and in the purification of politics; but they are of wider importance in educating the people toward a higher standard of honor. If men were as good as they ought to be, such legal checks and regulations as it is desired to institute would not be necessary; every one would act upon principle; no one would think of bestowing an office upon an incompetent person, and no person who felt himself incompetent would think of accepting an office; and especially would it be impossible for any one either to give or to take a public position merely as a reward for party services. Now, after you have succeeded by a new method of appointment in getting a good man into power, it will be of no avail if this good man degenerates in character, yields to temptation, and comes at last to administer a public office for a private purpose. Everything depends, it will be seen, upon his personal continuance in uprightness. And besides, supposing the country to be composed of two classes of citizens, those morally fit to hold office, let us say like General George Washington, and those morally unfit, let us say like General Benjamin F. Butler; it is manifestly in the interest of the country that the number of eligible citizens should be increased, and the number of ineligible citizens diminished. Therefore, every public device like Civil Service Reform is valuable, not only in its immediate effect, but more deeply and widely in its indirect and widely diffused moral effects. Therefore, it is absolutely and "practically" true and demonstrable, that whoever cultivates in himself and in his neighbor a keener and clearer moral sensitiveness, is, in fact, carrying on a reform, not only in the interest of spiritual and eternal things, but in the interest of the commonwealth.

To prove that this is not a merely sentimental view of the subject, but a "practical" and scientific view, let us cite so excellent an authority as Professor Huxley. Many of our readers will remember these words, which occur near the close of his recent address at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, as reported in the "Tribune:"

"You are undertaking the greatest political experiment that has ever been performed by any people whatever. You are at this present centenary a nation of 40,000,000 of people. At your next centenary, rational and probable expectation may look to see you 200,000,000, and you have before you the problem whether 200,000,000 of English-speaking, strong-willed people will be able to hold together under the form of republican institutions, and under the real despotism of universal suffrage; whether State rights will hold their own against the necessary centralization of a great nation, if it is to act as a whole, or whether centralization will gain the day without breaking down republican institutions. The territory you cover is as large as Europe, as diverse in climate as England and Spain, as France and Russia, and you have to see whether with the diversity of interests, mercantile and other, which arise under these circumstances, nationalities will be stronger than the tendency to separation; and as you grow, * * * the specter of pauperism will stalk among you, and you will be very unlike Europe if communism and socialism do not claim to be heard. I cannot imagine that any one should envy you this great destiny—for a great destiny it is to solve these problems some way or other. Great will be your honor, great will be your position, if you solve them righteously and honestly; great your shame and misery if you fail. But let me express my most strong conviction that the key to success, the essential condition to success, is one and one only; that it rests entirely upon the intellectual clearness and upon the moral worth of the individual citizen. Education cannot give intellectual clearness. It cannot give moral worth, but it may cherish them and bring them to the front; and in that sense, the university may be and ought to be the fortress of the higher life of the nation."

We wish that this view of the situation would take such hold upon certain good but indiscreet persons, that they would keep out of national politics altogether. Let them attend to their local political duties, by all means; but let them not use the eminence they have attained in pious pursuits to utter conspicuous nonsense regarding national parties and national candidates. A bishop of the church can generally serve the state much better in his legitimate calling, than in expressing his opinions concerning men and measures with which he is not thoroughly familiar. When a parson goes into politics, he turns from a shepherd into a sheep, too often with the wool pulled over his eyes.

Be it understood, that we do not for a moment deprecate the so-called impractical suggestions of outsiders as to political matters; or to the upholding by moral and religious teachers of the most strict ideal types of character and of action. This is one of the functions of the bishop and the doctor of divinity, and, in doing this, they are in no danger of making guys of themselves. Their danger lies in conspicuously "going for" certain party measures and party men, that tally, as they have been made to believe, with their ideals of character and of action.

Any one who thinks that the election of a President committed to Civil Service Reform will be the actual accomplishment of that reform, is sure to find himself grievously mistaken. The present system of politics, like the Roman Catholic faith and

ritual, is grounded deep in human nature. The scholar who has ever been in politics has made this valuable discovery, among others: he has discovered that the man who manages the primaries is not governed by a uniform series of selfish and corrupt motives. He has found that there is often as deep a conviction of the value of the party's principles as the politician is capable of; he finds him governed often by a generous sense of obligation to his fellow-workers; he finds that what is called bargain and sale, log-rolling, bribery, and corruption, does not look quite so base from a hard-working politician's inside view of the matter. He also finds that among the strongest motives in the breast of the strongest man in the 401st ward, is the natural one arising from the instinct of self-preservation; he finds the village postmaster very naturally working with all his might in order that their daily bread may not be taken away from his wife and children. It is a good thing for the outsider to go inside of politics, in order to make these discoveries. There are other edifying discoveries which the outsider may make. If he goes into politics as a reformer, he will find that his associates are quite willing to "fight fire with fire;" in other words, to "smash the ring," by putting respectable nonentities in nomination, chiefly because they will spend so many thousand dollars in "the legitimate work of the campaign."

And if the scholar finally leaves politics in disgust, he is likely to lay greater stress than ever upon those educational agencies, entirely outside politics, which look to the upholding of personal virtue and the reformation of the individual citizen.

THOSE who fear that religious faith and aspiration are in danger of dying out of the world before the breath of science, should read a volume of brief essays by George S. Merriam, just published under the title of "A Living Faith." * This is, indeed, a remarkable book. It has a deeper value than in its mere expression of opinion, as intelligent and important, and most timely as is the mere opinion. The especial and permanent value of the book lies in its insight, its spirituality, its steadfast, far-reaching hopefulness.

The title, "A Living Faith," gives in a word the main theme and the prevailing spirit of the book: a faith that is attained through action, through right living; a life which is animated by a profound and beneficent faith—a life in actual communion with the source of all life and of all good. Those who are at all familiar with the best modern writers on religious subjects, have noticed the stress laid upon that extraordinary announcement of Christ: "If any man will *do his will*, he shall know of the doctrine." A test like this, it is held, meets the demands even of an age of science. Insistence upon this point seems to be almost the "final word" in the new and more enlightened "Evidences of Christianity." The verification from experience is upheld by the present writer also. "Right living, in the fullest sense,—the spirit of love to God and love to man, carried into every relation of life,—brings the soul into such a state that it is sensitive to moral truth, and apprehends it as if by instinct." Again, "Our own apprehension of spiritual truth must be reached through our lives; we must go down into the deep experiences; we must *live* our way into truth through purity, through steadfastness, through holiness, through love. Spiritual truth requires of the student a harder discipline than science exacts of her followers. He who has yielded himself to that discipline, he who in his own life has reached and grasped the great spiritual realities in their certainty and their magnificence—he can give the teaching without which the interpretation of the material world leaves men hungry, orphaned, perishing." And again: "For every one tossed by the profound doubts which the intellectual life of this age has bred, the true deliverance lies here and here only. Not by study, not by philosophical research, but by a life of sympathy and helpfulness, of humility, of tender love and reverent aspiration, can we come to that knowledge of the true God which is life eternal."

There are many passages which we should be glad to quote, passages relating to character, to inspiration, the life of Christ, the relation of science to Christianity. With regard to the latter subject, we call attention especially to the chapter entitled "A Walk to Emmaus." In this, the author denies the truth of the current notion that the eclipse of faith at this time is due to the want of moral earnestness in leaders of thought. It is his belief, on the contrary, that the unsettling is largely owing to a special impulse of moral earnestness in the line of resolute truth-seeking. From the general searching and probing, religious belief is not exempt. Many earnest souls find themselves, meantime, in darkness and sorrow, like the disciples who mourned their slain Lord as they walked toward Emmaus. "Even so, when the Christ that now to some seems lost shall rise again and shine,—when, out of the confusion and conflict of a thousand creeds, there at last comes forth to all men's sight a belief worthy to be received,—the new shall be fairer, sweeter, more glorious than the old."

But we must close our extracts with one from the chapter on "The Revelation of Christ:" "We are more impressed by physical marvels than by the things of the inward man. But it is not in the miracles of Jesus that his highest greatness is found; it is in his character. That one should turn water into wine is far less great and significant than that one in the agonies of the cross should pray that his torturers may be forgiven." This whole chapter is one of great interest and importance.

The least satisfactory portions of the book seem to us those in which it is attempted to account for evil by comparing the Almighty, as the author of pestilence and pain, to a human father punishing his children for their good. Are the cases analagous? When a human parent inflicts punishment, or gives painful remedies, he acts from a beneficent motive, but he acts in accordance with laws for

*A Living Faith. By George S. Merriam. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Company.

which he is not responsible. The divine parent is supposed, on the other hand, to be responsible for the laws which make punishment and pain necessary. Is there any other way than to accept the existence of evil, in the economy of an all-merciful creator, as a spiritual fact which it is just as impossible for us to comprehend, at present, as it is for us to comprehend the physical fact of infinite space? We do not understand how a good God can permit evil; but neither do we understand infinite space—yet we know that the latter exists. So it may be possible for the spiritual anomaly to exist also. There is, to us at least, hope in the very comparison—and there is hope, also, in the faith and in the hopefulness and buoyancy of the greatest and best men of all times.

It is curious, not to say amusing, to see how people resent the introduction of the Jewish element into George Eliot's last great story. That the Jews killed Christ is the principal thing that many excellent Christians remember about that extraordinary race. They forget that the race also gave birth to Christ. That Christ should be killed by any people among whom he might appear was inevitable, and had to do with human nature at large. The exceptional and marvelous thing, speaking secularly, was his production. There can be no reply to the tremendous retort of the Israelite upon whom the Christian had spat—that half Christendom worship a Jew, and the other half a Jewess. Says Matthew Arnold: "As well imagine a man with a sense for sculpture not cultivating it by the help of the remains of Greek art, or a man with a sense for poetry not cultivating it by the help of Homer and Shakspeare, as a man with a sense for conduct not cultivating it by the help of the Bible!" "Greece was the lifter-up to the nations of the banner of art and science, as Israel was the lifter-up of the banner of righteousness."

The most important point in which George Eliot seems to have failed, in "Daniel Deronda," is the failure to make Mirah as attractive as it was evidently the author's intention to make her. She even uses endearing epithets with regard to her—but, as we think most readers feel, to no purpose. The little Cohens are rather a nuisance, moreover, and we wish the brats anywhere instead of at Deronda's wedding.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Letter to a Young Mother.

My dear ——: I was greatly interested in your letter, especially in what you had to say about the "new baby." But, I hardly know whether to be more amused or flattered at the idea of your asking *me* for advice about managing him—*me*, who consider myself an inexperienced young mother, too. Why, Mary is only six years old now. Yet, six years' experience is better than six months, and there may be something in your idea, that the mothers of grown-up children forget a little just what they did do, when their children were really "wee babies." And, to tell you the truth,—to whisper it between you and me,—*I* don't like to ask these old experienced housekeepers and mothers many questions. There is such a flavor of superior wisdom in their answers, *their* "doxy" is so unmistakably orthodoxy, and everybody else's "doxy," heterodoxy; and they don't agree among themselves, either. Mrs. Superior Wisdom will tell you that she always managed her babies *this* way, while Mrs. Selfcomplacency declares that she treated hers diametrically opposite, and "*my* children"—she says, with an unanswerable sniff and toss of the head—"turned out about as well as most people's children, after all."

The great fact which we are all apt to forget in talking about the management of children is, that no two babies are just alike, and what suits one case perfectly, will work mischief in another. As Mrs. Partington says: "There's as much difference in folks as in anybody," and babies are only "folks" just started.

You remember that old fellow we studied about at school, with his iron bedstead, who cut off the heads of those who were too long, and stretched out those who were too short? Well, don't try to bring up your baby after that fashion. It is worse than useless to have a set of inexorable rules. The rules should be made to fit the baby, not the baby the rules.

In the simple matter of putting baby to sleep, Mrs. Superior Wisdom will say in her lofty way: "I don't believe in rocking or cuddling babies at all; I always used to lay mine right down on the bed, and go away and leave them. If they cried, they might cry till they got tired." Now, Mrs. Superior Wisdom's children are what Grandmother Badger calls, "white, still children like dipped candles by natur'," with no more nerves than an oyster; of course, they would lie still and go to sleep,—they didn't want anything better. But with a child who inherits a nervous temperament, who is so wide-awake all over, that it is a slow process for muscles, and nerves, and brain to quiet themselves: sleep must be coaxed. I know all about it. Didn't I listen to Mrs. S. W., and out of the depths of my conscientious desire to be a Spartan, sensible mother, put my oldest baby to all manner of unnecessary misery? She was a nervous, excitable child,—now, if overtired, will lie broad awake for an hour or two in the middle of the night,—and I let her cry herself to sleep, well, more times than I shall another, if I have forty. And her poor father was insane enough to think he must "spat" her to make her stop crying

and go to sleep. "It was nothing but temper," he said, while I, poor misguided wretch, aided and abetted him! There ought to be a petition in the Litany,—"From all our negligences and ignorances, Good Lord, deliver our children!"

And then by way of contrast, is my baby, a serene little specimen of perfect health, who will be put into her bed wide-awake, and settle herself down in the pillows just as you or I would. But let me warn you against rockers. I have brought up two in a rocking-cradle, and one without, and I am decidedly "anti-rockers." You may say, that you don't rock the baby much, only "jog" him a little to keep him asleep. In a short time the young tyrant rather likes the "jogging" process and keeps awake to be rocked, and you wonder why the baby don't sleep nights. He wants to be rocked just as he is rocked in the day-time. "But how *do* you get them to sleep?" you ask.

First, see that they are well fed,—a half-satisfied stomach is a sure enemy to repose,—and warmly wrapped up, especially that the feet are warm, not hot or perspiring, and that the room is rather cool and darkened a little. Their brains and eyes need darkness just as ours do, and what refreshment do we get from sleeping with sunshine or lamp-light shining right into our faces? If it is evening, and you use your sleeping-room for your sitting and sewing-room, be sure that the air you've breathed all day is "let out" and fresh air "let in" before baby is put to bed for the night. Take him into another room, close the register, and open the windows and doors for ten minutes. By that time the air will be thoroughly changed. Then close the windows and open the register, and in a short time you can bring the little one back into a *fresh*, yet warm room. It would save many a restless night, if this simple rule were oftener observed.

All this granted; the matter is comparatively easy. If you nurse your baby, as I hope you do for your own comfort and his too, he will probably drop quietly asleep in your arms; if you feed him, then lay him gently down in his crib. If it is winter, have the pillow slightly warmed (not heated through and through before a hot register), but just enough to take off that unpleasant chill of cold cotton. He will probably nestle his little cheek into it and go right to sleep. If he cries a few minutes, don't mind it,—he will soon stop; but, if he screams violently and seems quite positive in his own mind that he don't like it, take him up and "cuddle" him to your warm cheek and rock him a few minutes (don't walk with him, out of regard to your own back, for he is growing heavier every day); "mother" him a little, and ten chances to one, the little head will drop softly down, the warm breath come steadily and regularly against your neck, and you will sit with the little form nestled close, and warm. Nobody but a mother knows just how sweet it is to have one's own baby calmly asleep in one's arms.

Now, all this seems like a great ado about nothing, perhaps, but when you think just what their sleep is to them, it is very important. They are in a new and wonderful existence; they are learning how to use their muscles, their eyes, and their ears; their little brains and nerves are taxed severely. They are not only keeping up the waste of their bodies as we do, but rapidly adding new material, in a few months doubling their weight. Now, their sleep renews their strength, especially keeps their brains and nervous systems from being overtaxed. A child that sleeps well is almost always a healthy child, and *vice versa*.

To get the full benefit of this sleep, they should have favorable conditions for it, warmth, quiet, darkness. They should not be permitted to be exhausted by excessive crying, nor disturbed by noise, but should be kept in a calm and comfortable state all over. Yet, I have heard mothers speak approvingly of putting their babies to sleep in the same room where they were talking over their sewing, and where other children were at play, and all the bustle and stir of three or four people busy at various occupations. "Oh! they get used to it, and it's so much *bother* to take them into another room!" A mother should not ask herself what is the easiest way to *get along* and have the most time for ruffling her dresses or making calls, or pickling and preserving, or scrubbing paint, but in what way she can give her little one the best start in life, and insure the harmonious development of all his powers and faculties. And several hours out of the twenty-four spent in healthful, restful sleep, will go a long way toward the "sound mind in a sound body," which you wish your child to possess when he grows up.

So you see there's a philosophy in baby's nap as well as in some other things. I believe that Sir Joshua Reynolds's motto applies to the case of children as well as to painting pictures: "God does not give excellence to man, save as the reward of labor." If you want to have healthy, well-developed children, it will be only by that wise attention to detail, which is the very soul of success in everything.

But I shall weary you with my "preachment." If you are not "talked to death," this time, I may write you again about baby's food and clothing, and half a dozen other things. Till then,

Yours affectionately,

MARY BLAKE.

Rural Topics.

STORING VEGETABLES.—By the middle of November, and in some sections a week or two earlier, garden vegetables have attained their full growth, and it is time to make preparations for their winter protection. In former years, when the laws of health were less understood than now, the dwelling-house cellar was, as a rule, turned into a pit for keeping all sorts of vegetables intended for use during the cold weather. Among the more intelligent, this plan is now very generally given up, and vegetables are now stored out-of-doors, so that, if they do decay through the winter or early spring months, the health of the inmates is not in danger from the breathing of impure air. Of late years there have been some improved methods of storing

vegetables put in practice by market gardeners, and some of these are worth knowing. These improved modes are less expensive, and more certain than the old-fashioned ways.

CELERY.—The plan of keeping celery in winter, now in general use by market gardeners near New York, and other large cities, is the best, cheapest, and most effectual of any method yet tested. When it is time to store the celery, a spot is chosen where there is a natural fall for the water. A trench is dug, running in the direction of the slope. This trench should be about fourteen inches deep, ten wide, the sides straight up and down, and as long as required. Celery will always keep better if dug before the outside leaves are at all injured by frost, and when put away in these trenches in good order, the loss from rot amounts to little or nothing. It is perfectly safe to dig and store celery away at any time from the first of November. If the weather is very mild, and no danger from frost, a couple of weeks later will answer very well; of course, one has always to be governed by circumstances in these matters, and the exact date cannot be given, for any wide range of country.

In digging the celery out of the rows, care should be taken not to break or bruise the outside leaves, and it is better to leave some soil attached to the roots. As soon as dug, it may be carried to the trench, and beginning on the upper or higher end, stand the celery in the trench, packed closely together, in the same position in which it grew.

The trench may be filled up in this way, and then some loose soil from either side may be drawn toward the celery and pressed lightly, so as to exclude the light and prevent the roots from drying out. Later in the season, as the weather grows colder, more soil should be drawn toward the celery, and pressed firmly from either side. Then cover over the tops with straw and long manure in bulk enough to keep the frost from the tops. Green celery put in trenches in this way will bleach in four weeks time. The front or lower point of such a trench can be opened in a few minutes in the most inclement weather, and celery taken out for use. This is decidedly the best and cheapest way of keeping celery, that market or private gardeners have fairly tried.

CABBAGES.—This vegetable, that now claims a position among the staples, is not as tender as celery, and may be left standing where it grows for three or four weeks later in the season, without any fear of injury from exposure to frost. Late in November, or through the early part of December, before the ground freezes up, cabbages may be pulled and sorted at the same time, that is, putting the solid and soft heads in separate rows, to be "heeled in" in different beds. When the pulling and sorting is finished, then smooth off a spot of ground six feet wide, and as long as needed. On this spot, that would be more desirable if a little higher than the surrounding, place the cabbages in rows running across, heads down, and close together, making the bed any desired length. Then, with a spade and a shovel, cover the cabbages over with about two inches in thickness of loose soil, taken from a narrow trench dug on the outside of the bed. It makes no difference how thin the covering of soil is, as long as there are none of the leaves left exposed. In a week or two it would be well to examine the beds, and throw on a few shovelfuls of soil here and there where it has settled, leaving part of the heads uncovered. When cabbages are wanted for use in the most severe weather, this thin covering of soil is easily broken and removed by blows from a pickax, the soil coming off in flakes, and the cabbages will be found to keep in very good condition. Cabbages are sometimes buried for winter use in single rows, throwing a furrow with a plow from either side toward the cabbages, and finishing with hoes, covering all the heads and part of the stalk. They will keep very well when buried in this way, but there is much more labor in putting them in, and a great deal more in taking them out, than by the other plan.

ROOTS.—These include turnips, carrots, beets, and parsnips, and they will keep equally well when properly pitted out-of-doors, and lose less by shrinkage, than if stored in a dry cellar. All of these roots may be harvested at any time in November, before cold weather sets in. If there is much of this sort of work to be done, it is better and a great saving of labor, to commence early while the weather is mild. Topping turnips, beets, or carrots in the garden or field in frosty weather is anything but pleasant. Within a few years, those who grow roots in a large way have hit upon a method that is cheap and rapid, reducing the expense from about seven cents to less than two cents per bushel. The roots are pulled and placed in rows, close together, the roots all in the same relative position. Then, with an ordinary case-knife, a man or boy goes along chopping off the tops without moving the roots from their position, doing more work in a day than four men could possibly do in the old-fashioned way of pulling the roots, and throwing them into heaps and afterward topping. In storing for winter consumption, select a high and naturally dry spot of ground, level off the surface six feet wide, and as long as needed for the quantity of roots to be put away. Haul them to this place, making the heap six feet wide at the base, and sloping the sides, and about four feet in height, when it should come to a point. In the latitude of New York, to protect such roots from frost will call for a covering of thirty inches of soil in thickness. In putting on this covering, conform to the outlines of the heap.

It is better to run these "root pits," as they are commonly called, east and west, and with very severe weather in midwinter, it may be found necessary to cover over the north side of the heap with long manure. All sorts of roots will keep better when the soil comes in direct contact with them; formerly, it was the general practice to put a covering of salt hay or straw over the heap before putting on the soil.

SPINACH.—Spinach seed that was sown in the early part of September will, or ought to, be full-

grown by the middle of November. Before cold weather, the part of such beds wanted for use in winter should be covered over thickly with straw or other litter, say an inch or so in thickness. This will protect the large outside leaves from injury. At any time through the winter, this hay or straw may be removed, and the spinach cut for use, a luxury that will compensate for the trifling trouble and expense.

PURE SEED.—Who that has had a garden and grown vegetables, but has time and again been disappointed, in getting old worthless seeds, or such as turn out untrue to name. There are a few leading sorts of vegetables that are indispensable in a kitchen-garden, and to have these fail is a serious matter. To avoid such failures, and always be sure of such crops, there is one measure which if put in practice is certain of success. This is at the time of gathering the crop to select a few of the best specimens of the different kinds, from which to raise seed the following spring. With the exception of parsnip seed, these are good for terms of from two to ten years, if properly kept. By following a plan of growing two or three kinds of seed each year, a supply can be kept up at a small outlay. In this way the constant annoyance and loss resulting from sowing seeds not true to name can easily be avoided.

TENDER RASPBERRIES.—Some of the very best varieties of our raspberries are tender, and the canes will not stand exposure of a northern winter. Such have to be laid down and covered over with a couple of inches in thickness of soil. Among a few of the sorts that need this kind of protection are the North River Antwerp, Franconia, and Brinkle's Orange. The old or bearing canes are first cut out. Then the young canes, the growth of this year, and the bearing ones of next are bent over in the line of the rows, and kept in position by a covering of about two inches of soil. The main feature is to prevent the alternate freezing and thawing so hurtful to a large class of plants that come under the heading of half hardy.

P. T. Q.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda."*

THERE are books which can only be measured by the largest standard,—books, in reviewing which one must have recourse to the broadest and most fundamental principles of literary art, and which furnish us large and definite conclusions in regard to the general tendencies of current literary history. Such a work is George Eliot's new novel. "Adam Bede," "Romola," "Daniel Deronda," mark three stages in the development of the most remarkable genius in the literature of our generation. Certainly the latest of these works falls no whit behind the greatest of its predecessors. It is the fullest and broadest expression that the spirit of this age has found in literature.

To say that a work is in form and spirit the outgrowth of its own age, is a guarantee of its originality. It is in periods of feebleness that literature copies the modes of the ages before. Weaklings think a path sanctified because it has become a rut. The true artist takes the world at first hand, and looks the universe frankly in the face for himself. Shakspere would not be bound by the fashions and rules of the Greek drama,—he preferred the living England of Elizabeth and James to the dead Greece of Pericles. Milton is of the very core of Cromwell's Commonwealth. No work can be immortal and universal that has not in its origin something local and temporary. Every true literary artist gives voice to some fraction of his time. Byron and Keble had each a constituency in the same generation. It is only the writer of the first rank who is able to weave the discordant notes of an age into a harmony, who is able, by subtile sympathy and comprehensive culture, to enter into the most contradictory emotions, to appreciate the most contrary tendencies, and to see the most opposite phases of life. This range belongs pre-eminently to Shakspere; it is found in a less degree in Goethe; in its analytical form it showed itself in the criticisms of Sainte-Beuve. Among living writers, its largest manifestation is in George Eliot. She will probably be considered by posterity the greatest writer of our generation; she is certainly the broadest. Intensely English as are the traits of her genius in general, there is absolutely no bigotry of nationality, race, or religion in her work. To write with sympathetic zest of Jewish life, as she does here, requires, not alone careful and exhaustive study, but a broadly human spirit, a penetration and a dramatic sympathy simply wonderful. To make the interest of a story center in Jews, to depict Jewish life in its noblest aspects, for readers to whom the thought of a Jew is inseparably associated with a trade in old clothes and a genius for swindling, evinced courage, no doubt; but to do all this with success, to compel in English and American readers an enthusiastic interest in the character and fortunes of Daniel, and Mordecai, and Mirah, is a task more arduous than even the production of historical close study, such as "Romola,"—for the Jews of to-day are farther away than the Florentines of the days of the Medici.

There is, in the highest art, a self-abnegation which bears a strong family likeness to the self-denial by which the highest results in morals are attained.

* Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers.

How scrupulously does George Eliot reject the slightest exaggeration or distortion of character! The glamour—the eye-witchery—by which much of the success of Dickens was won is utterly eschewed. One sees real life in Dickens much as one recognizes one's friend in his distorted and colossal shadow profile on the wall. George Eliot is of this age,—analytical, severe, scientific,—she will study none but real people; she will weave her plot of such happenings as one finds in real life; she will mold her heroes of the same clay with the rest of us, and the whole shall be governed by the inexorable laws and limitations that rule and bind us real men and women. A difficult undertaking, no doubt.

The realism of Thackeray is a little depressing. "Let us have no more heroes," the author of "Vanity Fair" would say. And no doubt the world is tired of the heroic school of Sir Walter Scott,—as tired as the Spanish, in the time of Cervantes, were of knights-errant. But is there, then, no heroism in life? Must we sink into the reaction of cheerful cynicism with Thackeray, and agree, once for all, that there is nothing better than a moral mediocrity in the world, and that there shall be nothing higher than moral mediocrity in art? Such despondency is the death of all lofty aspiration, for when there is no high ideal in art, there is none in life. In "Middlemarch," George Eliot seemed to have been carried too far by this reaction against the heroic. That story was the epic of failure, wherein a severe and scrupulous realism appeared sometimes to get the better of high imagination. But of what use is the poetic imagination if art may not depict the highest possibilities? Never were the actual and the ideal kept in a more exact and just equilibrium than in the present story. These people are so real that one can any day hear discussions of their qualities as of actual acquaintances; readers are by no means agreed in their valuation of Gwendolen; each sees her from his own stand-point, such is the relief in which she stands. In this regard, George Eliot's work is more comparable to statuary than to painting. But it is not statuary either,—these people do not stand; they are not fixed; they move, they change, they develop, like living people. Not only is one's acquaintance with them progressive as in real life, but the people themselves are progressive. Gwendolen Harleth, after she passes through her last transformation, and writes her pathetic letter to Deronda on his wedding-day, is not at all the Gwendolen that stood over the gaming-table at Leubronn. But the metamorphosis is a natural one; the consistency of her character is never broken. The possibility of the later Gwendolen is in the former. Given such a character, acted on by such forces, and the process and result might be formulated, if there were not a small margin of free choice in men to produce an element of doubt. This strict loyalty to the laws of life and character are nowhere in literature so strongly marked as in George Eliot. Here again she is the exponent, so far as literary art goes, of her age. It is the method of our time,—the scientific method applied to literature.

The plot is unsymmetrical, and not well carried out, urge some critics of great respectability. George Eliot's plots are by no means the best part of our author's work. But in the matter of symmetry they are hardly to be judged by conventional notions. George Eliot neglects the symmetry of the plot as Shakspere violates the dramatic unities,—because she purposes something else. The plot of this novel, for instance, does not lie chiefly in the happenings *about* the characters, but in the happenings *in* them. The drowning off Genoa is a trifle compared with the remorse it occasions, and the results in character which that purifying remorse brings about. The outer plot is but accessory to the grand drama which goes on within the souls of George Eliot's people. This drowning of a prominent personage is not told at all by the novelist in her own person. The reader only hears it from those who saw it. It would be a capital event with the Charles Reades and Wilkie Collinses. Here it is subsidiary.

As always with a novel of George Eliot, there is much debate in regard to the denouement. It is not a great outcome, this marriage with a sweet-spirited Jewess, and this departure upon a mission that seems visionary enough to unsympathizing Gentiles. But the mating is a very natural one for a man of Deronda's characteristics, and any "mission" would, perhaps, seem visionary to a busy and self-seeking age. We wish, however, that Deronda's purposes had been made a little more clear. One can comprehend the practical philanthropy of such a Jew as Sir Moses Montefiore. But Mordecai and Deronda seem, sometimes, to "read the world backward like a Hebrew book." It is said that the approach to the ending is not artistic. There are no surprises. The denouement dawns on you by degrees. A series of powerful scenes—the disclosure of Deronda's race in the interview with his mother, the quarrel of Mirah with Hans, the interview between Daniel and Hans, all lead steadily up to the inevitable termination. And there is no grand finale to the love affair. Deronda's proposition of marriage is characteristically made in the most unselfish form. Then the story goes off to the settlement of Gwendolen, the relations of whose life with Deronda's have been entirely of the psychological kind. The end does not quite satisfy the reader's wishes. But it is the fault of the *genre*, rather than of the author. In a novel which cherishes verisimilitude, the interest of which is almost wholly moral, one cannot have the grand tableaux with red lights at the last.

A nobler character than Deronda, modern literature has not produced. His greatness is not in what he does,—he does but little; his achievement lies in his being what he is,—in his persistent choice of the highest motive. He is a hero, whose fields of battle are chiefly within, and whose exploits are primarily spiritual. The hero of the old classics is a man who acts in direct lines. But life in our times is intricate, motives are complex. Hence the use of the analytic method in narrative composition. It is easy to conceive and to describe angelic character such as the stock-hero of a novel is outfitted with. But the hard road of steadfast and noble human endeavor that Daniel Deronda travels is something very different.

This story is better as a story than "Middlemarch." The main current of the narrative in that is sometimes lost in a throng of interesting, but subordinate, characters. In this, the story flows majestically, but steadily, on from the first,—there are no eddies.

It would seem, however, that the massiveness of George Eliot's style is inconsistent with lightness. She never plays with her subject. The railing pleasantry in which Thackeray says his most profound things is impossible to George Eliot. Humor she has, broad and exquisite, but subterranean. Of playfulness, lightness, gayety, there is none. Sometimes it is present in her people, but it is a feat of sympathetic feeling. And the people with the most playfulnesss are less distinctly drawn than the others. Hans Meyrick is a vague and shadowy sketch, while his sisters, who are far less prominent, stand out with that relief and individuality that the author knows so well how to produce with a few strokes. George Eliot sees life too largely and too seriously to be playful. The movement of her style is that of the broad, steady current of the Ohio, full of majesty, but with few ripples.

We are not of those who insist on ranking George Eliot with Shakspere. There is not distance enough for such a comparison. We who are under the shadow of a mountain cannot judge of its relative height. It is enough for us to know that we have to do with one who must have place among the primates in literary classification. We have here also, no doubt, the highest development so far of English prose fiction. And it is not often in the world's history that realism so severe and truthful is united with the most poetic idealism, that the æsthetic conscience of the Greek is wedded to the loftiest moral aspiration, that the power of deep and strong passion is held in abeyance by the strictest self-repression.

Hardy's "The Hand of Ethelberta."*

A NEW volume in the Leisure Hour Series, issued by their well-known and enterprising publishers, is from the fertile hand of Thomas Hardy, the author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," and several other novels which may be said to have been successes. Perhaps among these, "Far from the Madding Crowd" has been more commented upon than any of his previous books, whether from the popular vein in which the title itself is conceived, or because its scenes are really laid in out-of-the-way and therefore interesting places. Mr. Black's "Princess of Thule" is an instance of another novel which owed its success very greatly to the unusual setting, although it must be remembered that the provincials in the latter book have not been accused of improbability to the extent suffered at the hands of critics by Mr. Hardy's sheep-raisers and woman-farmers. Mr. Black made a great hit with his maid of *ultima Thule*, and her fascinating way of saying "I wass"; but his next book "Three Feathers," coming much nearer home, although still remaining at the respectful distance from London which Wales affords, fell much below the mark at which more fastidious novel-readers had placed him. So Mr. Hardy was eminently the successful novelist of the season with his "Far from the Madding Crowd," but now that he comes nearer to London, and indeed figures in and close to the metropolis, we are forced to say that he too has dropped below high water mark. It will be remembered that part of the attraction of his former book was the peculiar dialect and the startling remarks his country people gave utterance to,—apparently a style of conversation being in use there which is nearer to that of clowns and plebeians in Shakspere's plays than anything else. Whether this was quite true to life or not made very little difference, because the book was in itself otherwise pleasing, and the plot moved on easily without undue complexity. In the beginning, and again more feebly at the end, of "The Hand of Ethelberta," this kind of stage dialogue goes on between a hostler and a milkman, but without the requisite setting.

Ethelberta herself is said to be beautiful and charming, and indeed, during the course of the novel, that is one of the impressions she makes. But the other impression is a most repulsive one. She is really calculating, and hard as the nether millstone; though it is by no means likely that Mr. Hardy intended to make her so. As in most English books, the race for a husband, with the article of true love much mentioned, but really of infinitely small account, is painfully evident in almost all the women characters. Ethelberta is too ambitious to care much for a husband as a husband; but she makes it her life-work to get married, and apparently takes Lord Mountclere less for the purpose of helping her poor family than as a personal move resulting from the discovery that she cannot really love any one. Her feeling for Julian is too shadowy to be called love; it never amounts to more than a certain preference for him over others, when she considers that absorbing question: on whom to bestow her hand.

Hardy's strength lies in isolated observations, which, coming suddenly upon the reader, surprise by their novelty and fresh accuracy. In other respects there is lack of grasp, of organized plot, of the faculty to please, or to draw pleasing pictures; and there is a superabundance of padding. The trip by sea, which the brothers of Lord Mountclere and Ethelberta take together, in order to prevent the marriage, is entirely unnecessary to the plot, and has for an excuse simply the treatment of the sea-coast and storm. Nothing comes of it of any importance; for a delayed train would have got them too late for the wedding just as well. But in it occurs this little touch, independent of everything related to the story, which will furnish an example of Hardy's best point:

"The boatmen retired to their position under the wall, to lounge again in silence. Conversation was not considered necessary; *their sense of each other formed a kind of conversation.*"

* The Hand of Ethelberta. By Thomas Hardy. Henry Holt & Co. New York.

So in the very disagreeable episode of Picotee's first attachment to Julian, there is a long scene of her lingering about on an over-flooded highway, in the rain, hoping to catch a sight of him, while two other very subordinate characters have a great deal to say and do in a deserted house near by, where they have taken shelter from the rain, and whence they perceive Picotee's evolutions.

From an artistic stand-point Hardy does not understand contrasts. His colors are crude and badly arranged. The combination of butler and noble lord is not pleasing; nor is the situation agreeable where Ethelberta goes to a great dinner, at which her father is serving in his legitimate capacity. Perhaps a stronger artist could so subordinate these contrasts that the effect would be good; but Hardy does not. And that brings us to his literary stand-point. It is impossible not to see a great deal of real cleverness in his works, but equally impossible not to feel his youthfulness. All his books are tentative, after the manner of a beginner. But a man can hardly be called a beginner who has written so many novels as this author has. We can only hope that his present style of hasty work is not doing him harm; that his genius is real, and that he only needs to write off the first froth to prove his later novels as clear wine as they bade fair to be at first.

Mrs. Dodge's "Theophilus and Others."*

THAT class of writers known to the world as "professional humorists" will do well to read and ponder Mrs. Dodge's book. It is brimful of the most unintentional humor. The bright and genial flow is exquisitely natural. One never hears the stroke of the pump. And yet, withal, as in all genuine humor (we are not now thinking of burlesque), the veins of pathos lie near the surface and twine in and out among the jets of gleaming fun. This is a book to refresh oneself with when life seems sordid, mean, and selfish. For the writer looks at everyday's concerns with honest and kindly eyes, as well as with a keen sense of the humorous. She makes the reader think well of all mankind, despite its follies.

"Theophilus" is the head of the household. The "Others," are the children, friends, chance acquaintances, and various subjects which fall naturally into the train of thought suggested in such a bright family. Many of the papers which form the separate chapters of the book have appeared before in various current publications. Of these, the ingenious essay on "The Insanity of Cain" will probably be recollected by many readers as a masterpiece in its way. It is a satire, but a satire so deftly managed that it shines with real fun, while it cuts deep into the thoughts and motives of men. A mock plea for one who has slain his brother, must needs satirize the humbug of "emotional insanity," of which we hear so much nowadays. It is a fact that one of our religious newspapers gravely rebuked the writer for what the critic regarded a sentimental but serious defense of crime! The views of "Miss Malony on the Chinese Question" is another favorite, and has been so widely circulated, read, quoted, and reproduced in various forms, that many people will be half-surprised to find it here. Like many popular creations, "Miss Malony" has absorbed so much attention that the friend who introduced her to us has escaped responsibility. The unconscious humor of a character was never more happily expressed than in this self-drawn image of Miss Kitty's, in her complaining tale of her troubles. Another phase of domestic life is shown in "Our Aggy," in which a laudable desire to create a useful servant out of a compound of African ignorance, mischief, and simplicity, is brightly and comically described.

Quite unlike these, so unlike that we wonder that they came from the same pen, are one or two graceful and pathetic sketches, of which we must particularly mention, "What a Little Song can do." It is not possible that anybody can read this charming chapter without being moved by it. Another sketch, "The Spirit of the Waterfall," is capitally done; and, we should say, shows Mrs. Dodge in her happiest vein, though doubtless the author would herself hesitate to approve such a judgment. Of the whole work, it may honestly be said that it is absolute in its originality. There is a delightful freshness on every page; and though there may really be nothing new under the sun, Mrs. Dodge's admirable work shows that there are many new ways of looking at things old.

French and German Books.

La Marquise de Lucillière. Hector Malot. New York: Christern, 77 University Place.—In this, the second novel of a series called "L'Auberge Du Monde," of which the first was mentioned some months ago, we discover that M. Malot carries his figures along pretty well, considering the trying ordeal. The American Colonel Chamberlain of fabulous wealth forsakes his little cousin Theresa for the meretricious attractions of Madame de Lucillière, and the book is devoted to his adventures with her. All the circle into which she introduces him are represented as corrupt, and solely occupied in satisfying their own desires. Englishman, German, Italian, it is all the same. The Lucillières are of old French stock, but their utter carelessness of anything but their own comforts, their perfect skepticism, make them ready to lend their old name to the charlatans of the late empire. The Marquise manages her adventure with Chamberlain with extraordinary dexterity, and is the only one of all the aspirants to that honor who succeeds in fleecing him of large sums of money. Perhaps the most virulent satire on Parisians lies in the evident hint that the Marquis encourages the love affair with his wife in order to get the support of Chamberlain's fortune in his very questionable management of a large stud of race-horses. The two men who are trying to get the rich American to

* Theophilus and Others. By Mary Mapes Dodge, Author of "The Silver Skates," "Rhymes and Jingles," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

marry their daughters manage to lay the proof of the Marquise's infidelity to her lover before his eyes, and he breaks off. The next volume will treat of the two beauties, German and Italian, whose fathers have resolved to get Chamberlain for a son-in-law, while the fourth will finish the series under the title of "Thérèse," that being the name of the hero's little working-girl cousin whom he has neglected for persons of "high life." Doubtless the maneuvers of the two fathers in "Ida et Carmelita" will be very ingenious.

Malot appears to go over a great deal of ground, and may be accused of some baldness in style. His manner, however, is plainly the kind liked by inveterate novel-readers, being quick and spicy, without much depth. There is plenty of satire of the bitterest kind, without ill-nature, and the portraits of fashionable Parisians seem even more vindictive than those of other nationalities. In the way of cleverness and ruse, however, the French characters bear away the prize. As to Americans, the character of Chamberlain is a straightforward and generous one, while a certain Miss Wright appears now and then, only to show herself absorbed in one idea, —that of getting stout. This is a characteristic hit. Frenchmen maintain that American women have faces, but no figures.

Grössenwahn. Vier Kapitel aus der Geschichte menschlicher Narrheit. Johannes Scherr. New York: L. W. Schmidt.

From his position as a Swiss, Johannes Scherr can afford to be an independent, after a fashion not to be found among Germans of the new Empire. But his Swiss citizenship, so far from making him less German, appears to infuse him with all the coarse vigor and double-fisted strength of diction of the most Teutonic burghers or boors. His books are exciting to read, being very much after the manner of Carlyle, violent, partisan, picturesque, scornful, and composed in a rugged style borrowed from the lips of the people. He delights in thoroughly German idioms of the most pronounced kind, and willingly assumes the offensive against all critics, past, present, or to come. This is from his preface:

"Haven't I gone my own way in literature, though! Never have I asked advice from the tone-givers of daily fashions, or the Pythonesses of the tea-kettle tripods, nor have I written for the benefit of the learned Upper, nor the pedantic Lower Borneo, neither for the uncritical mob nor *blasés* epicureans. In all that I wrote, I only had my people in sight, that is to say, all men and women, German in head and heart. I am—why should I not say it? it is the truth—read and understood as far as Germans dwell across the globe. * * * Such fellows of the chance crowd [his critics], one must leave to perish in their obscurity, without giving them even the honor of a naming. But, as far as the black grunters and red barkers are concerned, bah! who would expect from such beasts anything else but grunts and barks?"

From this it appears that we are not to expect angelic gentleness from the pen of Herr Scherr. And, indeed, we do not. Vigor is his law, and his maxim is, that a book must be worthless that has not plenty of enemies. Hence, the present one may be earnestly recommended to those who like lively reading, such as Carlyle has treated us to. The four "chapters" dwell upon most curious and absorbing topics in themselves; the first being the history of a band of fanatics in Germany at the beginning of the last century; and, the second, the strange proceedings of the Anabaptists in Münster, about the middle of the sixteenth century, when a communism, a patriarchal government, and finally a despotism, played their parts in a besieged city. The third story relates of another religious impostor, a young girl who had herself crucified near Zurich, in imitation of Christ, as lately as the year 1823. Finally, the fourth chapter of human folly describes graphically the performances of the Parisian communists at the close of the late Franco-German war with such bitter comments and violent scorn as the writer likes to pour out when treating such subjects. Between these dreadful scenes of blood, deception, and fanaticism, are shorter pieces which the author intends to apply to the reader's mind as humorous reliefs to the strain of horror, somewhat after the manner, it is presumable, of the horse-play in Shakspere's tragedies. But Scherr is no Shakspere, not even a Carlyle, however good his work may be from some exceptional points of view. His humor is naturally heavy, and apt to degenerate into the hopeless ferocity of the author of "Shooting Niagara —and After?" He talks of the *Verschweinten Staaten* of Europe, meaning,the *Vereinigten*. But, on the other hand, he is fresh and fearless in a most gratifying degree. His tartness is that of a sound sour apple. He does not hesitate to fall tooth and nail upon the great Goethe for failings which he ascribes to him—the great Goethe, whom to consider an immaculate pyramid of literature is your ordinary German's creed! He gives no quarter to priests, ignorance, or the communistic theory of eating what you have not earned, and if he does not quite act up to the Irishman's motto, "When you see a head, hit it," yet it must be confessed that he sees plenty of heads which require breaking. His book will repay reading through its suggestiveness.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

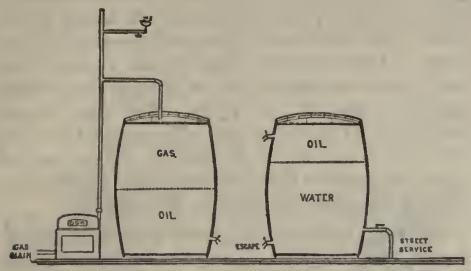
The Chromotype.

THE new and interesting process in the art of photography is sometimes called the improved carbon process. In the ordinary colored or painted photograph the colors mar or obscure the photograph. The new process follows the usual carbon methods and formulæ in part, the difference being mainly in mechanical details and in the use of new coloring pigments. Sheets of paper are first covered with gelatine, precisely as in the carbon process, care being taken to use carbons and other pigments so finely ground that they may be mechanically suspended in the gelatine. When finished, these sheets are sensitized by a solution, containing 3 per cent. of bichromate of potash, and hung in a dark room to dry. The sensitive paper may be then exposed under negatives, for printing in the usual way, care being taken to determine the time of exposure by photometric measurement. At this point the new features of the process begin. Plates of opal glass are then covered with wax by dissolving wax in benzole, and flowing the solution over the glass when the benzole evaporates, leaving a film of wax adhering to the glass. Neutral collodion made of 174 grams (6 oz.) ether, 174 grams (6 oz.) alcohol, and 3 cubic centimeters (1 drachm) pyroxyline (gun-cotton) is then flowed over the waxed glass, and when the collodion film is dry, the plate of glass is laid with the film uppermost in water, at ordinary temperatures. The carbon print is then floated over this, with the sensitive side down, and the glass is gently raised so as to lift the print out of the water. Gentle pressure is then applied to the back of the paper to cause it to cling to the glass. The opal plate and the print are then immersed in water ranging from 83° to 100° Fahr. The paper soon becomes loose and may be pulled off, leaving the tissue on the glass, and the development of the image proceeds in the water. To check the development the plate may be removed to cold water, about 50° Fahr. This gives the operator a wide range in printing, and enables him to easily correct any defects in exposure. When the desired definition is obtained, a solution of alum is flowed over the plate, and the work is secure.

At this stage the chromotype coloring process begins. Soluble transparent colors are prepared, the preference being given to clear, fine tints, instead of opaque colors. These various colors, flesh tints, colors of fabrics, etc., are laid with a brush on the film that is secured to the opal glass, and on the back of the picture. No special skill is here needed, as there is no shading, and the pigments are simply laid evenly over the places where the color is to appear. When all the tints are thus roughly put in, the picture is laid in water as before, and a sheet of non-sensitive gelatine paper is floated over it. On lifting the plate, the paper is raised with it, and the two are pressed together, and then left to dry overnight. When dry, the edges of the print are cut, and the paper with the carbon tissue adhering to it is easily peeled from the glass. It may be here noticed that the wax serves to prevent the tissue from sticking to the glass. The picture has now a fine surface, obtained from the glass, and it may be mounted as an ordinary photograph. In this process, the color is placed between the carbon tissue and the paper, the photograph being perfectly preserved, and the colors being seen under it in just the desired proportions to give the required light and shade.

Safe Storage of Kerosene.

THE chief danger to be apprehended in keeping petroleum, kerosene, benzine, and other volatile and inflammable liquids, arises from the mixture of air and the light hydrocarbon vapors that may form in partially filled tanks used to store such materials. This mixture is more dangerous than gunpowder, and may be quickly formed wherever these vapors are allowed to escape into the atmosphere. For the purpose of preventing this, storage tanks have been devised that admit of a safe withdrawal of the oil without disturbing the vapor that may fill the tank above it, and without permitting it to reach the air till the oil is entirely removed. These tanks may also be filled without allowing the vapors to mingle with the air in dangerous proportions. In the ordinary oil cask, a vent must be made at the top, or the oil will not flow readily. In one of the new forms of cask, or tank, the air vent is replaced by an iron (gas-pipe) tube leading to the nearest street gas main. By this arrangement the street gas will enter the tank above the oil, and give the needed pressure. To fill the tank, a pump must be used, and the oil forced in against the pressure of the gas, or, in place of a pump, a siphon may be employed to overcome the resistance of the gas. In such a tank, the hydrocarbon vapors formed above the oil or benzine will mingle with the gas, and, in filling the tank, will be pressed back with it into the main in entire safety. The dry-meter, and some forms of wet-meters will register backward, and in case the meter will not allow the mingled gas and hydrocarbon to return, another pipe may be added to the cask, and the gases led away to the top of the building, when they will harmlessly escape under the pressure of the oil as it is forced into the tank. Another form of tank employs the pressure of the water service to accomplish the same result in a different manner. In this tank the oil faucet is placed at the top of the cask, and the street service is connected with it at the bottom by means of a pipe supplied with a stop-cock. In this cask the oil floats above the water, and is kept pressed up against the top of the tank, thus preventing the formation of explosive vapors. In default of water-pipes, a water-tank placed above the tank may be employed, to give the required pressure. In this



case, the water-tank will also serve as guide to the amount of oil in the storage-tank. In filling this form of tank, the oil must be put in the tank before the water pressure is let on, and, in refilling, all the water left in the cask must be first allowed to escape. These two styles of tanks are here figured and in practice; both are reported to work well. For retail stores, where a number of casks are used, the first kind of tank is the more available, and the less difficult to manage. The only objection is a slight smell of benzine about the burning gas-lamps, when the tanks are being refilled. This inconvenience is only temporary, while the saturation of the street gas with the hydrocarbon vapors tends to improve the light.

Vegetable Leather.

UNDER this somewhat misleading title, a new product, designed to be a substitute for leather, is being introduced. The materials employed in making it are cotton, or cotton waste or dust, cocoanut fiber and other textile by-products and *fucus crispus*, a marine moss abundant on the New England coast. The cotton or other waste is first carded into sheets of wadding of uniform thickness. These are then laid on polished zinc plates kept at a high temperature, and treated with a decoction of the fucus till thoroughly saturated. The sheets quickly become dry, and in a few minutes may be lifted from the plates and passed between hot polished rolls adjusted to give any desired thickness to the finished leather. These rolls are under heavy pressure and completely felt the materials into strong, tenacious and flexible sheets. The sheets are next coated with boiled linseed oil and dried in the open air, or in a dry-room. When dry, they are coated with vegetable wax, and run through hot fluted rolls, and are finished by a final passage between polished rolls. The leather may then be bronzed, silvered, varnished, or otherwise treated like ordinary leather. Another process employs flat plates, embossed or cut in intaglio, the sheets of saturated wadding being placed between them under pressure. They are then passed between hot polished rolls under excessive pressure. The after-treatment is the same, but the result gives a more elastic material when finished. To produce a white leather, clean cotton is used, and the whitest pieces of the dried moss, and bleached linseed oil. By means of coloring materials the leather may be given any tint required; and to render it inodorous, it is washed in a weak solution of chloride of lime. To make a quality of leather suitable for trunks and shoe-soles, the decoction of fucus is thickened with finely divided cotton or cocoanut waste, and direct and heavy pressure is substituted for the rolling. The material is reported to be a good substitute for leather in the manufacture of harness, military equipments, carriage, table, and chair covers, and to be available in the book-binding, hat, and other trades.

Self-supplying Water-Trough.

A NEW apparatus for furnishing water for cattle at all seasons employs a wind-mill, or other motor, for pumping the water from a well, and an improved system of storage-tanks. A pump designed to be moved by a wind-mill supplies water to a tank placed on the surface of the ground, and properly protected from frost and provided with an overflow to return the surplus water to the well. At a convenient distance from this, two casks or other tanks are sunk in the ground, so as to bring the top of each level with the surface. These two casks are joined at the bottom by a pipe, and are both covered by wooden platforms to protect them from the frost, while, in one platform, a hole is cut where the cattle may drink from the cask. From the tank next the pump, extends another pipe to the supply-tank. This pipe enters the cask through the bottom, and is provided with a stop-cock controlled by a float. In practice, this arrangement of tanks keeps the outer casks where the cattle drink, full to the brim at all times, because it is joined to the next tank. This tank is kept full by means of the float-cock, and the wind-mill maintains the upper tank. In default of wind or motive power, the supply is maintained till the upper tank is empty. If this tank is sufficiently large to supply the cattle for a day, it may be filled at night or morning, and the drinking-trough will stand at a uniform level till the supply is exhausted.

Fireman's Dress.

AN improved dress, designed to enable firemen to enter a burning building in safety, has been recently made the subject of some interesting experiments. It consists of two air-tight garments, worn one over the other, after the manner of a diver's dress. The inner dress is of rubber and fits tightly; the outer dress, worn over this, is of leather and is quite loose. The outer suit is also secured to a metallic helmet resting on the shoulders and entirely covering the head. A line of hose is attached to the back of the outer dress, where it divides into two smaller pipes. One goes to the top of the helmet on the outside, where it discharges a number of fine streams of water that flow down over the outside of the dress. The other branch pipe passes under the fireman's arm, and ends in a nozzle that he may use in directing the stream on the flames. Within this hose is another, smaller, that delivers air under pressure to the open space between the two garments. The air expands the outer garment and keeps it away from the person, and at the same time supplies fresh air for respiration. To allow for the escape of the spent air, two small holes are drilled in the helmet opposite the eyes, and through these the exhausted air escapes, driving the smoke

and flames away from the face and giving a clear view without injury to the eyes. Such a dress enabled a fireman to stay within a burning building for twenty minutes in perfect safety.

Feather Respirator.

A CHEAP and effective respirator for excluding dust from the lungs in grinding, shoe-buffing, and the like dusty occupations has been designed of such ready materials as paper and feathers. The guard for the mouth and nostrils may be made of stiff cloth or paper in any convenient size and shape. The opening for air must be in the form of a pipe or tube about 3 centimeters (1 $\frac{3}{16}$ inches) in diameter, and with the open end pointing downward just below the mouth. Select a number of fine soft feathers, like the leg feathers of a pheasant, and lay them close together on a piece of tape, and fasten the quills down with glue. In this way, make a fringe of feathers on the tape 50 centimeters (20 inches) long. Wind the tape round the outside of the table of the respirator, so that the feathers make a thick fringe below and about the mouth of the tube. In use, the respirator may be secured over the mouth by a tape round the head. In breathing through the tube, each inhalation will draw the feathers inward, till they close it securely against the entrance of dust. At the expiration, the feathers will fall apart, and leave the tube clear for the escaping breath.

The Bathometer.

THIS instrument is intended to give an approximate estimate of the depth of sea water without the use of the lead. It consists of a steel tube slightly flaring at each end, closed at the bottom by a disk of thin, flexible steel, and filled with mercury. The weight of the mercury resting in the steel diaphragm tends to press it outward, and, to compensate for this, a spring is coiled round the tube and so adjusted as to keep the diaphragm level. In this arrangement, any increase of pressure on the outside of the tube causes the spring to yield, and the disk rises and lifts the column of mercury. Conversely, a release of pressure allows the weight of the mercury to overcome the spring and push the disk outward. In either case, the mercury at the top of the tube sinks into a cup-like repression, or rises in a slight mound in the center, in precisely the same proportion that the disk is contracted or expanded. In this manner the bathometer is reported to indicate the varying levels of the bottom passed over by a ship, and consequently the depth of the water, making for gravitation the same record that the barometer gives for atmospheric pressure.

Memoranda.

To suppress the noise of exhaust steam in road engines, and in the blast used in the vacuum brakes, two new forms of exhaust nozzles are reported. One design closes the open end of the pipe and substitutes a number of small holes, each about 5 millimeters ($\frac{3}{16}$ inch) in diameter, placed at the sides of the pipe near the end, the united area of these holes being 20 per cent. greater than the area of the pipe. A larger piece of pipe is then drawn like a sleeve over the exhaust pipe, and covering all the holes. The escaping steam passes through the small holes and reaches the air through the annular space between the two pipes. The other device employs short pieces of bent pipe screwed into the small holes in place of the sleeve. Either method is said to suppress the noise materially, and without offering too much resistance to the exhaust.

In making leather, an improved process is reported that is said to materially shorten the time required to tan the skins. The form of the vat and the quality of the tanning solution need not be changed. The improvement consists in placing at the bottom of the vat a pipe pierced with a number of minute holes. This pipe extends outside the vat, and through it is driven under pressure a mixture of carbonic acid diluted with air. This gas and air, escaping through the holes in the pipe, rises through the tanning solution in the vat in streams of bubbles, and sets up a state of ebullition that tends to open the pores of the skins, and to continually bring fresh supplies of the tanning in contact with them at a decided saving of time in producing a given quality of leather.

In reaping-machines, the experiment of suspending the reaper by means of a crane to the front of a traction engine has been tried with success. The motion of the reaper is obtained by means of a belt from the engine, as it is pushed in advance of the engine through the field. In turning corners, at headlands and on the road, the reaper is lifted clear of the ground by means of the crane.

In a new process (Lenoir's) for silvering mirrors, the glass is laid flat and a solution of nitrate of silver and tartaric acid is flowed evenly over it. In about twenty minutes a slow deposition of metallic silver begins, and in an hour it is complete. The silvered surface is then washed with distilled water, and afterward sprinkled with a dilute solution of the double cyanide of mercury and potassium. This liberates a portion of the silver, and forms a firm, white amalgum of mercury and silver. The surplus liquid is then removed, and the silvered surface is washed, dried, and varnished.

In boat-building, the introduction of flexible steel rudders is reported. The rudder is fastened firmly to the stern-post of the boat, and is controlled by ropes attached to the rear or outer end. The movement of the rudder thus becomes a bending that presents a concave surface to the water, and guides the boat with ease and precision.

Patents have been applied for for bands of steel, 2 millimeters ($\frac{1}{16}$ inch) in diameter, to be used for belts in moving machinery. Special devices are employed for tightening or slackening such steel belts, and, in practice, good results are reported.

A new form of pontoon railway bridge is about to be tried at the West. It is to be made in sections about 9.15 meters (30 feet) in length, and drawing sufficient water to support a moving train. The sections are to be locked together and anchored by bolts and chains, and so arranged that one or more sections may be removed to allow vessels to pass.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

"DOWN FROM THE BOWER SHE LOOKED IN A MANNER MOST FLIRTATIOUS."

The Fair Isolinda.

(A MEDIÆVAL BALLAD.)

I.

It was the fair Isolinda, Earl Baggowynde's only daughter,
Who might have been soundly trounced if her noble ma had caught her.
For down from her bower she looked, in a manner most flirtatious,
On a page in her pa's back-garden—we mean in his courtyard spacious.

It was the young Oronoco, in doublet and hose extensive,
Who stood by the grim portcullis with mien extremely pensive.
Yes, stood by the castle moat, as handsome as one could wish, with
A gilded dagger in hand, that he haughtily cleaned a fish with.

Then the fair Isolinda spake, with an ogle that was a teaser:
"Go along, you naughty boy! Keep your eyes to yourself, if you please, sir.
Don't you know I'm engaged to wed, a week from the following Monday,
A mediæval swell, by the name of De Salmagundi?

"He's a gentleman, I'm told, whom wonderful are the feats of,
He's down in 'Percy's Reliques'—a book we've got advanced sheets of:
He fought in the last Crusade at exceedingly handsome wages,
And he's ranked as the finest match in the whole of the Middle Ages!"

Then the young Oronoco sighed, with a marvelous depth of meaning,
And trembled so very much that he dropt the fish he was cleaning.
"O maiden," he shakily said, being stirred with passionate throes so,
"I've loved you for five long weeks, though nobody would suppose so!

"And oh, of your future lord's great ugliness you've no idea,
Besides having lost two wives, he's lost an ear and an eye, dear.
And I've heard that when he's East his behavior most impure is,
Since he's occupied half the time shopping round after Eastern houris."

Then the fair Isolinda showed an excessive agitation.
"Thank you very much," she said, "for your timely information;
And I think that of such nice pages there certainly very few are,
So, if you'd like to abduct me, I'm ready whenever you are.

"We can wed to-night, pretty sir, if you don't ere then prove fickle.
I've bullied our priest ever since I caught him stealing a pickle.
If I hiss 'pickle' once in his ear or seem a little bit soured,
He's ready to kiss my feet, the accommodating old coward!

"Then, too, it's a splendid time, as the college-men say, for 'sloping,'
Since my maid Bandolina last night amused herself by eloping
With a person for whom she long has dared affection to harbor—
I allude to Herr Razor-und-Strop, our Teutonic family barber."

"Pardy," Oronoco said, "by the Rood, and such expressions,
For one whom I so adore I would make any known concessions."
And now, to shorten our tale, let it here be told instanter,
That the lovers eloped that night, at a creditable canter.

For the usual milk-white steed, Oronoco contrived to find him,
And he placed, in the usual way, his new bride neatly behind him.
And after a meal at the priest's of some stolen lobster-salad,
They departed, proud to perform in the present delightful ballad.

"THE LOVERS ELOPED THAT NIGHT, AT A CREDITABLE CANTER."

"BRING ME THE HEADS AT ONCE OF MY CHILD AND OF ORONOCO."

II.

It was Earl Baggowynde old, with a strut *à la* turkey-gobbler,
But now through his stately halls reduced by gout to a hobbler;
Though in helmet and hauberk clad, and in cuirass you heard the clink of,
And anything equally quaint that the friendly reader will think of.

The Earl had just read with rage, and made no scruple to hide it,
A note from his daughter, found with her dressmaker's bill beside it.
She had pinned the note ere she fled (in her filial praise be it spoken)
To a new switch of flaxen hair, as a sweet memorial token.

"Dear Pa," Isolinda wrote, "you might, when your wrath relented,
Put a 'personal' in some paper, but printing's not yet invented.
As it is, we mean to find (and our palfrey's far from slow, too)
That nice indefinite spot where the lovers in ballads go to."

That the Earl swore awful oaths is the present bard's opinion;
And he roared at last like a bull for his dreadful favorite minion,
A gentleman who, while East, each morning, as all could see then,
Had never felt quite himself till he'd strangled a dozen heathen.

Said the Earl, when his minion came, while seeming about to choke, "Oh,
Bring me the heads at once of my child and of Oronoco!
But first find the priest, though you search from garret unto stable,
And hesitate not, when found, to carve him all you are able!"

Then the faithful minion grinned, with a hideous grin and haggard,
While forth from his master's hall he very politely swaggered.
When told any work to do he'd the greatest desire to do it,
So he minced the family priest before his reverence knew it.

Not many hours from then, in a state quite overheated,
He returned to the castle gates with his horrid work completed,
And stood at the lofty door of his master's private study,
With an ominous-looking bundle, in a towel somewhat bloody.

"Ha, ha!" Earl Baggowynde said, as the gentlemen on the stage do,
"I perceive you have done the thing which I bade you in my rage to.
Come, show me at once the head of the child whose gross defiance
Has made her dare to commit so degrading a misalliance!"

Then the minion forward strode, in a manner most convulsive,
And revealed a pair of heads, in appearance very repulsive.
And he grumbled forth in tones the opposite of enticing:
"I don't think I ever did a prettier piece of slicing."

Then the Earl leapt up and roared: "You infernal ass of asses,
How dared you venture forth without having on your glasses?
Don't you know," he still roared on, getting more and more excited,
"That of all near-sighted loons you're about the most near-sighted?

"And now you have sliced the head, you infamous old hyena,
Off my daughter's recent handmaid, the runaway Bandolina;
And also off him for whom she chose affection to harbor—
I allude to Herr Razor-und-Strop our Teutonic family barber."

The mortified minion then, like one of the weaker sex, he
Fainted completely away, while the Earl had an apoplexy.
But the lovers by this were miles and miles from their would-be slicer—
Or rather, not miles, but leagues, which certainly sounds much nicer.

And when at last they came to a castle huge, uprising,
"Oh, I'm not Oronoco at all," cried the page, "I am Prince Surprising!
I've been in search of a bride who would love me without prevision
Of my filthy ducats, you know, and my A Number One position."

So the new Prince took his bride through the gate at a gentle amble,
And never in after years did he drink before dinner or gamble,
And though the heroine fair of a legend so terrific,
Isolinda became at last quite domestic and quite prolific.

HUGH HOWARD.

"SO THE NEW PRINCE TOOK HIS BRIDE THROUGH THE GATE AT A GENTLE AMBLE."

From Bayard Taylor's "The Echo Club, and other Diversions," we quote as follows:

THE ANCIENT. * * * Really, I sometimes feel a distinct sense of fatigue at the base of the optic nerve, after reading a magazine story. The besetting of the popular—not the best—authors is the intense.

ZOÏLUS. Why do you call intensity of expression a sin?

THE ANCIENT. I mean intensity of *epithet*; the strongest expression is generally the briefest and barest. Take the old ballads of any people, and you will find few adjectives. The singer says: "He laughed; she wept." Perhaps the poet of a more civilized age might say: "He laughed in scorn; she turned away and shed tears of disappointment." But, nowadays, the ambitious young writer must produce something like this: "A hard, fiendish laugh, scornful and pitiless, forced its passage from his throat through the lips that curled in mockery of her appeal; she covered her despairing face, and a gust and whirlwind of sorrowing agony burst forth in her irresistible tears!"

The Philosopher and the Poet.

"Poetry, if perfected, is the only verity; is the speech of man after the real, and not after the apparent."
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

AN old philosopher once caught,
As if by chance, a wingèd thought.
It was so delicate and bright,
He wished it put in words aright,
To hold it fast, that all might see
And feel its charm as well as he.

He searched his rarest books in vain;
He racked for naught his learnèd brain.
The words he found, they were so long;
They were so clumsy, weighty, strong,
That, when he made a cage withal,
One scarce could see the thought at all.

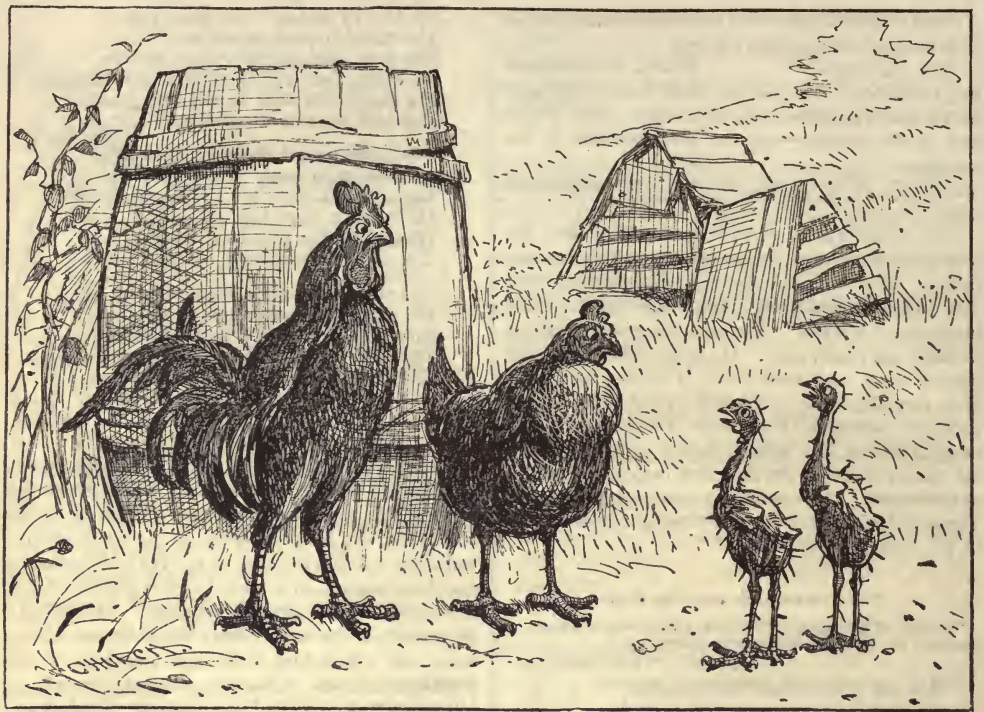
At last by failure sore dismayed,
He called a poet to his aid;
But when he held his cage in view,
So dimly then the thought shone through,
He feared the seer would not guess
One-half its real loveliness.

The poet peered the bars between,
At first, with sadly puzzled mien;
But soon his eye, his brain, caught fire;
He made a cage beyond desire,
Where, gently prisoned, seeming free,
The thought was held for all to see.

The words he chose were simple, few;
He took a simile or two;——
And yet I know not how 'twas done,
That thus the thought and word seemed one;
That when he made his cage withal,
One never dreamed it cage at all.
SELMA W. PAINE.

This Story of Hawthorne is told in Mr. Lathrop's "Study" of that author: At one time, when he was visiting this same friend, he was obliged to return some calls, and his companion, in the midst of conversation, left him to continue it. He had previously asked his hostess, in assumed terror, what he should talk about, and she advised "climate." Accordingly, he turned to the naval officer whom he was calling upon, and asked him if he had ever been to the Sandwich Islands. "The man started," he said, on returning, "as if he had been struck. He had evidently been there and committed some terrible crime, which my allusion recalled. I had made a frightful mess of it. B—— led me away to the door." This woful account was, of course, an imaginary and symbolical representation of the terrors which enforced conversation caused him; the good officer's surprise at the abrupt introduction of a new subject had supplied him with the ludicrous suggestion.

KITE-TIME.



"Ma, if Tommy's and my feathers grow out, can't we go to the International Poultry Show at the Centennial, October 27th to November 6th, inclusive."
"Tut! Tut! my child, only me and Pa goes."

The singular andirons (page 21) now in possession of the Connecticut Historical Society, in its rooms in the Athenæum building, Hartford, were in use in Springfield, Mass., during the Revolution. They are made of iron, and were probably cast in England years before that period and imported by the colonists. They represent the British Grenadiers in full uniform.

It is a great thing to be able to see a point. Here is a happy instance of ability in that line. A countryman, wandering with his wife through the art galleries of the Philadelphia Exhibition, stood before Rivière's picture of Circe and the companions of Ulysses. He gazed earnestly at the painting, wondered what was meant by the handsome young woman playing on her lyre, while a herd of swine wallowed and tumbled about at her feet. He then looked up the picture in his catalogue and pondered over the title, "The Companions of Ulysses." Said he: "Well, if that isn't the hardest slap Old Grant's got yet."

The Old Hostler's Experience.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

I gits up heah—like good ol' Paul,
Obed'ent to de Mahs'r's call—
To tell my 'sperunce, tell it all!
Ol' SHAME's put up;
An' I's led GLORY out de stall,
To win de cup.

Den, all you sinnahs, cl'ar de track!
I's mounted on ol' GLORY's back;
Her hufs is gwine ta-click-ta-clack,
Dat's how dey's gwine!
An' Satan's rattlin', shacklin' hack
Is lef' behin'.

Ah, Christuns; in my foolish days,
I rid de debbil's blooded bays:
PERSUMPCHUS PRIDE, an' WORL'LY WAYS,
An' made 'em lope;
But now I's turned 'em out to graze
Widout a rope.

Yah! Yah! *Oh!* how I used to ——. Well,
De 'ticlars 'taint no use to tell,
But oncet I rid de road to hell
Wid nar a bit,
An' went two-forty on the shell
Toward de pit.

Like Balaam, when he rid de ass,
I 'sisted on a-trablin' fas'—
But 'twuz a pace 'at c'u'dn't las',
An' I got th'owed.
I cotch RELIGION, trottin' pas',
An' back I goed.

An' now I simply 'vises you—
You deblish boys I's talkin' to—
Don't nebber hab a thing to do
Wid Satan's hosses;
Dey'll buck 'an fling you in de sloo,
Fus' one you crosses.

But git RELIGION well in han',
An' ride her like a little man—
Dere aint no hoss in all de lan'
Kin run agin her—
An' you'll come by de jedges' stan'
A easy winner.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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BAY SHOOTING.

"HAS SHE STRUCK A ROCK OR HAS THE BOILER BURST?" (PAGE 158.)

"LYING low for wild ducks" is a phrase generally understood to express the greatest artifice and cunning, the exercise of which is most essential to the capture of the duck, as also of his congener, the goose. The latter has a reputation for stupidity utterly at variance with the gunner's experience, for a more wary, wide-awake, suspicious customer cannot be scared up than an old gander in charge of a flock of geese. Few of the lucky recipients of a brace of wild fowl from a sporting friend can form an adequate idea how very low he has to lie to induce a flock of ducks to come within shot. Indeed, when they learn that during a greater part of the time he is lying upon his back on a meadow partially submerged, or in a leaky boat, with mayhap a snow-squall or a heavy rain beating down upon him, they may appreciate his self-sacrifice, and awake to the fact that the duck-shooter is no sybarite.

Dilettanti sportsmen do not usually affect bay shooting; half a day's tramp over the stubble with a possible bag of a dozen quail about fills the measure of their endurance and enjoyment. The more ardent sportsman, however, while appreciating the delights of upland shooting, looks forward with far keener zest to the rougher experiences incidental to "bay shooting" as a relief from all absorbing business cares, and seeks both mental and physical relaxation with gun and rod and reefed sail on our wintry waters.

A glance at the coast-line on a map of the Middle States will show the reader that from Montauk Point, at the eastern extremity of Long Island, to Cape Hatteras, the coast is fringed by a succession of bays or sounds formed by an outer barrier of sand. These narrow sand-spits are penetrated at irregular intervals by inlets, through which the sea-water ebbs and flows, rendering their

waters in the vicinity of the inlets very salt, while at a distance from them, owing to the discharge of fresh water from numerous tributary creeks and brooks, their waters become brackish, or almost fresh. These bays are very shallow, admitting vessels of only the lightest draft; hence they are practically useless for commercial purposes, and are abandoned almost entirely to gunners and fishermen.

Where the waters are salt, the smaller crustacea abound, and where they are brackish, there is a rank growth of marine plants and grasses. These conditions attract wild fowl of every description during their annual migration to and from the breeding-places in the far North; and these bays are consequently selected as feeding-grounds and resting-places by the countless thousands of ducks and geese passing over them each spring and autumn; for, although for the past quarter of a century they have suffered a steady fusilade from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras, there is no perceptible diminution in their numbers.

A SNIPE BLIND.

On this outer barrier, or spit of sand, at long intervals, are beach-houses, owned by a hardy class who gain a scant subsistence by fishing, gunning, and wrecking; they are keen sportsmen, capable of great endurance, and frequently act as gunners to the gentlemen-sportsmen who shoot in their locality, furnishing them with the necessary appliances in the way of boats, decoys, etc., while the women provide, in a homely way, for their entertainment. Though utterly without education, these people evince an accurate knowledge of all within their sphere, and an independence and integrity of character that insures the respect and admiration of all who come in contact with them, while some, who have been in the habit for years of entertaining strangers, have imbibed ideas of refinement which are in very striking contrast with their appearance. To the sportsman, there is an irresistible charm in the novelty of such surroundings, for at the seasons in which he seeks them, these coasts are a very *terra incognita*. Then the sea is black and menacing, and the great combers roll in and burst upon the beach, threatening to overwhelm the low gunning-house, cowering in its loneliness behind the giant sand-hills, which wintry gales have reared, and twisting them into a thousand weird and fantastic shapes. The gunners, too, seem to belong to a different race of beings, with their rudely picturesque dress, their strongly marked features, and rough, though expressive, dialect. The mode of life is no less novel. You are aroused at three o'clock in the morning, take your breakfast soon after, and then, in gunning attire of rubber and oil-skins, go out into the darkness, grope down to the boat, and pull off a mile or more to the "Point," perhaps breaking the ice to force a passage; and who can forget the return at

night, reefed down to a gale, the greeting and comparison of luck with fellow-sportsmen, the hearty supper, the adjournment to the "bar" (the common sitting-room of all beach gunning-houses), when, amid thickening clouds from a dozen meerschaums in full blast, a spirited and general discussion ensues upon the relative merits of guns, decoys, boats, and gear of all descriptions, with an occasional digression into the realms of natural history, where peculiarities of wild fowl in general, their mode and strength of flight, their cunning in eluding decoys, their favorite food, etc., etc., are dwelt upon at great length by the more experienced gunners, and listened to with avidity by the tyros, who are about to make their first essay. Meanwhile, each one is occupied in his own peculiar fashion, cleaning and oiling fowling-pieces, splicing parted gear, mending or drying clothes, and smoking to a man, like so many Pittsburg chimneys.

A BEACH HOUSE.

The scene forms, even to an inartistic eye, a striking picture, as the ruddy glare of the fire, struggling with the clouds of tobacco-smoke, throws its ever-varying light upon the strangely appareled, strangely assorted group.

The design of this paper being not only to depict some of the incidents of sporting life in adjacent waters, but also to afford specific information to those who care to enjoy it, we shall confine ourselves mainly to pointing out localities which can be readily reached by business men of sporting proclivities, residing in or near New York, Philadelphia, or Boston.

In the spring of the year, along the east end of Long Island, on the ponds of Montauk, or on the waters of Shinnecock Bay, there is capital goose-shooting (the best in our vicinity). Let us suppose it to be the first day of April; the bays are clear of ice, and we receive a telegram that the flight has commenced; so we in turn telegraph to our wife to send our gun and "ducking things" down to the ferry-house of the Long Island Railroad: old bay gunners always having their gear ready for immediate use. The more necessary articles pertaining to an outfit are, first, a breech-loader, No. 8 or 10 bore, weighing from 10½ to 12½ pounds, very heavy in the breech, 300 to 500 shells, loaded with 5 drams of Dupont's ducking powder, 1¾ ounces B. B. shot (for geese), a rubber blanket, rubber (thigh) boots, yarn stockings, heavy underclothing, a Carrigan jacket, and a suit of Cape Ann oil-skins, and a sou'-wester, all of which (except the gun) may be had for about $30.

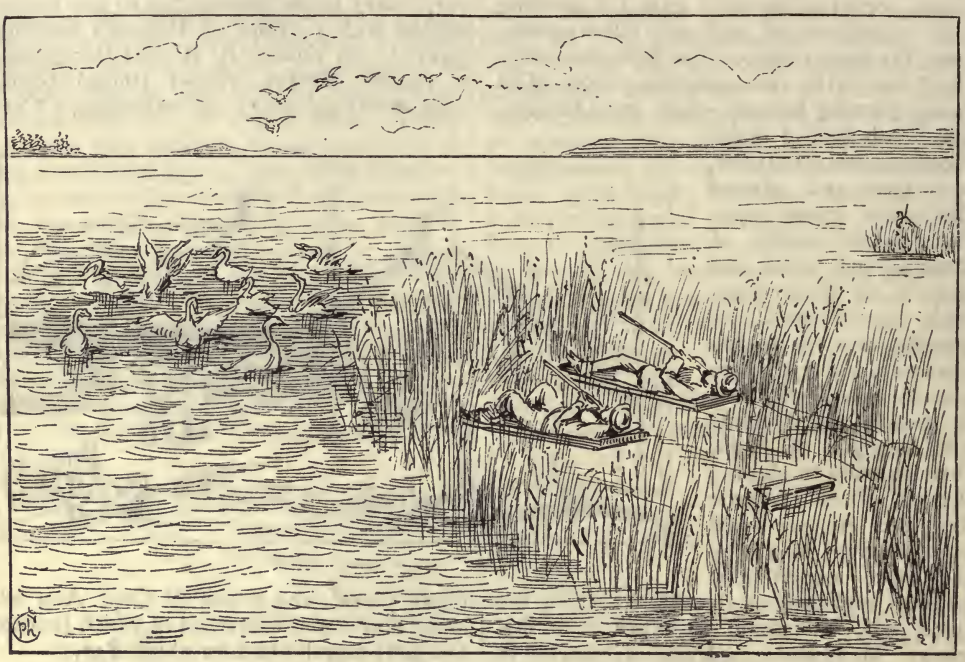
The Long Island Railroad will deposit us in three hours and a half at Atlanticville, a little hamlet on Shinnecock Bay, where we arrive at 7½ P. M.; fare, $2.

Here we are met by "Wash" Howell, and, after a good supper, a romp with the babies, and a smoke, we turn in for the night, having previously so disposed our "toggery" that we can jump into it at a moment's notice.

At 3 A. M., a light flares in our eyes, with a cheery "turn out" from Wash. "All right! How's the weather?" "Dooced cold! Snowing a little; but the wind's to westward, and its sure to clear."

After a good breakfast, presided over by "The Madam," we shoulder our guns, and go down to the shore blowing our fingers. Here a lively scene presents itself. In a pen, 20 feet long, by about 10 feet square, the lower end submerged, is a flock of 22 wild (trained) geese which we are to use as decoys, and four men are engaged in transferring them to two long boxes. A lively time they have of it, for goosey affects to dislike the arrangement, and hence the tallest kind of hissing, flapping, and honking. They are soon caged, however, and a box being put in each boat, off we start with a free wind,—for the first few hundred yards through a wooded creek which opens into the southern part of Shinnecock Bay.

The westerly wind has by this time par-



GOOSE-SHOOTING IN SHINNECOCK BAY.

tially dispersed the clouds, and the rising sun is gilding their dark edges, as well as the sand-hills across the bay, and the tall shaft of Shinnecock Light-house, which stands out like a golden rod, its twinkling star resisting the growing daylight.

The boats dash forward under the influence of the fresh morning breeze, and as we breathe the clear, piercing air, we are possessed by a strange feeling of exhilaration, which is soon heightened by the sight of at least a dozen flocks of geese heading in over the sea, and occasionally sending an answering "honk" to the vociferations of our old gander, who protrudes his snake-like neck through the slats of the box, knowing as well as we that he is in for a day's sport.

The waters, as we approach the middle of the bay, are so clear that, though the depth is now three feet or less, it does not seem so many inches. Sailing on a few hundred yards, we come upon a dry shoal, just a wash, fifty feet long, by about fifteen in width, and in a moment our keel grates the sand. All hands now jump overboard, and the boxes of geese are carried ashore. The geese are taken out separately, and toggled to stakes driven in the sand where the water is an inch or two deep, the line of stakes forming semicircles whose outer edges are from twenty to thirty yards from where we shoot. We then deposit our "duds" in boxes about six feet long by two and a half wide, sunk into the sand, so that they are invisible twenty paces distant; yet, not only form a perfect "blind" from which to shoot, but shelter us completely from the piercing nor'-westers.

We then put the empty decoy boxes back into the boat, and after packing up everything, and so disposing the sand as to give it a natural look about our sand-boxes, both boats get under way and stand over to the beach, a mile off, leaving us alone in the middle of the bay. But the water between us and the beach is not much more than knee deep, so the danger is not appalling. The wind blows keenly, and we cower down into our sand-boxes, and cocking our guns, peer over the edges, looking seaward eagerly for game.

Hardly have we ceased meditating on the peculiarity of our situation when the old gander begins to cock his head on one side and look knowing. Casting an eye to westward, we spy in the distance a long line of geese apparently heading in over the beach. Now begins the anxious time; minutes seem hours; they may come or they may not. Now—now—they swerve seaward again, and immediately the old gander gives a shrill honk, in which he is joined by the

nineteen other geese who vie with one another in shrillness and flapping of wings. Now they turn again, and the gander immediately subsides. So sure as they turn off he pipes up and the chorus is renewed, but so long as they head for us he don't "say a word." "Now, here they come, sure pop! don't move a muscle. For Moses' sake, keep that head of yours down, Jack!" How we shake with nervous excitement. Here they are, right over us; see how they circle round us; blessed if I don't think I could catch that fellow by his legs; strange they don't see us; now they settle down; see them inspect the decoys; how pretty they look as they preen themselves; and how hypocritically innocent our old gander looks, as if he hadn't lured them on to destruction and wasn't gloating over it! Now then, give them each a barrel where they are, and then one as they rise. Are you all ready? Bang! bang! bang! bang! What a splutter! Six down, by all that's lovely! Now we gather our dead and cover them with sand, so as not to scare the next lot; and then, reloading our guns, snuggle down into our boxes out of the wind.

Half an hour passes—here they come again; and we go through the same excitement of alternate doubt and certainty. Often, just as they get almost within shot, they don't like the looks of things and off they go. Sometimes an hour elapses between shots; and, perhaps, under the rays of the noonday sun we get drowsy, and take a nap, and before we know it, a lot of strange geese alight and are walking around among the decoys. Occasionally bunches of black duck and broadbill come within shot, but we rarely bother with them, unless there is a scarcity of geese.

Toward four o'clock we begin to get thoroughly tired and chilled, so we signal the boats, and, counting up, find that we have from twelve to twenty head. Gathering up our "duds," and packing up our decoys, who have done us such good service, we start off to the main, and the wind blowing a gale, we double-reef, hardly knowing whether we are under or a-top of the cresting seas.

Apropos of the superiority of live over artificial decoys, we well remember one cold day, when, after good sport, we saw that a heavy snow-squall was imminently threatening, and signaled our boats.

When they arrived, all hands went to work with a will to get the things aboard; the boats were hauled upon the spit, and their sails flapped as if they would be torn to tatters by the gale; the dead game and all our accouterments were scattered about upon the sand, and when the squall burst upon us, in casting an eye to leeward we spied a flock of geese making directly toward us. Instinctively the men shouted "lie low," and grasping our guns we threw ourselves flat upon the sand, never dreaming however that, under the circumstances, they would come within shot. But, attracted by the decoys, and bewildered by the snow-squall,—apparently seeing nothing but the decoys,—they settled literally at our feet, and in two minutes six more were added to our bag. If we had had artificial decoys the geese would not have come within a mile of us.

To enjoy this sport one should allow himself at least five days; for, although every

COMING IN UNDER DOUBLE-REEF FROM THE POINT.

day *may* be a good day for shooting, still we cannot count upon over one day out of three: of course on very stormy days one cannot shoot on the shoal, and the flight, too, is somewhat dependent on the direction of the wind. The expense of shooting here is naturally large, since it involves the services of four men, 20 live decoys, and two boats, all of which are furnished at $20 for every shooting day. If four gentlemen go, the expense is of course $5 a piece.

Good spring and autumn shooting may be had on the Great South Bay of Long Island, and at South Oyster Bay; Amityville, opposite Fire Island Light, and thereabouts, affording both spring and autumn shooting from "batteries" at black duck, broadbill, and sheldrakes. At times there is good brant-shooting, but "battery" shooting is exceedingly uncomfortable and exposing.

South Oyster Bay, being so accessible to the city, is greatly affected by New Yorkers, and there is consequently great competition for "points"—so much so that one is frequently obliged to spend half the night on them to secure them. The access to the "points," too, is disagreeable, involving "poling" down a muddy shallow creek for a mile or more, hours before dawn, and then a long pull out on the bay. The gunning-houses are on the mainland, and are comfortable taverns:—McComber keeps the "Vandewater House," Walker keeps Gelstan Smith's Old House, and the Brothers Haff, "Verity" and "Cornelius," can always be depended upon as gunners, furnishing all the gunning paraphernalia for $2.50 per day. These places can be reached in two or three hours from New York, by the Southside Railroad. On the whole, however, we prefer Barnegat Bay, as the most reliable for ducking at all seasons, and for the variety of the fowl in the spring. In the northern part of the bay there is always good shooting at canvas-backs, red-head, widgeon, etc., with a fair chance for geese; while in the southern part, the brant, broad-bill, and black duck fairly swarm, and occasionally large numbers of geese are killed.

All parts of the bay may be reached by New Yorkers or Philadelphians, in from four to six hours by rail, including the sail across the New York Bay, if one takes the boat connecting with the New Jersey Southern Railroad to Sandy Hook.

BILL CHADWICK'S GUNNING-HOUSE.

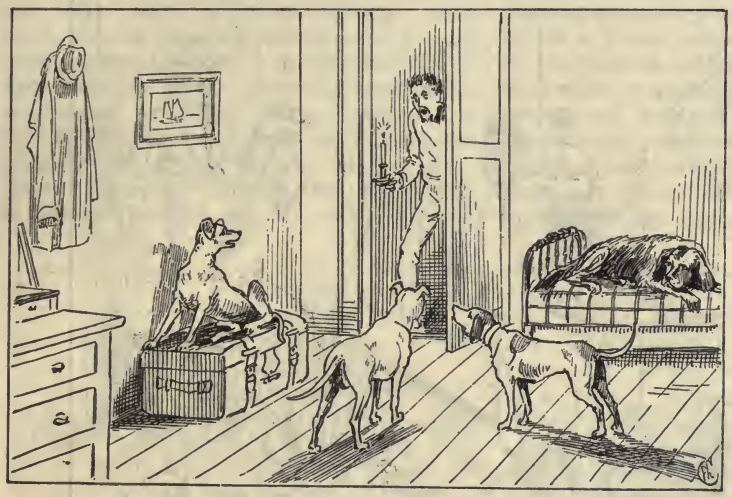
Bill Chadwick's gunning-house, in the upper part of the bay, is perhaps the best known sporting hostelry in the vicinity of New York; thirty years ago it was known as John Maxon's, and many a gentleman of the old school, who long since has laid aside his gun for a staff, has pleasant recollections of the little fishing-hut on Squam Beach.

"That tavern old and quaint,
And all devoid of paint,—
A long low building stretched a hundred feet or more,
With many a curious name
Set round with gilded frame,
Nailed and fashioned over and up against the door." *

Chadwick, like Maxon, his father-in-law, is to the manor born, and has inherited all his genial and sporting qualities. He is a typical character of the beach, and king-bee among the fraternity. A daring surfman, he has assisted in saving the lives of over two-hundred and fifty shipwrecked people; as a gunner and fisherman he has no superior, and as a practical joker he is simply incorrigible. If one betrays any marked peculiarity, it is sure to serve as a peg whereon Chadwick may hang innumerable tricks. An habitué of the house once evinced a strong aversion to dogs; now Bill is especially fond of them, and always has a houseful of all sorts and sizes, and having the run of the bar-room, they invariably ensconce themselves in the warmest corner, to the great disgust of their enemy, who spent a large part of his time in ejecting them, with kicks and oaths. So William on one occasion determined to avenge their ill treatment. Watching his opportunity, and taking advantage of his guest's temporary absence from his room, Bill called every dog in the house upstairs, and presently came down without them, having "fixed things," as he expressed it. The gunner returned late in the evening, tired out and disgusted with his ill luck, and at a very early hour retired to his room. On opening the door, to his astonishment he was greeted with a low growl, and to his intense disgust, discovered "Quango," the great Newfoundland, snugly ensconced upon his bed; chairs, trunk, and other available spaces being occupied by the other dogs. His entrance was at once disputed by low growls and snarls. In vain he

* The head-boards of vessels wrecked in the vicinity.

tried to wheedle them,—they remember ill treatment and only growl the louder. In vain he called for help; his friends had suddenly become timid in regard to dogs, and refused to interfere, and Mr. William had, unexpectedly, pressing business a mile or so down the beach; so the gentleman, after making the air fairly blue with imprecations, "threw up the sponge," and, leaving the enemy in undisputed possession, took another room.



"GOOD LUCK! IS MY ROOM A DOG POUND?"

Once, a rat was caught and surreptitiously introduced into the apartment of a sportsman who was known to have an especial aversion to the animal. He had just dropped asleep, when a peculiar noise aroused him. In a second he was wide awake and aware that he had a rat for a room-mate. As he was afraid to get up in his bare feet, he shouted for help, but of course all were fast asleep. Meanwhile the rat gave unmistakable evidence that he was enjoying a comfortable meal off the mold candle. This gave G—— a cue to the rat's whereabouts, and reaching for his boots he let fly first one and then the other, but missing his aim, smashed the water-pitcher, which deluged the floor. Disturbed at his meal, the rat took to the bed, and then the fight grew lively; pillows, bolster, candlesticks and books flew through the air like hail. At last Mr. Chadwick meekly knocked at the door and innocently asked if the gentleman had the nightmare,—lifting his hands in holy horror at the condition of the room!

Again, a gentleman who was enthusiastic over a new and very expensive breech-loader of his, which was purposely pooh-poohed by Bill, offered to shoot it against Chadwick's celebrated "Old Tom" (a muzzle-loader) for a basket of champagne. Two targets were procured, in order that the penetration and shooting qualities of each gun might be separately and fairly tested, and six shots were to be allowed to each gun. The cartridges of the breech-loader were duly charged with the prescribed quantity of ammunition and placed on a table ready for use, when the owner of the gun (by preconcerted arrangement) was called up to the balcony to see a passing vessel; during his absence, Bill coolly substituted six cartridges loaded with less than half the prescribed charge. At last the match began. The shooting was led off by Bill, who made a splendid target. The owner of the breech-loader then fired six shots, but failed to put a single pellet into his target. His astonishment and dismay may well be imagined,—his expression of countenance was too ludicrous to be looked at with a straight face. Having loaded his own cartridges he was satisfied that there could be no trick, and with this conviction he spent the rest of the day in cursing his gun-maker, and promising to "make it lively" for him on his return to town.

With such jokes the weary hours of a stormy day, or a long winter evening, are whiled away.

The shooting here commences on the 20th of October, the earlier birds having reached here on their way south about that time. The blue and green-winged teal are then killed in large quantities. In fact the shooting is generally very good about this time, as the birds, not having been shot at, are not so wary. But if you ask one of the old gunners when to come, he will say, "'bout 'lection time" and "just at the end of a heavy storm," for in fine mild weather the fowl congregate during the day-time in the middle of the bay, and it requires a hard storm to break them up into small

bunches, when they naturally take shelter under the lee of the meadows and close in shore, giving the gunner a chance after the storm is over. The bay opposite Chadwick's is about three miles wide, and jutting out into it from the beach are meadows which are intersected by water-lanes, or thoroughfares, one to two hundred yards wide, and but a foot or two deep. In these thoroughfares the fowl feed at night on the rich grasses of which they are so fond, and in some localities upon the wild celery, and then establish there what is technically called a "trade;" and if they are not disturbed at night they fly in and about these places all day long, from one point to another, affording capital shooting.

Every point of meadow has its proper designation, which is as familiar to the gunner as is the location of his own house. These points are occupied, or not, according to the state of the tide and wind. Some command the fowl "trading" up and down the thoroughfares, while others command the middle of the bay, the decoys attracting the large flocks passing up and down, as well as the new-comers constantly arriving. Thus, "the north-west and south-west points of the great and little sedge," "big and little cormorant," and a host of others are daily selected by gunners for the scene of their operations; sometimes they go all the way across the bay and shoot from the sand-pits on the main at red-head and canvas-back, as they are trading in and out of the creeks and coves.

The shooting being from "points," a little

"HAS THE GENTLEMAN THE NIGHTMARE?"

circular fortification, two feet high, of seaweed and grass is erected on their extreme edge, and inside of it and sheltered by it from the wind the gunners spread their blankets and, lying down, peer through its crevices for coming game. The decoys of wood are anchored in the water at about twenty yards distance. Sometimes the flight is enormous, the whole air being thick with ducks and geese, but the bay being so extensive, not one flock in ten will come near the points, or one in twenty within shot. Usually, in the height of the season, ten of Bill's "points" will be occupied, and the average is not over seven ducks killed to a point, although, on good days, "north-west" will kill twenty-five.

In this vicinity, the wild celery and duck-grasses flourish, attracting the better varieties of duck; and in both autumn and spring, vast numbers of canvas-backs, red-heads, widgeon, teal, dippers, and sprig-tail are killed. The canvas-backs and red-heads have as fine a flavor as those shot in the Chesapeake, while, in the lower part of the bay, about the inlet, the water is salt and the marine plants do not thrive; consequently, the fowl of that vicinity are obliged to live upon the abundant smaller crustacea, and their flavor

is apt to be fishy, excepting the brant (the most delicious of fowl), which feeds upon a kind of sand-worm. Chadwick's can be reached by land by the Central Railroad of New Jersey to Squam, and thence by Charley Maxon's stage down the beach seven miles; but those seven miles are through deep sand, and, as the winter winds have a clear sweep across the spit, it is an exceedingly uncomfortable drive. It can be done in the way above described in four hours and a half, at an expense of about six dollars; the pleasanter way, however, is to take the New Jersey Southern Railroad by steam-boat to Sandy Hook, thence by rail to Tom's River, and thence by Captain Gulick's boat the "Zouave," across to Bill's (a pleasant sail of seven miles). There is a capital hotel, Cowdrick & Cook's, at Tom's River. The cost will be about the same as by way of Squam. The expense of shooting at Chadwick's—and the same may be said of all the gunning-houses on the beach—is about $5 per day; $2 for board, and $3 for the gunner, who furnishes boat and decoys; but the gunner must be provided with ammunition, or with a money equivalent. Some twenty miles below Chadwick's, the beach is penetrated by an inlet, on the southern point of which is situated the well-known Barnegat Light. The waters thereabouts, of course, are salt, and the mussels and crustacea on which brant, black duck, broadbill, etc., feed, are very plenty; hence, there is capital shooting in the vicinity. On the beach, about seven miles below the light, is situated "Harvey Cedars," a well-known gunning-house kept by Uncle Charley Martin; it is a most comfortable house to stop at, and early in the spring and late in the fall it is much frequented by sportsmen. The beach here is much wider than at Chadwick's, and between the house and the sea are extensive ponds of salt-water, in which large number of fowl take refuge in stormy weather. Last spring we saw geese shot within five hundred yards of the house, as they were heading in there for refuge from a violent gale.

HE PROMISES TO MAKE IT LIVELY FOR HIS GUN-MAKER.

The method of shooting hereabouts is different from that at the upper part of the bay. Inasmuch as the meadows are very low, with no sedge to hide in, one is obliged to shoot out of boats, which are shoved, side by side, into holes cut in the meadows, and are then covered with sedge grass. As these boats are necessarily very small, just large enough for a man to stow himself in, and as he is obliged to lie on his back the livelong day, and can only sit up when he shoots, the sport becomes very irksome, and he suffers greatly, too, from cold, especially if it

rains or snows; but, of course, he thinks very lightly of it, if only the birds fly lively. The spring shooting (say from March 10th to April 10th) is by far the best. The game is principally brant, broad-bill and geese, the former frequently appearing in immense numbers. They are constantly moving up and down the bay, and usually come well to the decoys. At this season, too, geese often afford good sport. The "points" hereabouts are numerous, but can only be occupied at certain stages of the tide, and when the wind is in the proper direction; hence, priority of occupation does not insure possession of a point, as in other places; for any one coming along may put out his decoys by the side of you, and at the end of the day insist upon a division of the game. The most noted gunners in this part of the bay are the Ridgways (Samuel, Joel, and Joseph), Spragg, and the Perrines, all reliable men who live at Barnegat Village on the main, and who, on receipt of a telegram, will always meet a sportsman at the dépôt of the New Jersey Southern Railroad to take him over to the beach, and gun for him while there. These men are "characters" in their way; hard-working, sober men, rarely, if ever, touching spirits, although sometimes subjected to fearful exposure. They spend the week-days on the beach, but leave for home on Saturday afternoon; for nothing could induce them to fire a gun on Sunday. Of course, they have to be on the beach again by three o'clock on Monday morning, hours before dawn; nevertheless, on no consideration, could they be induced to leave home on Sunday before midnight; thus, rather than technically break the Sabbath, they will pull seven miles across, through darkness and often through storm, towing a sneak-box after them (for hereabouts each gunner occupies a separate boat, so that he must provide for the sportsman too). One of the Ridgways is a Methodist preacher and holds service every Sunday. If he preaches as well as he shoots, he must be a second Moody.

In the upper part of the bay the men are not so abstemious, perhaps, but they are a jollier set, and their facility of adaptation to almost any circumstances in which they may be placed, is remarkable. Take "Zeph" Chadwick, for instance (it is a mooted point whether he was christened Zephyr or Zeph-

DUCK-SHOOTING ON NORTH-WEST POINT.

eniah),—who, with his brother "John," was born on the beach. Both are natural sailors and surfmen. When a regatta is sailed, they usually are found at the helm of the winning boat; when the birds are flying, they shoot; if a ship comes ashore, they lend a hand to

save the people and "wrack" the vessel; when nothing else offers, "Zeph" works as a ship or house carpenter, it don't appear to make much odds to him which. The latest exploit of these boys, John and Zeph, was to take a small sail-boat down outside, to North Carolina, neither of them having the faintest idea of the science of navigation, or of the use of a chart. The voyage lasted a month, and Zeph came home apparently dying from exposure; but he got well instead, and having had enough of the sea, took service with an undertaker, under contract to build coffins, drive a hearse, and take care of a small farm. He looked the embodiment of respectability, as, clad in funereal garb, he sat perched upon his hearse behind a spanking pair of blacks. On one unlucky day, however, as he was returning from a funeral in the country, a Monmouth jockey tried to pass him. The road was fine and the day cool, and Zeph, exhilarated by the recollection that he had had seven funerals that week, was not at all disposed to take any one's dust. So he gave his horses their head, and off they shot. It was Nip and Tuck, first hearse and then jockey. Among the funeral cortège there were some teams that were not to be distanced without an effort,—so the whole procession resolved itself into a scrub race, and went flying into Tom's River, to the great scandal of that very respectable community. Zeph won the race, but never drove a hearse again.

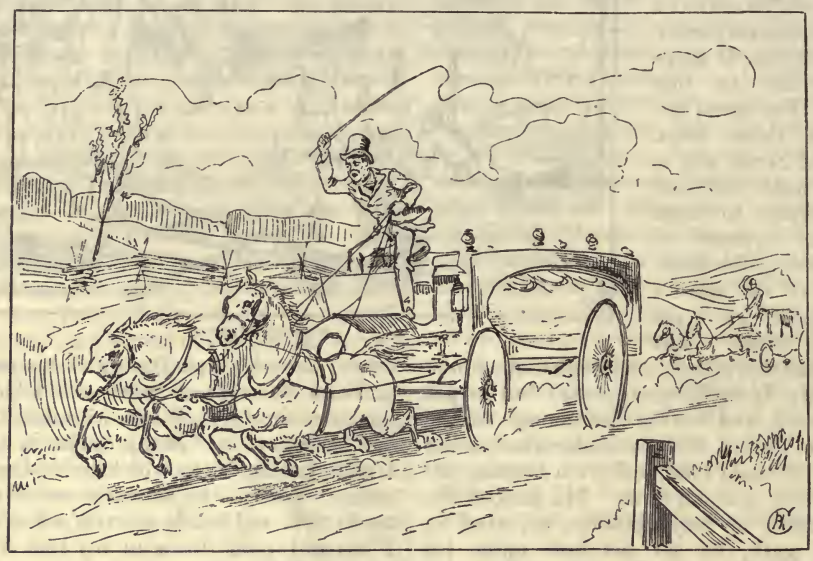
MORNING START.

One of the oldest of the gunners of this region is Uncle Jimmy Loveland, who, in spite of his age, is a crack shot, and can even now knock over a duck going sixty miles an hour, or drop an English snipe with the best of them. He has an eye like a hawk, and can see a bunch of ducks and describe their species, when, to an inexperienced eye they are mere specks on the horizon. The unerring certainty with which old gunners can distinguish different fowl at immense distances is most remarkable, and is, of course, the result of years of observation, —the different kinds of fowl having certain peculiarities of flight, with which, by degrees, the gunner becomes familiar. Before going down, we telegraph Jimmy at his residence at Point Pleasant, to meet us at Chadwick's on a certain day. When we meet him, the first question is, "Many ducks in the bay, Uncle Jimmy?" to which he replies in this strain, "Yes, sir-r-h; I see a power of canvas-backs and red-heads a-settin' off n'ar West P'int, as I cum down in my box from the head of the bay—there must 'a' bin six thousand of 'em a-feedin' on the flat. I sailed as nigh to 'em as I could git, and then they got up with a noise as ef a thunder-cloud had busted."

The wag of the beach is Charlie Stout, a herculean gunner. During the war he was drafted, and, after having been wounded in the thigh before Fredericksburg, saved his life by rolling behind a fence, where his blanket, which he had rolled in a ball to represent his head, was absolutely riddled by bullets. He owns a small thirty-ton sloop, yclepped "Old Hickory," the age whereof no man of the present generation can pretend to guess; he calls her his yacht, and employs her "oysterin' and clammin' when there aint no gunnin'." The writer once went on a gunning excursion in her, when she got hard and fast aground. There was little on board to eat, and that little not nice. Stout's paternal injunction to his son, who acted as *chef de cuisine:* "Simon Solomon, cook us a mess!" having been productive of a *pot-pourri* which none but a strong stomach could digest. After lying aground all night and part of the next day, Charlie became disgusted, and notwithstanding it was midwinter, he jumped overboard, and putting his shoulder under the counter, actually *boosted* her off into deeper water.

Once, when Charlie was returning from gunning on a sand-spit, just inside the inlet, where he had been induced to stay longer than was prudent, at the earnest solicita-

tion of his "gentleman," who was having elegant sport, the wind began blowing a heavy gale from the westward, and Charlie,



ZEPH CHADWICK IN THE ROLE OF UNDERTAKER.

seeing that his companion's boat was drifting seaward, took him in tow. Both men began to pull for dear life, for, if driven out on the bar, they must inevitably perish. The gentleman, who was a cool hand too, shouted:

"I say, Charlie, if we can't make the point at 'the light,' it will be all up, wont it?"

"It will be all up with *you*, Mr. L.," replied Charlie, "for I shall cut the tow-line if we drift much further, and go ashore and tell the folks that the last I seed of you, you was a-headin' for Europe! *I don't want to go there myself!*"

All this was said coolly in the face almost of death, for it was a question whether even Charlie could fetch the point.

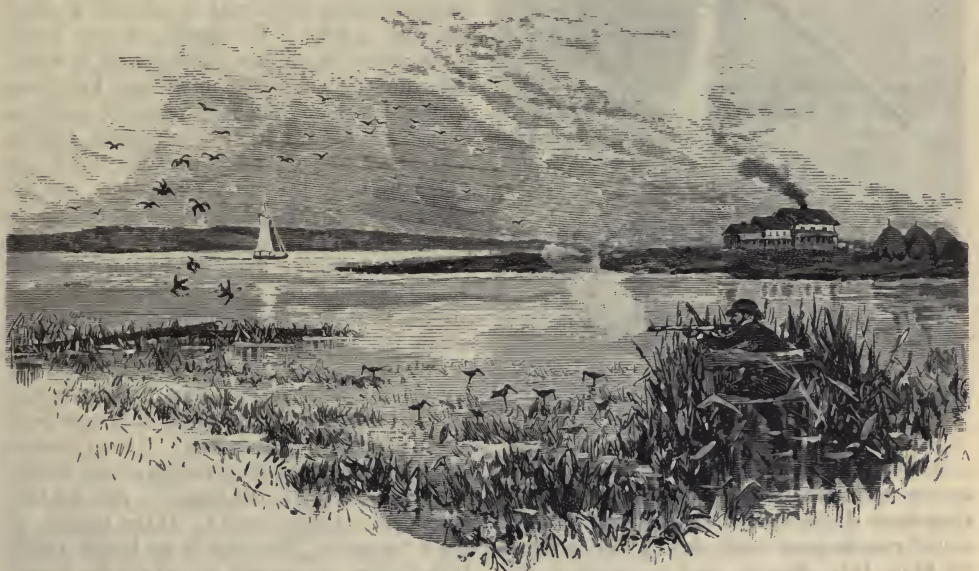
As the weather becomes colder, and the ice begins to form, the fowl seek the southern waters, some going direct, and others gradually working down through the bays on the coast of Delaware, Virginia, and North Carolina. Just to the south-west of Cape Henlopen, there is fine shooting in Rehoboth Bay, which, although accessible, is not much frequented by gunners. The shooting there, both for ducks and geese, is said to be very good, and the expense of getting there is not great. Steamers of the Old Dominion Line leave New York three times a week for Lewes, Delaware. Sailing in the afternoon, we arrive at Lewes the next morning (fare $2), and thence take the Breakwater and Frankford Railroad to the various shooting-places on the coast, commencing with the Credentic Hotel at the head of the bay, seven miles from Lewes; next comes "Daniel Steel's," at the junction of Indian River with the bay. The next place is Mr. Derrickson's, at the head of Isle of Wight Bay, where, beside fine fowling, there is capital quail-shooting. Fenwick's Island, a few miles below, is also a capital place, as is "Birch's," "Scott's," "English's," and "Wallop's Beach," on the outer beach forming that celebrated water, Chincoteague Sound. These places are capital spots for wild fowl as well as baysnipe; and, while possessing all the advantages of Barnegat and Long Island Sound, as a resort of game, they are but little frequented by sportsmen. The peninsulas formed by the Delaware Bay on the one hand, and the Chesapeake on the other, seem to combine all that a sportsman could desire in the way of upland or bay shooting; and if he inclines to fox-hunting, there are lots of red foxes, and no country in the world better suited for following them. The above-named shooting-houses can all be reached by taking the Breakwater and Frankford Railroad at Lewes, Delaware, and its connections down the coast.

Currituck Sound, on the coast of North Carolina, undoubtedly affords the best duck-shooting to be found in this country; but it requires a greater expenditure of time and money to indulge in it than the sportsman can usually afford. All the conditions of shooting there are pleasant, for although, as

in other places, there are good and bad days, still when the fowl do fly, they fairly swarm. Two years ago, an acquaintance of the writer and his party killed fifteen hundred head of geese, swan, and ducks in ten days' shooting. Then, again, there is little or no exposure or hard work about it; the "points" are not remote, and the thermometer rarely falls below forty degrees Fahrenheit, and the grasses and reeds not being cut down by the heavy frosts as they are further north, they afford natural "blinds" where one can stand or sit at pleasure without finding it necessary to lie on his back; indeed, one often sits on his chair and waits for the birds.

The Currituck Shooting Club, whose membership consists largely of New Yorkers, has acquired pretty much all the good ground in the vicinity. Nevertheless, there are still some good points where non-club men may shoot. On application to Mr. Van Slaick, or Mr. Wood, at Currituck Court-house, N. C., the sportsmen will be notified when and where to come. The route is by rail to Baltimore, thence by steam-boat to Norfolk (three times a week), where a propeller is in waiting to take passengers down through the Dismal Swamp Canal to the Currituck Club House wharf, whence sportsmen can go either to Van Slaick's or White's. The time necessary for the journey is about thirty-six hours, and the expense about $12. The charge for board is $2 per diem, and for the use of boat and decoy, the same.*

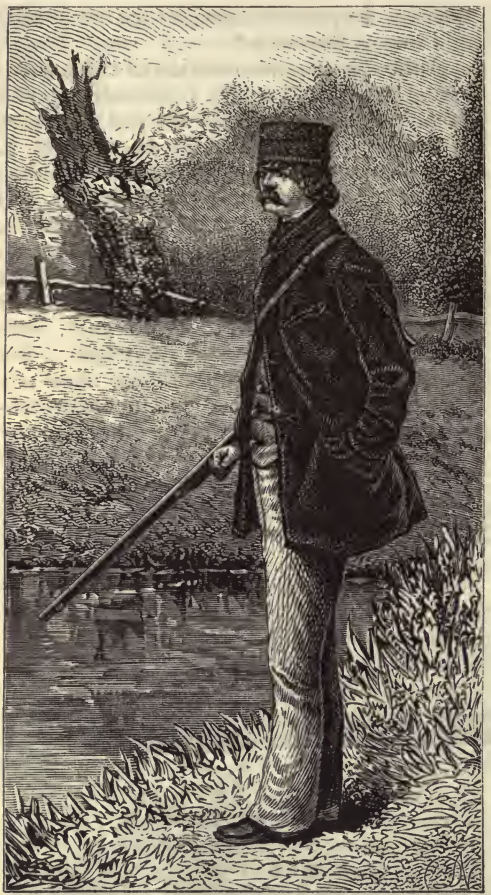
Although the introduction of the breech-loader was for a long time vigorously opposed by old sportsmen, no one who has the means of buying one would now be without it. This change is chiefly owing to the ease and celerity of charging the breech-loader, and the freedom from danger in handling it. At the time of their introduction,—indeed up to within a year or two past,—these guns were of foreign manufacture, and, costing as they did from $150 to $300 gold, were beyond the means of many sportsmen. But now that the Remingtons, whose name is a guarantee for good work, produce a breech-loader equal in shooting qualities to any imported gun (we believe the same may be said of the "Parker" gun, price $75, although we have never seen it), and as they are sold as low as $45, the muzzle-loader is becoming a thing of the past.



SNIPE-SHOOTING AT "CHADWICK'S."

Mr. Hodgkins, of No. 7 Warren street, New York, who is a practical gun-maker, and has probably sold as many breech-loaders as any man in New York, says that either of the above guns will perform as well, so far as mere shooting goes, as any gun of European make, although they will not wear so well nor endure so long the racket of continuous shooting.

* It is of course necessary to take plenty of ammunition, viz., an assortment of shot (from B. B. B. for swan to No. 4 for ducks), and say 20 lbs. of Dupont's ducking-powder.



HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. ("FRANK FORRESTER.")

The sport of the bay gunner is by no means confined to duck-shooting, for when they have disappeared, the flight of English snipe commences, and during the months of May, July, August, and September, the bay-snipe appear, and yellow-legs, curlew, willett, marlin, doe-witches, and other varieties are shot in large numbers.

Yacht owners with sporting proclivities have a rare opportunity offered them of combining their favorite pastimes by indulging in both fowling and sailing at the same time, and of enjoying the former sport with a far greater degree of comfort and convenience than the sportsman who has to depend upon the beach house, and the ordinary means of transportation obtainable in those comparatively uncivilized regions. Yachts of light draft can enter almost any of the sounds and waters where sport is to be had, and in some instances may penetrate them for considerable distances; while those on board, being well provided with the necessary implements, after having settled upon their shooting-locality, are always sure of a comfortable, not to say luxurious, resting-place, after their day's sport is over,—not to mention the society of congenial companions,—and if the sport is not promising, all they have to do is to lift anchor and change ground. This sort of yachting is far more exciting, under any circumstances, than summer cruising with fancy yachts up and down New York Bay, or Long Island Sound, where the crack of the escaping champagne cork is the most formidable sound that greets the startled ear. Very different is a winter's cruise with housed topmasts and short sail along our coasts, and as the party is necessarily composed of men of congenial tastes, there is no limit to the fun indulged in; every incident, however grave, or trivial, is twisted, if possible, into a joke. We recall a recent occurrence aboard a clipper steam-yacht, in which the comic in any event must have kept pace with the tragic. We had spent the previous evening at anchor and in high spirits, expecting, under any circumstances, to reach our destination on the next afternoon; the engineers were ordered to have steam up by early dawn. Our cabin was next the engine-room, and, at the appointed time, we were duly awakened by the shoveling of coal and hissing of steam; but, burying our head beneath the pillows, we prepared for an additional nap and soon fell off into dreams of home; but assuredly, within those hallowed precincts, such sounds as those that now burst upon us, never were heard! In an instant we became conscious as to our actual whereabouts,—has the boiler burst? Are we running over a sunken reef? If the former, we are a "gone-er," for ours is an inside cabin. If the latter, the sooner we get out the better, for, at this rate, the bottom will soon be stove in, and then the cold water rushing in upon the furnaces will generate steam and parboil us in no time. These logical conclusions forced themselves upon the minds of four sleepy men at the same moment, and livelier skipping through a vessel's cabin, in airier costume, never was seen. The struggle for precedence up those narrow companion-stairs, with the prospect of a hot steam-bath in the rear, or of a volume of water from above, was in no wise in accordance with the rules prescribed in books on etiquette,—in fact, it was a veritable *sauve qui peut*, and the devil take the hindermost. Arrived on deck, the scene was infinitely more absurd. The captain, who can out-talk, outswear and out-shout any other living mariner,

stood at the wheel absolutely dumb; the occasion was too great for speech in any form.

"What can it be?" he finally gasped. "We are in twelve fathom water, and there aint no rocks hereabouts, and the engineer aint let off steam or stopped her, so the ingine must be all right," and four bare-legged men echoed: "Wh-a-a-t can it be?"

The air was keen, our nether extremities were uncovered, and our jaws would not keep still, but chattered, not from any fear, of course, but because we were firmly impressed with the idea that we were on the point of seeing the long-looked-for sea-serpent, and that he was then gamboling under our keel. The engineer, however, after frantic efforts to keep his feet, succeeded in stopping her, meekly announcing that her screw was gone, and that the shaft having been released from a ton weight at its outer end, had naturally increased its revolutions from seventy to about five hundred a minute, which resulted in giving the little steamer a fit of the ague strong enough to shake her insides out, and to raise a din like the crash of a first-class collision. As soon as the nature of the accident was announced, every one said: "I thought so! just what I suspected!"

The captain's tongue now became loosened, and for four and twenty hours it never stopped, but revolved like an endless chain, or a shaft minus its screw, five hundred to a minute. The great bravery and presence of mind of the *sans-culottes* became more and more apparent every instant as each one briefly stated his experience; all had left their berths most unwillingly; simply from motives of curiosity (the idea of danger had never once crossed their minds), but merely to observe the effect of the sea boiling over a sunken reef, or, in the event of anything being wrong with the engine, to judge of the expansive power of steam. But here the voice of the mighty commodore arose high above the recital of doughty deed and the din of escaping steam:

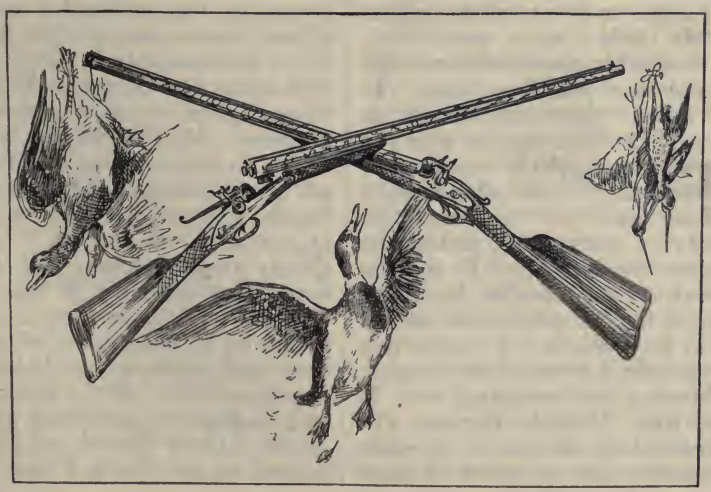
"Steward! Steward! Blank that steward."

Now, the steward was a contraband of purest African hue; was it high noon, or was it the dead of night, he was always on hand; but now he stood transfixed; the whites of his eyes only were visible, the pupils thereof being probably engaged in an introspective review of his life. In a moment, however, he showed signs of reanimation, and he feebly groaned:

"Whar are I, sah? I tought I was in hebben."

An order for coffee, however, roused him from his celestial contemplation; and a repeated command for breakfast at six bells, from the commodore, together with a gentle hint (accompanied by a severe glance at our scanty wardrobe), "that perhaps the gentlemen might embrace the interval in making some addition to their toilets," caused an instant stampede below.

It has been impossible within the limits of the foregoing article to enter into detail as regards the kind or habits of the fowl pursued, or to dwell upon the relative value of the various styles of fowling-pieces or the different qualities and quantities of ammunition used therefor. We would recommend any readers who are not already familiar with them to at once possess themselves of "Frank Forrester's" writings, which are an epitome of all that is worth knowing about shooting either by "field or flood."



MR. QUATTY'S GREAT SPEECH.

"MY FRIENDS! * * YOUR HUMBLE SPEAKER WAS ONCE AN OYSTERMAN."

A MORE sincere and every way excellent man than Mr. Phip Quatty never lived, nor a more thoroughly uneducated one; and a more sensible man you never knew. In the dialect of the South-western city in which he lived, "If ever a man had what you may call good strong hard horse-sense, Quatty's your man." As all admitted, however, there was one fatal exception which was always stated in the making out of this verdict—the individual in question "would speak." Mr. Venable, his young pastor, begged him in private, and almost with tears in his eyes—for it was a very serious matter indeed—not to make remarks in prayer-meeting, yet entreated him in vain. Mr. Ezra Micajah Parsons, who afterward secured an income of sixty-two thousand dollars a year by one of his many inventions, had patented a vast variety of railway brakes among other things, but he failed ignominiously in devising any mode of stopping Mr. Quatty, and never had Mr. Parsons given his mind more vigorously to anything. Mrs. Chaffingsby, who imagined herself an artist, and painted atrocious prophets, apostles, martyrs and seraphims, became herself a picture of disgust in the framing of her pew "at meeting" whenever Mr. Quatty arose to speak. Mr. Parsons and herself were members of the same church with the offender, and had a strong aversion to his peculiarity,—of all people living, queer and notionate people being the most impatient of the oddities of others. There was Commodore Grandheur, superintendent of the Sabbath School and high official in general of the church, a man of imposing

presence, who had an alarming way of growing purple as to his face when angry, and bristling as to his heavy white mustache, and demonstrative as to his still heavier gold-headed cane. It was not every one who dared face the Commodore when the veins about his bald head became blue and swollen. After every attempt of Mr. Phip Quatty to "make a few remarks" at any church meeting, the Commodore would roll, so to speak, down upon the culprit in a thunder-storm even more terrible than the one before; and yet what good or evil did his almost apoplectic expostulations do? Not a bit. To Mr. Quatty, at least when the next opportunity to speak was come, the vehement denunciations were no more than the puffs of smoke from the cigar of the last passer-by. Mr. Quatty *would* speak. It was very remarkable. Every Wednesday night he went from the livery-stable of which he was the energetic owner—the city in which he lived being famous for the superb sea-beach drives near by—to prayer-meeting as fully resolved as any man could be, that he would not say a word. Alas, the lights, the singing, the fervent prayers, the reading by the pastor of some specially striking Scripture, most of all, the exhortations of some brother present, would be sure to stir him up and altogether beyond his own control, and in spite of himself as well as of all the world beside, speak he must, and would, and did.

I liked Mr. Quatty thoroughly, and I can see him this instant. He was a tall man, long, lean, sunburned by reason of unceasing exposure with his horses, which, by the bye, were so many manias to him, only less so than his speeches. He was restless of eye, generous to an absurdity with his money, whoever wanted it, with a shrewd and kindly face, having but that one fault,—he would speak. Nor was that a fault when you came to know the reason prompting the simple-hearted man; really it was the noblest sort of an excellence instead.

The fact that Mr. Quatty was one of the shrewdest of men in everything else, caused this insanity of his for public speaking to stand out in grotesque contrast upon the daily background of his otherwise uniform and even coarse common sense. Explanation is easy. He had heard a vast deal of oratory, very often of an exceedingly florid kind, on Fourths of July, during political campaigns, on masonic anniversaries and the like, and whisky could not have so intoxicated him. Not that the subject matter of the eloquence was of the slightest interest to him. A breathless listener from first to last, by far the most excited hearer present, his one thought through all was:

"Oh, if I could only get a show at this crowd in that way! Yes, and, if I could just get to going, I could pile on the agony higher than *you* are doing, you bet!"

In other words, to Mr. Quatty, public speaking meant declamation, and declamation meant something immeasurably more than ordinary language. What so poor and mean as the daily talk he held now with this one man and now with that! In contrast, what so glorious as for him to have to do with a thousand people at once, his talk swelling into a sort of thunder-storm proportionately! But Dr. Burrows, a previous pastor of his, had stimulated his hallucinations into madness almost. A very *ore rotundo* speaker Dr. Burrows was. Portly of person, powerful of voice, orbicular of gesture, the solemnity of his themes gave a sanction to his oratory which made it a matter of conscience, in addition to all else, that Mr. Quatty should imitate and surpass it all. He would be more than President of the United States if he could present truth in that way, now sinking hand and voice into the still small whisper of thrilling appeal, and now—and this he liked best—crashing upon the people in thunder of righteous denunciation.

"Ah me!" Mr. Quatty had many a time groaned to himself on leaving church, "if I could get up as high as the Doctor did, I could have got up fifty times higher, and I could have come down upon those people a hundred times harder. You bet! No, not bet, it's Sunday, and it's a sermon. But, oh, if I only had any sort of a show,—but one fair chance,—just one!"

And thus it came about that Mr. Phip Quatty arose one eventful day at an unusually early hour. He had been very wakeful all night, so that when his wife groaned as he got up, "O Phip, Phip, I wouldn't if I was you;" and her husband replied, "Can't help it, Sally," it was but in continuation of a conversation to a like effect which had been kept up intermittently through all the hours of darkness gone before.

Mrs. Quatty sat up in bed, arranged her hair a little, rubbed her eyes, which had evidently been deprived of their lawful rest, and made one last, despairing appeal.

"O how I do *wish* you wouldn't!"

"Can't help it, Sally." The words in reply were few, but it was in substance all Mr. Quatty ever said, in that connection, to her or

to any one else. They were few and final, because they were the utterance to others of what was to the man himself, the decree of destiny, necessity, nature. *He* did not desire to make remarks in meeting. A vast deal rather would he listen, instead, to anybody else you might mention. "There is nothing I have to do I hate more," he often said. It was the grief of his life. "I would rather any day have an overseer take a rawhide to me," he was continually observing. By an inscrutable doom, more perplexing and painful to him than it could possibly be to any other, he "had to speak," and that was all there was of it. Mr. Quatty had never read of the Virgin at Delphi uttering oracles sorely against her will, or he might have quoted that precedent. As it was, his reply, as final in its tone as in all else, so cool because concerning something in relation to which all discussion was idle—his reply expressed it all—

"Can't help it, Sally."

The morning alluded to was that of the day upon which it had been arranged by Mr. Quatty's pastor that he should have a hall engaged for the purpose, and an entire evening to and for himself. Then and there he was to make fully, finally, once and for all, the remarks which he had so often and faithfully tried to make in prayer-meetings and elsewhere, and tried in vain. Although the plan had been suggested by his pastor very cautiously and with hesitation lest it should hurt his parishioner's feelings, Mr. Quatty had consented to it promptly, cordially, almost rapturously. It was precisely the thing he had desired for years.

"I have never had any show, you see, sir," he explained to Mr. Venable at the end of their conversation. "People all around me are going to ruin, and even when you get such people into a meeting, somehow what is said does not hit a man of the crowd as a hammer hits a nail on the head. It may all be very good, but it is mighty misty and roundabout. Somehow it don't hit so as to hurt, and people go away exactly as they came. That is the reason I get up. Something must be said. I would as lief have a hand chopped off as to have it to do, but if nobody else does it, I *must!*"

"But, why not say it all," his friend asked, "to people in conversation. You have many wicked men coming into your stable every day, you tell me,—why not seize an opportunity then, and have a private talk? I find *I* can do more with a person in such conversation than I can from the pulpit." The other made prompt reply:

"Because, being a minister, they don't interrupt, you see, any more then than when you are preaching. Talk?—I try to do so every day of my life. But the fellow, whoever it is, will interrupt. He is sure to say, 'Oh, Quatty, let me have a horse and buggy and go;' or 'Stuff, Quatty, nonsense, if you care so for my soul why won't you let me have that ten dollars?' I *do* let them have the ten dollars,—fifty for that matter,"—Mr. Quatty added, "except when I know for dead certain it will go for whisky or gambling or something worse. No, sir! and twenty to one, as sure as I begin to talk, the man will say, 'Well, now, you have had *your* say, let *me* talk,' and then he will fly off with some joke or story, or start me talking horse-flesh. What I want, you see, is to get at people when I can say all I've got to say without anybody putting in. My idea is to get a crowd to sit still as they do for you at church and listen. Then I only want a good fair start, and I can always have that by beginning with my being an oysterman, and all I want after that is to get to going you know! I have so much to say," he added with almost tears in his earnest eyes, "that if I get the hang of the thing, the swing of it you know, the *rush* of the thing, you understand," with an illustrative gesture of both of his long arms, as if he was pushing some vehicle rapidly before him, "the gush and rush and roar of the thing, I could make a speech that would *tell*,—yes, siree bob, tell like thunder!"

And now the morning of the day set for Mr. Quatty to speak had come. Full notice had been given in all the city papers, Colonel Rosselyn, the editor of one of them, adding in his sheet a special editorial in reference to "Mr. Quatty, our well known, estimable and *enterprising* fellow-citizen," the subject of the commendation as ignorant as a lamb of the sarcasm of the Colonel's italics. Never had his many friends seemed so zealous in his affairs. Profane men and gamblers as many of them were, they had cheerfully contributed toward posters advertising the meeting in the hall,—posters exhausting the resources, both as to largest type and most vivid colors, of all the printing offices in the city. No wonder Mr. Quatty was unable to sleep the night before. Nor is it to be wondered that on rising, as we have said, he resisted his wife to the last as he put on his best clothes

at once, so as to give his whole mind to the matter without the interruption of having to dress again at night. Immediately after breakfast he had his span of "crack" grays harnessed to his own private buggy, and drove off to the sea-beach to be by himself and to think.

It was a morning bright, cool, crisp enough to inspire the dullest man living. Mr. Quatty's soul was charged and surcharged with an abundance of things to say,—things to him of the highest conceivable beauty and sublimity as well as importance; things which held and stirred his own heart beyond anything else in all the world. There was plenty to say, no fear of that; and no man could be in more vigorous, not to say, rugged health; the blood coursing swiftly, that bracing morning, through his brain, enabling him to dare and to do everything, as it did through his stomach, enabling him to digest everything. As he struck the beach he shook the reins eagerly. "G'lang!" he said to his grays, and, as they sped along in the fringe of the surf, "That is it," he said aloud, "that's the way to get to going in my speech,—the way to get the rush of the thing; and now let me study."

But the orator found it almost impossible to do so. He could not help going over in mind his many past efforts and failures. Then he pictured to himself the hall as it would be that night, the lights and the crowd, the death-like stillness of attention, the deepening interest, the tears of all present as he proceeded, the applause when he should end, the congratulations of his friends, the notices in the papers next day. As his horses flew along the broad hard beach, their driver continually shaking the reins and urging them on in his eagerness, Mr. Quatty had never been so excited in his life.

"The morning I was to marry was not a circumstance to it," he said; "not even the day I joined the church. But look here, Quatty," he continued, "this isn't studying my speech. Hold up a moment," he said aloud, and he reined in his grays until they came to a stand. "Let me imagine all the people there, still as mice, and attentive as you please. I wonder if the hall will be crowded. Perhaps some will have to sit on the platform. Never mind. Whoa, hold up! Let me begin at the beginning."

Now, it should be explained, Mr. Quatty always began his remarks in public by telling of having once been an oysterman, and a rather disreputable one. Also of his having been rescued from his evil courses by the intervention of a stranger who had told him, somewhat singularly, that he perceived that he, Mr. Quatty, was a gentleman and a scholar. It is not improbable that Mr. Quatty had made a hundred efforts to speak, and every time he had begun with these facts, but, somehow, he always broke down almost immediately after stating them, whereas he had always regarded them in theory as but the safe beginning of the rousing address he always intended to make. "I was once," he now rehearsed, "an oysterman, that I've got pat. Then that man, and how I said that I was *not* a gentleman and a scholar, pat as you please. Now here is just where I begin to break down, it's the weak place in the harness. I must have something strong to say exactly there. Can't you stop your stamping and pawing? Whoa, I say. Let me see, let me see—." At this juncture a sea-gull swooped by and so near the heads of his pair that, eager for the least pretext to do so, they started off on a run, jerking the reins out of their driver's hands. There was not much danger, seeing that the ocean was on one side of the beach, and that the sand was heaped up twenty feet high on the other. The horses, however, were, as well as their driver, full of life, and put such soul as they too possessed into their heels. Mr. Quatty had been run away with who can say how many hundreds of times in his life, and was before long master again of the situation, but, when he had his horses standing still once more, and all in a foam, it was miles further along the beach, and all his preparations up to that point in his address had to be gone over again.

"Yah, you beauties!" their driver said to his horses as they struggled once more against the long and sinewy arm which held them in, "you upset my speech, that is all. You would, would you? I only wish I may run away with that hallful of people to-night the same way. Yes, and I can do it if nobody interrupts. If I can get to going, that is all I ask, to get under a good head of steam, to get into the rush of the thing. Now, what next? Just at that weak place I'll have something as strong as I can fix it, smart and strong to keep me from stopping one moment. Let me see," and he meditated deeply with his head down, but with no result. "If you only *could* be still one moment!" he ejaculated to his animals, "it is that, it is the interruption that halts

me, and all I need is to get into a good headway. Let me see," and his eye fell on a crab burrowing in the heaped up mounds of sand on his left. "Exactly," he exclaimed, "yes, I see, I'll illustrate that way, how a fellow burrows in the dirt when he drinks and gambles and such like. I can bring in the hard shell and the claws as sure as you live. That's good, they'll understand *that!* Get up, I'll see something else," and Mr. Quatty revolved his illustration over and over as his horses trotted rapidly along against a tight rein, the driver deep in thought.

Suddenly they shied to one side, and only by sheer strength could Mr. Quatty hold them in, rearing and plunging. Lying right across their way on the smooth hard beach, its head downward and still tossed as to the matted hair by the receding tide, was the body of a drowned sailor. It had evidently been washed up by the heavy surf of the night before, and it was far from the first time Mr. Quatty had come on such a sight along that beach. He held his struggling horses in as he considered matters. Life had long been extinct. The glazed eyes were staring at the sky, the brawny and tattooed breast was all bare to the day; the ineffectual arms, pictured over even to the tips of the fingers with anchors and crosses and hearts, were spread out in dumb appeal on either side, still being lifted and let fall by the ebb and flow of the retiring sea.

"Poor fellow, but you aint the first," said Mr. Quatty, "nor will you be the last. I'll drive right back and send out the coroner," and he turned his horses suddenly around. "Hold up!" he exclaimed with excitement as he did so, "it's a Providence has pitched you into the very outset of my speech. Why, it's the grandest sort of an idea! A man, dear friends," and Mr. Quatty transferred the reins from his right hand to his left, and extended his long arm to an imaginary audience, "a mortal man once as full of life and deviltry, I dessay, as any of you, and now, behold,——Oh! I have got the idea. I'm sorry for you, but glad for my speech; yes," he added, shaking his fist at the buzzards slowly circling round and round overhead, "I'll put *you* in too. Many and many a man of you," Mr. Quatty continued returning to his audience with an inflation into oratory of his voice, and a wave of his hand, "is a worse turkey-buzzard, a-circling and a-swooping every day round and round many a poor sailor in our harbor! Oh, but I'll make your feathers fly to-night!" Mr. Quatty added with another shake of his fist, this time at those of whom the birds of prey were but a type. "G'lang, boys!" he added to his horses, and, as they gladly sped homeward, "I'll hold on to what I've got and go for the coroner; get up, will you!"

It was dinner-time before he had dispatched the legal officer and his jury in a wagon from his stable,—quite a jolly set as they drove off. Through all these arrangements, as well as during the hasty meal which followed, Mr. Quatty clung closely to so much of his address as he had accumulated that far, his enthusiasm greatly quickened by the events of the morning, as well as by the posters of the night's meeting which he could not help seeing as they blazed upon every wall. "Oh, Phip, Phip, I would not!" his wife, holding to his arm as he rose from the table, continued to urge. "The people are only making game of you. Please don't; the children have had ever so many fights with boys about it to-day already, and you so sensible a man in everything else; don't make a fool of yourself, Phip, please don't!"

"Sally," her husband said, "it's because you don't understand. Look here. You think it will be only my having been an oysterman. I tell you! why, I've got plenty of new ideas to-day. Splendid ideas! all I want to do is to do good, and you know it. Somebody *must* talk to those people, and who else is even trying to? You might have stopped me this morning, but I wouldn't give up making that speech now for the best horse in America. Just you wait," and he was gone. It was to get a fresh pair of horses and drive along the beach in the direction opposite to that of the morning. "All I want is to have no interruptions. Once let me get fairly to going," he said to himself, "and all the fear is I'll never be able to stop. Even an engine, let alone a horse, or a man, goes better after it gets warm to its work. Let me see, oysterman—*not* gentleman and scholar—crabs—buzzards—no, hold up, the dead man comes before that and, now, what after that?" Mr. Quatty reined in beside the surf and meditated, "Why, here's the sea, rolling and rolling. Whoa, hold up! And there is the blue sky, too, and plenty of stars, yes," Mr Quatty continued with enthusiasm, "and the wind too, blowing, blowing. Can't you be still, you fools?" to his impatient horses. "It's a splendid idea," and looking carefully around to be sure that nothing but sea and sand were in sight, Mr. Quatty stood up, for he was

now using an open wagon, and, holding his reins with the one hand, he extended the other.

"Fellow-citizens! I am here to-night—never mind about oysters—scholar—degraded vermin wallowing in the sand—mud I mean—worse than that, swooping down on carrion wings—*no!* why can't you remember to have the dead man in first?—a something to swoop *on!* never mind, that'll all come right when I get into the rush of speaking—and, O friends! the boundless booming sea, rolling in like death, swallowing us all up—that will be grand, you bet! and ye tremendous winds—" Mr. Quatty here held the reins firmly down under his foot that he might use both hands, and continued, "you powerful breezes which sweep us all up away, you—whoa, hold up, can't you hold up, you brutes!—and this superior sky a-bending down from up there—oh, I'll get that in, you bet! As also those clouds, they are like our flimsy lives, you see. Ye float about, you melting and fluffy things—halloo, no, sir, fluffy won't do. Never mind, when I once get fairly agoing those little things will fix themselves. And O ye—you—what else?"

Mr. Quatty stood with extended arms, the honest soul of the man in his eyes and tones and long hands sweeping, in the bursts of his oratory, around him like a wind-mill. The livery-stable keeper was not insane. He was surrounded every day of his life by very bad men whom he was anxious to turn from their gambling and drinking and otherwise desperate courses, in which some of them were being killed almost every week. He had an abundance to say. His imagined audience were people who never went into a church, "but, if they did go," Mr. Quatty often said to himself, "what good would it do them? Preachers never say the sort of things such people need, or, if they do, they never begin to say them half hard enough." If ever a soul was driven, and as by its own fullness, to express itself, that soul was Phip Quatty. He had a vast deal more of pressing importance to say than Demosthenes, competing with the sea surf before him, ever dreamed of having, only the impediment in his case was worse than in that of the orator with the pebble in his mouth as a corrective. Neither Whitfield, Chalmers, Spurgeon nor any of the rest, ever had a larger or sincerer heart to do good; nor did these know as much more as you might suppose of that which was of practical value to say. The only trouble was that, somehow, this lover of his kind had never been able to say out to people the much that, he felt as sure as he did of his own existence, he had to say. John Bunyan, the tinker, managed to write out his message to men, and Hans Sachs, the cobbler, succeeded in singing to the listening world what he had in his soul for them; all that Mr. Quatty wanted all along was a "fair show." He would have it for the first time in his life in the hall that night, and he would use it!

Standing erect in his vehicle, his foot firmly pressed upon the reins, Mr. Quatty poured out for some time quite a torrent of exhortation, denunciation and entreaty in rehearsal.

"Ye hard-headed and harder-hearted ones," he continued with increasing vehemence, and, in the earnestness of his appeal with both extended hands, forgetting the reins under his foot, "you miserable men soaking yourselves along our wharves with strychnine whisky, awake, rouse out, get up!"—It was said with such emphasis that his horses mistook it for an address to them, and started forward with a bound. The impassioned orator fell back into his seat, and when at last he had reined them in, he had his whole address to go over again from the first.

When Mr. Quatty went to the hall at night, he was exhausted as from the hardest day's work he had ever done. But his flagging spirits revived when he forced his way through the crowd and stepped upon the platform. As he did so a band of music struck up. It was a most gratifying surprise to him. The fact was that the friends who had plastered every wall in St. Jerome with the flaming posters, had also secured the best band in the city, and it put its entire energy into Hail Columbia as soon as Mr. Quatty had taken his seat. The crowd was enormous, for it was a large hall and every seat and standing-place was occupied. The one doubt which held the crowd was as to the exact nature of the conduct to be pursued. Was it a show, with Mr. Quatty as clown? or was it indeed a religious service, with that gentleman as the speaker? The large audience, made up almost wholly of men,—chiefly of men never seen at church,—oscillated as upon an edge, somewhat more ready, however, to laugh than to weep, but every man present having the sincerest liking for the orator of the hour.

"Now Quatty," that gentleman kept saying to himself, "you keep cool, hold a tight rein, don't get flurried; it's only like driving a big team. Be slow and steady

until you get to going. As soon as you do get going, get fairly started, get into a rush, you let yourself out. Never mind how long you speak, you let her *go*, and somehow you'll come out all right! Don't forget, now. Oysterman—scholar—buzzards—no, crabs—you fool, its the drowned man first—all right—wind flowing forever and ev—no, sir, the sea comes first rolling and rolling—the splendid sun—. The sun? O never mind, I'll get something to fix with that;" and under his anxious exterior Mr. Quatty conned his list of ideas over and over again, until the brass band had exhausted the national air. With the silence which followed, the orator of the hour stepped forward to the front of the platform. In the uncertainty as to whether it was a show or a church, the audience sat still, ready for anything. Now, a little to one side of the platform there was seated a certain Mr. Fanthorp, who was universally known as Farce Fanthorp by reason of his unwearying fondness for "a little fun," a fondness which he indulged by the equally unwearying manufacturing of that article when it was lacking. He was a wild young lawyer, and the essence and success of his jocularity consisted in the gravity of his countenance through it all. Men began to laugh and to look out for a joke at the very sight of the man, but Mr. Quatty, although he recognized him from the first as well as all along, was too much absorbed in his speech to remember that it was Farce Fanthorp. The moment the orator stepped forward the lawyer began, with eyes kindling with enthusiasm and with the most serious of faces, to applaud, and the entire audience accepted the suggestion with enthusiastic delight. It was some time before Mr. Quatty could get a hearing above the pounding of feet and the clapping of hands.

"My friends," he began at last with extended hand. "Your humble speaker was once an oysterman. You may be surprised, but so it is. I made my living by dredging for oysters——"

"Clams?"

The question was put by Mr. Fanthorp, from his seat among the people, in clear but respectful tones; evidently his only object was to know.

"Occasionally, yes, sir," Mr. Quatty replied, turning his honest face in the direction of the questioner. "Yes, fellow citizens," he continued, again extending his oratorical hand, "little as you may think it, I was once nothing but an oysterman——"

"Crabs?"

Nothing could be more respectful than the questions. The serious aspect of Mr. Fanthorp showed that his sole desire was to be thoroughly informed.

"Very rarely," the speaker replied, with the utmost candor. "But I haven't got to crabs yet. Once I was an oysterman, gentlemen," Mr. Quatty continued, again lifting his hand which he had let fall in replying to his questioner. "I am ashamed to say that I used to lie and even to steal——"

"How much?"

"It is impossible for me to state exactly," the orator continued in reply to the question, again letting his hand fall. "Also, I blush to say, I was in the habit of drinking. O friends! I used to keep a demijohn buried in the sand near by, and drink and drink almost to the destruction of my imperishable——"

"Rifle or bald face?"

"Rifle, bald face, rum, gin, whisky, all sorts of liquors," Mr. Quatty hastened to say. "As bad a man I was as the best man here, I mean the very worst. And I used to quarrel and squabble and fight——"

"Fetch him?" the question was asked with grave uneasiness on the part of some one in a distant part of the audience who had taken his cue from Mr. Fanthorp.

"No, sir! I'm glad to say I did *not* fetch him; I never used anything but my fists. And, O my friends! it was a happy thing for me," the speaker continued, evidently with an effort, "when one day a stranger came along; I was dredging oysters in the flats; he stood looking on for a while, and we passed the compliments of the day. Says he at last, 'Sir, under your rude garb I see that you are a gentleman and a scholar;' which, my friends, I am *not!*" Mr. Quatty seemed refreshed by the energy with which he said it, and still more by the applause with which the denial was received; and launched out with much vigor into a detail of the conversation which followed between the stranger and himself. "Yes, sir," he added at last, "that man was—was—I lack power to say—*what* that man was—I mean to me; O my fellow-citizens! to me he was—" and Mr. Quatty stood, overflowing with gratitude, his hands clasped together and lifted up, his eyes searching slowly over the audience as if for the strongest word to be had, "I wish I could say what he was; to me, he was——"

"A peddler?"

The suggestion came from the back of the hall. "No, sir, not at all," the speaker said with entire frankness, but fallen suddenly from his fervor. "Not much, not at all; no, sir, he was nothing of the kind whatever!" but Mr. Quatty was compelled to give way for quite a time to the laughter and applause which followed. The trouble with the speaker was, not in the interruptions alone, but that they constrained him to change, and so suddenly, from the inflated tones wherein, as he firmly believed, all oratory lay. He was not the man, however, to yield as yet, especially as he had the leading incident of the morning's ride still in reserve, and he made another and more earnest effort. "My friends," he began again with outstretched arms, as the crowded room became comparatively quiet, "what is life? It was this very day it happened. I was driving up the beach; yes, this very day I beheld a fellow-creature lying all prostrate upon the cold, cold ground!" Mr Quatty had practiced this part of his address, standing up in his vehicle, a good deal, and rallied his waning energies upon it. "A fellow-creature, a sailor like a good many of you! lying on the cold, wet beach. One a few hours before," in slow and solemn tones, "as full of life as any one of you all, perhaps not a quarter as bad, and there—" the orator added, recoiling as from the sight, and holding out a horror-stricken hand over the drowned man lying at his feet, "there he lay," in low sepulchral tones, "yes, friends, there that sailor man lay, dead, dead ——"

"Drunk?"

The question was put by some one near the platform and was unheard by the audience.

"No, sir, he was not drunk!" Mr. Quatty said it with such indignant energy as to bring down the house in peals of laughter.

"I had intended," the speaker continued, rising in his wrath above the uproar, and dropping all oratorical tone and gesture entirely. "I *had* intended to make a good, long, rousing speech to you," he shouted with voice and manner exactly as when calling to his friends along the streets, or when the wharves were crowded on the arrival of a steamer. "If I could only have got a fair start, if I had only got to going, into the rush of the thing, I could have done it," he continued in his most natural manner. "You fellows need it; if ever a set of men need it, you do. I intended telling you about how you are like vermin burrowing in the sand, and like turkey-buzzards; was going to tell you about the rolling sea, and the rushing sky—I mean wind—but it does not matter now. If ever," the exasperated orator continued, shaking what looked very much like a fist at his audience, "if ever I make, or try to make another speech.—No, sir, I never will again as long as I live, so help me heaven." As he said it, Mr. Quatty turned to take his seat, surprised even in his wrath, at the sudden silence, the slackening, at least, of their laughter, which had fallen on the people. It was explained when he saw that Mr. Venable had stepped upon the platform and was standing at one side waiting for him to get through. By a mutual movement the two men shook cordial hands as if in ratification of the pledge just given, and the audience gave way to hearty and good-humored applause as well as laughter at the sight.

"Friends," Mr. Venable said, laughing, and holding up a hand for silence, "our esteemed fellow-citizen is greatly obliged to you for your attendance here to-night. We all know Mr. Quatty, and we all like him. Why, only this very day I heard of a generous act of his to a poor widow with a large and needy family," and Mr. Quatty's pastor proceeded to tell of it. And that suggested another deed of kindness on the part of the ex-speaker to some one else, even more liberal, and that another still. By virtue of the simple narration of the facts, the audience were laughing and in tears alternately.

"Now, we all know," Mr. Venable said at last, "that for one real, sterling, honest man who *does* what is generous and noble, there are a thousand who can make speeches glibly enough. It is the *man* we respect, not the flippant talker. You all know what Burns says"—and Mr. Venable, who had the lines at his tongue's end, repeated the whole poem, "A man's a man for a' that," with all his energy and pathos. As he sat down, Mr. Fanthorp sprang upon the platform and proposed three cheers for Mr. Quatty. They were given with a will, the audience rising, to do so more effectively, and then, to the music of the Star Spangled Banner performed by the band in attendance with unusual power, the large congregation slowly dispersed, quite a number lingering behind to shake Mr. Quatty cordially by the hand.

Although that gentleman never again tried to speak in public, as an orator at least, somehow he felt that he had made a grand success of it in his last attempt to do so. If

I were to tell you the name of the town in which it took place, and you were to go there and ask of the first old resident you met, "I say, sir, did you ever know a Mr. Phip Quatty living here?" as sure as you did so the other would reply: "Yes, *sir;* of course I did. You have heard of his great speech, haven't you?" and if you feign at once an ignorance of, and an interest in, the matter, ten to one you will be told the whole story and far better than it has been done here. It is said that from this incident originated the sarcastic advice, now passed into a proverb, which is administered to such as talk too much, that they should "hire a hall"; but for this the writer will not vouch.

One thing must be added. For months after this effort, Mr. Quatty sat grimly silent at prayer-meetings. It so happened after awhile, however, that a steamship plying to that port foundered at sea, and, upon it, were several of the most wicked men of those over whom the soul of the orator had so yearned. It was on his way to service one Wednesday night that Mr. Quatty first heard of it, no one at meeting knowing as yet, beside himself, of the disaster. Mr. Quatty occupied, as he always did, a back seat, and, to the indignation, at first, of all present, but to the astonishment of no one there quite as much as of Mr. Quatty himself, the warm-hearted man suddenly arose and said:

"Let us pray!"

But a very different person Mr. Quatty was when his audience was his Maker instead. There was no attempt at oratory now. His prayer was for the abandoned associates, still surviving, of the drowned men. So simple, sincerely importunate, and thoroughly sensible were his supplications, that every heart was melted. For years people had agreed that there was not quite so consistent and useful a Christian in the town as Mr. Quatty, and from that moment not even Commodore Grandheur objected to his leading in prayer. His prayers were not without acceptance, too, with the object of all prayer, if we may judge by the marked results. As to oratory, however, Mr. Quatty's great speech was also his last.

MAIDENHOOD.

WHAT happy star shone on her birth?
What grassy corner of the earth
Grew daisies for her baby feet
To dance between, since they repeat,
On all the flowerless ways they pass,
That breezy motion of the grass?

What brook bewitched her to its brink,
And drew her fresh lips down to drink
Its music, while it slipped unseen
Its happy cadences between?—
So sweet and glad the voice that slips
From ambush of her maiden lips.

What winds upon the hills gave room
To her, and buffeted to bloom
Her rounded cheeks, and made her hair
A flying sunshine in the air?—
For still, like sun-gleams on a rose,
Her wayward color comes and goes.

What graybeard tree upon the down
Caught, as she sped, her floating gown,
And whispered through his ancient girth
The long dumb sorrow of the earth?—
For the sweet pity in her eyes
Almost their gladness overlies.

OUR DIPLOMATES AND CONSULS.

THE grotesque side of American diplomacy has always been its dress. In the early days there was not as much simplicity in this respect as many are inclined to believe. For some time after Jefferson's administration, the Department of State, in its circular to our foreign ministers, informed them that with "certain books, papers and documents necessary or useful in the discharge of the duties of their mission," they would receive an engraved design of the uniform worn by United States ministers at foreign courts on occasions when full dress was required, and that the expense of "presents to the menial attendants at court and of the public functionaries," at their presentation and other established occasions, usually Christmas and New Year's Day, would be allowed as contingencies. Some of the plates, showing the pattern of dress, embroidery, and buttons, are still in the possession of the Department, or were not long ago.

The representative who appeared to most advantage, of all those the country ever sent abroad, was probably Franklin, in his simple garb of an American citizen—round hat, brown cloth coat, and straight, unpowdered hair. In the midst of the gold lace and powdered heads of the most brilliant court in Europe, the philosopher furnishes a historical picture, which will always be pleasing and profitable for the republican mind to dwell upon.

When Gallatin was Commissioner to Ghent this subject occupied him, and he wrote to the Department in favor of simple black as a proper apparel, but his suggestion was unheeded. The full feather of diplomatic plumage was reached under the administration of Monroe—blue coat lined with silk and covered with gold embroidery and buttons, white cassimere knee-breeches, gold knee-buckles, white silk stockings, sword of elaborate ornament, and the *chapeau de bras* surmounted with a white ostrich feather—something not far from the *panache* of General Boum. This spangling accouterment was toned down under the administration of Jackson to something that was neither flesh, fowl, nor fish, being unlike anything at home or abroad. Then came the Marcy circular, recommending the simple costume of a United States citizen, which was one of the most sensible papers ever issued from official sources on this subject. It was, however, almost a dead letter. The Secretary had no authority, by law or custom, to give positive instructions, and his views, like those of his predecessors, were conveyed in the form of a recommendation. Thus the document carried with it no compulsory obligation, and, singular as it may appear, our representatives generally preferred to wear a uniform from puerile vanity, or a fear of looking different from their neighbors.

In a few instances efforts were made to follow the recommendation; notably on the part of an *ad interim* Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, who made official application to be received in plain black, which was promptly accorded, and, for the first time since the days of Franklin, the United States representative was seen at the Court of France in his true colors. The work of the Chargé d'Affaires, however, was undone by his superior, the Minister, who, as soon as he arrived at his post, notwithstanding the polite permission which had been granted, determined to adhere to the gold lace and sword of the past. The effect of the circular was to disturb the little uniformity which remained, and our representatives henceforth gave themselves over to fantastic costumes. During the time of Mr. Seward they were requested in general instructions to conform to the usages of the country where they resided, and this, at present, is their only authority for adopting the court costume.

A vague resolution was passed in Congress during President Johnson's administration, recommending simplicity of attire, which was generally disregarded, or rather evaded, by donning a military uniform, and our representatives may now be divided into two general classes—the court-uniformed and the military-uniformed. On the reception of this resolution by our Minister at the Court of St. James, who had been wearing the court uniform, and was unauthorized to put on the attire of Mars, not being a militia colonel or general, he wrote to the Department that, inasmuch as Congress frowned on the garb of courts, and a uniform of some kind was necessary, it would, perhaps, be well for the Government to select its diplomates and consuls from among those only who were entitled to wear a military uniform, and thus put the question at rest. This was the only bit of irony fur-

nished by this accomplished statesman during a long official correspondence.

When the same Minister arrived at his post, he consulted with his predecessor in reference to this vexatious question, who told him that if he had it to do over again, he would adopt the court costume to avoid eccentricity; that he and his two secretaries had been wearing the old black Continental costume—cocked hat, sword, knee-breeches, and steel shoe-buckles—which made them the most conspicuous persons in the court assembly. Besides this, according to the predecessor, they incurred some ridicule, as, when they made their entry, the young diplomates nudged each other, and whispered: "Here come the three black crows," the song of "The Three Black Crows" being in vogue at the time.

When one of our political agents was on his way to the Continent, he was presented to Her Majesty at London, and reproduced the black crow costume, owing, probably, to the presence of an American newspaper correspondent in his suite, who might have made his donning of the court garb the theme of another United States agent fallen from republican grace. The Minister who presented him was in the regulation attire of the palace, and the two, thus diversely habited, furnished to royalty an appearance typical of the elasticity of our institutions.

In this insignificant but vexatious question of breeches, the Government has been capricious from the beginning, and the result has been a continuous masquerade. It has suggested and recommended, without reaching the point of laying down the law, and thus putting a stop to the general travesty, and the world has been furnished with a spectacle of colonels, generals, and gold-laced courtiers of every description.

To proceed from the outside to the inside: Up to the time of President Jackson, those employed in the consular and diplomatic service, although of indifferent competency, were, if for no other reason, generally honest from not having an incentive to be otherwise, being assured of permanent employment as long as they conducted themselves properly and did their duty. Some of them, from long practice, were beginning to discharge their functions in a satisfactory manner, and all of them would, doubtless, in time have acquired a fair degree of proficiency with a more complete organization. The rotation in office, inaugurated by Jackson, cut short any further effort at improvement in this direction.

It is a pet theory with some—and they make out something of a case—that if ever our republican form of government fails, it will be through the corruption of its officials, made so from rotation of office; and, if this be true, Jackson drove the first nail into the coffin of the republic. In any event, it will doubtless be generally discovered, as we progress in political experience, that this President did much mischief. There is scarcely an event in American history so pregnant with evil. The immense losses of the late war bear, in return, some indirect benefits, in having united and nationalized the States, and in having established a guarantee of internal peace for at least half a century, while the possible disasters which may arise from Jackson's ill-considered and partisan act none can estimate.

When General Grant was elected President, he manifested a desire to apply a remedy to the disease introduced into the political system by Jackson. He hoped that no changes would be made where public officers did their duty. When the question came to be tested, there was no co-operation from Congress, and, as the case of President Johnson had amply demonstrated that it is impossible to perform executive functions in the United States without the concurrence of that body morally as well as officially, President Grant gave up his idea of restoring the country to its old status in the matter of civil service. Each individual member of like political faith demanded change in favor of some political henchman, and the breach once made, the new wall which was to protect the promise of better things soon fell.

The standard of official honesty and capacity in foreign service has been declining with each succeeding Administration since the time of General Jackson, and every reflecting citizen knows why it is so. The bad element in politics, bred of rotation, prevails, the companions and friends of the demagogues who manipulate the elections to secure majorities receiving a large share of the foreign appointments.

When Mr. Marcy was Secretary of State, he induced Congress to pass a bill drawn for the purpose of establishing a new consular system, which embodied preparation, examination, and permanency as its principal features, but which was shortly afterward repealed. The proposal was not sufficiently considered to elicit any general debate, and nothing was done in this direction while Mr. Marcy remained at the head

of the Department, nor by any other Secretary, until Mr. Seward took charge of this branch of the service. Through his perseverance and personal influence in both Houses, Mr. Seward at length secured the passage of what is known as the Consular Clerk Act, which was regarded at the time as the most important legislation ever effected in the interests of the foreign civil service reform. This entering wedge of a new system brought out a general discussion in the Senate, before its final passage. The original bill asked for twenty-five consular and diplomatic pupils, or clerks, which was reduced to thirteen, as seen in the Act which follows:

"That the President be, and is hereby authorized, whenever he shall think the public good will be promoted thereby, to appoint consular clerks, not exceeding thirteen in number at any one time, who shall be citizens of the United States, and over eighteen years of age at the time of their appointment, and shall be entitled to compensation for their services respectively at a rate not exceeding one thousand dollars per annum, to be determined by the President, and to assign such clerks, from time to time, to such consulates, and with such duties as he shall direct; and before the appointment of any such clerk shall be made, it shall be satisfactorily shown to the Secretary of State, after due examination and report by an examining board, that the applicant is qualified and fit for the duties to which he shall be assigned; and such report shall be laid before the President. *And no clerk so appointed shall be removed from office except for cause stated in writing, which shall be submitted to Congress at the session first following such removal.*"

Approved June 20th, 1864.

The Act, as will be observed, was somewhat vague in its last sentence, but the general object was clear. To remedy any deficiency in this respect, the text of the law was accompanied by explanatory information and instruction, as printed in the "Consular Manual," where the Department stated that the permanency of the office thus created, was undoubted, and that those appointed to it, for good conduct and efficiency in consular and diplomatic business, would be properly promoted (as may be seen by referring to the "Consular Manual," page 172, section 342). According to the same authority, "this would give opportunity for the improvement of the consular service, by the appointment, without regard to partisan considerations, of young men of education and character, holding their places by a tenure independent of administrative changes * * which would allow the Government to enjoy the advantages of their special training."

In brief, promotion and permanency were the incentives held out to young men to enter the profession. It was justly deemed by the Department that without this feature of promotion, the services of valuable men could not be obtained; for permanency, at $1,000 per annum, with exile at perhaps some remote and unhealthy post in a subordinate position, would scarcely have led any man of parts to embrace the calling. To put the most liberal construction on the Act, was in accordance with the duty and traditions of the Department, which thus endeavored to render a service to itself and the nation.

The examination of the candidate took place at the State Department before a board of five examiners, one of whom was Assistant Secretary, or Chief Clerk, the other four being selected by the head of the Department. If the candidate was abroad, the examination was made by a United States Minister, and two competent persons named by him, from a programme drawn up by the Department, to which the written answers were transmitted.

After careful consideration of the systems of Great Britain and France, especially the latter, from an elaborate report thereon by an accomplished American diplomate, a standard of qualifications was adopted. In a report of a select Parliamentary committee, composed among others of Seymour Fitzgerald, Monckton Milnes, and Lord Palmerston, it was declared, after much investigation, that the French training was superior to that of any other country, and the idea with us was to adopt the French system, as far as practicable, for a foundation.

Candidates were required to write a good hand, and possess a thorough acquaintance with arithmetic, geography, English grammar, and book-keeping. A good knowledge of history was necessary, especially that of the United States. They were required to pass an examination in the "Consular Manual," Kent's "Commentaries," Story on "The Constitution of the United States," the text of Wheaton's "Elements of International Law," Curtis's "Rights and Duties of Merchant Seamen," Parsons's "Maritime Law," written and spoken French or some other modern language besides English. An acquaintance with Sprague's "Decisions," or Ware's "Reports of Admiralty and Marine Cases," was to be favorably considered. There were other less important requirements, as put forth in the "Consular Manual," which brought the standard up to

something above the English, although below the French.

Thirteen young men, having made their studies and passed their examination, were duly appointed, and attached to the principal consulates. In a short time, two of them were promoted to consulships for efficiency, one of whom resigned, leaving but one consul, who had been promoted from a consular clerk when General Grant was inaugurated as President. In the general sweep of ministers and consuls, made by the new President through political pressure, this consul was included. Believing his removal to have been made through inadvertence, he informed the Department of the fact of his being appointed under the Consular Clerk Act, and, therefore, not subject to removal. The reply of the new Secretary of State was that the letter of the law would be adhered to; which was, that "no *Consular Clerk* so appointed shall be removed," etc., and that he, in becoming a consul, had ceased to come within the Act. The evasion was ingenious, however much it lacked in justice. The removed officer endeavored to show that the scope and spirit of the Act was the idea of permanency, by referring to the debate in the Senate on the subject, where the permanency feature was recognized throughout. The Secretary of State, probably feeling the political and especially the Congressional pressure for vacancies as much as the President, declined to discuss the question.

The vitality of the Act was centered at this point, and this is where it was killed. The new Secretary, had he consulted his own views, would probably have liked to complete the structure whose foundation had been laid with so much trouble by Mr. Seward; but the political current was too strong to be successfully resisted, for it would be an injustice toward him to suppose that he did not possess the administrative capacity to understand the importance of such a measure. This was a test case, and, if the Administration had carried it, the wedge would have been driven nearly home, and the consular and diplomatic system, under the Act of June 20th, in course of time would probably have become as firmly established as the military organization at West Point.

When the Act fell, as it did virtually, after this decision of the Secretary of State, the Senators who had advocated its passage with zeal at the time it was recommended by President Lincoln, made no effort in its behalf, either from an impression that such a course would be futile, or from fear of losing the patronage of the Administration.

This is a brief history of a movement at consular and diplomatic reform beginning twenty years back, which engaged the attention and support of each succeeding Secretary of State, until it culminated in an Act under President Lincoln, and broke down under President Grant. The contemplation of such a history is not apt to inspire much confidence in any similar movement of the future.

Something of the kind, however, was attempted again. A clause in the appropriation bill of March 3d, 1871, authorized the President to prescribe such rules and regulations for the admission of persons into the civil service as would best promote its efficiency, by ascertaining the fitness of each candidate in respect to age, health, character, knowledge, and ability for the service in which he sought to enter. The President appointed a commission to draw up a plan, which received his sanction, and under which that body tried to reform the civil service—the foreign being included. Their efforts, as we all know, were barren of results. Congress did not and does not want a measure of this kind. Some Congressmen will vote for such a reform for the purpose of being "put right on record," when they are conscious of defects which will make a dead letter of it. Others, as has been seen, boldly take the bull by the horns, and declare their opposition. At bottom, the majority dislike such a measure, for it cuts off patronage, and each one of them is the center of a group of friends whom political interests have bound together for years, and any act, promoted by one, tending to withdraw a political benefit from another, is regarded as something akin to crime. The code of honor is, never to turn their backs on one another in the disposal of patronage. As a rule, when the Congressman is approached on the subject of civil service reform, he exhibits a willingness to support it, which is deceptive. This is the surface; the under-current runs swift the other way.

Should such a bill become a well-defined law, it is not certain that it would inaugurate the system contemplated, should Government administration pass into the hands of an opposing party. In this case, a repeal of the statute would probably follow, on one pretext or another. A few years back, when Congress wished to vacate the offices of three judges, it abolished their court and re-created it under another name, which is

a striking instance of what has been done in this way. A future opposition Congress might be capable of abolishing a consular and diplomatic system to get rid of life-incumbents, and of remodeling it to put in friends; in any event, whatever would be done would of course bear the stamp of virtue and the public weal. It is certain that the opposition party, believing that such a statute robs it of its dues sanctioned by custom since the time of Jackson, once in power, would put forth all its strength to break down the life-incumbency, and the probabilities are that it would succeed. The principle, that "to the victors belong the spoils," has become so deeply rooted in the American politician, it is matter of doubt if it will ever be eradicated.

In any event, the reform project would encounter opposition in Congress until its members were made to see their interest in supporting it, and this could only be done with any certainty of success by educating the people up to the idea. If constituencies were sufficiently aroused on the subject to exact pledges in its favor from Congressional candidates, something might be done; voters would perhaps do this if it were made plain to them that such a course would pay in reduced taxation, to say nothing of the peril to republican institutions under the present system, or rather want of system.

Leaving aside the prospective difficulties of making law for the organization of a body of trained, permanent officers for the foreign service, there is no serious obstacle in the way of certain modifications under the present arrangement. Several of these should suggest themselves to the Secretary of State and those in charge of his business in Congress. As a general rule, there should be expansion in the consular, and contraction in the diplomatic service. Most of the third-class missions such as Brussels, The Hague, Berne, Lisbon, and those of the South American States generally, should be merged into consulates-general, to which might be attached the title of Chargé d'Affaires to facilitate business with court authorities. These missions never have been of any substantial benefit to the country, and, owing to the cable and quick steam communication, are less so now than ever. Objectionable in themselves, they are also objectionable in their title of Minister Resident, which is a meaningless term copied from old-timed diplomacy. There is a growing opinion in the country that these missions have served their day, and the time will probably come when they will be abolished. If the Government required the negotiation of a treaty with these small powers, deemed beyond the capacity of the consular-general, it might send a special agent for the purpose, as in the early days of the republic.

In the present arrangement, there is no unity of work or aim, between consul and minister. The latter, taking his cue from old-world colleagues, considers commercial questions of subordinate importance, which he leaves to the consul, occupying himself in his notes with the "*haute diplomatie*," which generally consists of his salutatory on his arrival, when he assures the sovereign of the President's distinguished consideration, and a valedictory of the same character when his four years have expired, the interregnum garnished with court news of no interest to the United States. Thus, the minister considers the subject of commerce as not exactly within his province, according to the traditions of the Metternichs, and each American consul in the dominion prepares isolated commercial reports, which lack unity of purpose. Occasionally a consul-general endeavors to combine their action, but, in the absence of system and authority, without much effect. There is an impression with some that a consul-general and Chargé d'Affaires would not be received at court. This is an error. Every court in Europe is open to an agent of the United States Government, who bears in his hands his credential letter from the President.

The expensive practice of printing all the dispatches at Washington might be dispensed with. Many of these are written for the personal gratification of being reflected in printed volumes, which are only read by admiring friends. In lieu of the whole, the department might present a synopsis of the important correspondence to Congress.

Some of the foreign powers build or buy permanent legations and sometimes consulates in the most important places, and some think the United States would do well to follow their example. To do this, would doubtless be an assumption of authority not warranted by the Constitution. Besides, from our way of legislating, it would be difficult to impose a check on the abuses which might grow out of such a practice.

Raw consuls sent out at the beginning of an administration, for a year or two, are a source of annoyance to the Department. During the first year, not one in ten is capable of making a statement of his accounts free from error. Their bungling brings

trouble. One man strikes his flag, utters defiance, and calls on the United States to back him up. Another summons an American man-of-war to pour a broadside into some community which has insulted the United States in him, its representative. Another vindicates the immortal home-principles, which are hostile to the institutions of the country to which he is sent. Another insists on thrusting American civilization into countries averse to it,—and so on to the end of the chapter. It would afford relief to the Department, if they remained quiet and did nothing but draw their salary. In vain! With the zeal of neophytes, they palpitate with a desire to distinguish themselves in their new calling, and may not be restrained.

In the Treasury Department, certificates and oaths of a rigid character are required with consular accounts before they are passed, and the fact of their being deemed necessary is a sad commentary on consuls as a class. The form exacted is generally equivalent to, "I hereby certify that I am not stealing." This will make an honest man blush, but will not deter a rogue from peculating.

Consuls are unequally remunerated. Sea-port consuls, compared to the inland, are inadequately paid. The duties of the inland consuls are principally of a clerical character, while those of the sea-ports, to be faithfully performed, involve a knowledge of maritime law, to master which, requires superior training and intelligence. There are instances where the inland consul receives four or five thousand dollars for doing little else than signing his name to triplicate invoices, and where a sea-port consul gets but two thousand for doing the work of a Court of Admiralty.

There is injustice in the amount allowed for transit from home to the post of duty, as consuls are paid according to the rate of their salary for the time occupied in making the transit. Thus, one consul gets three or four times as much as another, and their traveling expenses may be the same. Hence, the low-salaried officer is always out of pocket in making his transit. To be equitable, the Government should pay the actual traveling expenses of all its agents.

The numerous inequalities of salary require careful revision. As a starting-point, no consul should receive less than $2,000 a year, for a man of character and capacity cannot be had for less, and none but those of well-proved American citizenship should be eligible to an appointment. The small-salaried consulates, or those where the fees are light, should be suppressed, as they are generally held by foreigners, who, instead of rendering service to the Government, annoy it with their blunders, and occasionally entangle it in difficulty. They should be allowed to act only, if at all, as commercial agents under the direction of a consul, and not permitted to communicate directly with the Department. Consuls should not be allowed to receive fees of any kind. In many cases they have been so inadequately paid that they have felt themselves justified in charging excessive fees for rendering what they call notarial services. A good salary without fees would be the best check on this kind of abuse. Nearly one-fourth of the consulates are useless or almost so, and might be suppressed and their salaries attached to those advantageous to commerce and calculated to extend it. The returns of each consulate should be made the test of usefulness. It is bad enough to keep up expensive, ornamental diplomatic missions, without extending the abuse to consulates. As it is, the consular service is self-supporting from fees, while the diplomatic is a clear outlay.

Naturalized Americans should content themselves with office at home, and not seek a foreign post, on account of its representative character; for the reason, also, that they obtain, if they can, by preference, a place in the locality of their birth, which they were, perhaps, obliged to quit in earlier life for political causes, and where their presence in an official capacity must be an annoyance. If this would be straining a point too much, considering the liberality of our institutions, it should be required at least, that citizens of this class, who speak English with an accent, should not be commissioned to go abroad. Those speaking the nation's language imperfectly, ought, themselves, to recognize the propriety of such a rule. Foreign nations attach an importance to real, representative nationality, which America does not, and, as the maintenance of friendly intercourse is one of the first duties of a Government, some regard should be paid to their wishes in this respect.

If ever foreign civil service reform comes to be seriously considered by the Government, these matters ought to be discussed, and, if remedial measures are adopted, they should be drawn with more care than the Consular Clerk Act of June 20th, which contained, as has been shown, a loop-hole, where the present Administration went through with a facility that should serve as a warning.

The late action of Congress in cutting down the diplomatic service was well as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. What it did in closing up consulates was probably injudicious, for it may be doubted whether the saving of $35,500 will prove a compensation for the injury done to our commerce, since it may be accepted as a rule that the consulate in competent hands fosters and encourages trade. The sum which Congress saved in the suppression of the twenty-three consulates might have been secured several times over in doing as much with several legations and no public interests would have been affected thereby. Indeed, it might have suppressed the diplomatic concern entirely, and the nation would not have felt it except as a relief from the burden of $400,000 taxation. But this would have been too radical. We must move slowly. Time only will remove the diplomatic incubus.

The removal of twenty-three consuls was easier than that of one minister. The probabilities are that the "backing" of the recalled consuls was not strong enough to save them, while that of the diplomates was; that the reforming House, face to face with a non-concurring Senate, had to content itself with the smaller game.

Still, it must be recognized that Congress did make a beginning in cutting off the corners of some legations conspicuous for their uselessness, and reducing them to the grade of posts of Chargés d'Affaires. Such were the legations in Denmark, Greece, Switzerland, Portugal, Paraguay and Uraguay, whose Ministers at $7,500 are now Chargés d'Affaires at $5,000. Congress having done this, the question naturally presents itself why it stopped here; and if it was right to reduce the Portugal legation, why it was not right to reduce the Netherlands legation and others which are of no more importance than those named.

As to the consular changes, it may be observed that Congress did well in closing up establishments that have none other than a sentimental or historical importance, like those of Venice and Cyprus. On the other hand, it may be asked why a consulate at an important commercial town like Southampton should be closed, while that of Beirut in Syria, where there is no trade, should be kept open with a consul, interpreter, Kavass, and *a clerk at twelve hundred dollars* a year in addition. If the answer to this is that we have missionaries to protect there, it is based on a misapprehension of the proper functions of the Department of Foreign Affairs in its consular branch, one of which is to extend reasonable protection to the American citizen, but only in his civil capacity. In a word, if the principle of following up missionaries with consuls were adopted, the consular system would become an onerous charge, financially.

Fifty years hence, probably all the diplomatic missions from this country will be done away with, when the people shall have learned how useless and expensive they are. They are now burdened with them because they are saddled with the traditions of the Old World. They were necessary at one time between sovereigns who could not communicate with each other under weeks, and sometimes months; and there may be other reasons for their maintenance, at present, in a monarchy, but they should have no weight in a republic. The diplomatic mission with the gold-laced agent is part of the royal trappings by which a sovereign imposes respect in an unenlightened people, and gratifies a sentiment of puerile vanity. Yet the importance of even the king's diplomatic representative is now much diminished. At present, a minister of foreign affairs, with the telegraphic wire under his hand, can treat with the same functionary of another state, almost as if the two sat on each side of a table. Bismarck, in several instances, has done this and ignored the official existence of his own diplomatic agent; and it doubtless facilitated business. It probably appeared useless to him to employ a subordinate to do what he was more capable of doing himself, to say nothing of the loss of time involved in the old roundabout way of communication and of the possible errors and accidents arising from transmission by a third person.

The writer has had some personal experience of the duties of a diplomatic agent. While in charge of the legation at The Hague as Chargé d'Affaires, he found difficulty in getting sufficient material to make two dispatches—diplomatically known as notes—a month, and even these were hardly of a character to interest the American government. Indeed, there was nothing to be done at this post but social and official visiting and dining. These are often pleasing duties, but they have little to do with the welfare of a people and the extension of an empire.

Those who nurse themselves in the old traditions naturally magnify the importance of the customs of a court, and fancy that in dining with the grand master of ceremonies and other functionaries, they are keep-

ing up the dignity of the United States and adding to its prestige; that their individual efforts in the sword and gold-lace field redound to the glory of their country. Indeed, some of our diplomatic agents have become so emasculated by intercourse with royalty as to forget that they represent a nation of simple republicans.

There is a degree of humbug in the exercise of diplomatic functions which cannot but excite commiseration in a true republican. In the second and third class missions, at least, the life is that of vegetation, but there is frequent affectation of important work fraught with weal or woe to an empire, —a face of unuttered wisdom, a mysterious allusion to notes, and a show of discreet reserve. And the hours supposed to be devoted to the elaboration of some weighty State document are, ten to one, consecrated to the paring of the nails or some other occupation of a like importance.

Some of our politicians have the frankness to confess that diplomatic missions are simply regarded as rewards for political work and that there is really no other good reason for keeping them up. The principal one given by the friends of the present system is that it is useful in the making of treaties; but this is hardly a good reason considered even from their own point of view. To make a treaty requires special knowledge which the men of general education who occupy diplomatic posts do not have, and a Secretary of State who has an enlightened sense of duty sends a specialist to the power with which it is proposed to treat, the American diplomate acting as a go-between. For example, when the last postal treaty was made with France it was found necessary to send the chairman of the Postal Committee of the Senate to Paris; it was discovered that even his technical knowledge of the subject was not sufficient, and at length a specialist of the Post-Office Department had to go in order to complete the treaty. This of course was an important treaty, but the negotiation of such an one may not occur once in ten years, and in some places may never occur.

It is not necessary for this country to hang out a sign in the way of costly legations to keep the nations of the world advised of its importance, as the friends of the present diplomatic system maintain. We have got beyond that. The nations of the world know what we are and what we are capable of, as well as we do, and the diplomatic display will not help them to a better understanding. Power, wealth, and civilization, inspire respect everywhere, and we have them. It is useless to beat the Chinese gong to defeat our enemies, for we are strong enough to do it at close quarters, and the gong-beating of a legation in this age of international knowledge will not deter our enemies from attacking us. The policy of this government in its relations with foreign nations should be characterized by strict simplicity. No fanfaronade is needed, for they will know that however plain we may be in our forms, there is a power behind them that will compel respect. Diplomatic assumption and ostentation go down quickly before determination and iron. Let us be strong and simple but not too naif, and we shall not only promote our own interests, but furnish a useful lesson to others.

SINGLE-CELLED PLANTS.*

Among water plants are included the smallest and simplest forms of life known to the naturalist. Sea-weed, and most of the fresh water plants, compose in great measure the class called by the botanists algæ. Many of these plants are nothing more than a single vegetable cell, which lives a complete and individual life, performing, on its own behalf, all the vital functions, and dying without ever having been associated with its fellows.

This simplest form of life is the lowest term of more than one ascending series; the highest terms of which are reached in several different ways. While one series represents this development by a gradation of forms, each one of which shows a more perfect differentiation of cells than the form which preceded it; another series shows it

* Many of the most beautiful of the microscopic preparations from which the illustrations of the present series are drawn were made by Dr. G. D. Beatty, of Baltimore. To his kindness as well as to his great skill is due this expression of indebtedness, which I am glad to have the opportunity of here making.

by the more and more complicated mode in which the cells are combined; and again another by the increasing delicacy and beauty of their external structure. In most cases, however, it is by a combination of these conditions that the transition is effected.

The lowest forms of life among the algæ are scarcely anything more than a cell wall, containing a mass of colored protoplasm, in which a vacuole is always to be seen. Higher forms of single-celled plants show the protoplasm to be further differentiated into colorless and colored portions, which contain granular materials, chiefly starch. A nucleus not present in the lowest forms now makes its appearance. The chlorophyl, or green coloring matter of the cell, occasionally takes the shape of spiral bands, rings, or stars. [See Fig. 1.]

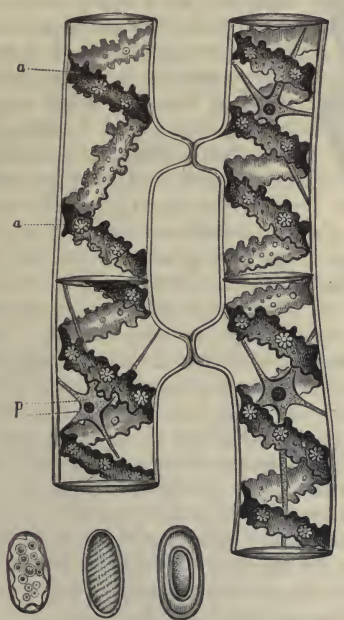


FIG. 1. SPYROGYRA LONGATA.

Same as Fig 2, in article on "The Beginnings of Life," SCRIBNER for November. [After Sachs.]

The ridges, dots, spines and other surface ornamentations caused by the unequal thickening of the cell wall, which is so striking in pollen, elaters, and spores, is not very noticeable in the unicellular plants. These cell walls show a tendency to turn into mucilage, which very materially aids in the reproduction processes.

Before proceeding further, it will be necessary to describe briefly the phenomenon called Alternation of Generations,—a phenomenon rare and remarkable in animal life, but almost universal in vegetable. After a plant has grown a certain time and its cells have come—by the process of differentiation described in our former article—to assume different forms and varied functions by means of cell division, a time comes when single cells become detached from the parent organism and cease to form a part of it. These cells begin either at once, or after certain other preparations have been made, to lead an independent life—in other words, to form another independent plant. The single cell thus formed may be like or unlike the parent plant.

Cells which are thus separated from the organism producing them, even if they do not leave the place where they were formed, are reproductive cells: those plants which spring from similar reproductive cells, and whose cells resemble the original one, form a genēration. But this process of like producing like is the exception, not the rule, in plant life. It is characteristic only of the lower fungi and algæ, so far as our present knowledge goes. In all forms higher than these there is a succession of generations which are dissimilar. The alternations are different for different organisms. In some of the algæ and fungi a repetition of similar generations may be followed by a dissimilar one, which in its turn produces the first form, and that after another repetition, again produces the second. The most common case in the algæ and the one exclusively met with in the higher plants from the mosses upward, is for only two kinds to alternate; the first form producing the second, and the second form the first again.

These reproductive cells, which constitute the most striking feature in alternate generation, are of two kinds; they either continue their development independently of foreign aid, in which case they are called asexual reproductive cells, and the generation from which they are directly derived is termed an asexual generation; or else, they are so constituted that no further development can take place until a union with another reproductive cell is effected, when they are called sexual, and the generation to which they owe their original is called a sexual generation. If the two cells which join are alike, the process is called conjugation; if unlike, fertilization. The asexual cells are called spores. and they are generally scattered; the sexual cell—the ovule—remains associated with the parent, is there nourished, fertilized, and begins a new vegetative process—the develop-

ment of the embryo. Though the generations which alternate may sometimes be all asexual, and again all sexual, the commonest form is a regular alternation of the two.

The simplest way of arriving at a clear conception of the processes which go on in these minute organisms is to select some characteristic form and follow it through its life-history. The *Palmoglœa macrococca*, in spite of its high-sounding name, proves to be, on closer acquaintance, only the common green slime which spreads itself over moist stones and walls, in secluded spots. This slime, under the microscope, shows itself to be a multitude of green cells surrounded by a sort of jelly. The cell wall, which is not very pronounced, is filled with greenish granules, among which may sometimes be detected a nucleus. [See Fig. 2, P, *b*, *c*.] Some among the cells in the microscopic field are seen to be elongated and constricted into an hour-glass shape in the middle; they are, in fact, undergoing the curious process of multiplication by division; a process not precisely mathematical but which, nevertheless, finds great favor in the vegetable world. Not only is it the cell which elongates, is constricted and finally divides into two, but the nucleus, which is very easily seen after the cell has been treated with iodine, also divides. The multiplication of cells goes on so rapidly that, although each cell is probably not more than $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch in diameter, large areas are quickly covered with a coating of the palmoglœa. This process is merely one of growth similar to that by which higher organisms increase in size; except that here the cells are all alike, while in the higher plants the cells become to a greater or less degree differentiated, and thus the organs are produced which are fitted to fulfill special functions in the economy of the plant.

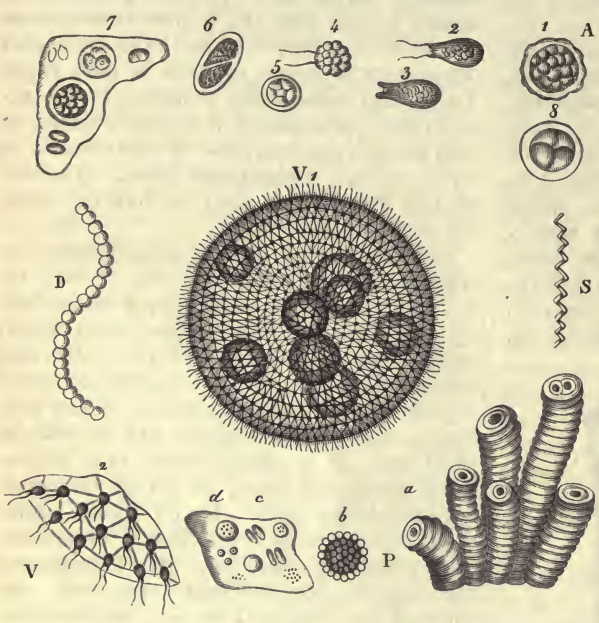


FIG. 2. A PROTOCOCCUS PLUVIALIS.

1, Still form; 2, motile form; 1—8, different stages; P, *Palmoglœa macrococca; b, c*, ordinary conditions; *a*, urococcus; V1, *Volvox globator;* V2, portion still more magnified to show structure. [After Carpenter and Henfrey.]

Alternation of generations has been detected even in this lowly life; we have already considered the asexual generation by division; the sexual form is here so simple, that a study of it is well fitted to be the initiatory step in the investigation of that curious phenomenon in vegetable life. Two of the cells which are completely developed become fused together. The extreme delicacy of the cell wall may be inferred from the fact that in this process the cellulose envelope, no less than its protoplasmic contents, enters into the fusion. The result of this conjugation is a spore, and from it springs a new colony by the process of subdivision. It is curious to observe the analogies which run through nature; showing how essentially the purpose which underlies it all is at one with itself. During the conjugation of the palmoglœa cells, oil is produced within the spore in minute particles which coalesce and form drops,—on the other hand, when the spore begins to vegetate, producing new cells by subdivision, the oil disappears and the green granular matter takes its place. Just the same thing takes place in the higher plants; oil is stored up in the growing seed, and is consumed in its germination.

Let us now take a single drop of the greenish surface-water from some stagnant, way-side pool, and place it under the microscope. The green scum resolves itself, at once, into two single-celled forms [see Fig. 2, A, 1 and 2], the one oblong and motile, the other round and still. There are other forms to this little unicellular water-plant —the *Protococcus pluvialis;*—forms differing from each other so widely that they have been referred not only to different species,

but even to different genera; and under these protean disguises have received no less than a dozen alarmingly long, and to the untrained tongue, unpronounceable names.

It is only of late years that the tiny dwellers in the earth, and air, and water, have been studied in their life-history; and this method of patiently following through each phase of its development these lowly forms of life, is the only one which can ever yield any knowledge worthy of the name. Such study, given to the protococcus, has shown that the dozen different forms, which, in the old classification had received as many names, were but the changing shapes assumed by one tiny vegetable cell; it has also conclusively proved that it is vegetable, and not, as had been previously believed, animal, in its nature. The distinction generally made by naturalists between the humblest representatives of the two kingdoms depends upon their powers of assimilation. Studying the protococcus closely, it was found to possess the power of transmuting inorganic into organic material,—the sole prerogative of vegetable life. The multiplication of the round, still cells takes place, as it does in palmoglœa, the cell contents and nucleus dividing into halves, and each of these undergoing a further division into halves and quarters. In this way, two, four, eight, sixteen, or more cells are formed, which are sometimes set free by the dissolution of the original cell wall, but are generally held together by its transformation into a gelatinous mass, in which they remain imbedded. [Fig. 2, A, 7.]

Usually, when the still cells have divided into sixteen, but sometimes earlier, the new cells thus produced assume the motile form. [A, 2, 4.] A cellulose wall of some consistency forms about the new cells, tiny threads of protoplasm, called cilia (eyelashes), extend themselves through the envelope, and confer upon the organism the power of voluntary motion. They dart about over the field of vision, whipping the water with their tiny lashes so rapidly that the motion can only be detected by the currents they create. When they are about to come to rest, however, the motion slackens, and then the vibratile cilia may be seen with distinctness. A slow evaporation of the water in which the protococcus develops causes them to dry up, and they may remain for years in a state of dormant vitality. In this state they are wafted about in atmospheric currents, and are often brought down into cisterns and tanks by the rain-drops. There, finding favorable conditions, they vegetate and form a green superficial scum upon the water. The red snow of the Arctic regions owes its color to the presence of a red protococcus, or palmoglœa,—it is not quite certain which,—that multiplies with such rapidity that acres of ground are frequently covered in a single night. The urococcus [Fig. 2, P, *a*] is another form of the palmellaceæ, where some approach to higher life is made by the mode of union of the cells. Each new cell, which is of a delicate rose color, is found resting in its cast-off investments, which finally form a pile of saucer-like gelatinous membranes, resting one within the other. Multiplication by subdivision gives rise to the several peduncles.

The transition is very easy from the motile protococcus living its hermit life, to the *Volvox globator* [Fig. 2, V], where precisely similar organisms are seen combined into a society. The volvox is simply a well-regulated society of individual protococci, where each member knows his place, and keeps it. The spherical body of the young volvox, as seen within the larger sphere, is at first composed of an aggregation of angular masses of protoplasm separated by the interposition of a transparent substance. The young volvox increases both by the growth of the protoplasmic masses and by that of the intervening hyaline substance. The masses of protoplasm send out processes which connect the different individuals into a compound body. V2, in Fig. 2, shows the mode in which the individual cells are united, as well as the appearance of the cells themselves. In the meantime the central mass of protoplasm shows one cell which is larger than any of the others; this is destined to become one of the interior spheres which develop along with the inclosing mass. As soon as the primary sphere has attained maturity it bursts, and the secondary spheres are freed to follow the same course of development; volvox not only develops by division and growth as just described, but also by a conjugation, or fertilization.

The *Volvox globator* is an inhabitant of fresh-water pools, and sometimes reaches a diameter of one thirtieth of an inch. Its size is sufficient to enable one to see it with the naked eye when the drop of water containing it is held up to the light. It usually moves by a kind of rolling motion; sometimes, however, it glides smoothly onward, and again it spins about its own axis like a top, without progressing at all. The mo-

tion is given to it by the rhythmic lashings of its thousand little cilia. It is seen under low powers to be a hollow sphere composed of a transparent substance, studded at regular intervals with tiny green spots, which are generally connected together by green threads. Within the sphere are the young volvox spheres of a still deeper green.

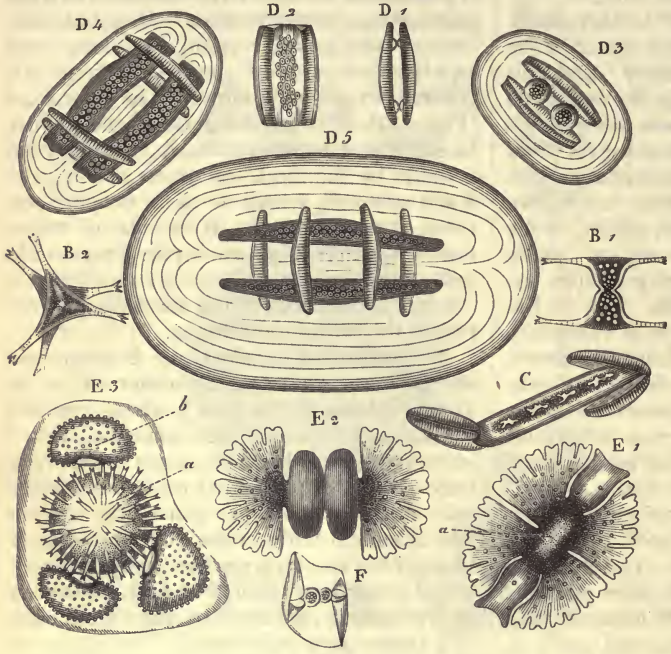


FIG. 3. DESMIDS AND DIATOMS.

Desmids, B, 1, 2; E, 1, 2, 3; F, 1. Diatoms, D, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Different stages of conjugation, and formation of zygospore. [After Henfrey.]

Among these simple organisms,—the confervoid algæ,—there are two forms of peculiar interest to the microscopist; they are interesting, not only for their intrinsic beauty, but also for the curious phenomenon which they present. These are the desmids [Fig. 3, B, 1, and 2; E, 1, 2, and 3; F] and the diatoms [Figs. 4, 5, 6, and 7]. The desmids, ranking lower than the diatoms, come earlier in our ascending series; there is, however, much which is very similar in their mode of development and life-history.

The Desmidiceæ are a family of confervoid algæ inhabiting fresh water; their outer coat is flexible and is ornamented with minute markings which are always elevations. In a few of the higher forms, such as *Closterium* [Fig. 3, F], there seems to be a tendency, though not very marked, to secrete a siliceous shell like that of the diatoms, though far less beautiful. The contents of the desmid envelope is like that of the other members of this class, a colored mass of protoplasm. The cells live isolated and are symmetrically bisected by a deep constriction. [Fig. 3, E 1.] In each half cell, Sachs tells us, there are two grains of starch and eight disks of chlorophyl. Where the desmid is about to reproduce itself by cell division, the neck which unites the two half cells [E 1, *a*] elongates, a double partition wall is run up through the middle of the connecting neck, the two portions become rounded [E 2], and finally each of the new-formed daughter-cells becomes exactly like the mother-cell from which it has developed, and we have two perfect desmids like E 1, joined end to end. While the neck is undergoing this increase, the two starch grains and eight chlorophyl disks elongate, become constricted, divide, and half of each passes over into the developing daughter-cell, where they arrange themselves symmetrically, as in the parent-cell. The two individual desmids finally break apart and lead independent lives. This is the asexual reproduction.

Conjugation shows some remarkable phenomena. Two cells lying in pairs in a crossed position emit a thin jelly, in which they lie imbedded; this investing jelly seems to be surrounded by a delicate gelatinous wall, and in this jelly is developed a new generation. The zygospore, as it is called, or new organism resulting from conjugation, takes a rounded form, or in some varieties divides itself into two as in F 1. In *Cosmarium* [E 3], it becomes invested by three layers of cell wall, an outer and inner transparent coat, and a middle layer firmer in texture, and brown. The outer cellulose layer develops upon its surface a number of spiny protuberances—at first hollow, afterward solid—which terminate in a toothed end. Alternate generation could scarcely be more strikingly exemplified than we here find it. The zygospore, sexual generation [Fig. 3, E 3, *a*], has no sort of resemblance to the asexual [E 3, *b*].

The germination or development of the

zygospore into the desmid begins by the formation of a wide split in the outer spiny wall; through this the colorless inner layer, with its contents, protrudes, and finally escapes. The thin walled sphere considerably exceeds the zygospore, from which it has just escaped, in size. In the protoplasm of the sphere may be seen two masses of chlorophyl. After a time, the contents of the sphere contract; it clothes itself in a new cell wall, it becomes constricted in the middle, and finally divided into two half balls, each containing one of the two chlorophyl masses present before the division. The two half balls are inclosed in a spherical cellulose envelope, which after a time becomes absorbed, and the cells freed. All these processes of germination are completed within two days. The new cells, whose outer wall is smooth, begin to reproduce by division; the new daughter-cells, thus formed, are rougher and larger. The four daughter-cells produced from the zygospore are thus of two forms; the two halves of the smooth-walled cells being unlike, while the two halves of the rough-walled cells are alike.

The diatoms, which have occupied so largely the attention of microscopic naturalists of late years, justify, by their exquisite beauty and enormous variety, the interest manifested in them. They resemble the desmids somewhat in the configuration of their cells, and in the manner of their division and conjugation, as well as in the tendency which they manifest to secrete a thin jelly, in which they live socially. What especially characterizes them is the beauty and variety of the siliceous shell which they secrete. Being of an indestructible material, this delicate glassy coat has accumulated in geologic times to an enormous extent, and now forms vast layers in the strata of the earth's crust. The city of Richmond, in Virginia, is built upon such a stratum, the extent and depth of which are not accurately known. A particle of this earth, dispersed over a microscopic slide so that it has a dusty appearance, reveals innumerable forms whose delicacy and beauty no drawing nor engraving can represent. The silica through which the ray of light passes in order to reach the eye disperses it, and the extreme beauty of the markings upon the shells is heightened by the delicate opalescent play of color which they show.

The process of multiplication by subdivision may be seen [Fig. 5, C, *d*] in the *Biddulphia pulchella;* that by conjugation in [Fig. 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5] its successive stages of development, in the *Ennotia turgida.* These processes are so like those described in desmids that it is not worth while to describe them in full.

The two siliceous cell walls of diatoms resemble the bottom and top of a pill-box, the older half being pushed down over the younger. When the cell is about to multiply by division, the middle band widens [see Fig. 5, C, *b*], two daughter-cells form within the extended band; when they are complete the band in biddulphia seems to break and each half to remain for a time attached to the cell. In all diatom slides these bands are present, having apparently fallen away from the organism after they had performed the function for which they were designed.

FIG. 4. COMMON FORMS OF DIATOMS AND POLYCYSTINA. 250 Drams. [From nature.]

The manner in which the upper valve fits down over the lower is questioned by some naturalists, but Sachs—one of the highest

FIG. 5. DIATOMS AND POLYCYSTINA.

A, Various forms of Diatoms; B, Polycystina; C, *Biddulphia pulchella* (a diatom); *a*, top view of *B. pulchella*; *b*, half showing middle band widening in preparation for multiplication by division; *c*, two links in chain of diatoms; *d*, two completed individuals, still held together by middle band; *e*, middle bands broken away from *B. pulchella*. [From nature.]

protrudes." Though such openings have never been actually seen, it is highly probable that they exist.

There is something approaching to social life among some species belonging to this family. Biddulphia and other varieties are found coherent by their alternate angles, and in this way form a sort of zigzag chain. Two links of such a chain may be seen in Fig. 5, C, *c*. In the chœtoceæ the valves send out long tubular "awns" which look like ciliæ; these by their interlacing unite the individual cells into a filament. The frustules of licomorpha remain adherent after multiplication takes place, their form being wedge-like; a fan-shaped arrangement is the result [Fig. 7, A]. *Meridion circulare* develops in the same way, only to a greater extent, and the result is a radical arrangement which makes sometimes two complete circles spirally arranged. Bacillaria forms itself into long lines the sides of which are adherent [Fig. 7, C].

authorities on all botanical questions—states it as an ascertained fact, in the last edition of his "Text-book of Botany Morphological and Physiological" translated by Bennett and Dyer.

It is easy to see that if each newly formed cell occupies the position of bottom to the box, each must become a shade smaller than the cell from which it was produced. In this way, when diatoms develop by division, they constantly deteriorate in size; according to Pfitzer, as quoted by Sachs, when the minimum size is attained, conjugation takes place; and the auxospore, or result of conjugation, is much larger than the diatoms from which it was produced; in this way a new series is begun with a diatom of the maximum size, which by division produces a series which, as regards mere dimensions, is a descending one.

Besides the ordinary rotation of protoplasm, in their interior, both diatoms and desmids show a power of voluntary motion. They seem to be able to creep about, over hard surfaces, and to push small granules before them. This, in the diatoms, occurs only in a line which extends along the length of the cell wall, and Schultze supposes "crevices, or holes, through which the protoplasm

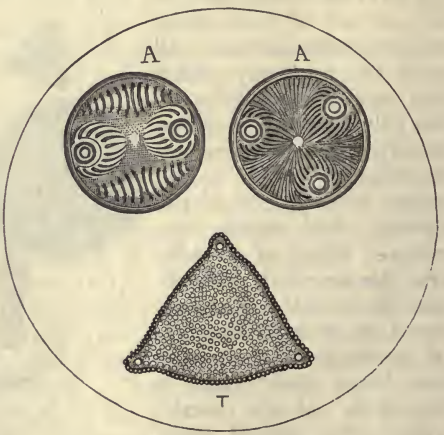


FIG. 6. DIATOMS.

A, A, two forms of Auliscus; T, *Triceratium*. [From nature.]

Many of the diatoms grow upon a stipes [stem]. Three varieties *in situ* are to be seen in Fig. 7, A, B, D. These present a distinctly plant-like appearance, and have received the common name of brittle-worts.

Such as are not fixed "by a stipes," Carpenter tells us, "possess some power of spontaneous movement; and this is especially seen in those whose frustules are of a long narrow form. * * * The motion is of a peculiar kind, being usually a series of jerks which carry forward the frustule in the direction of its length, and then carry it back through nearly the same path. Sometimes, however, the motion is smooth and

FIG. 7. DIATOMS GROWING ON STIPES.

A, Licomorpha; B, Achnauthes; C, Bacillaria; D, Pododiscus. [From nature and after Henfrey and Carpenter.]

equable; and this is especially the case with the curious *Bacillaria paradoxa* [Fig. 7, *c*], whose frustules slide over each other in one direction till they are all but detached, and then slide as far in the opposite direction, repeating this alternate movement at very regular intervals. In either case, the motion is obviously quite of a different nature from that of beings possessed of a power of self-direction. 'An obstacle in the path,' says Professor W. Smith, 'is not avoided but pushed aside; or, if it be sufficient to avert the onward course of the frustule, the latter is detained for a time equal to that which it would have occupied in its forward projection, and then retires from the impediment as if it had accomplished its full course.'"

The observations recorded by Focke make it very probable that, when the family of diatoms shall have been studied more thoroughly and exhaustively, many forms which are now considered different varieties, or even different species, will be found to be merely the various stages in the development of a single variety. A writer in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History" states that he has found two or more distinct species upon the same stipes, which makes the probability even greater.

There are others among the confervoid algæ which are, in one sense, unicellular plants, and which yet assume forms that are distinctly plant-like. Though each cell lives only for itself, yet they always live in union. The *Spirogyra longata* [Fig. 1] is one of these organisms. Though it belongs to the conjugateæ, yet in its mode of sexual multiplication the reproductive process of higher organisms is shadowed forth; and it seems to furnish the connecting link—the transitional form—between the conjugating and the fertilizing mode of reproduction.

Every filament consists of a row of cylindrical cells, each containing a protoplasm sac, which incloses a large proportion of cell sap. A nucleus [Fig. 1] hangs suspended in a small mass of protoplasm which sustains itself by attaching threads extended to the cell wall. The chlorophyl is arranged within the sac of protoplasm in the form of a spiral band, studded with flower-like aggregations of starch grains. The figure represents the filaments preparing to conjugate. A protrusion is sent out from the two adjacent cell walls of parallel filaments; these grow until they meet. The protoplasm sac of each of the two cells first contracts, it then detaches itself completely from the surrounding cellulose envelope, rounds itself to an ovoid form [Fig. 1], and contracts still further by the expulsion of cell sap. After this process is completed in both cells, the wall between the two protrusions opens, and one of the ovoid bodies forces itself through the passage thus formed; the moment the two masses of protoplasm meet, they coalesce. When the union is complete, the two masses are formed into one, hardly larger than either of the coalescing bodies, and of the same ovoid form.

The union gives the impression to the eye of the union of two drops of liquid; but that it is utterly different is clearly proved by the fact that the two spiral bands of chlorophyl place themselves end to end, making one continuous band coiled more closely than before. The conjugated body clothes itself with a cell wall, and becomes what is called a zygospore; after some months of rest, this germinates, producing a new filament of cells.

The step toward a higher mode of reproduction taken by the spirogyra may be seen by comparing its mode of conjugation with that of the strictly unicellular plants. Protococcus, palmoglœa, desmids, and

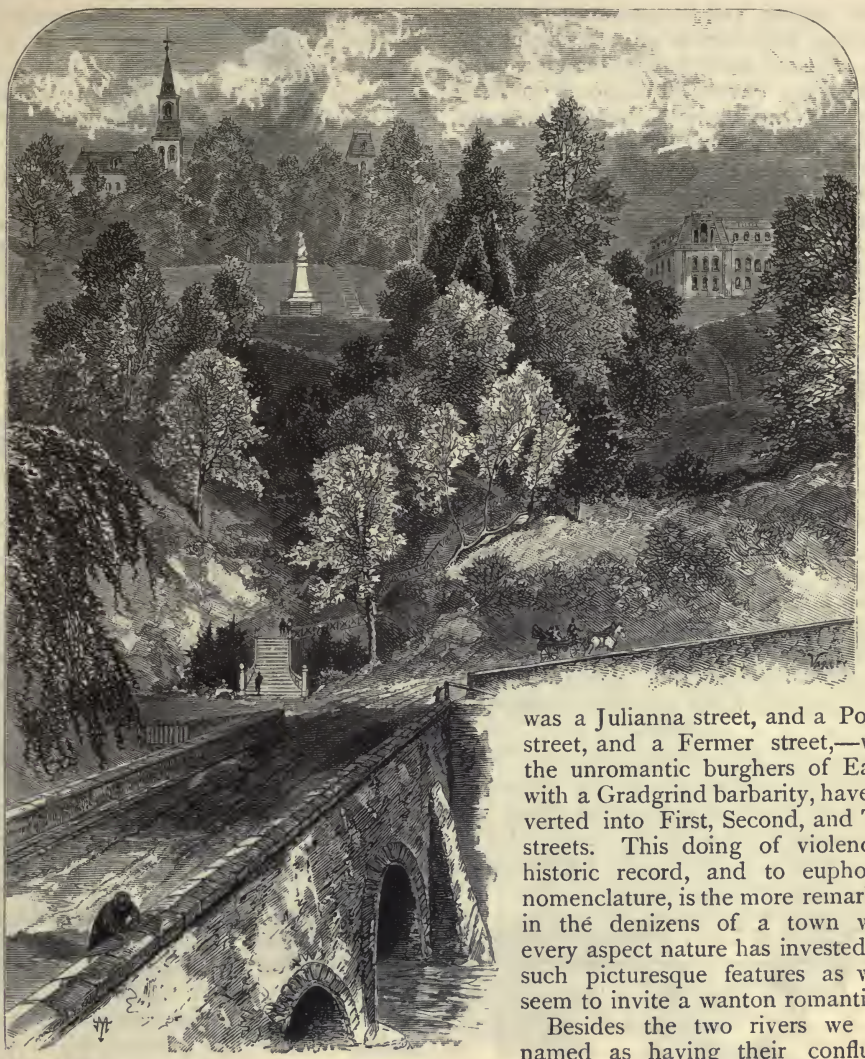
diatoms, either fuse, and both cells form a new one; or else they expel their cell contents and the reproductive cell is formed outside both the original cells; but here in the conjugation of the filaments of spirogyra, though no chemical or physical difference can be detected in the conjugating cells, one filament sends all its protoplasmic masses over into the other, and remains itself, emptied of its cell contents,—the other filament giving rise, in each of its conjugating cells, to zygospores. There must be some difference between the two filaments, though it is so subtle as to elude the most delicate chemical and microscopical tests which have been so far applied to the solution of the question.

In the close study of life, in its narrowest and lowest, as well as in its broadest and highest manifestation, we are always brought to a point where the mystery is as impenetrable as though the Divine fiat had gone forth, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." There is no scientific answer to the question that presents itself. Science has penetrated into the mysteries so long baffling the world, how this wonderful work is accomplished, what are its modes and processes; but science is no less dumb than is ignorance when the question comes, What is this mysterious life-power, this wonderful, underlying, vital force? There *is* a solution offered,—the only solution which does not refute itself,—a solution too simple, perhaps, for those who are bent upon looking back through millions of ages to the fiery gas out of which, they say, not only our worlds and systems of worlds have been developed; but out of which every gigantic intellect and every loving heart have been envolved. St. John gives a hint of this answer when he says, "In Him [the Divine logos] was *life*, and the life was the *light* of men." It would seem from this that the mysterious power which constitutes life, whatever that may be, was the breath of God breathed into every living creature; while to man this Divine presence means more than merely physical vitality and that limited power of loving and thinking which belong to the brute creation. It means, to man, the power to "look before and after," to recognize the subtle relation between the material and spiritual. It is to him that gift of spiritual vision, which enables him to respond to the thoughts, the commands, the infinite love of God.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

PORTION OF PAPYRUS SCROLL IN POSSESSION OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

Some seventy miles toward the West from New York,—just beyond the border line of Pennsylvania,—lies the charming borough of Easton. The Delaware River separates it from New Jersey; and the Lehigh, flowing down from the north and west, pours its waters into the former stream upon the southern skirt of the town. This embranchment of the rivers gave the old title of the "Forks of the Delaware" to this locality; and as early as 1751, Thomas Penn, who was a son of William Penn, and proprietary of the region hereabout, in a letter from England to Governor Hamilton, said: "Some time since, I wrote to Dr. Graeme and Mr. Peters to lay out some ground in



ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

the forks of the Delaware for a town, which I suppose they have done, or begun to do. I desire it may be called Easton, from my Lord Pomfret's house, and whenever there is a new county, that shall be called Northampton."

There was a pretty reason for this suggestion of names, which is worth recording, and which gives us a charming glimpse of the sentiment that graced the great Quaker proprietary. He had but recently married a daughter of Lord Pomfret, whose name was Julianna Fermer. Hence it came about that in memory of Thomas Penn's bridal days, the town was called Easton; that the county (when established) was called Northampton; and in the earlier times, that there was a Julianna street, and a Pomfret street, and a Fermer street,—which the unromantic burghers of Easton, with a Gradgrind barbarity, have converted into First, Second, and Third streets. This doing of violence to historic record, and to euphonious nomenclature, is the more remarkable in the denizens of a town whose every aspect nature has invested with such picturesque features as would seem to invite a wanton romanticism.

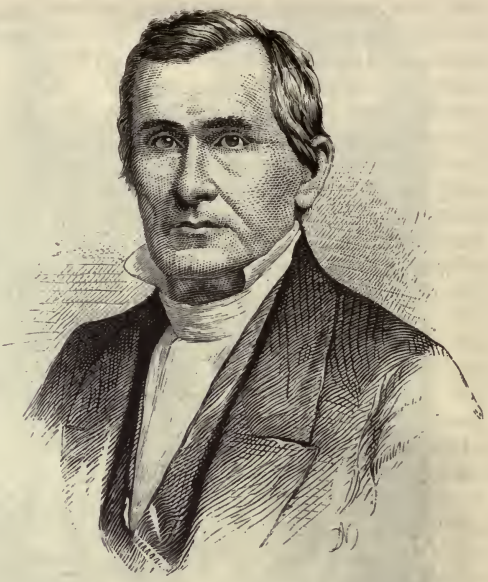
Besides the two rivers we have named as having their confluence before the town, a third stream, Bushkill Creek,—large enough to be a river in England,—comes meandering down from the northward through wooded hills, and bright meadows, and sloping farm-fields; and after driving a half score of mills, discharges its waters into the Delaware. This meeting of streams makes in every flood-time an angry swirl, which, in ages past,—as geologists tell us,—has abraded the Jersey shore, and deposited, by its reflowing eddies, an alluvial delta upon the Pennsylvania side. This delta had caught the eye of the observant Thomas Penn, and dwelt in his memory amid the regalements of Pomfret House as the proper site for a town.

But Easton has outgrown the original

alluvial plateau, and has pushed its outlying houses up the sides of all the surrounding hills. The old thrift of the place grew out of an easy water-way to Philadelphia down the Delaware,—out of the outlying grain lands, the mill-sites along the Bushkill, and the lumber of the upper valleys of the Lehigh and the Delaware. But coal and iron have wrought changes of which good Thomas Penn, dallying amidst the beauties of Easton, Neston, never dreamed. Canals have leashed the little borough at the river Forks, with New York, with Philadelphia, and with what, in his day, were the mountain solitudes beyond Mauch Chunk. In addition to these lines of traffic, three railways stretch from Easton to the waters of New York Bay; a fourth goes to the mouth of the Delaware; a fifth opens the way to Harrisburg and the West; while two more—rival lines—are shelved upon either bank of the Lehigh, and, after traversing the heart of the best coal regions of America, connect thereabout with divergent lines over the wondrous Catawissa chasms, and Wilkesbarre Valley, and the whole upper region of the Susquehanna.

Easton is a place to be visited,—were it only because it is the gate-way to the wonderful scenery of the Lehigh Valley. Most American travelers who have beguiled themselves with the winning scenes of Europe and of our own White Mountains and Alleghanies, think of this valley as a region murky with coal-dust, and begrimed with the reek of mining-huts. Yet there is a beauty along the Lehigh River which will match—in a different way—the beauty of the Elbe through Saxon Switzerland. For some distance above Easton, there are

EASTON, PA.—RESIDENCE OF GEORGE TAYLOR, A SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



DR. GEORGE JUNKIN, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE.

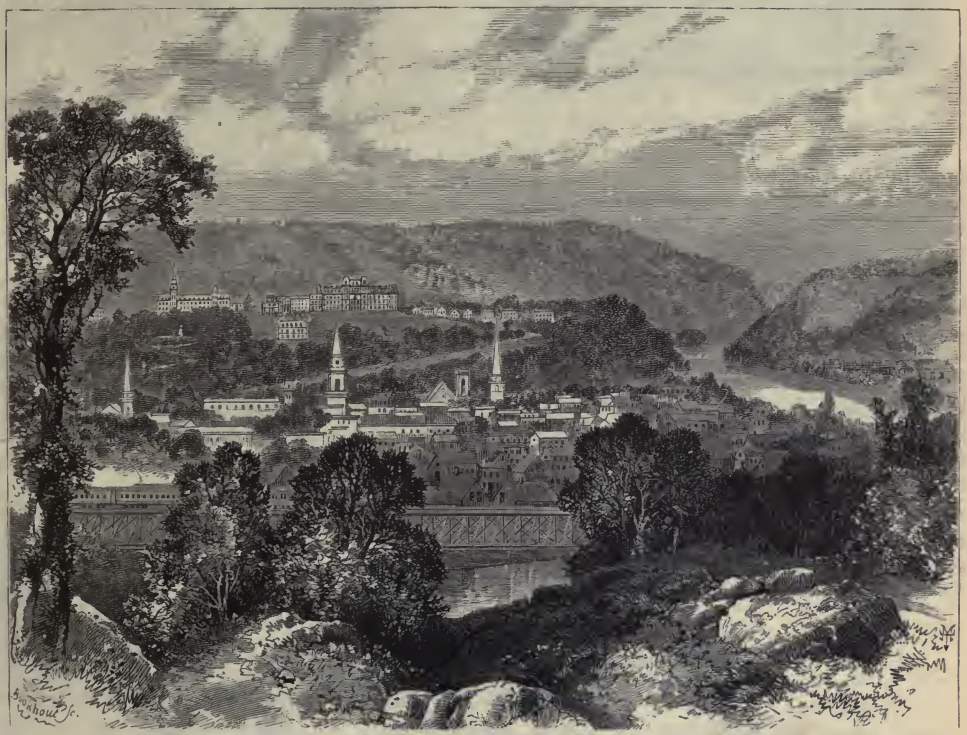
league-long stretches of fertile meadows, and broad bights of river which at night are all agleam with the blaze of furnaces; and there is the charming town of Bethlehem, planted in 1740 by the Moravian "United Brethren," whose roofs, as you hurtle past, seem to be swimming in a sea of foliage; but it is only when he has passed through the gap in the Blue Mountains that the peculiar scenery of the Lehigh will delight the traveler. The river is as tortuous as the trail of a serpent. The wooded hills, growing bolder and bolder, crowd it closely on either side. The twin roads hang upon the edges of the hills, making sharp lines of demarkation between the densely wooded shores and the murky waters. Time and time again, it would seem to you that the valley had closed in utterly; but as often, road and river together, by swift whirl around some beetling height, glide away into other and deeper wildnesses of the valley. Towns are absent, since there is no possible site for them; houses, too, are lacking, save some tiny group at a lumber-boom, or the homestead of a lock-tender on the canal. These whisk by you, and the wooded solitudes come again; yet always the river is roaring below you, and at quick intervals come the whistle and rush of the interminable coal-trains.

Finally, from out the windings of the wooded valley, whose high banks scarce let the sun shine upon the river-surface, save at noonday, you are shunted upon a siding right athwart the great hostelry of Mauch Chunk.

No outlying settlements have prepared you for a town; and yet there it is, with its festive "Mansion House," shelved in some wondrous manner upon a step of the hills; and from the door,—whichever side you may look,—a wooded garniture of hills, not a rifle-shot away, shuts in the view. There is not, within a day's journey of the metropolis, a more picturesque rendezvous for an idle week of summer.

But we have not taken our readers to-day for an excursion up the Lehigh Valley. It is our purpose rather to detain them upon one of the most charming of the heights which look down upon the confluence of the Easton River forks, where Lafayette College has its seat; and we purpose to inform them, so far as we may, of the history and appointments of an institution which, from its old quiescent state of ten years gone, has, in these latter times, made a dash into the front rank of our colleges—and this, whether we reckon rank by the number of students, by the range of equipment, by the efficiency of its instructing corps, or by the breadth and order of its curriculum of study.

Two broad and comely streets traverse Easton, and intersect each other at right angles in the center of the borough. At this point was the site of the old Court-house, with a square about it,—in the manner of German towns,—formed by cutting off a rectangular area of ground from each of the four corners made by the intersecting streets. The Court-house, or Town-house, is now gone; but in its place is a dainty little Bowling-green, dressed with trees, and made gay by a central fountain. Around the iron paling which hems in this green, the meat-venders, fruiterers, and vegetable-dealers, on market-days, ply their trade and display their stock.



VIEW OF EASTON, PA.—LAFAYETTE COLLEGE IN BACKGROUND.

Of shops, there are many in side quarters, with Dutch stoops, and a great motley of wares, with names of undisguised German over the lintels; nor are there wanting others with plate-glass fronts and all the lofty bedizenry that marks a sea-board city. Of dwellings, there are those with the white shutters, and white marble steps, which show Philadelphia affinities; and sandwiched with them, you will find a brown freestone front of New York kinship; or, more likely, a sturdy, substantial, somewhat dingy, comfortable homestead of true Pennsylvania-Dutch extraction. As a type of this style,

we may instance the house of George Taylor, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. We give a view of this building.

OLD VIEW OF COLLEGE—FROM MAP, 1850.

Going north from the fountain-green, by one of the broad avenues we have mentioned,—under feathery plumes of silver-maple, and stiffer plumes of English elms,—the visitor, after five minutes' walk, will come to the bridge which crosses Bushkill Creek, and, at the northern end of the bridge, will be confronted by a hill, which is almost a cliff, that rises swift and steep to the plateau where is seated Lafayette College. The hill shows raw escarpments of limestone rock and a tangled growth of wild wood. Ten years ago, the only method of reaching the summit, save by a long detour, was by clambering up a steep flight of plank steps springing, on the stilts of a rude carpentry, from ledge to ledge, and trembling with the weight of the adventurous climber. The dizzy scaffolding of stairs which in that day led on and up to the college reminded the traveler of those crazy and slippery timber ladders of the Leuken Bad in Switzerland which lead up to the mountain town of Albinen.

The foot-passenger can now, however, reach the heights of the Lafayette plateau by stone steps, massive and broad, and by as broad a graveled path, supported by masonry, and zigzagging along the practicable ledges of the picturesque hill-side. Wending up, under shade of cedars, of nettle-trees, of wild roses, and festoons of the Virginia creeper, the visitor will reach, two hundred feet above the river, a little bastion, supported by rusticated stone-work, on which stands a monumental granite soldier, commemorative of "The Dead in the War."

Fifteen feet higher, by another flight of steps, the general level of the Lafayette plateau is reached; and from here, an embowered straight walk leads directly to the central entrance of the original college building. This is now "spick and span" with late repairs; not to our eye as engaging thus as when the spangles of sun and shadow played upon the old rusty exterior; but still most comely, and stretching away on either hand into the great flanking structures of chapel and museum which now join upon it and make up with it a most imposing frontage.

But before passing up the walk to the colleges, the Eastonian will of a surety call your attention to the view southward, over the town, from the crown of the hill. You stand

GROUND PLAN OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

1, South College; 2, Pardee Hall; 3, Astronomical Observatory; 4, Jenks Hall—Natural Philosophy; 5, Philological Hall; 6, Blair Hall; 7, Newkirk Hall; 8, McKeen Hall; 9, Martien Hall; 10, Powel Hall; 11, East College; 12—21, Professors' Houses; A, Proposed Site of Library and of new Halls for the Literary Societies; B, Proposed Site of Gymnasium.

READING-ROOM, LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

there, at the head of the last flight of steps we named, in the axis of the main street of Easton. Immediately before you, and below you, the granite sentinel is holding his steady guard. Thence, the hill you have climbed plunges down under its wilderness of leaves to the bridge of the Bushkill, of which stream you have glimpses and hear the thrumming of its mills. From the banks of the Bushkill the broad street far below you sweeps straight southward, hemmed by houses, and trees, and spires; it swings round the leafy circlet of the fountain-green, and stretches away, amid other and lower houses, along gentle descent till it strikes the Lehigh; beyond this rise the tall hills of South Easton. To the right (which is westerly), the town creeps up a gentle ascent, upon which break bolder and bolder heights, —some peopled, some tilled, some unkempt and wild. To the left are other and more closely packed roofs, trending down to the Delaware, of which you see a broad, shining bight and have view of its bridges crossing to the higher shores of Jersey, where smoke the furnaces of Philipsburg. Altogether, it is a scene of busy activity, of quiet, far-away hill-sides, of near tangled wildness, of river-spaces, of deep valley-clefts, of trailing barges, of railways over railways, and never-ending skurry of trains, that can hardly be matched.

It is no wonder the townspeople are proud of the view; it is no wonder that younglings of either sex come hither in pairs in the summer twilights to linger and look off.

The matter-of-fact Eastonian will from this point call your attention to a little gleaming rooflet somewhere on the hills of South Easton, where Lafayette College had its beginning. This was not more than fifty years ago, for the college boasts of no extraordinary antiquity. It was in 1826 that a charter was granted, naming, among other trustees, General Robert Patterson, Colonel John Hare Powel, Honorable James M. Porter (subsequently Secretary of War), and Colonel Thomas McKeen, who was among the most active of Eastonians in promoting the enterprise.

It is worthy of remark, that in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, when the charter was under discussion, a member waxed very wroth at the proposition to charter any institution for the study of the dead languages. "It adds no more to scientific knowledge," said he, "than the croaking of frogs." The

honorable member has his successors in our time; yet colleges bud and grow, and youngsters keep time to the Horatian measures.

In the year 1832, Dr. George Junkin was called from an industrial school at Germantown to preside over the college. He was a positive, conscientious, resolute man, and consented to come on condition of the abandonment of all instruction in military tactics, which had been made a provision in the charter. The charter was in consequence amended, and Dr. Junkin became acting-president, though not formally inaugurated until the completion of the first building on the present site in May, 1834.

Dr. J. W. Yeomans, from 1840 to 1844; Dr. Junkin (a second time), from 1844 to 1848; Dr. C. W. Nassau, from 1849 to 1850; Dr. D. V. McLean, from 1851 to 1858; Dr. G. Wilson McPhail, from 1858 to 1863,—at which date was inaugurated the present most worthy incumbent, Dr. William C. Cattell.

In 1849, the college was formally taken under "the care and patronage" of the Synod of Philadelphia,—a measure which has resulted practically in this only,—that the approving seal of the Synod be set to whatever appointments are made by the Board of Trustees. These last are understood to be sturdily, though not aggressively,

CLASS DAY EXERCISES IN FRONT OF SOUTH COLLEGE.

Oddly enough, Dr. Junkin, who had not great faith in military tactics, held in 1861 the presidency of Washington College, Virginia; and in the early days of April,—before yet Sumter was bombarded,—he made a flurry in that institution by boldly tearing down and burning a secession flag which the hot-headed young Virginians had set afloat. Still more oddly, the daughter of Dr. Junkin became the wife of that most military of sons-in-law, Stonewall Jackson.

The successors of Dr. Junkin have been:

Presbyterian in faith. Other shades of Christian belief, however, are represented in the governing Faculty of the college, and a wise liberalism pervades its councils. The students attend such churches as they may "elect."

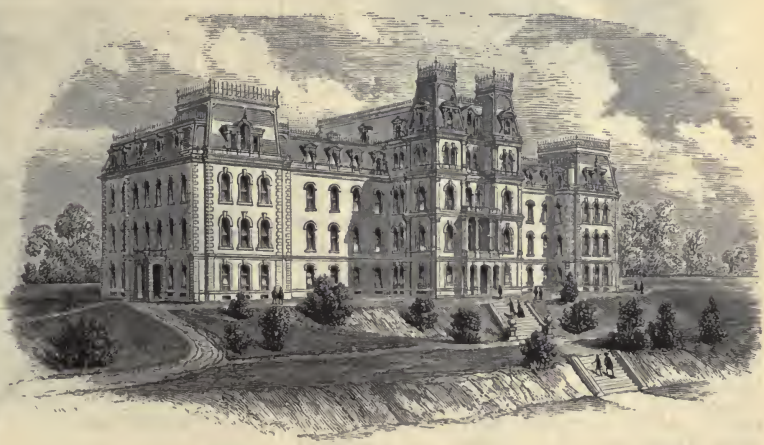
The early days of Lafayette, as will readily be believed, were not resplendent with success. At the first regular Commencement in 1836, only four students received the degree of A. B., and for many years thereafter a class of twelve was large, and one of

INTERIOR OF ASSAY-ROOM—PARDEE HALL.

a score quite extraordinary. Up to the period of the war, there was but one or two dingy buildings (our artist gives on page 188 a glimpse of the most considerable one); the grounds, some nine acres, were in a neglected state, and direct access from the borough for foot-passengers was only had by the crazy timber stair-way already mentioned. The students were mostly from the near region of Pennsylvania, and the site of Lafayette College was almost as little known through the Northern and Eastern States as General Lafayette's homestead of La Grange in Burgundy.

During the war, the college rolls were awkwardly depleted by the military muster, and a larger percentage of its students found place in the ranks than is recorded of any other Eastern college. Indeed, in 1863, so serious was the falling off, that it was strongly urged upon the Board of Trustees to close the college doors. At that date, the total available income was reported at not more than $4,000, and the whole "plant"—to use a contractor's word—would have hardly footed up a sum of $90,000. Had this course been pursued, it is more than probable that the doors of Lafayette would never have been re-opened, and the loss been charged over to the wreck of the war.

But there was a sturdy resistance to the proposal. The Synod declared, by unanimous vote, that the college must and should be sustained. Dr. William C. Cattell, who had been Professor of Latin and Greek in the college from 1855 to 1859, was called to the presidency; the doubting trustees took new heart, and the result has been a growth and development in the twelve years last past utterly unexampled in any old college of the coun-



PARDEE HALL.

PRESIDENT W. C. CATTELL.

try. In contrast with the former limited attendance, the catalogue of the current year shows a roll of 70 Seniors, 80 Juniors, 89 Sophomores, and 90 Freshmen.* The roll of active instructors, counting now 28 (exclusive of the Law School), has, in the same period, more than quadrupled.

MR. ARIO PARDEE.

Of course, it has been necessary that the equipments should multiply in corresponding proportion; and this multiplication has been made good. The old college building has been braced with stately additions; a chemical laboratory, an observatory, a range of dormitories, a great scientific hall—have sprung up on the plateau; grounds have been extended, graded, and put in orderly array, and every aspect of the locality betokens that thrift and that large capacity for doing educational work which warrants and

PROF. F. A. MARCH.

calls for this pictorial story of its present condition.

By what magic has this change been wrought? It is plain to the practical outsider that there must have been an expendi-

PROF. J. H. COFFIN.

* Distribution by States is thus noted:

New York	18	Indiana	5
New Jersey	37	Iowa	5
Pennsylvania	220	Louisiana	1
Delaware	2	Missouri	1
Maryland	14	Michigan	1
District of Columbia	3	Minnesota	1
Virginia	1	Brazil	1
Ohio	13	Japan	1
West Virginia	2	India	1
South Carolina	2		

ture of moneys which the earlier fiscal history of the college did not forebode. Had any mine been developed upon the College Hill? Not this; but the new president, Dr. Cattell, had wondrous winning ways; and the good people of Pennsylvania—to say nothing of certain large donors *extra muros*—had shown themselves richly generous. It is delightful to be able to record, in this last decade of years, which has been so conspicuous for its corruptionists and its defalcations, a larger array of great gifts to public institutions, and to beneficent charities, than has belonged to any other period of equal length in the history of the country.

Lafayette College has not been without its ample harvests in this outpouring of liberal endowments. Among other tokens we may particularize, first—the establishment of a fully appointed observatory, at the hands of one of the most honored officers of the institution—Dr. Traill Green. There followed next the erection of four convenient dormitories upon the northern flank of the college plateau, bearing the names of their respective founders—Blair Hall, Newkirk Hall, Martien Hall, and Powel Hall. Then, upon a shelf of the hill, a chemical laboratory was erected (now devoted to the department of Physics and Applied Mathematics); in honor of a large donor to its building fund, it is now known as Jenks Hall. But scarcely had the sodded terraces around this picturesque structure hardened into a cloak of firmly knitted greensward, when ground was broken for a stately addition to the original college building. Funds were flowing in the old wondrous way, and the structure rose until it overtopped and dwarfed its venerable neighbor: ample and airy halls were secured on its upper floors for lectures and officers' quarters, and below was fashioned that charming reading-room which is the pride of the college men and of all Eastonians.

The casual visitor is, however, not so much engrossed by the proportions of the room, which are stately; or by the interior gallery, which is imposing in effect; or by the array of encyclopedias, dictionaries and other books of reference, and the best of European and American periodicals; or by the stock of old engravings and portraits (notable among the latter a capital copy by Healey, of the Scheffer portrait of Lafayette); or even by the celebrated papyrus scroll (containing, according to Seyffarth, the finest hieratic inscription extant)—not by all this, we say, and much other appetizing matter, is the casual visitor so much engrossed as by the enchanting view which confronts him as he looks from the southern windows. In the foreground are trim graveled roads, flecked by the shadows of overhanging maples—the emerald slopes of the terraces which cover the foundations of Jenks Hall; thence, the glance, plunging down over a wilderness of tree-tops, takes in the roofs and spires of the town, and the confluence of the rivers, and six converging trails of railway, and bridges hanging like spiders' webs across the valley, and heights beyond the Lehigh, and a thousand acres of rolling grain-land upon the Jersey shores. With a June haze over it, and the birds singing in the near trees, one would think Cicero *De Officiis*, and the papyrus scroll, and the London "Academy" might be equally forgotten.

When this eastern annex was completed, the friends of Lafayette were not slow to accept the tasteful and entirely correct observation of Dr. Cattell,—that the old college building was badly balanced, and that a new annex upon the western end of the same was needed to keep the equilibrium. This new construction followed immediately after, and within its walls an exceedingly effective and simple chapel is established, with all the latest *desiderata* of seats, and desk of solid walnut, and stained windows. This chapel has a seating capacity of about five hundred, while above it are the rooms and lecture-hall of Dr. Porter, the professor of botany and zoölogy. The herbarium is remarkable for its extent; more particularly for its flora of Pennsylvania, in which respect it is without a rival. At about the date of the building of the chapel, the family of Mr. James McKeen—who was for thirty years a trustee of the college—contributed funds for the erection of McKeen Hall, a new dormitory, which worthily completed the line of structures upon the north border of the plateau.

Among the most generous of patrons, in promoting the improvements noted, was Mr. Ario Pardee, a wealthy manufacturer and mine owner of Hazleton. This gentleman had come into the state not a great many years before in a subordinate position, in connection with some survey amid the wilds of Pennsylvania; but by industry, wise foresight, and shrewd investment, he had become possessed of one of those princely fortunes which have grown up like Aladdin palaces, in the last thirty years, out of the development of the mineral resources of

Pennsylvania. We can hardly do better than to give Dr. Cattell's own account of his first interview with Mr. Pardee, at the home of the latter in Hazleton. We quote from a speech of the Doctor's, at a banquet given the President of Lafayette College by the citizens of Philadelphia, in 1869; it is eminently characteristic, and reveals the persistency, the always young zeal, and the buoyant hopefulness, with which Dr. Cattell has, from the beginning, labored for the well-being of Lafayette:

"In the fall of 1864, I became acquainted with Mr. A. Pardee, at his own home in Hazleton, Pa. It was at a period when the clouds of our civil war hung low and dark in the horizon, shrouding the whole country in gloom. It was a dark period, too, for Lafayette College. I had labored for nearly a year with all the energy God had given me, and so insignificant were the results that it seemed scarcely possible the college could much longer exist. I may say also that so thoroughly had I woven my own life with that of the college, that it seemed to me as if we were both dying out together. You can therefore judge somewhat of my personal, as well as official gratitude, to Mr. Pardee, when I tell you that at this first interview, although he had never set foot within the college grounds, and had never met with any of the faculty except the president, at whose youth and diminutive appearance he was no doubt at first grieved in heart, this noble man placed in my hands his obligation for $20,000—the largest sum at that time ever given by one person to any educational institution in Pennsylvania! I read the paper over and over, and the more I read it the less I comprehended 'the situation.' I was, sir, as one that dreamed, and if Mr. Pardee had melted away before my eyes through the carboniferous rocks on which we stood and re-appeared as a preadamite magalatherium, I could not have marveled more than I did when I looked at those little slips of paper. I do not think the sensation would have been so delicious, but it would not have been more stunning. And indeed, sir, how I got home that day I can scarcely remember. I presume the cars did not run off the track; but really I do not think I would have taken much notice of an ordinary smash-up. I do remember, however, that when I reached home and showed the letter to the one whose gentle sympathies had cheered me in so many hours of discouragement, and who was the first to know and share my new joy,—I well remember that we two knelt down together, and from my full heart there went up the prayer that God would bless and reward the generous donor, and that prayer I have not, since that time, ceased daily to offer. But I must not dwell upon this. The old wave of feeling flows back upon me as I think of that day, and almost deprives me of utterance. I will only say that I never regarded the result of that interview as due to my arguments or persuasions, but to that God in whose hand the hearts of men are turned as the rivers of water, and who was that day answering in so remarkable a manner the prayers which for so many years had gone up from the 'thousands of Israel' in behalf of our college."

Mr. Pardee had meantime extended his gifts: in 1869 they counted an aggregate of $200,000, and upon this basis was first established a new curriculum of scientific and technical studies. For the development of this sum a new and special building was needed. For this purpose, a year or two subsequently, Mr. Pardee made the further gift of $250,000. To this sum he afterward added $50,000 for its scientific equipment. Such princely munificence ranged so far beyond the calculations of the trustees, that no appropriate site for a building of such cost seemed available, except some three of the professors' homes should be swept from the college plateau. This was no sooner suggested than—with the promptitude and energy with which Pennsylvanians push to quick issue their largest schemes—other ground immediately contiguous was purchased for the professors' homes,—their former houses were trundled away, and the excavations were commenced for Pardee Hall, the largest and most complete Scientific College building in the United States. In less than eighteen months from the day when the site was determined upon, the building was complete—its flanking terraces laid down, and its halls dedicated to science by a celebration in which representatives from half the States of the Union participated. The borough of Easton—its shops shut, and manufactories silent for the day—joined in the festal tribute with such processional array, and show of banners, and banqueting, as good Thomas Penn never forecast when he laid out "some ground for a town, at the Forks of the Delaware."

We give a detailed description of the building from an authentic source:

"It consists of one center building, five stories in height, fifty-three feet front, and eighty-three feet deep, and two lateral wings, one on each side of the center building, measuring sixty-one feet in length, and thirty-one in width; four stories in height, including a Mansard roof, the whole terminating in two cross wings, forty-two feet front, and eighty-four feet deep, and four stories in height. The entire length of the front, in a straight line, is two hundred and fifty-six feet. The material is the Trenton brown stone, with trimming of light Ohio sandstone. It is heated throughout by steam, and lighted by gas. The first floor is mainly devoted to the study of mining and metallurgy; the second contains the geological and mineralogical cabinets, a spacious auditorium, and smaller lecture-rooms, reading-rooms, and professors' studies. The third floor is devoted to the engineers. The right wing is occupied by the mining engineers.

A large drawing-room occupies the lateral wing, while the cross wing embraces rooms for models and various professional purposes. The left wing is occupied by the civil engineers. The lateral wing comprises a drawing-room, and the cross wing is divided into rooms for lectures, working models, collections, and the like. On the fourth floor, the same ample provision has been made for the chemists. The center building contains professors' and assistants' rooms, technical collections, stock-room, etc. The lateral wings are intended for qualitative and quantitative analysis. The cross wings at the extremity of the building are occupied by additional laboratories, lecture-rooms, and professors' studies. The fifth floor of the center building is occupied by laboratories for original researches. In determining what rooms were needed, and the best arrangement of them, similar buildings in Europe as well as in this country were carefully studied, and liberal provision has been made in all the departments of instruction for every aid which has been devised for the most thorough and attractive teaching, and also for the prosecution of original researches." *

It is worthy of notice, that while these large architectural improvements have been progressing, the grounds have been unremittingly worked in accordance with them; walks and road-ways of the most permanent character have been laid down; trees and ornamental shrubbery have been planted, and under the judicious superintendence of Mr. Fisler (now treasurer of the college), the whole area of the plateau shows a neatness and order, and a nicety of keeping, which equals that of well-kept private grounds. The careful treatment of lawn surfaces, and the planting of ornamental shrubbery, was regarded as a somewhat hazardous experiment; and it was feared that students used to the old slip-shod order would show little respect for shaven turf or blooming shrubs; but the event has proved the wisdom of educating and stimulating a taste in this direction.

Having thus sketched the history of this institution, and made record of its material appliances, the more important question suggests itself: What education does Lafayette furnish? Are the methods of study and instruction such as keep well abreast with those sanctioned by the most advanced educators of the day, and such as will qualify an earnest young man to put a firm grip upon the work best worth doing in our time?

We find, first, in Lafayette College the old conventional four-year class system, called the classical course. It does not differ materially from that in vogue in most of the Eastern colleges. One who is familiar with the annual college catalogues of these institutions can readily compute its elements. It has traditional sanctity, and the intercalations which have grown upon it in the last score of years have been made generally with exceeding coyness, and with a manifest clinging to the old *régime*. Lafayette was among the first, if not the very first, to break in upon traditional method by introducing a thorough philological study of our mother tongue. This has been done under the direction and personal guidance of an honored professor of the institution, Mr. F. A. March, the well-known author of a "Comparative Grammar." Originally intended for students having a certain familiarity with Latin, Greek and French, it compared the Anglo-Saxon with Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Saxon, and Old High German. "General principles of phonology are first laid down; and then parallel paradigms of the inflection forms in these languages are given, and the Anglo-Saxon explained under their guidance. A comparative syntax is also given. The author in this way introduces the student to the methods of the modern science of language in connection with the study of Anglo-Saxon, so that our mother tongue may share the powers of this new science. This 'Grammar' was followed by a 'Reader,' prepared with notes, adapted to lead to, and aid in, the study of the 'Grammar.' These books have been studied at Lafayette in the manner here suggested. A class goes slowly on with the 'Reader' and 'Grammar' together, studying word by word, letter by letter, the relations of the forms to those of other languages, and the laws of change which govern their history. Besides this grammatical study, however, the substance of the selections is carefully studied, including choice extracts from the 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle' and 'Beda,' giving the noticeable events of history, Anglo-Saxon laws, and extracts from the great poets. Thus, in method and substance, as thorough and scientific study is given to a portion of the Anglo-Saxon as can be given to Greek or Latin, with the ordinary college text-books. It affords a solid foundation for the study of the later English classics,—Chaucer,

* Clever water-color drawings of the large and numerous laboratories were exhibited at the Centennial in Pennsylvania Educational Hall. One of these—the Assay Laboratory—has been engraved for this article.

Spenser, Shakspere, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, whose masterpieces are studied in successive terms with the same care which a good Greek professor gives to Homer or Plato."

This is a scheme of study thus far unknown to the English universities, and though to some extent adopted in some American colleges, we think the credit of the initiative in this branch fairly belongs to Lafayette. How far it may result in limiting the direct study of the classics remains to be seen; but it is a modification of the traditional academic course which is in the line of progress, and in agreement with the highest aims of the "new education." Another modification of the traditional tactics at Lafayette has been the introduction to a certain extent of Christian classics in place of the heathen writers. This has been due to the special endowment of a professorship to that end by Mr. Benjamin Douglas, under which endowment a series of Christian classics is in progress of issue under the careful editorship of Professor March, comprising Latin Hymns, and Tertullian, with Eusebius and Athenagoras in the Greek. The purists will naturally reluctate at seeing any such change as this; but we do not understand that this side study is enforced, or that veneration is abated for the old heathen authors as masters of terse and elegant expression.

Besides the ordinary academic course, Lafayette offers a four-years' scientific course, differing from the former in giving larger scope to mathematical study, and in the substitution of the modern languages for Latin and Greek. Connected with this, however, the "Comparative Grammar" and Anglo-Saxon are pursued under the same system as noted above.

In addition to these two courses which represent the college training proper, there are the technical courses in metallurgy, mining, engineering, and chemistry, which are made possible by the munificent endowment of Mr. Pardee, and which, by their completeness, rank the institution with the foremost of the schools of technology.

More especially in the line of mining and engineering is Lafayette supposed to offer exceptional advantages, inasmuch as it is located in immediate proximity to a region conspicuous for its great engineering triumphs, and for its vast enterprises in mining. It is like studying medicine under the wing of a great hospital, or reading law in the atmosphere of the highest courts. For instance: Does the professor talk of bridge construction,—his illustrations (as perfect as are to be found in America) are within eye-shot. Does he talk of grades and curves,—every fashion and expedient of them are within an afternoon's walk. Does he talk of shafts and lodes,—the near valley offers every variety of example. Is it a question of ores, and puddling and slag,—the furnace fires are blazing on the eastern and western horizon every night.

There remain to be noted further in connection with the announced curriculum of studies at Lafayette, the usual post-graduate courses for prosecution of special inquiry in philology, physics, etc.; and, more important, and what gives a thoroughly practical and work-a-day stamp to its educational facilities, has been the establishment of what are termed in the catalogue "Working Sections." These are organized in the interest of those graduated from other scientific schools, or of those who, from any cause, are unable to take a full scientific course, yet wish to perfect themselves—so far as may be—in such pursuits as mining or road engineering, by entering for a certain determinate period upon the actual practice of such pursuits, under the advantages afforded by the locality, the "plant" of the school, and the regimen and supervision of the professors in charge. Under such opportunity, it not unfrequently happens, we are assured, that an intelligent and ambitious foreman in neighboring mines, or in engineering, or "furnace" employ, will seize an occasion of slack work, to mend or qualify his methods of practice by the latest data of the schools, and will bring to the drawing-board, or the laboratory of the college, that hardy and zealous determination to find out the best way of winning a success in his chosen pursuit, which must react most favorably upon the indolent interest of younger students, and make patent to the most indifferent the *realness* of all good study.

Nor are the men of Lafayette slow to welcome such aspiring outsiders, who bring brawn and pluck and capacity for hard work, to be sublimated under the retorts of science, into higher skill. Indeed, in almost every aspect it is a thoroughly democratic college: caste—save only that of cleverness—is not recognized: scholars are largely of more advanced age than is usual in Eastern colleges, and are very much in earnest. Pretty or mythical traditions of past college years do not belong to so recent an establishment. Frolics—such as they have—are *ex tempore*, and do not bourgeon annually out of the trunk of old records. Class-day is celebrated in front of

South College, and is an occasion of especial interest.

The cost of an education at Lafayette is not large. No near cities of great magnitude compel extravagance. The tuition charges in the academic or scientific courses are noted in the catalogue at $45 per annum; and in the technical courses, $75 per annum. Board and other incidental expenses are rated at a sum which brings up the total, exclusive of clothing and traveling expenses, to some $250 per year.

Incentives to extravagance, in whatever direction, do not exist. In the serene retirement of their heights, the men of Lafayette look down upon the vanities of the world. Wise liberality—an outsider might say—should add somewhat to the very moderate limit of the professors' salaries; but these, more than would ampler endowments, confirm the impression that is made by every aspect of the institution,—that good work is done here for love of it, and not for lucre.

We have already alluded to several distinguished members of the faculty; nor must we forget the imposing figure of the Rev. Dr. Coleman, the patriarch of the corps—conspicuous alike by his learning and by his venerable presence; and who, from time to time in past years, has been remarked at the gatherings of the Alumni of Yale. More than half a century ago, he was a teacher in that sister college, and laid down the law to such fast young fellows as Dr. William Adams, and Horace Bushnell, and N. P. Willis, and Horace Binney, and Dr. Leonard Bacon.

Professor Coffin—not long since deceased—was another of Lafayette's distinguished teachers; best known perhaps to the public at large by his indefatigable meteorologic labors in connection with the "Smithsonian" observations, and his self-registering wind-gauge; but known better to those who enjoyed intimate relations with him, by his conscientious allegiance to truth, his unwearying zeal, and the purity and simplicity of his character.

Of distinguished graduates the young Lafayette makes no large roll as yet. She counts on it with great assurance and no ill-founded hopes in the years that are coming. She can already reckon among them the eminent Professor Green, of Princeton Theological Seminary, who had the honor of being elected to the Presidency of Princeton College, an honor he felt compelled to decline.

A noticeable thing about the men who control Lafayette is their Christian faith—strong and outspoken. Yet there are no Calvinistic acerbities that make thrust at you; nothing in atmosphere or *personnel* to remind of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, or the starched faces of the Covenanters. On the contrary, they would seem to march with the rejoicing songs of Luther in their hearts. The Greek testament is enrolled among their classics. There is no doubting of the Bible, or any giving to it a courteous and reverent forgetting. Always a sturdy Christian belief has its firmest affirmation; always too, and proudly—Presbyterian; with no shrinkage or veiling of that honored name under the pliant, fashionable gauzes of evangelism, or orthodoxy, or other euphuisms. They believe, it would seem, that the truth to be apprehended by Christian faith is as large and as real as any that science unfolds, or will unfold in the days to come. In short—a well-appointed, progressive, delightfully placed, attractive Christian college.

If no Art School flanks the other courses of study, the whole natural surrounding—with its valleys, and wilderness of wood, and gleams of water—is itself an Art educator. If the young men of Lafayette paint no pictures, and write no sonnets, they will carry out with them into the world a living memory of visions of landscape beauty that will quicken their eye to every aspect of Art.

A PECULIAR CASE.

Cyrus came well recommended to us (by his own family), and, as the name he bore has still an interesting sound in Oriental history, we decided to employ him in our cool cottage "Down East." Our summer hut in those days overlooked the sea, and was one of the simplest resting-places outside that quiet haven which, for mortal reasons, we are all destined, sooner or later, to occupy. The grounds belonging to our rudimentary domicile required only the smallest amount of work to keep them in order, so we cast about for a young and inexpensive lad in the neighborhood who would come every morning early and attend to whatever was necessary for our comfort and convenience

on the premises. There was water to be pumped; there were shoes to be cleaned; the horse was to be brought up from the village stable when wanted for a drive; a few flowers were to be weeded and sprinkled; and various other small offices of a kindred nature required the daily ministration of some competent person who understood matters appertaining to a household epitome like ours. And so it came to pass that Cyrus, accompanied by a weak-minded little dog, presented himself the next morning after our arrival, and, standing in the breezy entry, with a nondescript fur cap on, pulled tightly down over his eyes, demanded information as to what he should "ketch hold on fust." Had he ever brushed a pair of shoes? No; but if I would bring him a pair, he would try his hand at it. In about an hour he brought in the shoes, and dryly observed he had "spread the whole box over 'em." He had put the contents, not only on the outside of the shoes, but had pasted them thoroughly on the inside as well! This was the first exhibition of his skill, and amply illustrated the fact that he was no respecter of places, whatever he might be of persons.

Oh, but he was a conspicuous trial in our lot—a source of manifold woe to us all. His ability to do anything was an esoteric quality, and he held his few faculties in a kind of sacred privacy.

Before a week had elapsed, every soul in the family regretted that we had made the boy's intolerable acquaintance, for he baffled all our former experience.

"Cyrus is a peculiar case," said his father (a squab little man, devoid of hair); "but don't be hash with him, and he'll soon learn yer ways,"—which he never did.

His multifarious maneuverings to avoid learning our ways astounded the household. He was forever "jest a-goin'" to do everything, but he accomplished nothing. Shirking was a fine art with the rogue; it was akin to meat and drink with him; a kind of constant nutriment conducive to special gratification. And so he always postponed employment to a more convenient season, which season he trusted might never come.

Honest W. C., discoursing of the Washington embezzlements, let fall this explanation of "irregularities" at the Capitol: "Work's an old-fashioned way of gittin' a livin'; it tires folks, and they don't like it!"

Cyrus exemplified the forceful truth of a statement like this. Punctuality to duty in any form met with his sternest exprobation. He was what is called in the country "a growin' boy," and he grew to be a thorn in our side, a pest in our path, a cloud in our landscape. In brief, he proved the only serious trial in our cottage life by the sea, our only real skeleton, indoors or out.

Words are colorless to depict the inadequacy of Cyrus to the situation we had called him to fill. A dark lantern with mittens on would have served us quite as well, for the boy shed no light anywhere, and handled nothing fitly. He was a creature of misinformation on every topic he ought to have been conversant with. He was constantly getting himself poisoned with ivy, the leaf of which he mistook for something else, and the consequent obfuscation of his countenance added nothing to his personal attractions. He had a natural aversion to self-agency, so far as he was concerned. He did not know things by halves, or quarters even. He had languid hands, and languider legs. His figure was long and fuzzy, and when he walked, swung itself to and fro like a broken bulrush. All the possibilities of sloth were apparent in his feet. He limped and crept rather than walked. His whole being seemed parboiled, and his joints unsettled. He was an emblem of incompleteness, a memento of hopeless dearth, both moral and physical; celerity was extinct in him. He had a gone-out appearance, as of one dug up from the ashes of some Yankee Herculaneum; and, as a family, we felt a kind of mortification at belonging to the same race with such a remnant, such a bundle of half intuitions. Coleridge describes him when he speaks of "a monument of imbecility and blank endeavor," for the boy heard nothing, and saw nothing, from sheer and stubborn unuse of his faculties. He was unobservant as a "blind alley," whatever that ophthalmic curiosity may be; and he never picked up anything, for he was not cognizant of matter like the majority of the human race.

Of positive truth, he was born insolvent. He was strong in partial falsehoods, and preferred the serpentine to a direct course on every occasion; but he had no falterings in deception. He preferred to sidle up to a lie rather than present it squarely; but there was no imperfection in the article itself when he had reached it. Sometimes, but not often, his fabrications were too crude to escape detection. Of this nature was his frequent apology for absences on account of the necessity of "attending his grandmother's funeral." At the end of the season, I made out from my records that Cyrus

had been called to mourn the loss of nine extinct grandmothers in three months; but as his moral tegument was impervious to protestation, I never charged upon him, face to face, his pretended unnatural supply of female relations. (Ovid alludes to Bacchus as "twice born,"—*bis geniti*,—but all such natal exaggerations are abhorrent to credulity.)

There are those whose minds are always on the wrong side of any subject presented to them. Of such was the boy Cyrus in an eminent degree, for his mind was ever in that wandering state which precludes the possibility of lodging an idea within an acre or two of its blundering precincts. He dwelt in an atmosphere beclouded with carelessness, and so he comprehended everything in an opposite light from the true one. He paused when he should have gone on, and moved rapidly (for him) when he should have ceased motion.

His manners were preposterous in their illimitable absurdity. When I begged him one day to step forward quickly and hold a friend's horse that was restive at the door, he leisurely observed "he was not a-goin' to spring for anybody!" (Cyrus on a spring would have been a sight worth seeing.)

Being in the habit of bursting into my private room to ask irrelevant questions, at all hours, without the formality of knocking, I hinted mildly to him that it was the custom to knock before entering another's apartment. He stared at my suggested act of propriety for a moment, and then blurted out the remark that for his part he didn't "see wot good that would do, but he would give a thump next time." Accordingly when he had occasion to come again to my door, he pounded vigorously on it with the heel of his heavy boot.

"Who's there?" I inquired.

"Cyrus J. Muchmore!" he shouted in a voice that set all the crockery dancing on the adjacent shelves, and "woke the neighboring cliffs around."

Laziness was his foible. He had that unpleasant quality in its supreme condition. The throne of indolence was vacant on our coast until Cyrus lolled forward and fell into it.

He was own brother to the snail, and no relation whatever to the ant. Even his cautious father, discoursing of him one day, acknowledged that "the boy was rather chicken-hearted about work." Unaided locomotion was distasteful to him. If sent on an errand to the next cottage, he waited patiently for an opportunity to transfer himself bodily into the tail-end of somebody's passing wagon, considering it better to be thus assisted along than to assume the responsibility of moving forward on his own legs. He spared himself all the fatigue possible to mortality, and overcame labor by constantly lying in wait for "a lift," as he called it. He was the only sea-side stripling I ever met who eschewed fishing. Most boys are devotees of the rod and line, but Cyrus was an exception. The necessary anterior search for bait was too much for his inertia. Clam and worm might lie forever undisturbed, so far as he was concerned.

His dilatory habit rose sometimes to the audacity of genius. He could consume more hours in going a mile to the village post-office and returning with the mail than one would credit, unless his gait came under personal observation. We took a kind of exasperated delight as we used to watch him trailing along the ground, and we felt a fresh wonder every day at his power of slow procedure. It seemed a gift, an endowment, now for the first time vouchsafed to mortal inertness. The caterpillar would have been too rapid for him: he would lose in a race with that dull groundling. He seemed to be counting myriads of something in the road. When he cautiously and laboriously lifted up one foot, it seemed an eternity before the other followed it. He would frequently drop asleep in getting over a stone wall, and his recumbent figure was imprinted under all the trees by the road-side. He hated action, except at meals. *There* he astonished the cook, who complained after his advent into our kitchen that "one pair of hands couldn't provide enough for such a commorunk," and advised us to have him "examined!" She accused him of "always a-georging of hisself." She averred that when he was helping her shell peas he ate up all but the pods during the operation; and she declared that if she took her eyes off him as he moved through the pantry, he devoured as he went, to use her own words, "like an army of locusses."

He never knew what o'clock it was, but constantly asked everybody he met for "the time o' day." When informed, and the hour announced did not approximate dinner-time, he became discouraged and low-spirited, but revived at the sight of a chance apple or cucumber lying on the ground near by. I have seen him blossom into slow activity when unexpected food has

been offered to him "between meals." His stomach rose to any occasion, and coped with all emergencies. We used to try him with a heavy slice of beef and mustard at nine o'clock in the morning, and he settled upon it at once with stolid avidity, cobra-fashion. He yearned for family picnics where there was no walking to be done, where the viands were ample, and nobody had occasion to bear along the baskets. He was constitutionally susceptible of double-meals. His favorite localities could always be recognized by the débris of comestibles strewn around. Rinds of water-melon, egg-shells, and apple-cores betrayed his whereabouts. When off duty at the kitchen-table he was ever devouring something from out a huge pocket which adorned his trowsers on the right side, bulging it out like a wen. The protuberance became so enormous that one day I felt constrained to ask him if he had a cannon-ball in his thigh. No, it was only a couple of turnips he was "a-goin' to eat bum-by." Every edible thing that grew was tributary to him. His taste was catholic. He fed largely and promiscuously. He was matchless in his depredations on cooked or uncooked. He was, in short, the lineal descendant of Pliny's "Annihilator," the great food destroyer of antiquity!

Born in the country, he was ignorant as a sign-post of what came out of the soil. When set to work in the garden he pulled up everything but the weeds. He would mistake wormwood for parsley, and mustard for mint. Interrogatories disquieted him. When asked a question about what should have concerned him most, his unblushing reply was, "Don't know!"

He had adroitness in delegating jobs about the place to unsuspecting lads of his acquaintance that was both amusing and exasperating. He would saunter along to the cottage in the morning, bringing with him two or three shabby-looking varlets of his own age, or a little younger, perhaps, and hide them away behind the rocks until their services might be required. At the proper time he would carry out the new hoe, or the new-fangled rake, to show them. Then he would gradually *toll* the boys up to some gap in the avenue that needed filling, or allure them to a lot of hay that must be gathered for the barn. He, meanwhile, would lie on the ground in a state of flat contentment, making the most of himself, and regarding the boys with supine satisfaction as they accomplished the task he ought himself to be engaged in. Coming upon him unexpectedly once while thus disporting his lazy length, I asked for an explanation of his conduct. He replied that he "was obleeged to lay daown on accaount of a jumpin' tewth-ache that hed jess sot in." His subterfuges were endless and invincible. They revolved about him in a perpetual cycle, ready for use at any moment, and so he was never caught disfurnished with an excuse. Evasion was his armature, quiddity his defense. To upbraid him was a loss of time and patience. It would be a shrewd master indeed who could circumvent him! Choate was not more wary, or Webster more profound, than Cyrus when he was brought to bay.

He was full of illogical intrepidities. He eluded reproof with a conversational dexterity beyond the ordinary bent and level of his brain. He changed the current of discourse at will. When remonstrating with him one day on his short-comings and long-goings, he interrupted the strain of remark by inquiring if I had "heered that 'Siah Jones's hoss got cast t'other night, and took four men to drag him aout by the tail." On another occasion he cut short my admonition, just as the homily was culminating, by asking me if I "knowed that Abel Baker wore false teeth in his maouth, and sometimes put 'em in upside-daown, cos he didn't understand 'em." In the middle of a colloquy with him one morning on his unpunctual appearance at the cottage, he threw me completely off the track by casually "wondering" if I had "ever run acrost the sea-sarpunt in my travels!" Haranguing him at the close of a day when he had neglected every duty, he broke the force of my censure by demanding if I was "for or agin capital punishment." He habitually glided away from a subject that happened to set against him, just as Tennyson's snake "slipped under a spray!"

Poor Cyrus! I have not even veiled his insignificant and unmusical name, for he is no longer extant in a world he did nothing to benefit or adorn. Oblivion called for him years ago. He was carried off in the season of green apples, being unable to restrain his reckless passion for unripe fruit. As I strew this handful of poppies over his unconscious eyelids, I remember with a smile of gratitude the daily fun his drowsy presence afforded to at least one member of that little household by the sea; and pondering how small an interest he ever took in the industries of life, I confidently apply to his

"peculiar case" the well-known assertion in a celebrated monody—"Little *he'll* reck if they let him *sleep* on!" Vex not his ghost! Light lie the turf on his inactive elbows, for they would be troubled, even now, if under pressure of any kind. It cannot be seriously said of him that he "rests from his labors," poor lad, for his frequent slumber was always more natural than his infrequent toil, and he knew how to take much ease during his brief sojourn in this work-a-day world. No "hoary-headed swain" Down East can ever make this passing observation touching the habits of our defunct acquaintance:

> "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
> Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
> To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

But many of us still remember how often

> "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
> That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
> His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
> And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

WE LOVE BUT FEW.

Oh yes, we mean all kind words that we say,
To old friends and to new;
Yet doth this truth grow clearer day by day:
We *love* but few.

We love! we love! What easy words to say,
And sweet to hear,
When sunrise splendor brightens all the way,
And, far and near,

Are breath of flowers and caroling of birds,
And bells that chime;
Our hearts are light; we do not weigh our words
At morning time!

But when the matin-music all is hushed,
And life's great load
Doth weigh us down, and thick with dust,
Doth grow the road,

Then do we say less often that we love,
The words have grown!
With pleading eyes we look to Christ above,
And clasp our own.

Their lives are bound to ours by mighty bands.
No mortal strait,
Nor Death himself, with his prevailing hands,
Can separate.

The world is wide and many names are dear,
And friendships true;
Yet do these words read plainer, year by year,—
We love but few.

PANE PICTURES.

A WONDER-WORKER all night long
  Has wrought his task for me;
Now, by the cold and distant dawn,
  His miracles I see;
His gravings on the window-pane,
  Of magic tracery.

Here lifts an Alpine summit, steep
  As is the heavenly stair,
A way-side cross below the path,
  But not a pilgrim there;
No sad face of humanity,
  No agony of prayer.

And here, before a lonely lake,
  A fringe of reeds and fern;
Across the water's crystal chill
  No dying sunsets burn.
You hear not on that rushy shore
  The call of drake or tern.

Here lies a crowd of broken boughs.
  A windfall in the woods
Some wild and wandering hurricane
  Hath wrecked these solitudes:
But on that tangled dreariness
  No living step intrudes.

And here is Arctic waste and woe;
  A glacier's mighty face,
Majestic in its awful march,
  Slow seaward from its place.
Beneath that frown of solemn death
  There lives no human trace.

But slowly from the joyful East
  Ascends the dawning sun:
Before his look of light and life
  The magic is undone:
The graceful pictures on the pane
  All vanish, one by one.

Alas! must all the songs I sing,
  The traceries of my brain,—
The little stories sad and glad,—
  Be uttered all in vain?
And vanish when the Master comes,
  Like pictures on the pane?

Or will they, in some kindly heart
  Remembered, sing and shine.
For wrought from man's humanity
  Not fleeting frost, are mine;
I love not to be quite forgot:
  To die and leave no sign.

TOAD LANE, ROCHDALE.

Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society
LIMITED.

NOTICE.

MEMBERS WISHING TO RECEIVE THEIR

INTEREST AND DIVIDENDS

Are requested to fetch the same and their Rule Books from the Offices, New Central Stores, Toad-Lane, Rochdale, in the following order:—

From 1 to 3,000	THURSDAY, July 6th, FRIDAY, 7th, and SATURDAY, 8th.
3,001 to 6,000	MONDAY, July 10th, TUESDAY, 11th, and WEDNESDAY, 12th.
6,001 to 10,000	THURSDAY, July 13th, FRIDAY, 14th, and SATURDAY, 15th.

For the convenience of Members who cannot attend on the above days, Interest and Dividends will also be paid on Monday, July 17th, and Tuesday, July 18th.

Dividends not drawn on the above days will be posted to Members' Share Capital.

July 1st, 1876. *BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.*

THE FEDERAL IDEA.

In the midst of a busy manufacturing city on the banks of the Tyne stands an old Norman keep, once the new castle on the Tyne. Shorn of much of its proportions, its walls cut in twain by the railway, left desolate and in ruins in the center of the modern town, it still keeps enough of its ancient dignity to tempt the visitor to enter its narrow doors, and to climb the steep, dark stairs, worn smooth by the feet of the centuries. The Newcastle Historical Society have possession of the old keep, and have made it a museum of antiquities, a storage place for arms, furniture, and other relics. Among these relics is an old wooden trunk, known as the "Corporation Trunk"—a mere wooden box, about a hundred centimeters long, and fifty wide and deep, very thick and heavy, and bound with rude and massive bands of iron,—a stout old treasure-box, made three times safe by two big locks and a heavy padlock. This was the safe, or strong box of the town. The two locks and the padlock had each a key. Perhaps the mayor held one; but they could not, or would not, trust him; and two other men had each a key. They must all be present with their keys, or the treasure-box could not be opened. Empty, worm-eaten, and useless, it now only serves to illustrate the Norman character.

The modern Englishman seems to be only a trifle less suspicious of his brother. Many a co-operative, friendly, or industrial society, building association, or other company, has precisely the same thing to-day,—three keys to its safe. It must be said that this is not peculiar to such societies or associations, nor is it wholly an English idea, for many an American bank wisely does the same thing. It is here simply cited in explanation of one of the most striking features of distributive co-operation as seen in England. One would suppose that small societies doing a safe business would be the most popular. While the membership is limited, the accounts small and readily understood, it ought to be easy to manage the affairs. It is easy, and, practically, it would seem to be better to have a dozen small stores than one large society with many branches. The co-operators of Yorkshire and Lancashire evidently think differently. If any one society makes a success, all are eager to join it, and the smaller societies in its neighborhood are quickly merged in it, or become extinct. There seems to be a certain lack of confidence in one another; they want three keys to the safe, and perhaps not without reason. Distributive co-operation has had a hard struggle to reach its present assured and remarkable success. Its failures have been very many, and almost invariably from a want of good management; and it is not a matter of surprise that the federal idea has become widely popular. This mutual distrust, born of repeated failures, this desire for triple security, must account for the existence of such co-operative societies as the Leeds Industrial, the Leicester Co-oper-

ative, the Rochdale Equitable, and many another federated union of shops in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and for the still greater "unions" that we shall see in Manchester, Newcastle, and Glasgow.

THE LEEDS INDUSTRIAL.

THE concentration of population in the manufacturing districts of England is past belief till one has seen some such a center as Leeds. Here the British workman may be seen at his best and at his worst. His liberal patronage of the gin-shop, and his love for the gentle bull-pup, have been a fertile theme for official pens. It is more agreeable to report what he has done to help himself, to organize his idle shillings into a federal union of dividends, and to teach himself and children sobriety and thrift.

Here is a tangible expression of Yorkshire common sense,—a handsome four-story block of stores, splendid in plate-glass, carved stonework, and architectural display,—the stores of the "Leeds Industrial Co-operative Society, Limited," Albion street, Leeds. It may be Saturday afternoon,—a half-holiday in the mills,—and the streets swarm with workpeople of every age and condition. Albion street is none too wide for the traffic that pours along its sidewalks and road-way, and gathers about the open doors of the "Leeds Industrial," actually struggling in and out, and pressing thickly up to the counters. One door leads to a grocery store, the next to a drapery store, another door leads upstairs to the house-furnishing warerooms, the outfitting department, and the boot and shoe store. There is no display in the windows (after the co-operative manner), and we may follow the multitude inside to watch the active trade. Plain, hard-working people, perhaps grimy from their toil, they press up to the counters, cash in hand, ready to buy. The salesmen have evidently prepared for a good demand, and the staple goods, already put up in convenient packages, are piled in enormous heaps on the counters. They deal out the bundles with wonderful speed, take the money, make a note in a sales-book, tear off the voucher (or half-leaf), and give it with the change to the customer. Each one takes his or her goods, and moves away as quickly as possible to make room for others. Near the door, in a tiny office, such as is sometimes used for the cashier in American stores, sits a young girl. Each one presents the fly-leaf to her, and receives a tin or brass token representing the amount of the purchase. This is the evidence of trade at the society's stores, and will be a guide in estimating the allocation of profits next dividend day. For every bag of flour the member may buy he will receive back a bonus or dividend of two shillings and sixpence. On all other goods, the bonus will be two shillings and twopence in every pound these tokens represent. This is the key to this active trade; this explains this eagerness to buy; this is the "excuse for being" that the society can show.

The shops seem to be equal to the best of their class in London or New York. The stock is very large, of apparently the best quality, and is admirably put up, ready for immediate sale. Going upstairs, we find the building blockaded with people intent on trade. A woman coming down-stairs, her three boys making much clatter with their new wooden shoes, brushes past a man with a wicker baby-carriage under one arm and a mop broom under the other. There is plenty of roughness, broad Yorkshire dialect, toil-stained clothing, and good English push and scramble; every man for himself; but, with all, there is a feeling for order and honest good-nature. Above-stairs, there are halls and corridors packed from floor to ceiling with boots and shoes, brushes, kitchenware, household goods, and ready-made clothing. The people swarm into every nook and corner, besiege the salesmen, and drive a lively trade. These busy shoppers and anxious buyers are the members of the Leeds Industrial,—a few of the sixteen thousand share-holders, the legal owners of this building, the thirty branch stores, the shoe manufactory, and the great flour-mill at Marshall street in the Holbeck district. Every man and woman of this company has five or more shares in the society, or has paid down good shillings to let them earn the shares. Each one of these people participated in that handsome dividend of £16,506 17s. 8d. that was paid last quarter day. That is more than two pounds a year apiece, or two shillings and a trifle over in every two hundred and forty pennies they spent at the stores, besides the interest at five per cent. a year on their united share capital of £122,332 17s. 11½d.

WORKING DIRECTORS.

THIS evening, should we mount the stairs one floor higher, we would find a large and handsome room, substantially furnished, lighted and warmed for the meeting of the Committee. In general aspect, the place resembles the directors' room of a bank,

except that there is less fresco and gilding, and a more business-like atmosphere. These men meet round a large table, in ample wooden chairs, just as other directors do, save that they meet to manage a business much more complicated than that of a clearing-house. Personally, they are plain, practical men of various trades and ages, and all with the regular Yorkshire features. Big-headed, heavy-fisted men, close thinkers, accustomed to consider ha'-pennies, and familiar with toil. Let us accept a copy of the last semi-annual report and balance-sheet, and retire to study it. The balance-sheets, if printed in detail, would fill six pages of this magazine, and they must be condensed. The report for the half year ending January 26, 1876, and laid before the fifty-seventh half-yearly meeting, held at the People's Hall, Marshall street, is as follows:

To the Members: We have pleasure in submitting the report and balance-sheet for the past six months, and are glad to say that the society continues to progress most satisfactorily. From the comparison below, it will be seen that the sales and profits have materially increased, and that the influx of members and capital still proceeds. After paying £3,068 13s. 1d. interest on capital, and allowing ample depreciations, the net profits in the departments are: Flour, £4,576 15s. 1½d.; grocery, £9,674 19s. 7d.; coals, £956 12s. 3d.; drapery, £712 11s. 9½d.; outfitting, £231 1s. 8d.; boots and shoes, £354 17s. 3d.; and we recommend a bonus of 2s. 6d. per bag on flour, and 2s. 2d. per pound on other purchases. The enlargement of the mill is not yet completed, but we hope shortly to commence the use of it, when we shall be better able to cope with the great demand now made for our flour. By a flood in the river, last October, one of our coal-boats suffered damage to the extent of £94 12s. 7d.; which has been paid out of the half-yearly profits of the coal department. We are not satisfied with the results of the drapery, outfitting, and boot departments; but the drapery committee have the matter under their serious consideration, and are about to make such alterations as they think will give more satisfactory results in the future. The furnishing branch is not supported by the members to the extent it deserves, and we shall be glad if every member will pay a visit to the store, feeling sure an increased trade will follow. During the half year, we have opened two new stores, viz.: Beeston and Horsforth; the latter was formerly an independent society, but finding that they did not progress satisfactorily, the members made application, and were taken over by us. Both stores are now working well. Several of our shops are still too small for the number of members who desire to purchase there, but we are using our best endeavors to secure better accommodations in those districts. We have purchased land at Woodhouse, and at Woodhouse Carr, at both of which places the foundation-stones of new stores are already laid. We have also obtained land at Hyde Park Road, where a new store will shortly be erected. A branch drapery and boot store has been opened at Rothwell. We have accepted an agency from the Co-operative Insurance Company, and shall be glad to receive proposals from any person desirous of insuring their houses or other property. The building committee have disposed of the two grants made to them under the building clauses of the rules, and report that they have bought or built fifty-one houses on land selected by members at a cost of £12,503 os. 3d. They have received on account thereof £4,796 7s. 5d., and have still owing (including interest chargeable) £8,404 9s. 10½d. Two members have completed payment for their houses, while four other houses have been sold and conveyed to the purchasers. A committee has been appointed for cottage building, who are already erecting thirteen houses in Long Close Lane, and have secured land at Beeston Hill for twenty-one, and at Burley Road for twenty-two more, which will shortly be commenced. The following comparison of last half-year's results with those of the previous half-year will be found interesting:

Half-year ending June 30, 1875.	
Number of members	15,009
Capital	£113,905 8s. 5d.
Turn-over	182,241 4 3
Net profits	14,296 2 10

Half-year ending December 31, 1875.	
Number of members	15,986
Capital	£122,332 17s. 11½d.
Turn-over	208,404 2 0½
Net profits	16,506 17 8

(Signed) for the directors,
Samuel Goodall, President.

This report readily explains itself, and, as a financial exhibit, is worthy careful consideration. It shows the strong and the weak points of distributive co-operation, and places the society among the most complicated, and most successful business ventures to be found in Great Britain. It shows how small societies become absorbed in larger ones; it shows the difficulty that at times occurs in keeping so large a body of purchasers together when they are attracted by the goods or prices in the regular stores; and, finally, it points out the most important fact of all,—that such societies steadily and rapidly increase in capital and membership. The balance-sheet is a most elaborate and exhaustive statement of the business in every department and branch store. Summed up in a line, it may be said that the society's liabilities are almost wholly held by the members in the form of shares, and that its assets include mills, stores, shops, cottages, canal-boats, horses and teams, and stock in trade, and more than sufficient to redeem its every shilling with interest. This report and balance-sheet is presented to each of the members, and is made the subject of careful study. They figure up the sales at the branch stores where they trade, and compare the business with that of other branches. They study the attendance of the directors at the meetings (the attendance is reported in full), and

make up their minds whom they will vote for at the next election. In such a society as this, where the management is excellent, the dividends regular, and the business increasing, the election is a quiet affair, and the committee is rarely changed. Should the dividends in such a society fall a halfpenny in the pound, there would be at once a stormy meeting, and perhaps every officer, from president down, would be changed in a night. If, under a new administration, affairs still went to the bad, it also would be swept away, with perhaps every shilling of the salaries withheld. There is no mercy for incapacity or neglect, no compromise with "irregularities," no putting up with neglected attendance at the directors' meetings. The society is supreme, the directors are servants only.

The members have one vote and no more. Shares count as nothing. Only men (and women) rule, and even at that, no man can own more than one or two hundred shares, as fixed by law. There may be favoritism, and influence, and all that, but when the electors are scattered over a wide reach of town and country, it is not easy to gain even a partial control of the votes. The Yorkshireman is too pugnacious, too intensely individual, to be led about by mere favoritism, and if at the elections there is an attempt to "get up a slate," he is sure to smash it with sledge-hammer vigor.

BRANCH STORES.

THE most distinctive features of such societies as the Leeds Industrial is the system of branches, the federation of a number of shops into one society. The society is practically a unit, yet each branch is governed by its own local committee and manager. It receives its authority and supplies from the central office; it is responsible to the whole society, and, at the same time, it controls its own local affairs. In addition to the large stores in Albion street, the Leeds society has thirty branch stores, fifteen in the city, and fifteen in various villages in the neighboring country. One of these city stores, built by the society (see cut on page 209), may serve to show the substantial and business-like character of the society's buildings. Each of the stores erected by the Leeds Industrial is provided with ample store-rooms for flour and the more bulky goods, and each has a directors' room over the store, where the local committee may meet, and where the officers from the central office may meet the members to hear and make reports concerning the business. In many cases, there are also provisions for a reading and conversation room, free to all members in the neighborhood.

The largest single piece of property held by the society is a five-story flour-mill, shoe shop, and wholesale ware-rooms in Marshall street, Holbeck. Here steam-power is provided, and a large flour-mill is maintained in full activity, producing during the last reported half-year, flour to the value of £60,000. The shoe shop in the same building is deficient in machinery (after the English manner), but has a large force of hands, and produces goods to the value of £6,400 each half-year. The rest of the building is used as a distributing store, where the staple goods bought at wholesale are stored till transferred to the branch stores. The Marshall street plant also includes stables for the society's horses, two retail stores, the secretary's and treasurer's offices, and the counting-rooms, where the accounts of the business are adjusted. Each branch store pays rent to the society, and draws its supplies of groceries, ready-made clothing, flour, boots and shoes, and drapery, from these Holbeck stores. The society's coal-yard is located on the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, and is fitted with the proper appliances for unloading the coal from the society's barges to its teams. Orders for coal may be left at the yard, or at any branch store, and the coal will be put down at the member's door without charge for cartage, and without delay. This society is called the Leeds Industrial, for it is both distributive and productive. It makes its own flour, shoes, and clothing; both manufactures and sells. In general features, it resembles a large number of English co-operative societies, such as may be seen at Oldham, Manchester, Halifax, Leicester, and many other places.

As a striking illustration of the wealth and prosperity of such societies, an engraving is given on page 209 of the main building and nine of the stores belonging to the society at Leicester. This society has twenty-three branch stores, six butcher-shops, four coal-offices, a drapery and carpet store, dress and mantle department, tailoring shop, boot and shoe store, sewing-machine department, carpenters and joiners', and whitesmiths' departments. It maintains a free reading-room and a penny bank for the members' children. It had in 1875 a membership of 5,942, did a business of £138,000 on a capital of £27,000, and made a profit of £14,499.

THE DALE OF THE ROCH.

JUST south of the Yorkshire hills, there once stood an ancient parish church surrounded by a rural village perched on a hill and overlooking the pretty Roch and its charming dale. To-day, the once sweet and quiet country is marred by railway embankments, factories, rows of hideous brick tenements and unlovely chimneys, and dimmed with smoke. The pretty Roch has become an inky sink, the drain of the modern city that has swallowed the little village. Hardly more than the name remains, so completely has the town spread itself over the Roch and its dale. Rochdale is essentially a workingman's city. If there are rich people, mill-owners and others, they cannot be seen in the streets; neither is there a West End where they live apart from the world of men who work. The streets are narrow and winding, the houses low and small, and everywhere the place swarms with men, women, and children, weavers, spinners, and the like,—a people familiar with toil, clad in the sad-hued garments befitting their smoky sky and grimy town. Dull, perhaps, when compared with the French or Americans, but an earnest people, to whom the world seems a trifle hard; honest folk, studious of shillings and mindful of half-pence.

Toad Lane is one of the least of these small, ungracious streets. Low-browed brick houses and petty shops crowd close upon the steep and narrow road, and the visitor wonders what can have made the Lane so famous. Half-way up the hill is a building of quite a different character, and in marked contrast with its neighbors,—a handsome four-story stone structure, fronting on the Lane and St. Mary's Gate, a street that meets Toad Lane at right angles. In general aspect, it resembles the Leicester Building (see the illustration), except that the clock is surmounted by a figure of a bee-hive cut in stone. On the first floor are a number of fine stores. Above, the building seems like some public institution, library, or school-house. Over the stores is a sign: "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, Limited." It is this that has made the reputation of Toad Lane.

On the door-post of one of the stores is the large poster or placard printed at the head of this article: "Interest and Dividends," in large type that can be seen half a block away. Such a poster on the Bowery or Greenwich street would demand the services of the police to regulate the crowd besieging the paying teller's door. Here the notice is scarcely heeded. A woman may glance at it in passing, and mentally note the fact that her roll-book is numbered seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, and that therefore she must call on the 13th, 14th, or 15th of the month if she wishes to "lift her dividends." A man may pause to read it, but, remembering that if he does not fetch away his interest and dividends, they will be posted to his account, he passes on, content to let his dividends turn themselves into shares. The multitude, crowding in and out of the stores and blockading the narrow walk, seem quite indifferent to the notice, and give it no heed. Lo! these many years has the like been posted in Toad Lane, and even the story of a dividend may become monotonous.

The stores in the Pioneers' building are precisely like the other co-operative stores we have seen, and any one of them would stand for the picture of the branch store we give on page 209. There is the same huge stock crowded into every corner; the same neatness and order, the same active trade and ready cash, and the same suggestive tin tokens. We may pass them by, enter a glass-covered passage at the end of the building and find the broad stair-way that leads to the offices on the upper floors. There are many people both going and coming on the stairs, some with books in their hands, and all evidently familiar with the place. These are the Equitable Pioneers, part owners of the two hundred and sixty-six thousand shares, happy lifters of dividends, and participants in that famous "two and a half per cent. for education."

At the head of the stairs, the stream of people divides, part entering the first door leading to the society's reading-room and library. Some are in search of dividends; some of books. We may first enter the counting-room,—a large, well-lighted room, fitted up after the manner of a bank. There are a score of clerks, silent and busy over their big books, several attendants at the business counters, and a line of men and women waiting their turn to be served.

"TWO AND A HALF PER CENT. FOR EDUCATION."

ON the walls are sundry notices and placards. Among these is the dividend poster; some "Rule to be observed in connection with the Central and all Branch News-Rooms," and a most original "Almanack." Herein is set forth the object of the society:

—"The social and intellectual improvement of its members," and immediately under this, it remarks in very large type:—"Shares payable at once, or in instalments of three and threepence per quarter," with the interesting fact that the profits are divided as follows:—

"1st. Interest at five per cent. per annum, on paid-up shares; interest to commence on the 9th of each month. 2d. Depreciation of fixed stock: fixtures, 10 per cent. per annum; shops and workshops, 2½ per cent., and cottages 2 per cent. 3d. Two and a half per cent. (besides providing room, light, fuel) off net profits for educational purposes, and the remainder amongst the members in proportion to their expenditure with the society."

In addition to all this information, the "Almanack" also gives sundry facts about the Equitable and neighboring societies, mentions the day Copernicus was born, and Madame Tussaud died, and other notable historical data, curiously mingled with the days for stock-taking, quarterly meeting, sale of papers, the last day for receiving contributions, the Queen's birthday, the opening of the Blue Pits Branch, and the phases of the moon. Then follows a list of the stores where groceries, meat, tobacco, clogs, boots and coals may be bought. Next is a list of fourteen news-rooms and reference libraries, and the announcement of science, art, and French classes. Another placard gives the meetings of the building committee that will put up a house for any member who can pay the reasonable charges.

This is certainly a peculiar institution. In the same breath it is declared that the capital is raised in one pound shares, and that "all members, sons and daughters of members, who are wishful to improve their intellectual faculties should avail themselves of these (science) classes."

Leaving the counting-room we may visit the other parts of the building and see how the two and a half per cent. is spent. Under the guidance of the society's librarian, we are shown a large and handsome reading-room, well lighted and supplied with ample tables and comfortable chairs. The place is filled with a quiet, orderly and apparently earnest set of readers, precisely such a company as one may see in any American free town-library. The printed list of papers shows over one hundred of the best British newspapers, quarterlies and magazines, and they are well patronized. After use in the reading-room the books and papers are sold by auction to such of the members as choose to buy. And yet this is only one of the society's reading-rooms. It has thirteen more at the branch stores scattered through the town and country. Adjoining the reading-room is the central library, admirably fitted up, and evidently in good working order, and containing 10,169 standard volumes. Besides this library, there are twelve branch libraries of reference books at the branch stores. There is also a collection of scientific instruments for hire. The members may not be able to buy such apparatus, and the society lends them for a nominal rent. A good telescope can be hired for fourpence a day, or a shilling a week; a first-rate microscope for twopence a day, and stereoscopes, marine and field glasses for a penny each a day.

The class-rooms are deserted for the season, but the librarian offers the prospectus of the next session of the art and science classes. Herein are given the names of the paid Government instructors in chemistry, physiology, physics, free-hand and model drawing and designing, and the times and places of instruction. The prospectus closes with this notice:

"The whole of the subjects taught in these classes are of real practical value to every working man, and are aided by Government solely for the purpose of increasing the skill of the artizan, by the diffusion of instruction in science and art. The teachers are competent, and are paid by Government on the results of the teaching as tested by the examination in May. The students of these classes who succeed in passing the examination at the close of the session, are entitled to receive Queen's prizes—consisting of gold, silver, and bronze medals, books, instruments, &c., and certificates of merit. The students may also compete for Queen's scholarships, the Whitworth scholarships, and other educational advantages.

Entrance fee for the classes is—For members of the Equitable Pioneers' Society and sons of members, 5s.; for non-members, 7s. 6d., for the entire session, from the first of October, 1875, to the end of May, 1876.

Besides these classes there are others in the French language, while reading, writing and arithmetic are taught in a night school. Above the library, and occupying the entire upper floor of the building, is the assembly-room. Here the business reports of the society are read, elections are carried on, and the general affairs of the society are managed. The room, large as it is, will not seat more than a tenth part of the members, and all important meetings held here are repeated at the branch stores in the following week.

"We have seen some pretty stormy meetings in this room," remarks our guide. "It is not all peace and harmony." The members sometimes handle the reports and the committee without mercy; but this rarely happens. While the society can present such financial statements as that issued March 30, 1876, there is little complaint, and the officers are re-elected without exception.

CENTRAL STORES AND OFFICE OF THE LEICESTER CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

BRANCH STORES OF THE "LEEDS INDUSTRIAL."

THE BUSINESS ASPECT.

FROM the windows of the assembly-room, we can look far out over the town and the dale of the Roch. The old parish church and the modern town-hall are the most noticeable buildings to be seen. Next to them in importance are the mills, among which are the Rochdale District Co-operative Corn-mill and the Rochdale Co-operative Manufacturing Society. In each of these large establishments the Equitable owns shares. This building and these mills were put up by workingmen, and the resulting profits are divided among the dwellers in the lowly houses that line the plain streets. Here is the one hundred and twenty-fifth quarterly report and balance-sheet. It does not read like an experiment in finance:

TO THE MEMBERS: We herewith have the pleasure of presenting you with the quarterly financial statement. The sales this quarter amount to £77,957, being an increase of £1,218 over the corresponding

quarter of last year, and the share capital of the members has increased £12,000 since our last report. In addition to a butcher's shop opened this quarter in connection with our Norden branch, we have this week commenced there a clogging department. Our subscription to the Devonshire Hospital at Buxton now entitles us to give recommendation papers to deserving cases. The balance disposable will give a dividend to members of 2s. 8d. in the pound on members' purchases when the usual deductions have been made.

(Signed.)
THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.
Toad Lane, Rochdale, March 30, 1876.

From the cash account, it appears that the society received from all its departments, stores, and shops, a total of £77,957 3s. 7½d. in cash. In addition to this, it received for rents £400 13s. 10d; dividends and interest on railway and manufacturing stock, £1,839 4s. 10d.; contributions to share capital, £17,770 9s. 2d.; building department, £2,187 0s. 10d.; children's savings bank, £240 18s. 5d.; loans received, £1,865 8s.; agency for Wholesale Co-operative Society, £44,387 18s. 10½d.; withdrawn from bank, £59,301 0s. 7d., and making, with a few minor sums, a grand total of £206,013 5s. 6½d. for the quarter.

The payments made in purchasing goods, in carriage, wages, rates, etc., amounted to £60,835 18s. 7½d. Besides this, £2,652 was permanently invested; £320 17s. 4d. was repaid on loans; £19,000 9s. 6d. was paid on the share capital in withdrawals, interest, and dividends; £273 2s. 7d. was paid to the educational department; £43 5s. 9d. went to non-members as a bonus on purchases, at the rate of 1s. 3d. in the pound. The Wholesale Society's account was balanced, a few minor sums paid in the building and saving departments, repairs and hospital investments, and the balance, £77,883 14s. 0½d., deposited in the bank.

The society's liabilities are almost wholly in the form of shares and loans held by the members, and the disposable balance of £12,911 8s. 7d. The assets held in the form of shares and loans in various railways, manufactures, and co-operative societies, amount to £142,745 9s. 11d.; land, cottages, buildings, and fixtures, £42,560 18s. 2d.; advances on buildings unpaid, £16,751 16s. 11d.; stock in trade, £25,398 1s. 7d.; debts owing to the society, £831 1s. 11d.; cash, £37,882 6s. 5½d., making a total of £266,168 14s. 11½d.

In this and a previous article, four typical distributive co-operative societies have been described,—the Kinning Park Society, and the United Baking Society at Glasgow, the Leeds Industrial, and the Rochdale Equitable. The first illustrates the humble single society; the Baking Society shows the co-operation of a number of independent societies; the Leeds Society is an example of the federal idea,—the union of a great number of people in a central society having many branches. The Pioneers are, indeed, pioneers, and show the advanced position one wing of the co-operative movement has taken in regard to education. These four societies give as good an idea of the general plan of such associations as could be obtained if we examined every one of the thousand or more such societies in Great Britain. In all, the system is the same,—members contributing to the capital, and having one vote only in the election of officers; a government responsible to the members, and its accounts subject to frequent and critical examination. All profits are returned to the members, and there is "limited liability," only.

Undoubtedly, the growth of such a business movement has been harmful in some respects. It has taken trade away from many wholesale and retail stores. In some places, it has extinguished the local trade, and reduced the baker and the butcher to bankruptcy. In some towns, the co-operative society owns all the stores, or the only store in the place, and the public must buy at its counters or go without. It must be said for such cases that the public does not appear ill-disposed to do so, for the society pays its tin tokens to members and non-members alike, and, in the allocation of profits, gives the non-members a little something, just by way of inducement to join the society. On the other hand, the business men of this country and Great Britain have found the co-operator a first-class customer. He wants the best, and he has the ready cash. He wants Manchester prints, Chicago bacon, and Utica cheese in large quantities, and he never haggles about "time." He may have ruined some petty dealers in teas and sugars, but he has fed and clothed the poor man's children, and put a lump of healthy leaven into the treasure of the world's trade. He may be a dreamer, but his dreams end in "interest and dividends."

AN AMERICAN IN TURKISTAN.*

STREET AND MOSQUE IN TASHKENT.

It is a rare privilege to visit such a strange country as Turkistan in company with so trustworthy a traveler, so cool-headed and accurate an observer, and so skillful a writer as Mr. Eugene Schuyler. Although young in years, Mr. Schuyler is already a veteran in the diplomatic service. Graduating at Yale College in the class of 1859 with high honors, he practiced law in New York city for several years, contributing largely to the "Nation," and other literary journals, and then went abroad as Consul at Moscow. This post he filled for two or three years, until transferred to Revel. On his way thither he passed through St. Petersburg, and Governor Curtin, who had just arrived there as Minister, prevailed upon him to accept the place of Secretary of Legation. This difficult post Mr. Schuyler filled with such ability and fidelity, that the Ministers who succeeded each other at that court found it impossible to dispense with his services, until, by his own choice, he was lately appointed Secretary of Legation and also Consul-General at Constantinople, where he has devoted himself to the study of the Eastern question from another point of view with such industry as to increase still further his already wide reputation in England as well as in this country. His clear, accurate, and dispassionate statements regarding the atrocities perpetrated in Bulgaria, it will be remembered, did more than the reports of their own agents to shape the sentiment of the English people, and so to arouse their indignation as to force the British Government to modify seriously its attitude toward the Turks. One who can speak with such weight and authority deserves attention at all times, and especially when he discusses a question with which he is so thoroughly familiar as the

* Turkistan. Notes of a Journey in 1873 in the Russian Province of Turkistan, the Khanates of Khokan and Bokhara, and Provinces of Kuldja. By Eugene Schuyler, Ph. D., formerly Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg, now Consul-General at Constantinople. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

recent attempts by Russia to push her boundaries far down into Central Asia. In these volumes we have an exhaustive discussion of the bearings and actual significance of the famous campaign undertaken by Russia in 1873, which terminated in the fall of Khiva. It is easy to see, as we read these substantial volumes, why Mr. Schuyler should have preferred to anticipate their appearance by a withdrawal from the Russian Court; for otherwise his criticisms of the policy of that government must have been much less frank and unreserved, and, as a consequence, his work would have been robbed of its greatest value to one desirous of arriving at a clear understanding of the designs of Russia in the East. This important question is by far too complicated to make it possible to discuss it here, or even to present a summary of Mr. Schuyler's views. We must, therefore, content ourselves with the consideration of "Turkistan" simply as a book of travel. As such, it is by far the most dignified and important contribution made of late years by any American to this class of literature. Amazing industry in the collection of facts and statistics is supplemented by a keen eye for everything that is novel and picturesque among the semi-civilized tribes which the traveler visited, while a clear style, and a narrative which, although graphic, is always self-contained and never exaggerated, impress one with the perfect trustworthiness and accuracy of every description and statement. In visiting Turkistan, Mr. Schuyler by no means ventured upon untrodden ground. Stoddart, Thomson, Wolff, Abbott, Vambery, and Shaw, are a few out of nearly forty travelers who have penetrated Central Asia since the beginning of the eighteenth century, and who have left records of their observations and adventures; but high as the compliment may seem, it is literally true that Mr. Schuyler's work surpasses all that has preceded it in thoroughness as well as in the literary skill which narratives of travel so often lack. In gleaning some of the more striking incidents and descriptions from Mr. Schuyler's pages, we shall, therefore, allow him, as far as possible, to tell his story in his own words, subjecting his narrative to such abridgment, when we draw upon it, as our space compels. To attempt to follow Mr. Schuyler step by step in his extended journey would be impossible within our present limits. More than this, it would involve us in a wilderness of names of localities, only to be found upon the admirable maps which accompany these volumes. We shall, therefore, sketch his route in a general way, and then touch only upon the more interesting and curious passages of his experiences and observations as they are here detailed.

Mr. Schuyler left St. Petersburg March 23, 1873, having as his companion Mr. MacGahan, whose desert ride on his way to Khiva was, a few months later, the subject of general wonder and admiration. Stopping at Moscow for a day, the two reached Saratof, 940 miles from St. Petersburg, on the morning of March 26. Almost their only fellow-passenger in the railway carriage was Prince Tchinghiz, a lineal descendant of the famous Tchinghiz Khan,—or, as he is more popularly known, Genghis Khan,—and son of the last Khan of the Bukeief Horde of Kirghiz. After the death of his father, he—the eldest son—was given the Russian title of Prince in memory of his ancient lineage and of the services of his father. He had just returned from Mecca, whither, as a good Mussulman, he had just made a pilgrimage, and was going to spend the summer on his estates in the Government of Samara. During the journey, he was most of the time absorbed in a French novel. Mr. Schuyler sets him down as apparently a cultivated gentleman, and notes it as a curious coincidence that, on the threshold of Asia, he should have met the descendant of its greatest conqueror. From Saratof, the travelers struck across the Volga, and made their way down to Fort Uralsk. Thence going southward, they touched the extreme north-eastern limit of the Aral Sea, and, stopping at Kazala, they made their way next to Fort Perovsky, whence MacGahan started upon that famous desert ride, already mentioned, which he has himself fully described in his narrative, "Campaigning on the Oxus." Although Mr. Schuyler heard from his adventurous companion directly but once during the whole summer, he states that he frequently heard from him indirectly, his ride across the desert being spoken of everywhere in Central Asia as by far the most wonderful thing ever done there, since he went far through a country supposed to be hostile, knowing nothing of the roads or of the language. Even the officer whose scouts had failed to catch the adventurous correspondent, and from whom, long afterward, Mr. Schuyler heard of his companion's safe arrival at Khiva, was delighted at his pluck, and used the significant Russian expression, *molodetz*, —a brave young fellow,—the greatest possible praise under such circumstances. From Fort Perovsky, Mr. Schuyler pursued his

journey to the south-east to Tashkent. Making this his starting-point, he visited Hodjent and Khokand, as well as Samarkand, striking from this place into Bokhara. Turning

A KIRGHIZ.

northward again, he bore directly east to Vierny in the province of Semiretch, taking in his way Lake Issyk Kul. Crossing the River Ili, he visited both New Kuldja and Old Kuldja; then turned directly north, and, passing the eastern extremity of Balkash Lake, he came to Semipalatinsk in the province of the same name. Here he entered what is officially known as Siberia, although, geographically speaking, he had been within the limits of that territory since passing Vierny. After much difficulty in recrossing the Irtysh, he slowly traveled along the left bank of that river to Omsk. Here Mr. Schuyler found that he was too late for the steamer for Perm, down the Kama, and that, in addition, the roads through Western Siberia were impassable on account of the mud. He was, therefore, obliged to turn again southward through Petropavlovsk and Troitsk to Orenburg. Thence he went directly to Samara, where he was fortunate enough to catch the last steamer down the Volga to Saratof. There he took the railway to St. Petersburg, reaching that capital on November 15, after an absence of about eight months. This brief itinerary, which may easily be traced upon any good map, gives a clear idea of the comprehensiveness of Mr. Schuyler's tour through Turkistan, and shows that he traveled through that country more thoroughly than any of those who had preceded him.

We now proceed to glean from the detailed account of his tour some of the more interesting and instructive passages, descriptive of the strange people with whom he was brought in contact, and whose habits and peculiarities he had rare opportunities for studying, through the extraordinary facilities afforded him by means of the numerous letters of introduction which he carried with him to the officials of the different districts, from his influential friends in St. Petersburg.

First of all, we come upon an account of the Cossacks, which is valuable, since it dispels many of the popular erroneous notions regarding that race. Instead of being uncivilized and savage,—a reputation which has clung to them from old legends, strengthened probably by the reputation they gained during the partisan war of 1812, when they played such an important part as skirmishers and light cavalry for the Russian forces,—Mr. Schuyler assures us that they are mild, amiable and hospitable. They are, in point of fact, the pioneers of Russian civilization. If anything has to be done, and brave and manly fellows are required to do it, the Cossacks are employed. When a country is to be colonized the Cossacks guard it, and themselves take part in the work of settlement. Though given perhaps to occasional raids, when next to some Kirghiz or uncivilized tribe, they are in the main peaceful and orderly citizens, brave, industrious, and enduring. The women are hard workers and good housekeepers; and during his whole journey in Asia, Mr. Schuyler tells us that he was only too delighted when he came to a post-station kept by a married

Cossack, for there he was sure to find everything clean and neat, with eggs and milk at least, and possibly something more substantial to eat.

The name "Cossack," or "Kazak," as the Russians spell it, is of Tartar origin, meaning originally vagabond, and then a partisan or guerilla; but the people themselves are chiefly a Russian race. The male Cossacks from eighteen to twenty are in the military service within the district; then, after a year of rest, they are liable to service outside the boundaries of their district for nominally fifteen years, though they are always sent home again long before the expiration of that period. Every Cossack is supposed to be in the army, though exceptions are made in favor of a father who has three sons in the service, or in case of one out of four brothers. In time of war all can be called upon. The actual number of the Ural Cossacks in service is estimated at over 10,000, though really not more than 3,000 actually serve at one time. It has long been the practice of the richer Cossacks to hire the poorer to take their places in the ranks, three hundred rubles being paid for two years' service in Turkistan. The abolition of this custom by the new military law was the cause of the disorders in September, 1874.

The Cossacks form an almost ideal community. The land belongs to the whole army collectively, and each member has the right to till the ground, to cut hay, or to pasture his cattle where he pleases, provided, of course, he does not infringe on the rights of others, as settled by custom. Even the fishery in the Ural and in the sea is common property. The days of fishing are regulated; and though all are ready, none dares cast a net or throw a harpoon before the cannon signal has been given by the "Ataman," under penalty of confiscation of all his fishing implements. The "golden bottom" of the Ural was once the main source of wealth to the Cossacks; but owing to the rapid and careless extermination of the forests above Orenburg, the river is drying up, and filling with shoals, and the fish seem to be seeking some other locality. Yet even now the produce of caviare, isinglass, salted sturgeons, and *beluga* is very great. By this commercial system the spread of wealth is much more even and regular than elsewhere, and there are no rich and no poor, or at least only in a comparative sense; for a poor man there is one who has nothing more than what is indispensable, *i. e.*, his house, horse, and cattle. This system, however, in a country so limited in its capacities as the Ural region, will, with all its merits, Mr. Schuyler thinks, be found inadequate to a rapidly growing population.

The Cossacks are almost entirely dissenters, chiefly "old believers," though apparently without the bigotry and religious hatred which characterize Russian dissent in general. In 1862, out of a population of over 70,000, there were only sixty-two who belonged to the orthodox Russian church, and these were chiefly Russian officials in the towns. It is further worthy of note that in 1859, the last year for which statistics have been published, thirty-eight out of eighty crimes were committed by

BABA BEK AND JURA BEK.

orthodox and only ten by dissenters, the remainder being by Jews, Mohammedans, etc. The whole orthodox population at this time was eighty-nine.

Another of the denizens of this part of Asia—the camel—has his portrait drawn by Mr. Schuyler's pen, and if the reputation of the Cossacks is improved by his account of them, that of the camel suffers proportionately. It is no doubt very fine, he tells us, to speak of these animals as ships of the desert, and to apply other poetical expressions to them; but they are in point of fact most unpleasant and disagreeable. Ungainly, unamiable and disgusting in odor, they are set down as a "sort of cross between a cow and a cassowary. Seen in the distance, they make one think of a big over-grown ostrich, with their claw-feet and their long necks, which they turn about so as always to observe everything which comes by, and stare at you with their big vacant eyes until you have passed fully out of sight. They seem to stand cold very well, although they will take cold and die if allowed to lie down in the snow. Hence, during the winter on the steppe, their bodies are wrapped up in felt, which, when taken off in spring, carries most of the hair with it, and they then look entirely naked. If they get an idea into their heads that the road is long, or the weight too heavy, or that some part of the harness is wrong, they commence to howl. It is not exactly a groan nor a cry, but a very human, shrill and disagreeable sound; and this they never cease—they keep it up from the time they start until they reach their destination, varying their performances by occasionally kneeling down and refusing to advance; or if they do go on, holding back in such a manner as to make progress all the slower. In this case there is nothing to do but to unfasten the animal, turn him loose, and tie his legs together, when he will begin to browse about, poking the snow away with his nose, and his driver will find him when he comes back. Camels are much too stupid to go home, as any other animal would, but they will continue to walk on in the same direction their faces are turned, without ever thinking of master or stable or anything else. They are very revengeful, and in the spring season the male camels are very often dangerous. Many instances are known where they have bitten persons to death, and they then have to be carefully muzzled. There was one comfort to be got out of them notwithstanding—their walk was so quiet and sauntering, that in the morning, when it was not too cold, we could read with ease in the carriage, as there was not motion enough to jolt the book. In this way we got through 'Middlemarch,' some books on Central Asia, and the whole of the Koran, to say nothing of spelling through Tartar exercises, and trying each other as we went along in pronunciation and phrases."

AN UZBEK.

Regarding the nomads who inhabit the Western Steppe, and who are popularly known as Kirghiz, although they are very different from the true Kirghiz or Buruts, who live about

the Lake Issyk Kul and in the mountain ranges of Khokand, we have some interesting particulars. They number in all about a million and a half. Although of Turkish origin, they are as much of a Mongol as of a Turkish type. One reason of this is said to be that, until recent times, they preferred, whenever possible, to marry Kalmuk women, carrying them off from the confines of China, or the Astrakhan Steppe. Their language is one of the purest dialects of Tartar. In general they are short in stature, with round swarthy faces, insignificant noses and small sharp black eyes with the tightly drawn eyelid which is seen in all Mongol tribes. In winter, they sometimes live in underground huts, entered by crooked passages, where children, calves, and colts all sleep and play together; but usually their habitation, both in winter and summer, is a *kibitka*,—a circular tent made of felt spread over a light wooden frame. This frame is easily taken apart and put together, and is so light as to form a load for a single camel only. The broad pieces of felt are easily stretched over it, so that the whole can be put up in about ten minutes. On one side is a door covered by a flap of felt, and the fire is built in the middle, the smoke escaping through an opening in the roof. The interior of the tent is decorated with pieces of ribbon of various kinds, used to fasten down the felt; and around the sides, the Kirghiz place and hang all their valuable goods, consisting of carpets, silk mattresses, and clothes, and sometimes, in cases of the richer men, of even silver articles, with the trappings of horses and household utensils.

Being Mussulmans, the men all shave their heads and allow their beards to grow, although usually their beards are very insignificant—a straggly tuft of hair scarcely covering the chin. They wear immense baggy leather breeches, and a coarse shirt with wide flapping collars. Their outer garment is a dressing-gown, and they usually wear two or three, according to the weather. The rich and distinguished have magnificent velvet robes, richly embroidered with gold and silver. A red velvet robe is given by the Government as a mark of distinction, and there is nothing the Kirghiz are more proud of, unless it be a medal or a cross. They wear on their heads embroidered skull-caps, and over those, oddly-shaped

A HINDOO.

hoods of sheepskin, with the wool inside, or conical felt hats cut with two slits for convenience of turning up the brims, and not, as has been said, that it might not be like a Christian hat, of which they know nothing. On grand occasions, the wealthy don tall steeple-crowned hats, with the brim turning up in two immense horns, made of felt, or usually of velvet, embroidered often with gold. But their greatest adornments are their belts, saddles, and bridles, which are often so covered with silver, gold, and precious stones as to be almost solid. The women are dressed the same as the men, but have their heads and necks swathed in loose folds of white cotton cloth, so as to make a sort of bib and turban at the same time.

In religion, the Kirghiz are regarded as Mohammedans, although few of them have any fixed religious principles. They take advantage of the religion they are supposed to possess by putting in practice one of its

principles,—to have as many wives as they please. The women have to do all the work, while the men lead a lazy, shiftless life, devoting themselves almost entirely to the care of their horses. As a mark of respect to their husbands and male relatives, the women are not allowed to mention their real names in the presence of others, but must either call them by some term adopted for the purpose, or use a circumlocution. An incident is related of a Kirghiz woman who wanted to say that a wolf had stolen a sheep and taken it to the reedy shore of the lake. Unfortunately the men of the family bore names corresponding to most of these words, and she was obliged to gasp out—"In the rustling beyond the wet a growler gnaws one of our woolies."

At Tashkent, which he made his headquarters while in Central Asia, Mr. Schuyler had abundant opportunity of becoming acquainted with the various Beks, whom the Russians had deposed as they had pushed southward. Prominent among these were Jura Bek and Baba Bek of Shahrisabs, a little province just south of Samarkand. The fathers of both of them had been prominent there before the country had been finally annexed to Bokhara by the bloodthirsty Nasrullah. When Shahrisabs was taken by the Russians, Jura Bek and Baba Bek escaped to Khokand, but they were treacherously delivered up by Khudayar Khan, who bore a grudge against Jura Bek for laughing at him and calling him an old woman when he was once complaining to the Amir Nasrullah of his troubles and his exile. Brought as prisoners to Tashkent, they lived there for some time under surveillance; but finally obtaining pensions of about 2,000 rubles a year from the Bokharian Government, through the agency of the Russians, they now reside there unmolested, although, owing to the irregularity of the payments, they are sometimes reduced to great straits, as they both have large families. Jura Bek has become thoroughly convinced that the Russians are, and are to be, the masters of Central Asia, and sees that any chance for him in the future must come from them. His allegiance to them, therefore, is unwavering.

Mr. Schuyler describes this prince as "a tall, handsome Uzbek, with a thin dark beard, pleasant gray eyes, and a serious face. His dress is always very simple, but exquisitely neat, and there is something about the sadness of his expression and the suave grace of his gestures which never fails to attract and to interest. He is, indeed, a perfect gentleman. He is a strict Mussulman; but he has now been sufficiently with the Russians to have lost all fanaticism, and to be willing to conform to many of their usages. He will associate with them, eat with them, and even, if he chooses, drink wine, having sufficient dignity to act as he pleases, never, as many others do, wearing one face to the Russians and another to his fellow-believers."

Baba Bek, his companion in exile, is a man of much weaker stamp, a stout man of thirty-six, though looking twenty years older, so much have his troubles told on him, and is without either the ability or the courage of his companion. He passes his life quietly, and is so amiable that one cannot help pitying him in his downfall.

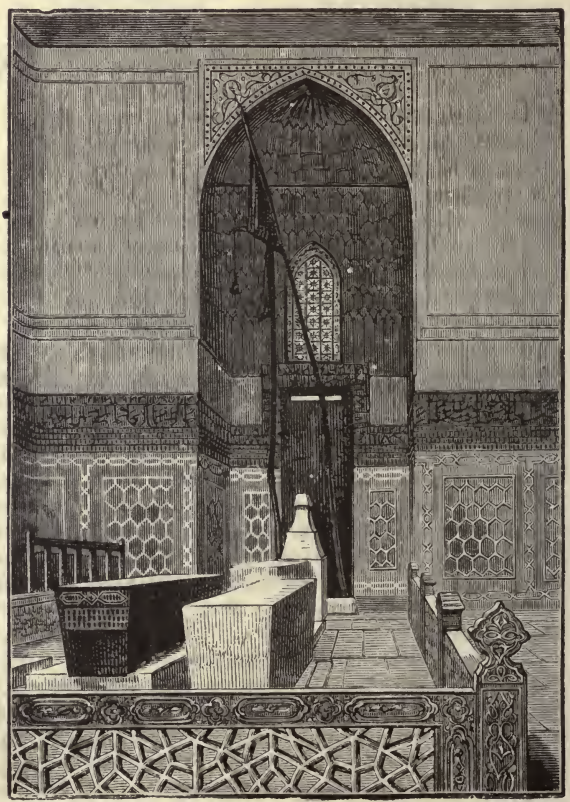
A BOY OF TASHKENT.

Tashkent, according to Mr. Schuyler's estimate, numbers 120,000 inhabitants, most of whom are Uzbeks, though there are some Tadjiks, and a number of Tartars, Kirghiz, Hindoos, and others. The Uzbeks are the descendants of the Turkish tribes who, at various times, immigrated to this part of Asia, both before and since the time of Tchinghiz Khan. Their name means "independent" or "free," from *uz* "self" and *bek* a "bek." They are said to be divided into ninety-two clans, and are readily distinguished from the Tadjiks, as well in appearance as in character. The Tadjik is larger and fuller in person, with an ample black beard, and with an air of shrewdness and cunning. He is fickle, untruthful, lazy, cowardly, and boastful, and in every way morally corrupted. The Uzbek is taller and thinner, with a

scanty beard, and a longer and more strongly marked face. He is simple in his manners and dress, while the Tadjik is devoted to his personal appearance, and fond of adorning himself. The Uzbeks look upon the Tadjiks with contempt, but, at the same time, they are dependent upon them. The Tadjiks treat the Uzbeks as fools and children of nature, and smilingly say that they have them entirely in their power. Intermarriages, however, are not uncommon. The Tadjik has none of the pride of race which the Uzbek possesses, and will rarely call himself by the name Tadjik. To illustrate the difference between the two, Mr. Schuyler quotes the popular story of Shirin and Ferhat:

"There was once a queen, Shirin Hatun, of great beauty, who lived on the farther side of the Syr Darya. She had two wooers, one a Tadjik, and the other an Uzbek named Ferhat. Both were persistent, and, as she was at a loss which to choose, an old woman counseled her to give them some difficult work, and to marry the one who succeeded. She therefore commanded them to dig a canal through the Famished Steppe. Ferhat—a strong, stalwart fellow, with a simple and straightforward nature—took his spade and dug away all day, trying to turn the channel of the river, and thus formed the cataracts at Bigavat. The Tadjik, crafty, and full of expedients, plaited a wicker of reeds and laid it on the ground across the steppe. Early in the morning, the sun's rays, reflected from the shining reeds, made them appear like a stream of water, and Shirin Hatun thereupon called for the Tadjik and married him. When the Uzbek learned of the deception that had been practiced upon him, he was in despair, and threw his spade high up in the air, so that, as it came down, it cut off his head with a single stroke."

From its peculiar position, and its commercial importance, Tashkent is a microcosm of life in Central Asia, and Mr. Schuyler took advantage of his comparatively long stay there to gather all sorts of information regarding the residents and their customs. Among the people to be seen there, as well as in the other towns of Central Asia, are Liuli, who are apparently identical with Gypsies. The women tell fortunes, cure the sick, and carry on a small traffic. The men trade in horses, and have almost a monopoly of leeches, which they collect from the streams. Then there are the Hindoos, who are also to be found in all the towns of the country, and especially in Tashkent. They come, for the most, from Shikarpur, and, although they are engaged in various branches of commerce, they chiefly devote themselves to money-lending and usury. They do not have the monopoly of this business: Jews, Afghans, and even native Mussulmans, share it with them. With their tight trowsers, their peculiar coats, and the red or black caste-marks on their foreheads, apart from their race characteristics, the Hindoos are easily distinguished from those of other nationalities. Mr. Schuyler gives the following interesting description of the methods in which these Hindoos carry on their financial operations, and, at the same time, manage to evade the precepts of their religion: They usually lend sums for twenty-four weeks, to be paid in weekly installments of one *tenga* to every *tilla*,—that is, one-nineteenth, making a gain, as interest, in the



THE TOMB OF TIMUR.

course of the transaction, of five *tengas*, or about twenty-six per cent., which would be fully fifty-six per cent. per annum. The rate of interest is sometimes much higher, although among Mussulman capitalists four per cent. a month is considered fair. As the money is thus paid back in installments, it is evident that a money-lender with a very small capital can make a large yearly profit. Lending out money at interest is forbidden by Mussulman law, and tradition says that lending money freely to the poor is a more worthy action, and will have a greater reward from God than giving alms. But while the Mussulman is strictly forbidden to make a contract for the payment of interest, it is perfectly allowable for him to receive interest which is voluntarily given by the borrower. Casuists, however, have without much difficulty discovered what are called "paths," that is, methods of evading the strict letter of the law, which, from the places where they were invented, or are most customary, are known as the Bokharian, Samarkand, Tashkent, and other "paths." For instance, the Tashkent "path" is this: In order to receive the interest of twenty rubles on one hundred, the hundred rubles are lent without interest, and some small article, as a whip, is nominally sold to the borrower for twenty rubles more. This article is called *shari, i. e.*, lawful, and must always be the property of the seller. The Bokharian way is similar; but here, instead of a nominal sale, some article, usually a book, is handed to the borrower for safe keeping, and for keeping and using this book he pays the sum constituting the interest on the principal lent to him. Another method is for the lender to buy of the borrower some piece of property, as a house, or a horse, for less than its value, paying him at the same time the amount of the loan. A paper is then drawn up before the *Kazi*, in which the lender promises to re-sell the property to the borrower for a sum that will equal the money lent with the interest added. Mussulmans, however, perfectly well understand that these methods are evasions of the direct religious command, and among the traditions as to future punishment is one that the usurer will be sealed up in a metallic box, which will then be heated in a fire. When the usurer cries out in his torment, asking the reason of such punishment, the Almighty and All-blessed will answer him, "You are punished because you took usury." "But I did not take usury," he will reply, "I sold a thing lawfully." "Well," the All-highest will reply, "I do not burn you: I only heat the box." Where the borrower is a person of property and known for his probity, the lender merely makes a note in his account-book, and gives the debtor a similar note to remind him of the payment. In other cases, however, the receipt of the debtor is taken and witnessed before the *Kazi*, and frequently large security is demanded.

THE SIN-EATER.

Batchas, or dancing boys, are one of the recognized institutions of Central Asia. They are most in vogue in Bokhara and the neighboring Samarkand. Until 1872, they flourished in Tashkent. Then a severe epidemic of cholera aroused the memory

and consciences of the mullahs to the fact that dancing was contrary to the precepts of the Koran, and the Russian authorities forbade public dances during that summer, on the ground that the crowds which they drew together were likely to cause the spread of the epidemic. The employment of these *batchas* or boys as dancers, we are told, is a concession to that trait of Mohammedan prudery which prohibits the public dancing of women; but Mr. Schuyler thinks that the tone of morals in Central Asia is not improved by the change. In general Mr. Schuyler describes the following as the mode of procedure at a bazem, or dance. At the hour appointed, the boys begin to come in twos and threes, accompanied by their guardians; and, after giving their hands to their host, take their places on one edge of the carpet, sitting in the Asiatic respectful way upon the soles of their feet. Bowls of tea and trays of fruits and sweets are set before them. The musicians meanwhile tune their tambourines, or rather increase their resonance, by holding them over a pan of glowing coals. When the boys have devoured enough grapes and melons, the dancing begins. This is very difficult to describe. Clad in flowing robe of bright-colored variegated silk, and loose trowsers, with bare feet, and with two long tresses of hair streaming from under his embroidered skull-cap, the *batcha* begins to throw himself into graceful attitudes, merely keeping time with his feet and hands to the beating of the tambourines and the weird monotonous song of the leader. Soon his movements become wilder, and the spectators all clap their hands in measure; he circles madly about, throwing out his arms, and, after turning several somersaults, kneels facing the musicians. After a moment's pause he begins to sing in reply to the leader, playing his arms in graceful movements over his head. Soon he rises, and, with body trembling all over, slowly waltzes about the edge of the carpet, and with still wilder and wilder motions again kneels and bows to the spectators. A thrill and murmur of delight runs through the audience, an extra robe is thrown over him, and a bowl of tea handed to him as he takes his seat. This first dance is called *katta-uin* (the great play), in contradistinction to the special dances. The natives seem most pleased with those dances where the *batcha* is dressed as a girl, with long braids of false hair and tinkling anklets and bracelets. Usually but one or two in a troop can dance the women's dance, and the female attire once donned is retained for the remainder of the feast, and the *batcha* is much besought to sit here and there among the spectators to receive their caresses. Each dance has its special name—Afghani, Shirazi, Kashgari—according to the characteristics of the country where it is national, or of the story it is supposed to represent; but all are much alike, differing in rapidity, or in the amount of posture and gesture. The younger boys usually perform those dances which have more of a gymnastic character, with many somersaults and hand-springs; while the elder and taller ones devote themselves more to posturing, slow movements, and amatory and lascivious gestures. The dance which pleased Mr. Schuyler most, and which he saw for the first time in Karshi, was the *Kabuli*, a sort of gymnastic game, where two boys, armed each with two wands, strike them constantly in alternate cadence, while performing complicated figures, twists, and somersaults. In general but one boy dances at a time, and rarely more than two together, these being usually independent of each other.

In all the large towns these *batchas* are very numerous; for it is as much the custom for a Bokharian gentleman to keep one, as it was in the middle ages for each knight to have his squire. No establishment of a man of rank or position was considered complete without one, and men of small means frequently club together to keep one between them, as a source of amusement during their hours of ease and recreation. They usually set him up in a tea-shop, and if the boy is pretty, his stall will be full of customers. They practice their profession from a very early age, until it is impossible to conceal their beards,—say until they are twenty, or perhaps twenty-five years old. It is rare that they lay up any money, but now and then one succeeds, and from being the keeper of a tea-house becomes a prosperous merchant, though the remembrance of his past life will frequently place the then odious affix *batcha* to his name.

Perhaps the most famous of all the places in Central Asia is Samarkand. "Surrounded by a halo of romance," Mr. Schuyler writes, "visited at rare intervals, and preserving the traditions of its magnificence in a mysterious impenetrability, it long piqued the curiosity of the world." It came into history as Maracanda, the capital of Sogdrane, when it was conquered by Alexander the Great. Then it was a large and flourish-

ing city. There Alexander killed his old friend and comrade Clytus in a fit of drunken passion; and it was his head-quarters during his contests with the mountain tribes, and the expedition against the Scythians

SEID MOHAMMED KHUDAYAR; KHAN OF KHOKAND.

across the Syr Darya. Quintus Curtius says that its walls were seventy *stadia* in circumference, and that the citadel was then as now surrounded by another wall. Its most famous and most interesting monument is the Gur' Amir or tomb of Timur, of which we have this description:

It is situated on a slight hill to the south of the fortress, and is an eight-sided building, surmounted by a melon-shaped dome, and with two ruined minarets. Passing through a broken mosaic portal and a court, we come to the steps leading into the mosque. Over the gates is an inscription in Persian: "The weak slave Mohammed, son of Mahmoud, from Isfahan, built this." The inside of the dome is full of the usual alabaster work, and the walls are covered with hexagonal plates closely set together of fine carved transparent gypsum, which is often supposed to be jasper. On the side turned to Mecca there is a pillar, and a large ancient standard with floating horse-tail. The tombstone of Timur occupies the exact center of the mosque, and is a slab of greenish black stone, six feet long, fifteen inches wide, and about fourteen inches thick, which is flat on the top and not pyramidal, as has been represented. It has been broken or cut in the middle into two parts, and one of the lower corners has been broken off and subsequently polished down, as is shown by a part of the inscription being missing. Around the edge is a very complicated inscription in antique letters, giving Timur's name and titles, together with those of all his ancestors, and the date of his death, 807 (1405). To the right of this slab is another of gray marble, of nearly the same size, with an inscription showing that it is the tomb of Mirza Ulug Bek, grandson of Timur, who died in 853 (1449). The back and part of the top are covered with plaster. On the other side of Timur's tomb is a gray marble slab in memory of Abdullatif Mirza, son of Ulug Bek, who died in 854 (1450). There are slabs to three other sons of Ulug Bek; and beside these, between the tomb of Timur and the standard, is a gray marble slab dedicated to Mir Seid Belki Sheikh, the teacher of Timur, who died two years after him. The walls of the mosque are covered with various inscriptions, some texts from the Koran, and others religious verses; while in the adjoining room was one which Mr. Schuyler's mullah translated as meaning, "If I were alive, people would not be glad," without date or name. Passing into this room on the left of the main mosque, the traveler went down a narrow staircase into the vault below, and found the tombs of Timur and his descendants placed exactly under the slabs above. The tombs are beneath the ground, and nothing is visible but slabs of gray marble covered with complicated inscriptions. The vault itself, which is of a very wide span, is of light gray burnt brick, and is still in a perfect state, being a beautiful piece of workmanship. This mosque, and even the tombs, were found in a very dilapidated condition by the Russians on their occupation, and it is owing to them that repairs have been made and everything put in order, and a guardian appointed to the mosque. The beautiful carved stone railing which surrounds the monument in the upper room was found badly shattered, but has now been completely restored. In a small building near by are the tombs of Timur's wives.

Mr. Schuyler visited Khokand in company

with a retired Russian officer, who was making a business trip into that province. They traversed a considerable part of Khokand, in pursuit of the Khan of the province, Seid Mohammed Khudayar. Subordinate officials did all they could to obstruct them in finding him, but did not prevent them from getting much interesting information regarding the habits and customs of the people in the various towns. In Utch-kurgan, for instance, where they spent several days, they found life extremely dull. Amusement there was none; all games being strictly forbidden. Even of praying there was very little. Occasionally at afternoon or at sunset some few over-piously disposed individuals would spread out their rugs, and make a supplication to Allah; but the most of the praying that was done seemed to be by proxy. One old man whom Mr. Schuyler noticed, seemed to be constantly at it, and on inquiry about him, he was told that he was an *iskatchi*—a person who gets his living by taking on himself the sins of the dead, and thenceforth devoting his life to prayer for their souls, performing the same function as the sin-eater of the Welsh border.

When Mr. Schuyler finally succeeded in getting an audience of the Khan of Khokand, it was very brief and unsatisfactory. He describes him as "a stout, pleasant-looking man, of about forty-five, with a brown beard." The passport which he obtained from him was written in Persian, and read as follows: "To all Hakims, all Commandants of Forts, all Beks, all Amlakdars, and all Serdars: By this order be it known that one Russian-American envoy, with his people, travels in our country for amusement, *tomasha*, and pleasant pastime; therefore to this Russian, in every Vilayet and Kishlack where he may go, let nothing be done against the hospitality which is due to our guest, or against his wish, and let the hospitality be shown which is due to him, looking at him (considering his position) and let masquerades not be made of him, and let improper words not be spoken to him."

While journeying northward on his way back to St. Petersburg, Mr. Schuyler, as we have already stated in the summary of his route, turned from his direct course to visit

A BARBER IN SUIDUN.

Kuldja. In the course of this excursion, he came to the town of Suidun on the Mongolian border. The contrast between this town and the places through which he had been traveling is thus gracefully drawn: Instead of narrow, crooked streets there were broad, straight avenues shaded with trees; instead of windowless houses built of mud, the blank walls of which stared one in the face at every turn, there were fine buildings of brick beautifully carved and molded, roofed with tiles, and with latticed

windows and porticoes. Instead of female forms swathed in long, shapeless dressing-gowns, and faces hidden by black horsehair veils, there were stout, healthy, smiling women chatting over their marketing, the bright orange-colored marigolds in their wonderful coiffures or their coquettish little caps contrasting well with the indigo blue of their gowns. The bazaar too, showed the same contrast. This occupied the greater part of one of the wide avenues crossing the town. Besides the little shops on each side, there were many booths covered to some extent with square umbrellas of matting partly open, and the chief trade seemed to be carried on in the open air. Here were beets, large egg-plants, but still real bread and not cakes. The butchers' shops were different in character and there were even stalls where men sold candy and barley-sugar. It was also interesting to watch the operations of the barbers in the streets outside their shops. The poor man who came to be shaved was made to sit on a narrow wooden stool and then recline almost horizontally on a cane-covered rest, where he closed his eyes and looked as if he were about to undergo some unpleasant surgical operation.

There are numerous incidents of personal adventure which show that Mr. Schuyler did not accomplish his self-imposed mission of investigating this interesting country without some risk. Just as he was leaving Bokhara he narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a respectably dressed mullah. The watchfulness of one of his attendants saved him from this fate. The address and determination which Mr. Schuyler displayed, in face of the opposition of the officials, in purchasing a slave-boy in Bokhara and taking him to St. Petersburg, thus demonstrating the existence of the slave-trade in the province named, deserve the highest praise. He had the substantial satisfaction, moreover, of knowing that this act was one of the causes, if not the sole cause which brought about the ratification of a treaty with the Amir, forever abolishing the slave trade in Bokhara.

It is hardly fair to dismiss Mr. Schuyler's work without alluding to his views regarding the relations of Russia to Central Asia, and this we can do more satisfactorily by quoting the substance of his "conclusion." After premising that it is unnecessary to assume the theory of a settled plan of conquest on the part of Russia, he proceeds:

"Central Asia has no stores of wealth and no economical resources; neither by its agricultural nor by its mineral wealth, nor by its commerce, nor by the revenue to be derived from it, can it ever repay the Russians for what it has already cost, and for the rapidly increasing expenditure bestowed upon it. Had Russia known fifteen years ago as much about the countries of Central Asia as she does now, there can be hardly a doubt that there would have been no movement in that direction. Even the steps taken in 1864 would not for a moment have been allowed. Despite the drain upon the Imperial exchequer, it is practically impossible for Russia to withdraw from her position in Central Asia. Notwithstanding the many faults which may be found in the administration of the country, the Russian rule is on the whole beneficial to the natives, and it would be manifestly unjust to them to withdraw her protection and leave them to anarchy and to the unbridled rule of fanatical despots. Apart from this moral consideration, that of her *prestige* in Central Asia would be sufficient to keep Russia there even at a still greater loss. On the contrary, as far as one can foresee, Russia will be compelled in the future to advance still further. It seems now to be impossible for her to remain where she is. Kashgar, Bokhara and the Turkoman country must either be annexed or they must be reduced to a position of real, and not nominal, vassalage. This accomplished, Russia will have arrived at a true ethnical and political boundary. She will have under her rule in Central Asia all of the Mohammedan peoples of Turkish race. On the east, her neighbor will be China; and as the Russians are not disposed to get into difficulties with that empire, we may expect few boundary disputes. On the south, the frontier will be the Oxus, separating the Russian domains from Afghanistan, as agreed upon by arrangement with England. Although the rulers are Afghans and of different stock, yet the inhabitants of Balkh and the province south, as far as the Hindu Kush, are of Turkish origin. This range would therefore form the true ethnical frontier of Russia on the south, and it must be remembered that mountains are always better barriers and boundaries than rivers. On the west, the Russian frontier will join that of Persia, which is inhabited by men of a different race, and, although Mussulmans, yet of a sect violently hated by the inhabitants of Central Asia. If any difficulty with England ever arise, it will probably be in Persia—where at present Russian influence is paramount—and not elsewhere."

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

NICHOLAS IS PRESENTED TO MISS LARKIN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fresh June morning, and Mr. Montgomery Glezen was flying northward, in a railway car, along the eastern shore of the Hudson. During the long winter and the tedious spring he had been penned within the city, with only one brief interval, and that a sad one. Snow and sleet and rain had succeeded each other with tiresome repetition; but, though delayed at every step, the Summer had at last fought its way through them all, and on that morning stood upon every height, crowned and acknowledged the queen of the realm.

The heavy dew still held the dust, and he opened the window to catch the fresh air upon his face, and to gaze without obstruction upon the beautiful river. Every sail was up, and the wings upon the water were as busy as the wings that hovered over the land. He was flying; the ships were flying; the birds were flying. Flying seemed to be the natural motion on such a morning, for every thing that moved; and when he thought of the noisy, toiling, dusty city he had left behind him, the motion became full of a joyous meaning—exalted and exultant; and he wished that he could fly on thus forever.

He passed the long line of the Palisades that frowned upon him from the western shore; he skirted the broad stretch of Haverstraw Bay, through the middle of which, stripped to its skeleton, a Titanic steamer was dragging its reluctant train of barges; he ran under the loop-holes of Sing Sing prison, catching glimpses of wicked, wistful eyes, as the train slacked its speed on entering the village; he approached the beautiful Highlands, standing green and glorious in their fresh summer dress; he passed long bridges

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that crossed the debouchures of tributary streams; he shot through deep rock-cuttings and short tunnels, where the mountains threw their spurs sheer out to the water; and with every curve of the crooked passage, as it clung to the winding shore, he caught new glimpses and fresh forms of a beauty that made him forget all that he had seen upon the Rhine and the Danube.

He was a striking figure himself, and was observed with curious interest by more than one of his fellow-passengers. Thin-visaged, of medium height, with dark hair and eyes, and swarthy complexion, there was that about his mobile and intelligent features which would attract attention anywhere. This morning he was happy. There was a bright light in his eyes, and a smile upon his mouth. He was enjoying the beauty of the changing landscape; enjoying the rush of the train; enjoying his liberty as only a young and sensitive man can enjoy anything. There was a mirthful twinkle, too, in the corners of his eyes, which showed that he only needed opportunity to give himself up to a pleasant companionship as wholly as he had surrendered himself to the inspiring influences of his morning trip.

But he hurried on and on. Once he was conscious of a pause; and the fancy came to him that the train was a huge orchestra, and that the players were tuning the wheels for a new symphony, which soon began with the call of pipes, the ringing of bells, the tremble and shiver of violins, the drone of bassoons, and the rhythmic crash of drums. This passed away to make room for other fancies,—for his mind was all alive with them. He passed West Point, snugly hidden behind its defiant rocks; he left Cornwall in its restful sprawl at the foot of its mountain; he caught a glimpse of Newburg, shining like a city of silver among its terraced streets; and then the train slacked, and the station of "Ottercliff" was called.

Mr. Montgomery Glezen had enjoyed the morning so much that he had dreaded to hear the word pronounced which would summon him from his seat. He started up, however, almost fiercely, and was the first man upon the platform. It was but a moment that the train was delayed, and then it whirled away. He felt like a bewildered sailor, stranded upon a quiet beach. Everything stood strangely still, and it seemed as if the departing train had taken a portion of his life with it. He could now hear the birds sing, and the wind whispering among the tender green leaves. It was hard to adjust himself to the new conditions.

He stood for a few moments, vacantly looking after the train and listening to its retreating roar, when he became conscious that a negro in livery was standing before him, with his hat in his hand.

"Is you de genlm dat Mr. Minturn spects dis mornin'?" said the darkey, with a great show of courtesy, and a radiant exhibition of ivory.

"I 'spects I is," replied Glezen, with a laugh.

"De conveyance is on de odder side ob de buildin'," responded Mr. Minturn's man, relieving the visitor of his satchel, and leading the way. "Take a seat in de vehicle, sah."

Glezen was happy once more. This mixture of big words with the old plantation *patois* was charming. He had found something fresh in the way of amusement, and the railway train was at once forgotten, as the carriage started slowly up the long acclivity that led to the gate of one of the largest, oldest and most beautiful ancestral parks which look out upon the Hudson. During the long climb, notwithstanding the new source of interest opened to him very broadly in the face of the Ethiopian driver, a memory held him in possession. Six months before, within a week of Christmas, he had passed over the same road, bound for the same house; and he could not help recalling the sad occasion. Mrs. Minturn, the mother of his college friend, had died, and he had gone up to attend the funeral, and to comfort, as much as he could, the dear fellow she had left entirely alone in the world. And now, even at six months' distance, he could not help recalling what she had been to her son. Left early a widow, with this single child, she had lived to see him educated, and to be to him mother, sister, friend, lover—everything;—going with him, and living near him at school and college, holding him to virtue by a devoted and absorbing affection, and making his happiness and his good the one business and end of her life.

So, as Glezen enters the gate of the old park of three hundred beautiful acres, he wonders, as he has often wondered before, what this young man, who has been left so lonely and so rich, will do with himself. He is rich enough to do anything, or nothing; stay at home, or go anywhere; be nobody, or somebody. What will he do with himself?

The hill surmounted, the horses started off at a livelier pace, and, with the new motion, the sober thoughts were left behind. Glezen looked up, and saw the driver casting a furtive glance over his shoulder. He was evidently aching for conversation.

"What shall I call you, my man?" said Glezen.

"Sah?" inquired the darkey, who did not quite understand that form of expression.

"What is your name?"

"Pont, sah," he replied.

"Pont? Pont? That's a very short name. The names didn't quite go round in your family, did they?"

"Mas'r Minturn says he 'spects it must have been Ponchus Pilot, sah."

"Ponchus Pilot?" exclaimed Glezen, with a loud laugh. "Well, that's a big name, but it's got badly worn up."

"Yes, sah, like an old whip, clean smack up to de handle. But I 'spects dat was de real name when I administered my baptism, sah," said Pont, with a judicial cock of his eye.

This was too much for Glezen. He laughed loudly, and Pont laughed with him. Then the former said:

"Pont, you were not here last winter. How did you get here?"

"Well, sah," responded Pont, "I wanted my civil rights, and I jes done come away, sah."

"Ah? Civil rights? What are civil rights, Pont? I live in New York, and I don't know."

"Ye got me dere, Mas'r," replied Pont, with a grin. "I do' know what dey is. I knows I got 'em. I knows when I don't like one Mas'r, I kin go to anodder."

"You like your new master, then?"

"Yis, sah; Mas'r Minturn is a genlm; but he's sich a chile! 'Pears like he don't know anything."

"Ah? How's that?"

"Well, sah, when I fust come yer," said Pont, contemplatively, "he says, 'What's yer name?' Says I, 'Pont, sah.' And then says 'e, 'It must 'a' be'n Ponchus Pilot.' An' says I, 'I don't know what it was when I administered my baptism; but I 'spect dat was it.' An' den says 'e, 'Would ye like me to call yer Mr. Pilot?' I laughed at de chile, an' says I, 'No, call me Pont;' but I see he was a genlm, an' wanted to s'cure my civil rights. An' then says he, 'Kin ye drive a hoss?' Says I, 'Yis, sah; I was fotched up with hosses.' An' then says 'e, 'Kin ye row a boat?' An' I says, 'Yis, sah, I was fotched up with boats.' An' then says 'e, 'Kin ye milk cows?' 'Yis, sah,' says I, 'I was fotched up with cows.' 'An' kin ye shine boots?' says 'e. 'Yes, sah,' says I, laughin'; 'I was fotched up with boots.' Then I see 'im laughin' in 'is eyes. An' den says 'e, 'Pont, how many times have ye been fotched up?' 'Well, sah,' says I, thinkin' ob de boots, 'I reckon nigh about a hundred times.' Den 'e laughed powerful, an' says 'e, 'Pont, you'll do;' but he's sich a chile! He can't drive this hoss, I gib ye my word, sah; an' I've knew 'im try to row a boat wrong end fust."

Pont gave a great guffaw at the recollection, and chuckled over his own superiority; but further conversation was shut off by the near approach to the Minturn mansion, and the new subject of interest thus introduced to his much amused passenger.

An old house was something that Montgomery Glezen loved. It was, however, an æsthetic matter with him. He had had no family associations with one; but he read such a house as he would read an old poem. To stand upon an ancient threshold; to wander through old rooms, and to imagine the life that had been lived there,—the brides that had entered there, blooming and joyous; the children that had been born there; the feasts, the merry gatherings, the sicknesses, the vigils, the tears that had fallen upon lifeless clay there; the prayers that through long generations had ascended there; the sweetnesses of domestic life, the tragedies of disappointment and sorrow, the loves, hopes, fears, triumphs, despairs, of which the venerable walls and quaint old furniture had been witnesses, always moved him to tears. And to think that the frail materials around him had outlasted many generations of human life that seemed so precious to him,—what pathos! what mockery! A day in an old house was more precious to him than gold,—though of gold he had but little.

It was winter when he was there before, and sorrow for his friend had shut out all other thoughts. As he approached the house, along the road of shining gravel that whimpered under the wheels, he saw that it was old and large, and that it had evidently been added to since it was built, though the additions themselves were old, and everything had assumed the uniform and mellow tone of age. There was little of architectural beauty or grandeur in the heavy pile;

but the well-kept lawns around it, the glowing borders of roses, the graveled walks, and the old trees that drooped in every direction with the weight of their new foliage, were a sufficient preparation for the rich and tasteful interior, of which he had once had a glimpse, and which he had many times longed to see again.

He alighted, but no one welcomed him, or noticed his arrival. There was not even the sound of a human voice within hearing; but the door stood wide to the morning breeze, and he entered quietly and looked about him. In the center of the hall lay the skin of a huge tiger, the head stuffed, and the eyes glaring upon him. Opening out to the right was a billiard-room, ornamented on its walls with bows and arrows, and old muskets, and pairs of branching antlers, and other insignia of sporting tastes and habits which showed that the older Minturns had been fond of the fields and woods Beyond this picturesque recess, further up the hall, and bracing its right wall, there stood a massive oak settee, black with age, and rich with carving,—a trophy of travel brought by some wandering Minturn from a spoiled Venetian palace, who, with the rare treasure, must also have brought the cabinets and trousseau-chests that announced their kinship from the opposite side of the grand apartment. The grinning statue of an Ethiopian stood at the foot of the old winding staircase, holding in its hands a many-branching candelabrum. There were ponderous vases, illuminated with dragons and other barbarous designs; there were old tapestries, some of them framed, and others suspended by their hems, or thrown carelessly over chairs and lounges, with coarse bric-à-brac piled here and there; but everything strong, artistic, harmonious. Glezen's eyes rejoiced in it all. The lavish cost, the antique tone, the somber splendor, the strange harmony, moved him like music; and he stood still for long minutes, taking in the scene in all its details, until it had fixed itself indelibly upon his memory.

Then, with a light step, he passed on up the hall, leaving a beautiful modernized library opening upon his right, and catching a glimpse upon his left of the generous dining-room, with its old carved buffet. Entering the drawing-room, he found the windows opened to the floor, and saw his friend through one of them, seated on the outmost edge of the broad piazza, evidently in a brown study. Nicholas Minturn had heard nothing. He was entirely alone, and his thoughts were wandering up and down the world.

With noiseless steps, Glezen approached the open piano, sat down, and began to play. For ten minutes he reveled in an improvisation of which he could only have been capable after such an experience as this lavish June morning had conferred upon him. At first, Nicholas started, wheeled suddenly around, then walked to the window and looked in. He longed to rush in and greet his guest, but he doubted whether it would be courteous to interrupt him, and he wanted to hear the music.

As he folds his arms, and bows his head, leaning against the window-frame, we may look at him. Tall, strongly built, with fine blue eyes and light hair, a generous whisker, and altogether an English look, we find him sufficiently prepossessing. As he still stands there, let us talk a little more about him. When he comes to speak, we shall find him a little English in his manner too,—a little brusque and impulsive, and somewhat hesitating in his talk; for hesitation in speech, which in America is cousin of a gaucherie, is in England the mother of a grace. He is a young man who has, in the parlance of the neighborhood, been "tied to his mother's apron-strings." Well, there are worse things in the world than being tied to a good woman's apron-strings,—being tied to a bad woman's apron-strings, for instance, or not being tied to a woman's apron-strings at all. It has, at least, kept him pure and unsuspecting. A woman may look into his blue eyes without finding there anything more offensive, in the way of question or suggestion, than she would meet in looking into a mountain spring. He is a clean man, simple in his tastes, hearty in his friendships, but utterly lonely, and without definite aims. The society of young men of his own position is distasteful to him. To them, he is slow, if not a simpleton. The one business of ministering to her who had been so devoted to him has been taken out of his hands, and for six weary months the world has seemed empty and meaningless to him. Glezen understands him, and loves him, and has come up to spend the day with him, and bid him good-bye, for he has persuaded him to go to Europe, and thus make a break in his monotonous existence, and a beginning of life.

Glezen brought his fantasia to a closing touch, and then, entirely conscious that his friend was listening to him, exclaimed:

"Well! If this isn't the most inhospitable

old hole I ever found myself in! Not a man, woman or child to greet a fellow! When I come a hundred miles again to see a friend, I'll telegraph in advance to know whether he's out of bed."

Nicholas rushed forward, seized Glezen in his arms, and said:

"My good fellow, you don't mean that? You can't mean that you think me capable of slighting you. I assure you I'm more than glad to see you."

Glezen released himself and stood off with folded arms. Then, with a serious voice and face, he said:

"Nicholas Minturn, this wont do. It's all very well for you to put on airs of contrition and cordiality, when you find that you have provoked your friends; but I tell you it won't do. It's too transparent. This carelessness, this lawlessness, is one of the most serious faults of your character; and now if you'll be kind enough to tell me when the next return train passes, and send me to it, I shall trouble you no further."

"But, Glezen, you can't mean it," expostulated Nicholas.

"Mean it? Of course I mean it. Do you suppose a New York lawyer has to leave his business and quit the city to do his lying?"

"What can I do?" said Nicholas, going forward and taking Glezen's reluctant hand, "to convince you that I love you, and am glad to see you?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Glezen, solemnly shaking his head. "It is too late. You should have come to the station and received me with open arms. You should at least have been waiting for me, and looking for me at the door, and prepared me for that horrible tiger that almost scared my life out of me."

"Yes, that's true, and I'm sorry. But I've been terribly bothered by this horrible journey, and I didn't think. Come now, what can I do for you?"

"My own, my long lost brother! This terrible estrangement shall no longer continue. Give me a cigar, and the past shall all be forgotten," said Glezen, dropping suddenly from tragedy, and putting his arm around Nicholas and leading him out upon the piazza.

Both sat down, and looked into each other's faces and smiled.

"Glezen," said Nicholas, "what's the fun of joking? You never know what a joker is going to do, or when he's going to do it."

"Nicholas," said Glezen, "I wish you were a girl. If I could find a girl half as good as you are, I would marry her in five minutes. What do you say to that?"

"It strikes me it would be rather sudden."

Glezen laughed and responded:

"Perhaps it would, but there's nothing like taking a woman by surprise. And now, speaking of girls, Nicholas, you know you look upon me as a sort of father. At any rate, that is the relation I assume, with all the crushing responsibilities that go with it. There's nothing for you but to get married. Get a wife, you must and shall."

"Why don't you get married yourself?" inquired Nicholas.

"Well, you know I have a piano-forte," replied Glezen, soberly.

"Is it all the same?"

"Not exactly," replied Glezen, "but they are both musical instruments, you know. Some people take to the violin, and some to the cornet. We can't all play on the same thing, without making the music of life too monotonous."

"But your piano never turns round and tries to play on you," said Nicholas.

Glezen laughed.

"Oh, you're afraid, are you?"

"Well, you know how fond I was of my mother, but I never could see the fun of girls. They giggle so; and a fellow never knows what they're going to do."

"What do you want to know what they're going to do for?" inquired Glezen. "Besides," he continued, "they all stop giggling when they get married. A rooster never crows after his head is cut off."

"Is it all the same?" inquired Nicholas again.

"Nicholas Minturn, you are frivolous. If there's anything I despise it's a trifler. Now listen to me. You have nothing in the world to do—after your travel, of course—but to get married. This beautiful home, now so lonely, can be made as bright and full of life and music as any home in the world. You can be the head of a family. You can have children around you to whom you may be as much as your mother has been to you."

Nicholas recognized genuine earnestness in Glezen's closing tone. He was touched by the allusion to his mother; but with perfect simplicity and earnestness he responded:

"Glezen, I never could see the fun of children. If a fellow could find them

all grown up, it would be nice, but you never know what they're going to do. 'Pon my word, I believe a little baby would kill me. I always want to run when I hear one cry, and half a dozen of 'em would make me wild."

"How can you talk so about innocent children?" exclaimed Glezen. "You're a brute."

"It's all very well to talk about innocent children; but they fight like tigers, and get mad and scream like cats. You know they do," responded Nicholas, with heated earnestness.

"Nicholas Minturn," said Glezen gravely, "I little suspected the depth of your depravity. I see before you a terrible future. This house is evidently to become the castle of a giant, who will destroy all the children that approach it. My young friend Nick will become the old Nick to all this neighborhood. And he might be a respectable and useful character!"

Nicholas heard the last word, but he had not followed his companion's banter. He was wondering what it was that made him so different from all his friends. They were easy, facile, readily adapted to changes of society, circumstance and condition; slid from jest to earnest without a shock; were fond of frolics and games, and quick to enjoy all that came to them of change. Here was Glezen, with a ready tongue, bothering him with badinage and pushing him with honest brotherly counsel in the same breath. He loved him, but the trouble was that he "never knew what he was going to do."

"Speaking of character," said Nicholas, with a vague idea that he was continuing the conversation in a logical way, "did it ever occur to you that I haven't any character? Any flavor, so to speak? The fact is I'm just a pudding without any sauce—nutritious enough, perhaps, but confoundedly insipid. A woman would never get tired of you. You have as many flavors as a drug-shop"

"Probably," said Glezen, "and mostly unpleasant ones; and now let me tell you a thing to lay up in your memory for your everlasting comfort. Nothing wears like bread and butter, and sensible women know it. These highly flavored and variously flavored men are just those who play the devil with women's lives. They are usually selfish, volatile, unreliable; but so far as you need flavor you'll get it. Travel will help you to it. Age and a voyage across the sea improve the flavor of wine, they say, and I don't see why they shouldn't be good for men."

"Well," said Nicholas, "I don't see the fun of travel. You never know what you're going to do."

"But you have your plans, my boy? what are you talking about?"

"Yes, I have two or three plans," said Nicholas, a broad smile overspreading his handsome face. "If I don't like it, I shall come back. That's one plan; and then you see I've had no end of old ladies who have been to see me with their daughters. It seems as if all the boobies and bores had been to Europe. One of 'em says: 'Oh, Mr. Minturn, you must think of me when you are at the Devil's Bridge;' and another says: 'you must think of me when you are in the Catacombs;' and another says: 'you must think of me when you are at the Tomb of Napoleon'; and one gushing creature says I really must think of her when I'm on the Rhigi. So I'll just go to those places and think of those women, though what good it does a woman to have a fellow think of her in the Catacombs, is more than I know."

"Well, that's an original plan of travel, anyway," exclaimed Glezen, with a hearty laugh. "Talk about your not having any flavor? Why, that's delicious. And are you to have no company?"

"No."

"And you sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, I believe that's the arrangement."

"And these are your plans?"

"Yes," responded Nicholas. "I'm just going to improve my flavor by visiting the Catacombs, and meditating on females."

Glezen put his head in his hands, and thought. He was very fond of his friend, and very much amused by him; and though he liked to hear him talk, and enjoyed the ludicrous side of the matter, he was sadly concerned in the aimlessness and indifference with which he regarded the great enterprise before him. He had had much to do in bringing Nicholas to a determination to travel; and now he saw that the heart of the latter was not in the enterprise at all. He was going to Europe because he had been advised to go. People had seen him plunged in a voluntary confinement, and as soon as the word "travel" was mentioned, all had conspired to forward the undertaking with their congratulations and their counsels.

At last Glezen looked up and said:

"Nicholas, you'll fall in with lots of pleasant people. You'll find yourself the member of a party before you leave the steamer. It's always so, particularly with a young and handsome man, who happens to be rich. Don't anticipate any trouble. Providence always has an eye out and a hand ready for those who can't take care of themselves."

Nicholas was saved the trouble of responding to this comforting suggestion by the ringing of the door-bell, and the entrance of the village lawyer, to whose hands he had confided the charge of his estate. For a long hour, Glezen was left to himself, while Nicholas and his man of affairs were closeted in the library. He visited the stables, held a characteristic conversation with Pont, strolled over the grounds, looked into the boat-house, and wondered at that dispensation of Providence which had placed all the good things of this world in the hands of one who did not know how to use them, and had marked out a hard path for himself, who, he imagined, could use them with fine advantage. He had no complaint to make, for he was a manly fellow. He indulged in no envy, for he loved his friend. Indeed, he believed that Nicholas was as manly as himself. He knew that he was a thousand times better prepared to meet the temptations of life than himself. Certainly, wealth had not spoiled Nicholas; and he was not certain that wealth would not have spoiled Montgomery Glezen.

At the close of the interview in the library, the early country dinner was announced, and on entering the dining-room Glezen was presented to his friend's housekeeper, Mrs. Fleming, and to his lawyer, Mr. Bellamy Gold. Nicholas explained to Glezen that Mrs. Fleming was his mother's friend, whom she had known and loved all her life; and said that, for his mother's sake, she had undertaken to look after him, and to guide his house.

Mrs. Fleming protested that, while she had loved the young man's mother as she had never loved any other woman, no son could be more affectionate or more worthy of affection than she had found Nicholas to be.

Mrs. Fleming was a Quaker in her creed and in her dress. Her face was bright with intelligence, and fine in every feature—a gray-haired woman with a youthful spirit, to whom not only Nicholas felt himself irresistibly attracted—one of those women to whom any young man could easily open his heart at a moment's notice. Glezen saw, with an admiration which painted itself upon his expressive face, the affectionate and respectful relations that existed between this lady and the young master of the house,—the almost motherly fondness that manifested itself upon one side; the half-gallant, half-filial feeling that prevailed upon the other. He apprehended at once the reason that Nicholas could remain so contentedly at home.

When Mrs. Fleming had completed her first offices of hospitality at the board, she took up a letter that a servant had placed at her plate, and begged the privilege of opening it. As she read it, her face lighted with pleasure, and she said:

"Nicholas, here is some good news for thee."

"Tell us what it is," said the young man.

"The Bensons are going on the 'Ariadne'—on the same steamer with thee. No," she added, after reading further, "only Mr. Benson and his ward, Miss Larkin, with her companion. She is a wretched invalid. I suppose the voyage is for her benefit."

"But I don't know Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, disappointed.

"I shall have the privilege of giving thee a letter of introduction," said Mrs. Fleming.

"He's a good man to know, of course?" said Nicholas.

"Oh! he's what they call a model man," responded Mrs. Fleming—"a man without reproach—more respected, more trusted than any man I know."

"Well," said Nicholas, "if he's a model man, I should like to know him. A model is just what I'm after. I fancy there's stuff enough in me, if I only had a model."

"Nicholas," said Glezen, "you are not polite to your guests. Mr. Gold here is a model man. I am a model man. I say it with profound modesty. I come up here and display my perfections to you, and off you go wandering after strange gods. You deliberately trample on the commonest notions of friendship and hospitality."

"Glezen, what's the fun of fooling? A fellow never knows what to say," responded Nicholas.

Mrs. Fleming laughed. She had read Glezen at a glance, and fully appreciated the temptation to banter which such a nature as that of Nicholas presented to him. So she said:

"I fancy a model man must be a man

who never changes,—one who never laughs, never cries, is never rude, never weak, is always the same, governed by principle, and can stand and be looked at years at a time."

"Can a fellow love him?" inquired Nicholas.

"Well, I suppose his wife and children love him; but everybody respects him, and everybody trusts him. He is treasurer of everything. I suppose he holds in trust the money of more widows and orphans than any other man in New York."

The last remark aroused the attention of Mr. Bellamy Gold. Up to this time he had been quietly engaged with his dinner, and had evidently regarded himself as an outsider. His observation and his quick lawyer's instincts had taught him that no man is liable to be crowned with a great many trusts who does not seek them, and make their possession a part of the policy of his life. His client was about to pass into the intimate companionship of this man, and the prospect was not a pleasant one.

"A model man—begging your pardon, Mrs. Fleming," said Mr. Bellamy Gold,—"is a made-up man. At least, that is what my observation has taught me. He has shaped everything in him to a policy. Most of the model men I have known have shaped themselves to just this. Now I don't know Mr. Benson, of course. He may be an exception, but I wouldn't trust a model man as far as I could see him. He is always a pretty piece of patchwork, cut down here, padded there, without angles, and without any more palatable individuality than—than—that plate of squash."

Here Mr. Bellamy Gold tapped the plate with his knife, as if the question were settled and there were nothing more to be said upon the subject. He had at least said enough to put his unsuspecting client upon his guard, and to leave an amused and curious look upon the faces of his companions.

Mrs. Fleming broke the silence that followed the somewhat bumptious remarks of the lawyer by saying that it would at least be pleasant for Nicholas to know somebody on board, and he could make much or little of the acquaintance, as might seem best to him.

"But what about this ward of the model man?" inquired Glezen. "Is she handsome, interesting?"

"I shall tell thee nothing about her. She has had a sad life, and deserves all the courtesy it is in any man's power to bestow upon her."

"The vista opens," said Glezen. "I see it all,—interesting invalid—a polite and intriguing guardian—a susceptible young man in independent circumstances—moonlight evenings on the great and wide sea,—the whole thing confided to Glezen as the young man's next friend,—nuptials,—and happy forever after!"

All rose from the table with a laugh, and the afternoon and evening were quickly passed away in receiving calls and attending to the never-ending last things that must be done previous to a long absence from home.

On the following morning, a light box of luggage was sent down to the station, and Nicholas Minturn and his friend soon followed it. Pont was silent. "Mas'r Minturn" was going away, and the place would be very lonely without him. As for Nicholas, he was in a kind of maze. He did not wish to go away; he had no pleasure in anticipation but that of getting back; he wondered why, with all his wealth at command, he should be sent around into places that he did not care for; and, for once in his life at least, he envied Glezen. He knew "what he was going to do."

"Good-bye, Pont," he said, taking the honest darkey's hand as the train approached which was to bear him away. "Good-bye! God bless you! I shall come back if I don't enjoy myself."

"It's a good place to come back to, sah. It's a salubr'ous elevation here, sah!" said Pont, drawing back, and lifting his hat.

"Pont," said Glezen, "I shall yearn for you. Not a day, not an hour, will pass in which my heart will not go out to you with unspeakable tenderness."

Then he put both hands upon the uncovered, woolly head, and pronounced some sort of a benediction that left the fellow laughing through his tears; and then, with its added burden, the train whirled away, leaving Pont to drive slowly back to the house, talking sadly to himself all the way.

CHAPTER II.

It was two o'clock, and the good ship "Ariadne" was to leave her dock at three. The steam was up, and blowing fiercely from its escape-pipes; cabs were driving in and discharging their loads of eager passengers and wheeling hurriedly out of the way; drays with luggage were formed in line, while their freight, which was quickly discharged, was whipped fiercely through the

gangway; streamers were flying from every standing spar; women with fruit, and men with flowers or steamer-chairs or little stores, were pushing their bargains; crowds of men, women, and children, were rushing on board; and one would judge by the noise and crush that the sailing of a steamer, instead of being a daily affair, was the grand event of a year. Women with children in their arms, despairing of getting on board through the great crowd, stood on the wharf, the tears blinding eyes that were aching to catch a last glimpse of a departing friend. There was the usual throng of idlers, too, and the running to and fro of messengers with packages and telegrams. Into that last hour was concentrated an amount of vital energy which, if it could have been applied, would have carried the steamer a thousand miles to sea.

In the midst of all this turmoil, Nicholas and Glezen arrived in a carriage that brought all the young traveler's modest luggage. The latter disposed of, and the coachman paid, the two young men seemed in no hurry to enter the crowd that thronged the steamer, across a gangway that was loaded with struggling lines of passengers. They talked quietly together, or watched the faces around them. Tears were flowing in plenty from the eyes of ladies and young girls who had just taken leave of their dear ones. Heartless jests were tossed about by men who were ashamed to give way to their sorrow and apprehension. One thoughtless young fellow stood on tip-toe, flinging kisses to a group of ladies on board, and wringing his handkerchief in token that it had become charged with tears beyond its capacity. On all the interested faces there were either signs of grief, or of an unnatural and almost feverish effort to appear cheerful and hopeful.

"Well, Nicholas," said Glezen, "what do you think of this? There's a touch of life here, isn't there?"

"It's a nasty mess. It's piggish. I never could see the fun of a crowd."

At this moment, a head seemed to be thrust between them, and, with an intonation quite unique in its strength, depth, and explosiveness, they heard the word:

"Pop!"

Both wheeled suddenly, and encountered a figure well known on the wharves and steamers, and at railway stations along the line of the Hudson from New York to Albany. He was a one-armed soldier, who carried a shrewd pair of gray eyes in his head, and the most facile, rattling tongue in his mouth that ever blessed a peddler, or cursed his victims.

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, for the sake of an old soldier," said he, having secured their attention. "Each and every individual kernel has a jewel and a drop of blood in it for you, gentlemen. I should like to tell you more about it, but time presses. Five cents a paper, and just salt enough! Pop-corn is the great boon of humanity, gentlemen. It assuages the pangs of parting, dries the mourner's tear, removes freckles and sunburn, sweetens the breath, furnishes a silver lining to the darkest cloud, and is the only reliable life-preserver in the English language. Five cents a package, and just salt enough! In case of accident, it will be impossible for you to sink, gentlemen, if you are full of pop-corn."

Glezen was amused, bought a paper, and tossed it to the nearest boy. Nicholas looked at him with wonder, and contemplated his impudence with angry disgust. The pop-corn man was amused with his puzzled look and forbidding face, and pushed his trade.

"Sweeten your breath, sir? Buy a life-preserver, sir? Assuage the pangs of parting, sir?"

"Get out!" said Nicholas, intensely annoyed.

"Verdancy cured for five cents a paper! Just fresh enough!" exclaimed the pop-corn man, moving away, with a characteristic slap of revenge, but with imperturbable good-nature.

Here Glezen gave his companion a nudge, and, as he turned toward the gangway, he saw it cleared by policemen, and then a young woman was lifted from a carriage and carried on board the steamer in a chair, a dignified old gentleman leading the way, and a mature woman, who looked less like a serving maid than a companion, bringing up the rear of the interesting procession.

"There's your model man, Nicholas, and his ward. By Jove! isn't she lovely?"

Nicholas said not a word in response, but followed, with his absorbed eyes, the beautiful burden of the chair until it disappeared. All the way through the crowd, Miss Larkin had passed with downcast eyes, and a flush of excitement upon her face, feeling, apparently, that every eye was upon her, and hearing the murmurs of admiration and sympathy that came unbidden from a score of lips. Nicholas was evidently impressed. The beauty, the modesty, and the helpless-

ness of the girl stirred all the manhood within him. He thought of Mrs. Fleming's letter of introduction, which he had accepted without any definite intention of presenting it, and felt for it in his pocket, to see that it was secure.

"Oh, it's there!" said Glezen, quick to understand the motion. "My cares are all gone now. You'll be happy."

Nicholas blushed, and only responded:

"Glezen, you mean well, but you have an uncomfortable way of looking into a fellow."

Then there came a great rush of people from the gang-plank. The non-goers had been ordered off, preparatory to the steamer's departure. The two young men hurried on board, and, after an affectionate leave-taking in Minturn's state-room, where Glezen dropped all his badinage and quite overwhelmed Nicholas with hand-shakings, and huggings, and "God-bless-yous," the young lawyer rushed off with tears in his eyes to a quiet stand at the extremity of the wharf, in order to watch the huge creature, intrusted with her priceless freight of life, as she should push out into the stream. The bell rang, and rang again; the lines were slipped and drawn in; the screw moved, and the voyage of three thousand changeful and uncertain miles was begun.

The passengers were all on deck, and handkerchiefs were waving alike from deck and wharf. Glezen and Nicholas caught a single glimpse of each other, exchanged a salute with their hats, and the former turned sadly toward his office, the threshold of which he had not passed for two happy days.

The novelty of the new situation, the lines of busy marine life that were crossing each other at a thousand angles upon the broad and beautiful bay, the view of the constantly receding city, the groups of chattering passengers, the single, silent men, who were, like himself, without acquaintances, and whose thoughts were busy with forsaken homes and the untried and uncertain future, quite absorbed the attention of Nicholas, and made him reluctant to go down and arrange his state-room. Indeed, he did not think of it for a long time, but walked up and down the deck, occasionally pausing to watch the captain upon the bridge, as he quietly chatted with the pilot, or to look upon the shores as they unfolded themselves in a constantly moving panorama.

At length the Narrows were passed, and the broad sea lay before him. As he entered upon it, a great swell lifted the huge hulk of the steamer upon its bosom, and he felt, for the first time, that wonderful, gentle touch of the mysterious power to which he had committed himself. That first caress of the sea was like a voice that said: "Old ship, I have waited for you, I have looked for you, and now I have you again! I will roll you, and rock you, and play with you through a thousand leagues; and, if it please me, I will ruin you. You are as helpless in my arms as a child. Of the life you bear, I have no care. Men and women are nothing to me. I care for no life but that which sports within my bosom. So come on, and we'll have a long frolic together if you like my rough ways and dare the risk!"

Nicholas descended the stairs that led to the cabin. Here he found nothing but baskets of roses, ships made of roses, bouquets without number, loading the tables,—the last gifts of the friends who had been left behind. It would be but a day when all these would be tossed into the sea,—when all this redolence of the shore would be gone, and there would be not even a suggestion of anything but a soundless, boundless waste of air and water, and a feeble speck of a steamer, threading its way like an insect between the two elements. Already the steward's forces were taking up the carpets, and stripping the vessel to her work.

Nicholas went into his state-room and sat down, occasionally looking out of the little port-hole that gave him his only light. The reaction, after the long strain, had come. He was lonely and thoroughly sad. He had not wished to take the voyage; and though he had been too brave and manly to speak of it, or show it in any way, he had indulged in the gloomiest apprehensions. These he had tried to suppress, as fears shared in common with the millions upon millions who had safely crossed the sea since the first vessel had passed between the Old World and the New; but he could not shake them off. While he stood upon the deck, the steamer seemed large and strong enough to defy all the elemental furies; but in his close cabin, his old fears came back, and he breathed a silent prayer for protection.

Before bed-time, he had learned that he was a good sailor, for while others had succumbed to the influences of the new motion, he had eaten his supper with appetite, and spent the evening upon the deck.

He had looked in vain for a glimpse of Mr. Benson and his ward. They had taken at once to retirement, without doubt, and

he had found no one else to whom he felt tempted to speak. About midnight, after he had had a brief period of sleep, the steamer entered a fog-bank, and every minute, from that time until daybreak, the hoarse whistle was sounded. There was no sleep for him with that solemn trumpeting ringing in his ears, and he could only lie and nurse his apprehensions. As the day dawned, however, he could see from his port-hole that the fog was thinner; and when the whistle ceased its warning, he fell into a refreshing slumber, from which he started at last to find that it was late.

He dressed hastily, breakfasted, and went on deck. The first vision that greeted his sight, after the bright blue sky overhead, was Miss Larkin, reposing in what is called a steamer-chair. The air was cool, as that of the Atlantic always is, and she was hooded and wrapped as closely as if it had been winter. Nicholas could not resist the temptation to glance at her with every turn he made upon the deck. She looked at him once, and then gave her attention entirely to the book which her companion—a woman of thirty-five—was reading to her.

An hour passed away thus, when Mr. Benson made his appearance, walked up to his ward, asked her a question, and then sat down near her, drew out some of the previous day's papers, and began to read. Nicholas could observe him at his leisure. He was a man past middle life, and, as he lifted his hat, he saw that he was bald. A serene dignity, and a sense of self-satisfaction, came out to Nicholas from the face, figure, and bearing of the man, and made their first impression. An unruffled man he seemed,—indeed, beyond the susceptibility of being ruffled. Nicholas could not imagine him capable of being surprised, or of meeting any change or sudden emergency with anything but dignity. His mouth was pleasant. His lips came together with the very pride of peace,—indeed, as if the word "peace" had been the last word he had uttered,—"peace," or "Benson,"—it did not matter which.

When Mr. Benson, tired of his reading, rose to pace the deck, and exchanged a few words with acquaintances,—everybody seemed to know him,—Nicholas saw that he was well dressed, and that whoever his tailor might be, his clothes were made less with reference to the prevalent style than to the dignified personality of Mr. Benson himself. His suavity, his calmness, his scrupulous politeness, and the fact that all who addressed him seemed to put themselves upon their best behavior, impressed Nicholas profoundly, and he began to be afraid to present the letter of introduction which still quietly reposed in his pocket,—as Nicholas knew, for he had again made sure of its presence, after seeing Miss Larkin.

A man like this was, to our young traveler, a marvelous enigma. A self-possessed, self-satisfied man, moving among all men and all circumstances without perturbation, without impulse to do foolish or undignified things, seemed like a god. He thought with shame of his ungracious repulse of the impudent pop-corn man. What would Mr. Benson have said under the same circumstances? "My good man, I have no use for your commodity, thank you!" That would have been the end of it,—a graceful end, which would have left both satisfied, and taught the peddler good manners. Certainly Mr. Benson was a model; but Nicholas felt with profound self-disgust that he could never become such a man.

But while our neophyte is laboring feebly and blunderingly toward his conclusions, the reader is invited to reach them by a short cut.

Mr. Benjamin Benson was a man possessed of six senses. He had the ordinary five,—taste, sight, smell, hearing, feeling,—and, added to these, and more important than all these, the sense of duty. If he had no appetite for his breakfast, he ate from a sense of duty. If he punished a child, he did it from a sense of duty. If, tired with his labor, he felt like staying at home from a prayer-meeting of his church, he attended it from a sense of duty. If his feeble ward needed his personal ministry, it was rendered, not from any love he bore her, but from a sense of duty. If he went into society it was not from inclination to do so, but from a sense of duty. He had a sense of duty to God, society and himself. Which was the strongest, it never occurred to him to question. Indeed, his mind was somewhat confused upon the subject. Duty was a great word which covered all the actions of his life. He owed to God worship and Christian service. He owed to society friendly and helpful intercourse. He owed it to himself (and himself included his family, and was only another name for it), to be prosperous, well dressed, well mannered, dignified, healthy, and happy. No doubt ever crossed his mind that he was actuated in all his life by the highest motive that it was possible for mortal man to entertain.

He read his Bible daily, not for any spiritual food he might receive, though he might often find it, but from a sense of duty. He had no idea that he was proud or selfish—that he was proud of his position, his influence, his consistency, his faultless behavior, or that all his motives centered in himself—that he even calculated the market value of his principles and his virtues. He was quite unconscious that in all his intercourse with others he was advertising an immaculate and "reliable man."

Nicholas hung about him unnoticed, and wondered again and again if he (Nicholas) could ever achieve such calmness, such dignity, such imperturbable suavity, such power over the respect and deference of others. At any rate, he would study him carefully, and win something from his fine example that should be of use to him.

Miss Larkin remained on deck all day, apparently enjoying the motion of the steamer and the fine weather. Her dinner was carried to her by the steward, and her companion read to her and chatted with her, or sat by her through long passages of silence. In the afternoon, finding Mr. Benson on deck and unoccupied, Nicholas conquered his diffidence and fear so far as to present his letter of introduction.

Mr. Benson read it with a smile of gratification, and extended his hand to Nicholas with the assurance that Mrs. Fleming had done him both an honor and a service.

"Of course, I have heard of you, Mr. Minturn," he said, "and all that I have heard has been good. Mrs. Fleming informs me that you are alone. I shall be most happy to present you to my ward, a very amiable and unfortunate young lady, who, I am sure, will interest you, and be glad to make your acquaintance."

All this time he had held and gently shaken the young man's hand, and looked with pleased and flattering earnestness into his eyes. Such a reception as this was more than Nicholas had expected or hoped for. Still holding his hand, he led him across the deck to where Miss Larkin was reclining, and presented him, with words of friendly commendation that seemed to melt in his mouth and distil like dew. At the end of his little speech, Nicholas found himself seated at Miss Larkin's side. And then, with a graceful allusion to the fact that young people get on better together when their seniors are absent, Mr. Benson retired with pleasant dignity, and joined another group.

"I saw you, Miss Larkin, when you went on board the steamer," he said, to begin the conversation.

She gave a little laugh.

"Did you? I'm glad. It was a proud moment, I assure you. Did you notice how everything had to stop for me, and did you see how large and interested my audience was?"

No response that Miss Larkin could have made to what Nicholas felt to be an awkward utterance, the moment it left his lips, would have surprised him more. It seemed a curious thing, too, that there was something so stimulating in the young woman's presence that he detected the fine instinct which dictated her reply. She had, without the hesitation of a moment, tried to cover from himself the mistake he had made.

"You are very kind, Miss Larkin. That was not a good thing for me to say to you."

"Then you are very kind too, and there is a pair of us," she said archly, looking into his face, that blushed to the roots of his blonde hair. Then she added: "Isn't the weather delightful? and isn't this motion charming? If it could only be like this all the time, I believe I would like to spend my life just where I am. I am so helpless that to be cradled like this in arms that never tire is a happiness I cannot know on shore."

"I'm glad you enjoy it," said Nicholas.

"Don't you enjoy it?"

"Yes, I begin to think I do," said Nicholas, smiling, and blushing again.

Miss Larkin saw the point distinctly, but would not betray it.

"I have been thinking," she said, "what a young man like you must enjoy, with health and strength, and independence and liberty, when even I, a comparatively helpless invalid, am superlatively happy. I should think you would fly. It seems to me that if I could rise and walk, and be as strong as you are, the world would hardly hold me."

"I'm a poor dog," said Nicholas. "I'm an ungrateful wretch. I'm not particularly happy."

"With so many good people around you? Oh, I suppose no one knows how good people are until one is sick and helpless. I can see that you are unfortunate in this; but it is a constant joy to me to know that there are sympathy and helpfulness all around me. Why, the world seems to be crowded with good people. Once I did not believe there were so many."

Nicholas could not help thinking that if Miss Larkin's influence was as great and the geniality of her spirit as powerful upon others as they were upon himself, she was the source of much of the goodness she saw. He tried to shape a sentence that would convey his impression without the appearance of flattery, but gave it up in despair. At length, after a moment of thoughtfulness, he said:

"I don't know what the reason is, but I don't like men and men don't like me."

"I think I know," said Miss Larkin quickly, for she had read her new acquaintance with marvelous intuition. "You dislike men partly because you do not find them sincere, and partly because you do not sympathize with the pursuits of insincere men. They do not like you simply because they have nothing in common with you. When you find any good in a man, which is real, or seems real, you feel attracted to him, do you not?"

"Yes, I think I do," said Nicholas.

"The sham, the make-believe, of the world repels you. If you had any pursuit in which you were thoroughly in earnest, then you could take it out in fighting and making your way; but if you have none, you will have a sorry time of it, of course."

"How did you happen to know so much, Miss Larkin?"

"Oh, I am only guessing," she said, with a musical laugh. "I have nothing to do but to guess, you know. I am alone a great deal."

Just then a nautilus, with sail set, was discovered upon the water near the vessel.

"I suppose," said Nicholas, "the steamer would look about as large as that to one high enough above it."

"Oh no," said Miss Larkin, "any being high enough above it to regard it as a speck would see a great deal more, because he would see the world of thought that it carries. I love to think of our wonderful cargo,—the cargo that pays no tariff—the dreams, the memories, the plans, the aspirations, that trail behind us like a cloud, or fly before us like a pillar of fire, or pile themselves up to heaven itself. The sun is but a speck, I suppose, upon the ocean of light that radiates from it; and if we could only see what goes out from our little steamer, on ten thousand lines, it would seem like a star traveling through the heavens—a million times greater in its emanations than in itself."

During this little speech, uttered as freely as if the speaker were only pronouncing commonplaces, Nicholas held his breath. He had never heard a woman talk so before. It gave him a glimpse into the dreams of her lonely hours—into the inner processes of her life. It displayed something of the wealth which she had won from misfortune. It showed him something more than this. It showed him that she had somehow come to believe in him—not only in his sincerity, but in his power to comprehend her, and to enter sympathetically into her thought. He felt pleased and stimulated, and, for the first time in many months, thoroughly happy. To be on ship-board with such a companion as this, seemed a fortune too good for him. What response he could make to her he did not know. It all seemed to him like something out of a beautiful book, and roused by the suggestion he said:

"You ought to write for the press, Miss Larkin."

Then his ears were greeted with the merriest laugh he had heard for a month.

"Write for the press, Mr. Minturn? Send my poor, naked little thoughts out into the world to be hawked about, and spit upon, and pulled to pieces by wolves? How can you think of such a thing?"

"Good women do it, you know. I thought it was a nice thing to do," said Nicholas, in a tone of apology.

"But it's very much nicer to have a sympathetic auditor. I never could understand the rage of inexperienced girls for print. Unless a girl is a great genius, and must write or die, it seems almost an immodest thing for her to open her soul to the world, and assume that she has something of importance in it."

"I never had looked at it in that light," said Nicholas. "I thought writing for the press was about the top of human achievement."

"And of course," said Miss Larkin, "I should never try to reach the top of human achievement."

Nicholas had found a woman who did not giggle. It was true that he did not know "what she was going to do," but what she did pleased him and astonished him so thoroughly that he was more fascinated than he had ever been before. During the conversation, he had occasionally met the eye of Miss Larkin's companion, who seemed to enjoy the talk as well as himself.

"Excuse me, Mr. Minturn," said Miss Larkin, "this is Miss Bruce, my companion.

She helps me bear all my burdens, and does me more good than anybody else in the world."

Miss Bruce blushed and smiled, but apparently did not feel at liberty to enter into the conversation.

At this moment, Mr. Benson approached, and said benignly:

"I see you are getting along together very well, and as the wind seems to be freshening a little, I think I had better go below. Are you not a little chilled, my dear?"

Miss Larkin assured him that she was quite warm, and compared her wrappings to a cocoon that shut out all cold and dampness from the occupant.

"The cocoon must be getting thin, sir," said Nicholas, with a touch of gallantry that surprised himself. "She's been spinning off silk ever since I sat down here."

"Don't spoil her, Mr. Minturn," said Mr. Benson, with a low, measured laugh that hardly disturbed the repose of his quiet features. "Don't spoil her. Vanity is an uncomely vice, my dear," and shaking his finger at her in half playful warning, he marched off, lifting his hat to one or two groups of ladies in his progress, and disappeared down the stair-way.

Nicholas wanted to make some remark about him, as he left the group. Mr. Benson had seemed so pleasant, so fatherly, so courteous, that he felt as if he owed the testimony of his appreciation to those under the model man's care; but as that gentleman had uttered the words: "Vanity is an uncomely vice," he was conscious that a glance of intelligence had passed between Miss Larkin and her companion. Then he remembered that neither had seemed moved to speech by the guardian's presence, and that both appeared relieved when he walked away. So he concluded that for some reason, unknown to himself, the model man would not be a welcome topic of conversation. He had become conscious, too, for the first time, that there was something oppressive in his presence. He did not undertake to analyze this oppressiveness; but he had felt the presence of one who regarded everything from an exalted height, and looked upon the group as children.

They talked on and on, looking steadily before them, thoroughly absorbed in their conversation, and unconscious that, one after another, the passengers had disappeared. Then there came a strong, heavy gust of wind that almost lifted them from their seats, and, on quickly looking around, they saw that a sudden squall of rain was close behind them. Nicholas and Miss Bruce started to their feet simultaneously, and the latter ran as rapidly as she could to the stair-way, and disappeared in a hurried search for help to remove Miss Larkin to her state-room. Already the first big drops were pattering upon the deck. Nicholas covered his new acquaintance with her wrappings as well as he could; but, finding that the rain was pouring faster and faster, and that in a few moments there would fall a drenching shower, he wheeled her chair around, and drew her swiftly, as she lay, to the stair-way, hoping to meet the assistance of which Miss Bruce was in search. The stairs were reached quickly, but no help appeared. He knelt at Miss Larkin's side and tried to hold around her the wrappings which the wind seemed bent upon tearing away. Then they looked into each other's eyes, and read each other's thoughts.

"May I? Shall I do it?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said, seriously.

He bowed above her, carefully placed his arms around her, lifted her to his breast, and carried her down-stairs, wrappings and all. He was met at the foot of the steps by Miss Bruce, on her breathless way to the rescue. The latter could not avoid a little scream at the startling vision, but turned quickly and led the way to the state-room. There Nicholas deposited his precious burden, and, without waiting to hear a word of thanks, or looking to the right or left in the cabin, sought his own room, shut the door, and sat down. Then he laughed silently and long. The burden was still in his arms. He still felt her breath upon his cheek. He felt as if he had gathered new life from the touch of her garments. "I'm glad Glezen didn't see that. I should never hear the last of it," said he quietly to himself. Then he wondered whether Mr. Benson was in the cabin, and had seen the absurd performance,—whether he had been shocked by it, and would call him to account for it,—whether it might not end in a violent breaking up of the acquaintance. So, with almost hysterical laughing, and wondering, and foreboding, he passed away half an hour, entirely unconscious that he had been drenched to the skin. Not until he had looked into his little mirror, to see whether some strange transformation had taken place, did he discover that he was still blushing, and that his clothes were wet, or think of changing his raiment and

making himself presentable at the tea-table.

In the meantime, Mr. Benson was lying quietly in his berth, asleep. Waking at length, with some violent motion of the vessel, he became conscious that it was raining heavily. His first thoughts were of Miss Larkin, as a matter of course. His first impulse was to rise, and look after her. It was true that he owed a duty to Miss Larkin. He also owed one to himself. It was not for him to get wet and take cold. It was not for him to endanger, in any way, the life upon which so many lives besides that of Miss Larkin depended. He had left Nicholas with her, as well as the companion he had provided for her. They would undoubtedly see that no harm came to his helpless ward. He weighed all the probabilities, and had no doubt that Miss Larkin was at that moment reposing quietly and safely in her state-room. Having satisfied himself of this, he rose, put on his coat, and with well-feigned haste made his way to Miss Larkin, and inquired concerning her welfare, apologizing for his apparent negligence, on the ground that he had been asleep.

Miss Larkin and her companion smiled in each other's faces, and assured Mr. Benson that, though they had narrowly escaped a drenching, they had been helped downstairs promptly and were very comfortable. He was appropriately glad to hear it, and to learn that no serious consequences had come to the young lady from his drowsiness; and when he went out into the cabin again, people looked at each other, and remarked upon the tender, fatherly interest he seemed to take in his unfortunate ward. Just as he was re-entering his state-room, however, he overheard from the lips of a graceless young man the words, "You can bet that the old man doesn't know how it was done."

"That man was as strong as a lion," said Miss Larkin to Miss Bruce, immediately after Mr. Benson's departure.

"What man? Whom do you mean? Mr. Benson?"

"Y–yes!"

(To be continued.)

SAUNTERINGS ABOUT CONSTANTINOPLE.

DURING the day steamers leave the Galata bridge every half hour for the villages and palaces along the Bosphorus; there is a large fleet of them, probably thirty, but they are always crowded, like the ferry-boats that ply the waters of New York Bay.

We took our first sail on the Bosphorus one afternoon toward sunset, ascending as far as Bebek, where we had been invited to spend the night by Dr. Washburne, the President of Roberts College. I shall not soon forget the animation of the harbor, crowded with shipping, amid which the steamers and caïques were darting about like shuttles, the first impression made by the palaces and ravishingly lovely shores of this winding artery between two seas. Seven promontories from Asia and seven promontories from Europe project into the stream, creating as many corresponding bays; but the villages are more numerous than bays and promontories together, for there are over forty in the fourteen miles from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea; on the shores is an almost unbroken line of buildings, many of them palaces of marble; the heights are crowned with cottages and luxurious villas, and abodes of taste and wealth peep out along the slopes. If you say that we seem to be sailing in the street of a city, I can only answer that it is not so; nature is still supreme here, and the visible doweress of the scene. These lovely hills rising on both sides, these gracious curves are hers, as are these groves and gardens of fruits and flowers, these vines and the abundant green that sometimes conceals and always softens the work of man.

Before we reached the Sultan's palace at Beshiktash, our steamer made a détour to the east bank, outside of the grim iron-clads that lie before the imperial residence. No steamers are permitted to approach nearer, lest the smoke should soil the sparkling white marble of the palace, or their clamor and dangerous freight of men should disturb the serenity of the harem. The palace, which is a beautiful building, stretches for

some distance along the water, with its gardens and conservatories, and seems to be a very comfortable home for a man who has no more ready money than the Sultan.

We landed at Bebek and climbed the steep hill, on whose slope nightingales were singing in the forest, just in time to see the sunset. Roberts College occupies the most commanding situation on the strait, and I do not know any view that surpasses in varied beauty that to be enjoyed from it. I shall make myself comprehended by many when I say that it strongly reminded me of the Hudson at West Point; if nature could be suspected of copying herself, I should say that she had the one in mind when she made the other. At that point the Hudson resembles the Bosphorus, but it wants the palaces, the Vale of the Heavenly Water into which we looked from this height, and some charming mediæval towers, walls and castles.

The towers and walls belong to the fortress built in 1451 by Mohammed II.; and are now fallen into that decrepitude in which I like best to see all fortresses. But this was interesting before it was a ruin. It stands just above the college, at Roomeli Hissar, where the Bosphorus is narrowest,—not more than half a mile broad,—and with the opposite fortress of Anatolia could perfectly close the stream. Two years before the capture of the city, Mohammed built this fort, and gave it the most peculiar form of any fortress existing. His idea was that the towers and the circuit of the walls should spell the name of the Prophet, and consequently his own. As we looked down upon it, my friend read for me this singular piece of calligraphy, but I could understand it no further than the tower which stands for the Arabic ring in the first letter. It was at this place that Darius threw a bridge across the Bosphorus, and there is a tradition of a stone seat which he occupied here while his Asiatics passed into Europe.

So far as I know, there is no other stream in the world upon which the wealth of palaces and the beauty of gardens may be so advantageously displayed. So far as I know, there is no other place where nature and art have so combined to produce an enchanting prospect. As the situation and appearance of Constantinople are unequaled, so the Bosphorus is unique.

Whatever may be the political changes of the Turkish empire, I do not believe that this pleasing picture will be destroyed; rather let us expect to see it more lovely in the rapidly developing taste of a new era of letters and refinement. It was a wise forethought that planted the American College just here. It is just where it should be to mold the new order of things. I saw among its two hundred pupils scholars of all creeds and races, who will carry from here living ideas to every part of the empire, and I learned to respect that thirst for knowledge and ability to acquire it which exist in the neighboring European provinces. If impatient men could wait the process of education, the growth of schools, and the development of capacity now already most promising, the Eastern question might be solved by the appearance on the scene in less than a score of years, of a stalwart and intelligent people, who would not only be able to grasp Constantinople but to administer upon the decaying Turkish empire as the Osmanli administered upon the Greek.

II.

On Friday the great business of everybody is to see the Sultan go to pray; and the eagerness with which foreigners crowd to the spectacle must convince the Turks that we enjoy few religious privileges at home. It is not known beforehand, even to the inmates of the palace, to what mosque the Sultan will go, nor whether he will make a street progress on horseback or embark upon the water, for the chosen place of prayer. Before twelve o'clock we took carriage and drove down the hill, past the parade-ground and the artillery barracks to the rear of the palace of Beshiktash; crowds on foot and in carriages were streaming in that direction; regiments of troops were drifting down the slopes and emptying into the avenue that leads between the palace and the plantation of gardens; colors were unfurled, drums beating, trumpets called from barrack and guard-house, gorgeous officers on caparisoned horses, with equally gaudy attendants, cantered to the rendezvous, and all the air was full of the expectation of a great event. At the great square of the palace we waited amid an intense throng; four or five lines of carriages stretched for a mile along; troops were in marching rank along the avenue and disposed in hollow square on the place; the palace gates were closed, and everybody looked anxiously toward the high and gilded portal from which it was said the announcement of the Sultan's intention would be made. From time to time our curiosity was fed by the arrival of a splendid pasha, who dismounted and walked about; and at inter-

vals a gilded personage emerged from the palace court and raised our expectation on tiptoe. We send our dragoman to interrogate the most awful dignities, especially some superb beings in yellow silk and gold, but they know nothing of the Sultan's mind. At the last moment, he might, on horseback, issue from the gate with a brilliant throng, or he might depart in his caïque by the water-front. In either case there would be a rush and a scramble to see and to accompany him. More regiments were arriving, bands were playing, superb officers galloping up and down; carriages, gilded with the arms of foreign embassies, or filled with Turkish ladies, pressed forward to the great gate, which still gave no sign. I have never seen such a religious excitement. For myself, I found some compensation in the usual Oriental crowd and unconscious picturesqueness; swart Africans in garments of yellow, sellers of sherbet clinking their glasses, venders of faint sweetmeats walking about with trays and tripods, and the shifting kaleidoscope of races, colors, and graceful attitudes.

Suddenly, I do not know how, or from what quarter, the feeling, for I could not call it information, was diffused that the successor of the Prophet would pray at the mosque in Ortakeui, and that he would go by caïque; and we all scampered up the road, a mile or two, racing carriages, troops and foot men, in eager outset, in order to arrive before the pious man. The mosque stands upon the Bosphorus, where its broad marble steps and pillared front and dome occupy as conspicuous a position as the Dogana at Venice. We secured a standing-place on the dock close to the landing, but outside the iron railing, and waited. A cordon of troops in blue regimentals with red facings was drawn around the streets in the rear of the mosque, and two companies of soldiers in white had stacked their guns on the marble landing, and were lounging about in front of the building.

The scene on the Bosphorus was as gay as a flower garden. The water was covered with graceful caïques and painted barges and every sort of craft, mean and splendid, that could be propelled by oars or sails. A dozen men-of-war were decked with flags from keel to maintop; on every yard, and from bowsprit to stern stood a line of sailors sharply defined against the blue sky. At one o'clock a cannon announced that the superior devotee had entered his caïque, and then from every vessel of war in the harbor salute answered salute in thunder that awoke the echoes of two continents; until on all the broad water lay a thick battle-smoke, through which we could distinguish only the tops of the masts, and the dim hulks spouting fire.

In the midst of this earthquake of piety, there was a cry "He comes, he comes;" the soldiers grasped their arms and drew a line each side of the landing, and the officials of the mosque arranged themselves on the steps. Upon the water, advancing with the speed of race-horses, we saw two splendid, gilded caïques, the one containing the Sultan, the other his attendants. At the moment, a light carriage with two bay horses, unattended, dashed up to the side door, and there descended from it and entered the mosque, the imperial heir, the son of the late Sultan and the nephew of the present, a slender pale youth of apparently twenty-five or thirty years. We turn (not knowing how soon he is to become Sultan Murad V.) our eyes to him only for a moment, for the Sultan's caïque comes with imperious haste, with the rush as it were of victory,—a hundred feet long, narrow, rising at the stern like the Venetian Bucenteur, carved and gilded like the golden chariot in which Alexander entered Babylon,—propelled by fifty-two long sweeps, rising and falling in unison with the bending backs of twenty-six black rowers, clad in white and with naked feet. The Sultan is throned in the high stern hung with silk, on silken cushions, under a splendid canopy on the top of which glistens his arms and a blazing sun. The Sultan, who is clad in the uniform of a general, steps quickly out, walks up the steps over a carpet spread for his royal feet,—the soldiers saluting, everybody with arms crossed bending the body,—and disappears in the mosque. The second caïque lands immediately, and the imperial ministers step from it and follow their master.

At the side entrance, an immense closed baggage-wagon drawn by four horses, and said to contain the sacred wardrobe, was then unlocked and unloaded, and out of it came trunks, boxes, carpet-bags, as if the imperial visitor had come to stay a week. After a half hour of prayer he came out, his uniform concealed under his overcoat, got quickly into a plain carriage, drawn by four magnificent gray horses, and drove rapidly away, attended by a dozen outriders. His heir followed in the carriage in which he came. We had a good view of the chief of Islam. He was a tall, stout man, with a full gray beard, and on the whole a good

face and figure. All this parade is weekly enacted over one man going to pray. It is, after all, more simple than the pageantry that often attends the public devotion of the vicegerent of Christ in St. Peter's.

Upon our return we stopped at the *tekkah*, in Pera, to see the performance of the Turning Darwishes. I do not know that I have anything to add to the many animated descriptions which have been written of it. It is not far from the Little Field of the Dead, and all about the building are tombs of the faithful, in which were crowds of people enjoying that peculiar Oriental pleasure, grave-yard festivity. The mosque is pleasant and has a polished dancing-floor, surrounded by a gallery supported on columns. I thought it would be a good place for a "hop." Everybody has seen a picture of the darwishes, with closed eyes, outstretched arms, and long gowns inflated at the bottom like an old-fashioned churn, turning smoothly round upon their toes, a dozen or twenty of them revolving without collision. The motion is certainly poetic and pleasing, and the plaintive fluting of the Arab *nay* adds I know not what of pathos to the exercise. I think this dance might advantageously be substituted in Western salons for the German, for it is graceful and perfectly moral.

III.

CONSTANTINOPLE is a city of the dead as much as of the living, and one encounters everywhere tombs and cemeteries sentineled by the mournful dark-green cypress. On our way to take boat for the Sweet Waters of Europe we descended through the neglected Little Field of the Dead. It is on a steep acclivity and the stones stand and lean thickly there, each surmounted by a turban in fashion at the period of the occupant's death, and with inscription neatly carved. That "every man has his date" strikes Ab-del-Atti as a remarkable fact. The ground is netted by hap-hazard paths, and the careless living tread the graves with thoughtless feet, as if the rights of the dead to their scanty bit of soil were no longer respected. We said to the boatman that this did not seem well. There was a weary touch of philosophy in his reply:—"Ah, master, the world grows old!"

It is the fashion for the world to go on Friday to the Sweet Waters of Europe, the inlet of the Golden Horn, flowing down between two ranges of hills. This vale, which is almost as celebrated in poetry as that of the Heavenly Water on the Asiatic shore, is resorted to by thousands, in hundreds of carriages from Pera, in thousands of caïques and barges. On the water, the excursion is a festival of the people, of strangers, of adventurers of both sexes; the more fashionable though not moral part of society, which have equipages to display, go by land. We chose the water, and selected a large four-oared caïque, in the bottom of which we seated ourselves, after a dozen narrow escapes from upsetting the totlish craft, and rowed away, with the grave Ab-del-Atti balanced behind and under bonds to preserve his exact equilibrium.

All the city seems to be upon the water; the stream is alive with the slender, swift caïques; family parties, rollicking midshipmen from some foreign vessel, solitary beauties reclining in selfish loveliness, grave fat Turks, in stupid enjoyment. No voyage could be gayer than this through the shipping, with the multitudinous houses of the city rising on either hand. As we advance, the shore is lined with people, mostly ladies in gay holiday apparel, squatting along the stream, as on a spring day in Paris those who cannot afford carriages line the avenues to the Bois de Bologne to watch the passing pageant. The stream grows more narrow, at length winds in graceful turns, and finally is only a few yards wide, and the banks are retained by masonry. The vale narrows also, and the hills draw near. The water-way is choked with gayly painted caïques, full of laughing beauties and reckless pleasure-seekers, and the reader of Egyptian history might think himself in a saturnalia of the revel-makers in the ancient fête of Bubastis on the Nile. The women are clad in soft silks,—blue, red, pink, yellow and gray,—some of them with their faces tied up as if they were victims of toothache, others wearing the gauze veils, which enhance, without concealing, charms; often the color and beauty that nature has denied are imitated by paint and enamel.

We land and walk on. Singers and players on curious instruments sit along the bank and in groups under the trees, and fill the festive air with the plaintive and untrained Oriental music. The variety of costumes is innumerable; here meet all that is gay and fantastic in Europe and Asia. The navigation ends at the white marble palace and mosque which we now see shining amid the trees, fresh with May foliage. Booths and tents, green and white, are erected everywhere, and there are many groups of gypsies and fortune-tellers. The olive-complexioned,

black-eyed, long-haired women, who trade in the secrets of the Orient and the vices of the Occident, do a thriving business with those curious of the future, or fascinated by the mysterious beauty of the soothsayers. Besides the bands of music, there are solitary bagpipers whose instrument is a skin, with a pipe for a mouth-piece and another at the opposite end having graduated holes for fingering; and I noticed with pleasure that the fingering and the music continued long after the musician had ceased to blow into the inflated skin. Nothing was wanting to the most brilliant scene: ladies in bright groups on gay rugs and mats, children weaving head-dresses from leaves and rushes, crowds of carriages, fine horses and gallant horsemen, sellers of refreshments balancing great trays on their heads, and bearing tripod stools, and all degrees of the most cosmopolitan capital enjoying the charming spring holiday.

In the palace grounds dozens of peacocks were sunning themselves, and the Judas-trees were in full pink bloom. Above the palace the river flows in walled banks, and before it reaches it, tumbles over an artificial fall of rocks, and sweeps round the garden in a graceful curve. Beyond the palace, also on the bank of the stream, are a grove of superb trees and a greensward; here a military band plays, and this is the fashionable meeting-place of carriages, where hundreds were circling round and round in the imitated etiquette of Hyde Park.

We came down at sunset, racing swiftly among the returning caïques, passing and passed by laughing boatfuls, whose gay hangings trailed in the stream, as in a pageant on the Grand Canal of Venice, and watching, with the interest of the philosopher only, the light boat of beauty and frailty pursued by the youthful caïque of inexperience and desire. The hour contributed to make the scene one of magical beauty.

Clouds had collected in the west, and the heavy smoke of innumerable steamers lay dark upon the Bosphorus. But as we came down, the sun broke out and gave us one of those effects of which nature is sparing. On the heights of Stamboul, a dozen minarets, only half distinct, were touched by the gold rays; the windows of both cities, piled above each other, blazed in it; the smooth river and the swift caïques were gilded by it; and behind us, domes and spires, and the tapering shafts of the Muezzin, the bases hid by the mist, rose into the heaven of the golden sunset and appeared like mansions, and most unsubstantial ones, in the sky. And ever the light caïques flew over the rosy water in a chase of pleasure, in a motion that satisfied the utmost longing for repose, while the enchantment of heaven seemed to have dropped upon the earth.

> The world has lost its gloss for us,
> Since we went boating on the Bosphorus.

IV.

CONSTANTINOPLE enjoys or suffers the changeable weather appropriate to its cosmopolitan inhabitants and situation, and we waited for a day suitable to cross to Scutari and obtain the view from Boolgoorloo. We finally accepted one of alternate clouds and sunshine. The connection between the European city and its great suburb is maintained by frequent ferry-steamers, and I believe that no other mile passage in the world can offer the traveler a scene more animated or views so varied and magnificent. Near the landing at Scutari stands a beacon tower ninety feet high, erected upon a rock; it has the name of the Maiden's tower, but I do not know why, unless by courtesy to one of the mistresses of Sultan Mohammed, who is said to have been shut up in it. Scutari is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, a corruption of the Turkish name *Uskudar*, the site of the old Greek and Persian Chrysopolis. It is a town sprawling over seven hills, with plenty of mosques, baths and cemeteries,—the three Oriental luxuries,—but little to detain the traveler, already familiar with Eastern towns of the sort. The spot has been in all ages an arriving and starting point for Asiatic couriers, caravans and armies; here the earliest Greek sea-robbers hauled up their venturous barks; here Xenophon rested after his campaign against Cyrus; here the Roman and then the Byzantine emperors had their hunting-palaces; here for a long time the Persians menaced and wrung tribute from the city they could not capture.

We took a carriage and ascended through the city to the mountain of Boolgoorloo. On the slopes above the town are orchards and vineyards and pretty villas. The last ten minutes of the climb were accomplished on foot, and when we stood upon the summit the world was at our feet. I do not know any other view that embraces so much and such variety. The swelling top was carpeted with grass, sprinkled with spring flowers, and here and there a spreading pine offered a place of shade and repose. Behind us continued, range on range, the hills of the

peninsula; to the south the eye explored Asia Minor, the ancient Bithynia and Mysia, until it rested on the monstrous snowy summits of Olympus, which rears itself beyond Broussa, city famed for its gauzy silk and the first capital of the Osman dynasty. There stretches the blue Sea of Marmora, bearing lightly on the surface the nine enchanting Princes' Islands, whose equable climate and fertile soil have obtained for them the epithet of the Isles of the Blest. Opposite, Stamboul rises out of the water on every side—at the distance a city of domes and pinnacles and glass, the dark green spires of Cyprus tempering its brilliant luster; there the Golden Horn and its thronged bridges and countless masts and steamers' funnels; Galata and Pera, also lifted up into nobility, and all their shabby details lost, and the Bosphorus, its hills, marble palaces, mosques and gardens on either side. I do not know any scene that approaches this in beauty except the Bay of Naples, and the charm of that is so different from this that no comparison is forced upon the mind. The Bay of New York has many of the elements of this charming prospect, on the map. But Constantinople and its environs can be seen from many points in one view, while one would need to ascend in a balloon to comprehend in like manner the capital of the Western world. It is the situation of Constantinople, lifted up into a conspicuousness that permits no one of its single splendors to be lost in the general view, that makes it in appearance the unrivaled empress of cities.

In the foreground lay Scutari and in a broad sweep the heavy mass of Cyprus forest that covers the great cemetery of the Turks, which they are said to prefer to Eyoob, under the prophetic impression that they will one day be driven out of Europe. The precaution seems idle. If in the loss of Constantinople the Osmanli-sultans still maintain the supremacy of Islam, the Moslem capital could not be on these shores, and the caliphate in its migrations might again be established on the Nile, on the Euphrates, or in the plains of Guta on the Abana. The iron-clads that lie in the Bosphorus, the long guns of a dozen fortresses that command every foot of the city and shore, forbid that these contiguous coasts should fly hostile flags.

We drove down to and through this famous cemetery in one direction and another. In its beauty I was disappointed. It is a dense and gloomy cypress forest; as a place of sepulcher, without the architectural pretensions of Père-la-Chaise, and only less attractive than that. Its dark recesses are crowded with grave-stones, slender at the bottom and swelling at the top, painted in lively colors, green, red and gray,—a necessary relief to the somber woods,—having inscriptions in gilt and red letters, and leaning at all angles, as if they had fallen out in a quarrel overnight. The graves of the men are distinguished by stones crowned with turbans, or with tarbooshes painted red, an imitation, in short, of whatever head-dress the owner wore when alive, so that perhaps his acquaintances can recognize his tomb without reading his name. Some of the more ancient have the form of a mold of Charlotte Russe. I saw more than one set jauntily on one side, which gave the monument a rakish air, singularly *débonnaire* for a tombstone.

In contrast to this vast assembly of the faithful is the pretty English cemetery, dedicated to the fallen in the Crimean war,—a well-kept flower garden, which lies close to the Bosphorus on a point opposite the old Seraglio. We sat down on the sea wall in this quiet spot, where the sun falls lovingly and the undisturbed birds sing, and looked long at the shifting, busy panorama of a world that does not disturb this repose; and then walked about the garden, noting the head-stones of soldiers, this one killed at Alma, that at Inkermann, another at Balaklava, and the tall graceless, granite monument to eight thousand nameless dead—nameless here, but not in many a home, and many a heart, any more than the undistinguished thousands who sleep at Gettysburg or on a hundred other patriot fields.

Near by is the great hospital which Florence Nightingale controlled, and in her memory we asked permission to enter its wards and visit its garden. After some delay this was granted, but the Turkish official said that the hospital was for men, that there was no woman there, and as for Miss Nightingale, he had never heard of her. But we persevered and finally found an officer who led us to the room she occupied,—a large apartment now filled with the beds of the sick, and like every other part of the establishment, neat and orderly. But our curiosity to see where the philanthropist had labored was an enigma to the Turkish officials to the last. They insisted at first that we must be relations of Miss Nightingale, a supposition which I saw that Ab-del-Atti, who always seeks the advantage of distinction, was inclined to favor. But we said, no. Well, perhaps it was natural that Englishmen should indulge in the sentiment that moved

us. But we were not Englishmen, we were Americans,—they gave it up entirely. The superintendent of the hospital, a courtly and elderly bey who had fought in the Crimean war, and whom our dragoman, dipping his hand to the ground, saluted with the most profound Egyptian obeisance, insisted upon serving us coffee in the garden by the fountain of gold fish, and we spent an hour of quiet there.

On Sunday at about the hour that the good people in America were beginning to think what they should wear to church, we walked down to the service in the English Memorial church, on the brow of the hill in Pera, a pointed Gothic building of a rich and pleasing interior. Only once or twice in many months had we been in a Christian Church, and it was, at least, interesting to contrast its simple forms with the elaborate Greek ritual and the endless repetitions of the Moslem prayers. A choir of boys intoned or chanted a portion of the service, with marked ability, and wholly relieved the audience from the necessity of making responses. The clergymen executed the reading so successfully that we could only now and then catch a word. The service, so far as we were concerned, might as well have been in Turkish; and yet it was not altogether lost on us. We could distinguish occasionally the Lord's Prayer, and the name of Queen Victoria, and we caught some of the Commandments as they whisked past us. We knew also when we were in the Litany, from the regular cadence of the boys' responses. But as the entertainment seemed to be for the benefit of the clergymen and boys, I did not feel like intruding beyond the office of a spectator, and I soon found myself reflecting whether a machine could not be invented that should produce the same effect of sound, which was all that the congregation enjoyed.

Rome has been until recently less tolerant of the Protestant faith than Constantinople; and it was an inspiration of reciprocity to build here a church in memory of the Christian soldiers who fell in the crusade to establish the Moslem rule in European Turkey.

V.

CONSTANTINOPLE shares, with many other cities, the reputation of being the most dissolute in the world. The traveler is not required to decide the rival claims of this sort of pre-eminence, which are eagerly put forward; he may better, in each city, acquiesce in the complaisant assumption of the inhabitants. But when he is required to see in the moral state of the Eastern capital signs of its speedy decay, and the near extinction of the Othman rule, he takes a leaf out of history and reflects. It is true, no doubt, that the Turks are enfeebled by luxury and sensuality, and have, to a great extent, lost those virile qualities which gave to their ancestors the dominion of so many kingdoms in Asia, Africa and Europe; in short, the race is sinking into an incapacity to propagate itself in the world. If one believes what he hears, the morals of society could not be worse. The women, so many of whom have been bought in the market, or are daughters of slaves, are educated only for pleasure; and a great proportion of the male population are adventurers from all lands, with few domestic ties. The very relaxation of the surveillance of the harem (the necessary prelude to the emancipation of women) opens the door to opportunity, and gives freer play to feminine intrigue. One hears, indeed, that even the inmates of the royal harem find means of clandestine intercourse with the foreigners of Pera. The history of the Northern and Western occupation of the East has been, for fifteen centuries, only a repetition of yielding to the seductive influences of a luxurious climate and to soft and pleasing invitation.

But, heighten as we may the true and immoral picture of social life in Constantinople, I doubt if it is so loose and unrestrained as it was for centuries under the Greek emperors; I doubt if the imbecility, the luxurious effeminacy of the Turks, has sunk to the level of the Byzantine empire; and when we are asked to expect in the decay of to-day a speedy dissolution, we remember that for a period of over a thousand years, from the partition of the Roman Empire between the two sons of Theodosius to the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II., the empire subsisted in a state of premature and perpetual decay. These Oriental dynasties are a long time in dying, and we cannot measure their decrepitude by the standards of Occidental morality.

The trade and the commerce of the city are largely in the hands of foreigners; but it has nearly always been so, since the days of the merchants and manufacturers of Pisa, Genoa and Venice. We might draw an inference of Turkish insecurity from the implacable hatred of the so-called Greek

subjects, if the latter were not in the discord of a thousand years of anarchy and servitude. The history of the islands of the Eastern Mediterranean has been a succession of Turkish avarice and rapacity, horrible Greek revenge and Turkish wholesale devastation and massacre, repeated over and over again; but there appears as yet no power able either to expel the Turks or unite the Greeks. That the leaven of change is working in the Levant is evident to the most superficial observation, and one sees everywhere the introduction of Western civilization, of business habits, and, above all, of schools. However indifferent the Osmanlis are to education, they are not insensible to European opinion; and in reckoning up their bad qualities, we ought not to forget that they have set some portions of Christendom a lesson of religious toleration,—both in Constantinople and Jerusalem the Christians were allowed a freedom of worship in their own churches which was not permitted to Protestants within the sacred walls of Pontifical Rome.

One who would paint the manners or the morals of Constantinople might adorn his theme with many anecdotes, characteristic of a condition of society which is foreign to our experience. I select one which has the merit of being literally true. You who believe that modern romance exists only in tales of fiction, listen to the story of a beauty of Constantinople, the vicissitudes of whose life equal in variety, if not in importance, those of Theodora and Athenaïs. For obvious reasons, I shall mention no names.

There lives now on the banks of the Bosphorus an English physician, who, at the entreaty of Lord Byron, went to Greece in 1824 as a volunteer surgeon in the war of independence; he arrived only in time to see the poet expire at Missolonghi. In the course of the war, he was taken prisoner by the Egyptian troops, who in their great need of surgeons kept him actively employed in his profession. He did not regain his freedom until after the war, and then only on condition that he should reside in Constantinople as one of the physicians of the Sultan, Mohammed II.

We may suppose that the Oriental life was not unpleasant, nor the position irksome to him, for he soon so far yielded to the temptations of the capital as to fall in love with a very pretty face which he saw daily in a bay-window of the street he traversed on the way to the Seraglio. Acquaintance, which sometimes precedes love, in this case followed it; the doctor declared his passion and was accepted by the willing maid. But an Oriental bay-window is the opportunity of the world, and the doctor becoming convinced that his affianced was a desperate flirt, and yielding to the entreaties of his friends, broke off the engagement and left her free, in her eyrie, to continue her observations upon mankind. This, however, did not suit the plans of the lovely and fickle girl. One morning, shortly after, he was summoned to see two Turkish ladies who awaited him in his office; when he appeared, the Greek girl (for it was she) and her mother threw aside their disguise, and declared that they would not leave the house until the doctor married the daughter, for the rupture of the engagement had rendered it impossible to procure any other husband. Whether her own beauty or the terrible aspect of the mother prevailed, I do not know, but the English chaplain was sent for; he refused to perform the ceremony, and a Greek priest was found who married them.

This marriage, which took the appearance of duress, might have been happy if the compelling party to it had left her fondness of adventure and variety at the wedding threshold; but her constancy was only assumed, like the Turkish veil, for an occasion; lovers were not wanting, and after the birth of three children, two sons and a daughter, she deserted her husband and went to live with a young Turk, who has since held high office in the government of the Sultan. It was in her character of Madame Mehemet Pasha that she wrote (or one of her sons wrote for her) a book well known in the West, entitled "Thirty Years in a Harem." But her intriguing spirit was not extinct even in a Turkish harem; she attempted to palm off upon the Pasha, as her own, a child that she had bought; her device was detected by one of the palace eunuchs, and at the same time her amour with a Greek of the city came to light. The eunuch incurred her displeasure for his officiousness, and she had him strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. Some say that the resolute woman even assisted with her own hands. For these breaches of decorum, however, she paid dear; the Pasha banished her to Kutayah, with orders to the guard who attended her to poison her on the way; but she so won upon the affection of the officer that he let her escape at Broussa. There her beauty, if not her piety, recommended her to an Imam of one of the mosques, and she married him and seems for a time to have led

a quiet life; at any rate, nothing further was heard of her until just before the famous cholera season, when news came of the death of her husband, the Moslem priest, and that she was living in extreme poverty, all her beauty gone forever, and consequently her ability to procure another husband.

The Pasha, Mehemet, lived in a beautiful palace on the eastern shore of the Bosphorus, near Kandili. During the great cholera epidemic of 1865, the Pasha was taken ill. One day there appeared at the gate an unknown woman, who said that she had come to cure the Pasha; no one knew her, but she spoke with authority, and was admitted. It was our adventuress. She nursed the Pasha with the most tender care and watchful skill, so that he recovered; and, in gratitude for the preservation of his life, he permitted her and her daughter to remain in the palace. For some time they were contented with the luxury of such a home, but one day—it was the evening of Wednesday—neither mother nor daughter was to be found; and upon examination it was discovered that a large collection of precious stones and some ready money had disappeared with them. They had departed on the French steamer, in order to transfer their talents to the fields of Europe. The fate of the daughter I do not know; for some time she and her mother were conspicuous in the dissipation of Paris life; subsequently the mother lived with a son in London, and, since I heard her story in Constantinople, she has died in London in misery and want.

The further history of the doctor and his family may detain our curiosity for a moment. When his wife left him for the arms of the Pasha, he experienced so much difficulty in finding any one in Constantinople to take care of his children that he determined to send them to Scotland to be educated, and intrusted them, for that purpose, to a friend who was returning to England. They went by way of Rome. It happened that the mother and sister of the doctor had some time before that come to Rome, for the sake of health, and had there warmly embraced the Roman Catholic faith. Of course the three children were taken to see their grandmother and aunt, and the latter, concerned for their eternal welfare, diverted them from their journey, and immured the boys in a monastery and the girl in a convent. The father, when he heard of this abduction, expressed indignation, but having at that time only such religious faith as may be floating in the Oriental air and common to all, he made no vigorous effort to recover his children. Indeed he consoled himself, in the fashion of the country, by marrying again; this time a Greek lady, who died, leaving two boys. The doctor was successful in transporting the offspring of his second marriage to Scotland, where they were educated; and they returned to do him honor—one of them as the eloquent and devoted pastor of a Protestant church in Pera, and the other as a physician in the employment of the government.

After the death of his second wife, the doctor—I can but tell the story as I heard it—became a changed man, and—married again; this time a Swiss lady, of lovely Christian character. In his changed condition, he began to feel anxious to recover his children from the grasp of Rome. He wrote for information, but his sister refused to tell where they were, and his search could discover no trace of them. At length the father obtained leave of absence from the Seraglio, and armed with an autograph letter from Abdul Aziz to Pius IX., he went to Rome. The Pope gave him an order for the restoration of his children. He drove first to the convent to see his daughter. In place of the little girl whom he had years ago parted with, he found a young lady of extraordinary beauty, a devoted Romanist. At first she refused to go with him, and it was only upon his promise to allow her perfect liberty of conscience, and never to interfere with any of the observances of her Church, that she consented. Not daring to lose sight of her, he waited for her to pack her trunk, and then, putting her into a carriage, drove to the monastery where he heard, after many inquiries, that his boys were confined. The monk who admitted him denied that they were there, and endeavored to lock him into the waiting-room while he went to call the Superior. But the doctor anticipated his movements, and as soon as the monk was out of sight, started to explore the house. By good luck the first door he opened led into a chamber where a sick boy was lying on a bed. The doctor believed that he recognized one of his sons; a few questions satisfied him that he was right. "I am your father," he said to the astonished lad, "run quickly and call your brother and come with me." Monastic discipline had not so many attractions for the boys as convent life for the girl, and the child ran with alacrity and brought his brother, just as the abbot and a score of monks appeared

upon the scene. As the celerity of the doctor had given no opportunity to conceal the boys, opposition to the order of the Pope was useless, and the father hastened to the gate where he had left the carriage. Meantime the aunt had heard of the rescue, and followed the girl from the convent; she implored her, by tears and prayers, to reverse her decision. The doctor cut short the scene by shoving his sons into the carriage and driving rapidly away. Nor did he trust them long in Rome.

The subsequent career of the boys is not dwelt on with pleasure. One of them enlisted in the Turkish army, married a Turkish wife, and, after some years, deserted her, and ran away to England. His wife was taken into a Pasha's family, who offered to adopt her only child, a boy of four years; but the mother preferred to bring him to his grandfather. None of the family had seen her, but she established her identity, and begged that her child might be adopted by a good man, which she knew his grandfather to be, and receive a Christian training. The doctor, therefore, adopted the grandchild, which had come to him in such a strange way, and the mother shortly after died.

The daughter, whose acquired accomplishments matched her inherited beauty, married, in time, a Venetian Count of wealth; and the idler in Venice may see on the Grand Canal, among those moldy edifices that could reveal so many romances, their sumptuous palace, and learn, if he cares to learn, that it is the home of a family happy in the enjoyment of most felicitous fortune. In the gossip with which the best Italian society sometimes amuses itself, he might hear that the Countess was the daughter of a slave of the Sultan's harem. I have given, however, the true version of the romantic story; but I am ignorant of the social condition, or the race of the mother of the heroine of so many adventures. She may have been born in the Caucasus.

ANTICIPATION.

THE sky is gray and blank to-day,
The sad winds are complaining,
Because November's sullen sway
Has washed the sunshine all away
In dull, incessant raining.

I care, not I, for cloudy sky,
Or rainy days returning;
I only long to see them fly,
And let the wintry hour draw nigh,
For which my heart is yearning.

A tender flower that wintry hour
Brings to its fair completeness,
And never yet to sun or shower,
In shady wood or garden bower,
Was known its like for sweetness.

So come and go, O sleet and snow,
And angry tempest swelling,—
Across the frozen river blow,
And toss the poplars to and fro,
That tower above our dwelling.

I shall not sigh nor tremble, I,
Though blast with blast engages;
The little house is warm and dry,
And soon—ah, soon!—a little cry
Shall drown your windy rages.

Come then with fleet and hurrying feet,
O welcome, dear December;
And none of all the months that meet
The summer sunshine warm and sweet,
Such greeting shall remember!

FULFILLMENT.

This is the hour I waited for,
Summer and winter, morn and night;
This is the threshold of the door
That shut me from my heart's delight.
Open at last, and none to stay
My feet from entering to-day;
For dumb and grimly impotent
Stand the old lions in the way.

This is the hour I waited for:
Silently in a dim despair
I cross the echoing corridor,
And mount the windings of the stair.
Her chamber lies a little space
Beyond the shadowy landing-place;
I reach it—stop irresolute—
Then I behold her face to face.

This is the hour I waited for,
Through summer sun and winter rain;
And here the voiceless conqueror
Who makes my vigil all in vain.
Frozen and white from head to feet,
My love lies in her winding-sheet;
Sealed from my touch forevermore
Her lips and eyes that were so sweet.

This is the hour I waited for:—
Every condition to fulfill
I toiled unwearied, and forbore
For heat nor cold, for good nor ill.
Nought that availed for ministry
Too little or too great could be:
To all things else indifferent,
Early and late were one to me.

This is the hour I waited for:—
Passionate purpose, love and pain,
Have waged their ineffectual war,
And these the trophies that remain;
A girl's face fixed in marble rest,
Two pale hands crossed upon her breast,
And one heart emptied of delight
By Life's fulfillments. God knows best!

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHAT NEXT?

"To-morrow is behind."—DRYDEN.

THAT night was an eventful night in the little American "colony." Daniel Clark's magnificent mansion, the consulate and its dependent offices, Davis's rope-walk on Canal street, and, indeed, every vessel in the stream, had its great or little consultation of outraged and indignant men. It was not the first time in which the handful of Americans in Orleans had had to consult together as to their mutual protection. We have, still extant, the little notes which Daniel Clark from time to time sent up to General Wilkinson, who commanded the American army, and whose quarters were as near as Fort Adams in Mississippi, arranging for the co-operation of the Americans within, and the Americans without, when the time should come. And the army was not unwilling to make the dash down the river. It was held in the leash, not too easily. Constant Freeman, and other tried officers, knew to a pound the weight of those honey-combed guns on the Spanish works; they longed to try a sharp, prompt escalade against those rotten palisades, and there was not a man of them but was sure that the handful of Franco-Spanish troops would give way in half an hour before that resolute rush, when it should be made. Whether, indeed, the gates were not first opened by the two hundred insulted and determined Americans within, would be a question.

It was all a question of time, for the two or three years of which this story has been telling. The Americans within the city were always believing that the time had come. General Wilkinson was always patting them on the back, and bidding them keep all ready, but to wait a little longer. Recent revelations in the archives of Spain have made that certain, which was then only suspected, that this man was at the same time in the regular pay of the King of Spain and of the Government of the United States. There is, therefore, reason to doubt how far his advice in this matter was sincere. But, as the end has proved fortunate, a good-natured people forgets the treason.

They would abide the decision of the governor and the prefect, to be rendered the next day. If then, the prisoners were not surrendered, why, that meant war. After the counsels of this night, the Americans were determined. A messenger should be sent up the river in a canoe, and, lest the water-guard arrested him, Will Harrod should go up by land through the Creek country. Harrod did not decline the commission, though he preferred to remain within, where, as he believed, would be the post of danger. So soon as the consultation was ended, he hurried to Mr. Perry's house to tell the ladies such chances as the meeting gave. But he was too late for them that evening.

It was in the loveliness of early morning the next day, with every rose at its sweetest, every mocking-bird vieing with its fellow, every magnolia loading the air with its rich perfume, that the brave fellow came running down into the garden and found Inez there. He told her hastily what was determined, and that the wishes of these gentlemen, which he must regard as commands, compelled him to leave her and her aunt, just at the time of all times, when he wanted to be nearest to them.

"Dear Inez," he said boldly, "you know that I would not move from your side, but in the wish to serve you. You know that I have no thought, no wish, no prayer in life, but that I may serve you. You do not know, that for two years and more, I have thought of you first, of you last, of you always; that there is no wish of my heart, nay, no thought of my life, but is yours—wholly yours. I should die if I were to part from you without saying this, and I wish, my dear Inez, that you would let me say a thousand times more."

He had never called her Inez, of course, without that fatal "Miss;" far less, of course, had he ever called her "dear."

But the gallant fellow had resolved, that come what might, and let Inez say what she may, he would call her "dear Inez," once, if he died for it. Now, he had made a chance to do so twice, before he let her answer. And so, he waited bravely for her reply.

Poor Inez!

She looked up at him, and she tried to smile, and the smile would not come. Only her great eyes brimmed full of tears, which

would not run over. She looked down, she turned pale, she knew she did, and he saw she did. Still he waited, and still she tried to speak. She stopped in their walk, she turned resolutely toward him, and, now, she was so pale, that he grew pale, as she looked up at him. And she gave him her hand slowly.

"I will speak," she said, almost gasping, that she might do so. "I will speak! Will Harrod, dear Will Harrod," a smile at last, or an effort at a smile in all her seriousness, "I love you better than my life."

And then, she could hardly stand; but there was little need. Will Harrod's arms were round her, and there was little danger that she should fall. And then they walked up one avenue and down another, and they talked back through one year, and forward through another; and tried to recall—yes, and did recall—every single ride upon the prairie in those happy days. What he said above the Blanco River, and what she said that day by the San Marcos Spring; and, if he ought to have thought that that cluster of grapes meant anything, and if she remembered the wreath of the creeper; and all the thousand nothings of old happy times, when they dreamed so little of what was before them. For one happy quarter-hour, now, they even forget the dangers and miseries of to-day.

Yes! and when they came back to them, as back they must come; oh! how much more endurable they were, and how much more certain was she and was he, that all would come out well! If he must go to Natchez, why, he must; but, no parting now could be so terrible as that other parting, when they did not know!

They went in to join the party at breakfast. Harrod was ready to kiss Inez twenty times in presence of them all. But Inez was far more proper and diplomatic. Still, as she passed her aunt, she stooped and kissed her, and said in a whisper:

"Darling Auntie, you have not told me your secret, but you are welcome to mine."

And, happier than any queen, she went through the pretty ministries of the table; and Ma-ry knew, by intuition, that everything was well.

Was everything well? That, alas! must be decided at the formal hearing of the forenoon, when the prisoners were to be brought forward, "if they could be found within this jurisdiction."

It proved, as might be expected, that they "could be found," although, to the last, the governor and his son and the Intendant had said, and the prefect had intimated, that they would not acknowledge that they knew anything about either of them.

"It is all like Pontius Pilate, and Herod, and Annas the high priest," said Asaph Huling. "Shifting and shirking, and only agreeing in lying!"

So soon as the consuls, and Mr. Lonsdale and Harrod had appeared, and made their compliments, the governor's son nodded, and a sort of orderly disappeared. In a moment, Ransom entered, and, in a moment more, Silas Perry on the other side. Ransom's beard had grown and his clothes were soiled; evidently, none of the elegancies of hospitality had been wasted upon him; but he was fully master of the position; he came in, as if he were directing the policemen who brought him; he bowed civilly to Mr. Huling, to Mr. Hutchings, to Mr. Harrod, and to Mr. Lonsdale; but, as for the prefect and the governor, they might as well have been statues in the decoration. He took a seat, and the seat which was intended, by a sort of divine instinct, and sat, as if he were the Lord High Chancellor, before whom all these people had been summoned.

Silas Perry was neatly dressed, and had not, in fact, been left to suffer personal indignity or inconvenience; but he was pale and nervous; he seemed to Lonsdale ten years older than when he saw him last. Harrod had never seen him before; but Mr. Perry's delight at seeing Ransom re-assured him. "Are you here, my dear Ransom," said he, "and what for? I thought they had thrown you into the river."

The secretaries hastily wrote down for the King's information, the fourfold statement that Don Silas had supposed that the majordomo Ransom, had been thrown into the river.

"Donno, sir," replied Ransom, in a lower tone. "Had me up three times, cos they wanted to hear the truth told 'em, for a kind of surprise, you know. Donno what they want now."

"Then you are a prisoner too, Ransom?"

"Guess I be. Darbies knocked off, jest afore I come upstairs."

And Ransom looked curiously at both windows, as one who should inquire how easy it might be to break these two governors' heads together by one sudden blow; and, with one leap, emancipate himself from custody. But he had no serious thought of abandoning the company he was in.

The governor tapped impatiently, and a kind of major-domo, with a black gown on, who had not been present the day before, came and told Ransom to be silent. Mr. Perry told him the same thing, and he obeyed.

"We have no necessity for any formal investigations," said the governor, in a courtly conversational air, which he was proud of. "I had almost said we are all friends. Many of us are. I hope Don Silas recognizes me as one. But all purposes will be best answered if Don Silas will mention to these gentlemen, his name, his age, and his nationality."

Lonsdale shuddered. If the Yankee should say, "Silas Perry, age sixty-two, an American citizen," he would be out of court. But Mr. Perry answered firmly:

"I should like to know where I am. If this is a court, I demand to know what I am tried for?"

"Indeed, this is no court, my dear friend," said the courtly governor; "we have met, at the request of these gentlemen, for a little friendly conversation."

"Then I hope these gentlemen and your excellency will converse," said Mr. Perry, bitterly. "I have always found I profited more by listening than by talking."

"You do yourself injustice, Don Silas. We had a question here, yesterday, which only you, it seems, can answer. These gentlemen, in fact, asked for your presence, that we might obtain satisfaction."

"If I am to obtain any," said Perry, undaunted, "I must know whether I am a prisoner here, to be badgered,—or a freeman, permitted to go at large. As a freeman, I will render any help to these gentlemen or to your excellency, as I always have done, loyally, as your excellency has more than once acknowledged to me. As a prisoner, I say nothing, no, not even under a Spanish examination."

This with a sneer, which the governor perfectly comprehended.

"You ask," said he, "precisely the question which you are here to answer; or, rather the answer may be said to depend upon your answer to my friend here. The American consul, here, is claiming your person as an American citizen. The British consul intervenes, and, as I understand the matter, claims you as a subject of George the Third. It is impossible for us, here, even to consider their claims, till we know in what light you hold yourself."

"I, a subject of George the Third!" cried Perry, incredulously. "I did not think George the Third himself was crazy enough to say that, and I believe his Majesty has heard my name!"

But, at the moment, he caught Lonsdale's eager and imploring eye. Lonsdale waved in his hand a card, and Silas Perry was conscious, for the first moment, that he also held one. Ransom had slipped it into his hand, as he rose to address the governor; but, till now, he had not looked at it. He paused now, and read what was written on it.

"I have claimed you as a British subject. The English fleet is off the Pass, and will take you off, if you admit the claim. Ransom, too. The governor is afraid. Take our protection.—LONSDALE."

Silas Perry read the card, nodded good-humoredly to Lonsdale, and, while the governor, amazed at the manifest deceit which had been practiced, hesitated what to say, Mr. Perry himself took the word.

"I can relieve your excellency of any question. I am a citizen of the United States. I was born in Squam, in Massachusetts, in the year 1741. When I was twenty-one years of age I removed to the Havannah. With every penny of my purse and every throb of my heart, I assisted in that happy revolution which separated those colonies from the British crown. And, lest by any misfortune, my children should be regarded subjects, either of George the Third, or of Charles the Third, on my first visit to England, after the peace, at the American Embassy, I renounced all allegiance to the King of England, and obtained the certificate of my American nationality from that man who has since been the honored President of my country. So much for me.

"With regard to this good-fellow, I presume the consul is technically right; Seth Ransom was born a subject of George the Third. He did not reside in the United States when the treaty of peace was made; nor has he resided there since. He is, undoubtedly, at law, a subject of the King of England."

So saying, Silas Perry sat down. The four secretaries provided four transcripts for the gratification of their king.

"How is this?" said the governor himself, turning to Ransom. "Have you understood what the gentleman has said?"

Seth Ransom had been contemplating the ceiling, still in the character of the Lord Chancellor.

"Understood all I wanted to," said he. "Perhaps you didn't understand, cos he

spoke English. Ef you like, I'll put it in Spanish for you."

For, as it happened, the etiquettes of yesterday had not been observed. The parties had begun with English,—with English they went on. But Ransom, for his own purposes, now changed the language.

"You can ask me what you please," said he. "But if you have not sent the King the other things I told you, you might read them over; for I shall tell you the same thing now."

The governor turned up the record of Ransom's first examination. He then said, with a sneer:

"This reads: 'Seth Ransom, being questioned, states that he is a citizen of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America.' But I understand Don Silas, that this is a mistake, and that we are to say that you are a subject of King George the Third."

"You can say what you like," said Ransom fiercely, in a line of Castilian wholly his own, which was, however, quite intelligible to the governor and the four secretaries, who toiled after. "You know as well as I know that whatever you say will be a lie, and, if you say that, it will be the biggest lie of all."

Ransom spoke hastily, and in his most lordly air of defiance; but not so hastily but they could all follow him, and the secretaries noted his language in such short-hand as they could command.

Mr. Hutchings, the English consul, availed himself here of the pretense that they were conversing as friends in the governor's office, and that none of the forms of court were observed.

"Ransom," said he, "all that we want to prove is, that you never appeared before a magistrate and made oath of your citizenship. Of course we all know where you were born."

Ransom listened superciliously, with one eye still turned to the heavens.

"You don't want me to be lying, too, Mr. Hutchings. Them eyedolators do, cos it's their way. But you don't."

And he paused, as if for reflection and for recollection.

Lonsdale took courage from the pause to say:

"Of course, the King's officers have no claim on you; but we are all friends now, and all the King's officers want is a right to befriend you."

A bland smile crept over Ransom's face.

"Much obliged," said he; "they's befriended me afore now."

Then, as if this "solemn mockery" had gone far enough, he turned to the governor and said, again in Spanish:

"I will tell you all about it. When the war began, General Washington wanted powder,—he wanted it badly. And he said to old Mugford that he'd better go down the bay and catch some English store-ships for him. And I volunteered under Mugford, and went down with him. And we took the powder, and drove those fellows out of Boston."

The Castilian language furnished Ransom with some very happy epithets—as terms of reproach, not to say contumely—with which to speak of the English navy and army.

The secretaries, amazed, wrote down this ridicule of a king.

"After Mugford was killed, I went out again,—first with Hopkins, and then with Manly. And the first time, I went to Hopkins's shipping-office, down at Newport, and I swore on the Bible that I'd never have anything more to do with George the Third, nor any of that crew,—poor miserable sons of dogs as they were,—and when I went with Manly, I shipped at old Bill Coram's office,—and he had a Bible too, and I swore the same thing again."

Of all which the secretaries made quadruplicate narrative.

"That time his fellows caught us," continued Ransom, pointing over his shoulder at Lonsdale. "We were under the Bermudas, waiting for the Jamaica fleet; and there came a fog, and the wind fell, and when the fog rose, I'll be damned if we were not under the guns of a seventy-four,—the 'Charlotte,'—and they boarded us, and carried every man to England. And that's the only time I ever ate his bread,"—pointing again to Lonsdale,—"black stuff, and nasty it was, too. That was at Plymouth.

"I lived there a year. And once every month a miserable creature in a red coat—one of his fellows—came and asked us to take service in the King's navy. And there was some dirty Spanish and Portuguese, and niggers (this in English),—lying dogs, all of them,—that did. But all the Americans told him to go to hell, and I suppose he went there, because I have never seen him since.

"And at last there was an exchange,—exchanged a thousand of us against a thousand of his fellows we had. Poor bargain he made too! And that time they took me over to France, and they made me captain

of the squad, because I could speak their lingo,—the same as I speak yours, because you do not know any better. And there we saw the man that told the King of France what he'd better do,—same man that fixed the lightning-rod on Boston Light. King George did not know how. King fixed it wrong,—did everything wrong."

The secretaries, amazed, entered these statements on King George's knowledge of electricity.

"White-haired old man he was,—long-haired man,—sort of a Quaker; and he came and asked all that were Americans to come to his place and take the oath. So I took it there,—that's three times. And he gave me my certificate,—'purtection' they call it,"—turning to the secretaries to give them the word in English,—"and when any of his men—the King's, I mean—see that, why they can't take a fellow out of any ship at all. And there it is; if you think your King would like to know what it says, I'll read it to you. I always keep it by me; and these fellows of yours, when they stole everything else I had the day you sent them after me, they didn't find it, because I did not choose to have them. You'd better tell that to the King. Tell him they are all fools, and good for nothing."

By this time Ransom was worked into a terrible passion. He still commanded himself enough, however, to hold the precious paper out, and to read in English:

"KNOW ALL MEN,

By these presents, that Seth Ransom, of Tatnuck, Worcester County, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America, hath this day appeared before me, and renounced all allegiance to all kings and powers, save to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and, in especial, all allegiance to King George the Third, his heirs and successors.

"And the said Seth Ransom hath hereby given to him THE PROTECTION of the United States of America in all and every of his legal enterprises by sea or by land, of which these presents are the certificate.

"Signed,
"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
"Minister of the United States.
"Witness,
"WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN,
"Passy, near Paris, June 16, 1781."

Ransom knew the paper by heart. He read it as an orator,—with some break down on the long words.

This short address produced no little sensation. Two secretaries crossed to take the paper to copy it. Ransom stepped forward to give it to them; stumbled and fell as he did so. When he rose, he apologized,—affected to have given it to one of the men; they were in turn almost persuaded each that the other had it. Between the three, the paper could be nowhere found; and Ransom cursed them with volumes of rage because they had stolen it so soon.

"Have you any farther inquiries to make, Mr. Hutchings; or have you, Mr. Lonsdale?" asked the governor, addressing the English gentlemen with his courtly sneer.

Before they could reply, Ransom rose again, and waved his hand. Like Lockhart, before the Red Comyn, he seemed resolved to "make sicker."

"Beg your pardon," said he in English; "I forgot to say that I know you want to hang me; I knew that the first day you shut me up there. Ef you think anybody's forgotten how tother one—the Paddy governor—hung them French gentlemen, it's because you think we's all fools. None on 'em's forgot it. O'Reilly, the other one, died screamin' and howlin' in his bed, because he see the Frenchmen all round his room pointin' at him. You know that as well as I do. Now you'd better hang me. After you've hanged me, you can think up a pack of lies, and send 'em to the King to tell him what you hanged me for."

And then the old man sat down with a benignant smile. His happy allusion was to that most horrible judicial murder committed in the last century, of which he had spoken to Inez. For generations the memory of that horror did not die out in the colony. It was the very last subject which Salcedo would willingly hear alluded to; and this old Ransom knew perfectly well; for that reason he chose it for his last words.

After a ghastly pause, Salcedo said again, with some difficulty:

"Have you any further inquiries to make, gentlemen?"

"I have only to protest, in all form," said the plucky English consul, "against a transaction which strikes at the root of all commerce among nations. I shall report the whole business to the foreign office, and I know that it will meet the severe censure of the King."

The governor bowed. He turned to Mr. Huling:

"Have you any remarks to offer?"

"I make the same protest which my clerk made yesterday."

And he read it, as it had been put on paper. He added:

"I assure your excellency, in that friend-

ship to which your excellency referred just now, that no act could be so fatal to friendly relations for the future. Let me read to your excellency from the debate in the Senate of the United States of the 23d of February last. I received the report only last evening. The Secretary of State instructs me to lay it before your excellency; and I am to say that the Administration has the utmost difficulty in restraining the anger and ardor of the country. If your excellency will note the words used in debate, they mean simply war. It is to fan the flames of such anger that your excellency orders our friends sent to Cuba for trial;" and he read from the warlike speeches of White and Breckenridge.

The governor listened with courtly indifference. When Mr. Huling had done, and handed the papers to a secretary, the governor said contemptuously to that officer:

"You need not trouble yourself; His Majesty has read that debate three weeks ago; at least I have; I have no doubt he has."

Laussat, the French prefect, bowed, and took the papers. He read them with an interest which belied the contempt affected by the other.

All parties sat silent, however. The evident determination of the governor to yield no point made it difficult to reopen the discussion.

William Harrod was the first to speak. With no training for diplomacy, and no love for it, he rose abruptly, and took his hat.

"I understand your excellency to declare war against the United States; in that case, I have no place here."

"You will understand what you choose, young man," said the governor severely. "I have never understood why you appeared here at all, and I do not even now know why I do not arrest you for contempt of His Most Catholic Majesty."

"Let me ask," said Lonsdale, "if your excellency will not consent to some delay in the measures you propose toward our friends. A communication home, or with the City of Washington?"

"I have already said, Señor Lonsdale, that the officers of the King of Spain do not call councils of foreign powers to assist them in their administration of justice."

Lonsdale bowed, did not speak again, but took his hat also, very angry. At this moment, however, to the undisguised surprise even of the oldest diplomatists in the group, their number was enlarged, as a footman ushered into the room Roland Perry. He was well known to all there, excepting the French prefect, Laussat, and Harrod. He was dressed from head to foot in leather, and the leather was very muddy. His face was rough with a beard which had seen no razor for a fortnight, and was burned brown by a fortnight's sun and air. He held in his hand the sombrero which he had just removed and a heavy riding-whip. He crossed the room unaffectedly to the governor, and gave him his hand.

"Your excellency must excuse my costume, but I am told that my dispatches require haste."

He turned to his father:

"My dear father, I am so glad to see you; you must have been anxious about my disappearance," and he kissed him.

He shook hands cordially with the consuls and with Lonsdale. He offered his hand to Harrod:

"It is Mr. Harrod, I am sure."

He bowed to all the secretaries, and to Salcedo's son. He shook hands cordially with Ransom. Then, turning to the governor with the same air of confident command, as if really everybody had been waiting for him, and nothing could be done until he came:

"Will you do me the honor to present me to the prefect—M. Laussat, I believe."

The governor, chafing a little at this freedom, did as he was asked, reserving for some other moment the rebuke he was about to give to this impudent young gentleman.

Laussat hardly understood the situation. But he had learned already that the etiquettes of America were past finding out.

"I had the honor of meeting your excellency at the house of Citizen La Place," said Roland; "but I cannot expect that your excellency would remember such a youngster. I hope your excellency left the Baroness of Valcour in good health, and your excellency's distinguished father."

Laussat also postponed the snubbing he was about to administer, not certain but he was snubbed himself already.

Roland, with the same infinite coolness, turned to the governor, who was trying to collect himself. Roland opened a large haversack—very muddy—which had hung till now from his shoulder.

"This dispatch, your excellency, is from Señor Yrujo, the Spanish Minister at Washington. I left him only a fortnight Thursday. His excellency bids me assure your excellency of his most distinguished consideration. And this dispatch, citizen Laussat, is

from the French Minister. I am charged with his compliments to you."

This use of the word "citizen," which was already out of vogue, was necessary to Roland's consummate air of superiority over the braggart Frenchman.

"And now, gentlemen, as I see these dispatches are long, will you excuse my father, and my old friend Ransom here, to both of whom I have much to say? Your excellency does not know that it is nearly a year since we have met!"

This outrage was more than the "moribund old man" could stand.

"You are quite too fast, Mr. Perry! I know very well when you went up the river to foment war in Kentucky. I know very well that you failed, and went to Washington on the same errand. I know that these dispatches will tell me of your further failure. If you wish to converse with your father, it will be in this palace, where I will provide accommodations for both of you."

"Your excellency is very kind," said the young man, with infinite good humor. "When your excellency and citizen Laussat have read these papers, you will perhaps think it better to accept my father's hospitality than to offer him yours."

Then, as if such badinage had gone far enough, he turned with quite another air to Laussat:

"M. Laussat," he said, with the air of an equal, "this diplomacy has gone far enough. New Orleans and Louisiana are in fact, at this very moment, a part of the United States. The First Consul has sold them to the President for a large and sufficient compensation. Nothing remains but the formal act of cession."

"Impossible!" cried Laussat, starting from his seat. "My dispatches say nothing of it."

"I know not what they say," said the young man, "and I do not care. Perhaps you will do me the favor to look at mine?"

He took from his pocket a billet which, as he showed to the prefect, was written at Malmaison, with the stamp of the First Consul's cabinet on the corner. It was in the handwriting of Madame Bonaparte,—a playful note thanking Roland for the roses he had sent her. The young man turned the first page back, and pointed to a postscript on the last page,—in the cramped writing, not so well known then as now, of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The words were these:

"My dear Son,—We speak of you often, and we wish you were in France. Say to your honored father, who knows how to keep a secret, that I have sold Louisiana to Mr. Monroe. He well knows my friendship to America,—let this prove it to him again. He will use this note with discretion.

"Health,

25 Germinal. Year XI. "BUONAPARTE."

The prefect read them, and read them again. "*Lâche, imbécile, traître!*" he said, between his teeth, as he gave back the note to Roland.

"Your excellency may be curious to see the First Consul's autograph," said Roland. And he handed the little billet to the governor in turn. The governor read it, as Roland stood by, but as he was about to give it to the secretaries, Roland put it in his pocket.

"Your excellency will pardon me. It is my note,—and a note from a lady.

"And now," he said, in that quiet tone of command which became him so well, which he had inherited from his father, "as among friends, we must confess, that this kind announcement from the First Consul, puts a new arrangement on all our little affairs in this room. Your excellency will perhaps permit my father to dine at home, and I think Ransom will find us some good sherry, in which to drink prosperity to France and to Spain."

But the "moribund old man" sat with his head upon his breast pondering. This was the end then of Phil. Nolan's murder,—this was the end of Elguezebal's watchfulness,—this the end of interdicts and protests, and all the endless restrictions of these weary years. God be with Mexico and Spain!

He said nothing.

Roland turned to Laussat: "Will your excellency not use your influence with the governor?" he said.

Laussat looked the fool he was, but said nothing.

The English and American gentlemen rose. "I am to report, then, to Lord Hawkesbury," said Lonsdale, "that the Spanish Government is indifferent to the friendship of England." He took his hat again, as to withdraw.

"I am to write to Madame Buonaparte," said Roland Perry, "that M. Laussat says the First Consul is a coward, an imbecile and a traitor. Gentlemen, we seem to have our answers."

The poor old governor raised his head, "I shall be glad of a little conference with his excellency the prefect, our friend M.

Laussat. Will you gentlemen await us in the next salon?"

They waited fifteen minutes. At the end of fifteen minutes, Mr. Perry and Ransom joined them. There was a civil message of excuse from the governor, but he did not appear; nor was Laussat visible through the day.

And so they left the governor's house in triumph. Roland Perry could hardly come close enough to his father. He assured himself that he was well, and then his first questions were for news from Texas. Had Cæsar been set free? Had any of Phil Nolan's party returned?

No! but Barelo had good hopes. The trials were proceeding with infinite slowness; but Barelo and all men of sense hoped still that Spanish honor would be vindicated, and these men, who had certainly enlisted in faith in de Nava's pass would be set free. A hope, alas! not to be verified.*

* A regular trial was given to them, of which the proceedings are extant. Don Pedro Ramos de Verea conducted the defense. (Will not some Texan name a county for him?) And the men were acquitted. The judge, de Navarro, ordered their release Jan. 23, 1804; but Salcedo, alas, was then in command of these provinces,—he countermanded the decree of acquittal, and sent the papers to the King. The King, by a decree of Feb. 23, 1807, ordered that one out of five of Nolan's men should be hung, and the others kept at hard labor for ten years. Let it be observed that this is the royal decree for ten men who had been acquitted by the Court which tried them.

When the decree arrived in Chihuahua, one of the ten prisoners, Pierce, was dead. The new judge pronounced that only one of the remaining nine should suffer death, and Salcedo approved this decision.

On the ninth of November, therefore, 1807, the adjutant inspector, with de Verea, the prisoner's counsel, proceeded to the barracks, where they were confined, and read the King's decision. A drum, a glass tumbler, and two dice were brought; the prisoners knelt before the drum, and were blindfolded.

Ephraim Blackburn, the oldest prisoner, took the fatal glass and dice and threw 3 and 1 ..... = 4
Lucian Garcia threw 3 and 4 ..... = 7
Joseph Reed threw 6 and 5 ..... = 11
David Fero threw 5 and 3 ..... = 8
Solomon Cooley threw 6 and 5 ..... = 11
Jonah [Tony] Walters threw 6 and 1 ..... = 7
Charles King threw 4 and 3 ..... = 7
Ellis Bean threw 4 and 1 ..... = 5
William Dowlin threw 4 and 2 ..... = 6

Poor Blackburn, having thrown the lowest number, was hanged on the 11th of November.

Ellis Bean afterward distinguished himself in the revolt against Spain, which freed Mexico.

Cæsar had got detached from the party and was seen by Pike, high up on the Rio Grande.

Of the end of the life of the other prisoners, no account has been found.

We owe these particulars to the very careful researches in Monterey, of Mr. J. A. Quintero, who has taken the most careful interest in the fame of Philip Nolan.

People who are fond of poetical justice will be glad to know that Salcedo was killed in the first effort for Texan liberty in 1813. But so, alas, was Herrera.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A FAMILY DINNER.

"Thus for the boy their eager prayers they joined,
Which fate refused and mingled with the wind."
ILIAD.

As the little procession passed along the streets, there was almost an ovation offered to Mr. Perry and to Ransom. From every warehouse and counting-room some one ran out to felicitate them. Indeed the merchants of every nation had felt that here was a common cause; and Silas Perry was so universally respected that his release was a common victory. Roland walked on one side of his father, and Lonsdale on the other, while Harrod renewed his old acquaintance with Ransom. Ransom confessed to him, that of all the strange events of the day his appearance had surprised him most. For, if there were anything regarding which Ransom had expressed himself with confidence for two years past, it was the certainty that William Harrod had been scalped, burned at the stake, and, indeed, eaten.

It was necessary to respect the open secret of the First Consul's postscript so far that to no person could the result of Mr. Monroe's negotiation be distinctly told. It had, of course, been hoped for and suspected already. In fact, what with delays in the draft of the treaty, and delays in transmission, the definitive intelligence did not arrive till some time later. It was convenient for the governor, for his staff, and for Laussat and his, to speak slightly of the intelligence. But this was of no account to those who knew the truth; and, as it happened, to all others, the "law's delay" involved no consequences of evil.

Roland hastily told his story to his father. His inquiries regarding Ma-ry, and the communications he had to make to the Governors of Kentucky, of Tennessee and of the North-west, had taken him far up the river Ohio, and late into the spring. He had determined—wisely as it proved—not to return with Lonsdale, who had, in the meanwhile, crossed to Fort Niagara and to Montreal, and then had descended the Mississippi. Roland had preferred to go to Washington, to make full statement there

to Mr. Jefferson and his father's old correspondents of the excited condition of Orleans,—knowing that he could return by sea with more certainty than by land and the river.

At Washington he had heard the celebrated war debate of February. Mr. Jefferson had not received him into any close confidence,—that was not Mr. Jefferson's way. But he had told him of his hopes that Orleans might be bought for the United States, and Mr. Madison had bidden him encourage the merchants to hold out a little longer. At the French legation he was treated more cordially. They gave him a welcome which the State Department of that day did not know how to give. And late one night, the French Minister sent to him and asked him if he would take his dispatches to Laussat when he returned.

"As it happened," said Roland, "I had within the hour received this note from Madame Buonaparte. Old Turner had brought it to me, riding express from Baltimore almost as I have ridden from Tybee. A fortunate curiosity had led Turner to carry the rose-bushes to Malmaison himself. He was still looking at the garden when he was summoned by a lackey to the house, was asked who he was, and had confided to him Madame Buonaparte's billet. She came into the hall and gave it to him with her own hand, with a sweet smile. Something in what she said made Turner think the note was more than a compliment. Any way, he had seen enough of Paris, he said. The "Lady Martha" was ready for sea at Bordeaux, and having his letter, he took post horses and rode night and day till he came there.

"And then, sir, they made the 'Lady Martha' spin. Wood and iron never crossed that ocean so quickly before. He ran into Baltimore in twenty days, heard from Pollock that I was at Washington, and came across with this scrap of paper."

Roland felt the importance of the message thus intrusted to him,—so soon as he had read it. To no human being in Washington did he dare intrust it; and he could not make out, in the few minutes he had for trying, whether the French minister had received any corresponding intelligence. He sent at once to the Spanish legation, to offer to carry their dispatches to the Governor of Louisiana. Then he crossed to Baltimore, where the "Lady Martha" had been unloading some oil and wine, and without a minute's loss of time, she loosed from the pier and went down the bay.

"With a spanking breeze we ran," said the young fellow. "By the time we were off Hatteras, it was a gale. But old Turner never flinched. Give him his due. The next night it was a north-easter,—blew like all the furies! How she walked off! Turner said she might run so, till I said the word. I never said it. Dark it was, dark as Egypt. Wet, cold,—even snow in that gale. But Turner did not stop her, and I did not stop her."

"I suppose the light-house at San Augustine stopped her," said his father laughing.

"No, sir; but the breakers off Tybee Sound stopped her, and there, I am sorry to say, is the 'Lady Martha,' or what is left of her, this day."

"She could not have run her last in a better cause," said his father warmly.

"That's what I said to Turner. We got ashore, sir, all safe. I landed with this bag, and with no dry rag on me. I told an officer we found there, that I had government dispatches. He mounted me on the best horse in Georgia. That beast took me, to whom do you think?—to Aunt Eunice's old admirer, General Bowles, and General Bowles has sent me through since, as if I had been a post-rider of the First Consul's. If Aunt Eunice is not kind to the General now, she is graceless indeed."

Lonsdale could, this time, take the joking for what it was worth. They were now at the house. The news was in the air, and all the ladies flew to the gate to welcome them.

What a Sunday it was, to be sure! How much to be told publicly; how much to be told privately; how much to be explained, and how many questions to be asked; how many mysteries to be solved! Fortunately, there was very little to be done. Roland had come dashing up to the house with the best stride of one of General Bowles's chargers, at a very un-Sunday like pace.

"Lucky for you, you were not in Squam," said his father. "All the tithing men in Essex County would have been after you."

"Better after me than before me, my dear father. I am not sure whether all Essex County would have overhauled that bright bay, whom Zeno is stuffing with corn in the stable now."

He had flung the rein to Antoine, and rushed into the house to hear the amazing tale of the women, as to his father's arrest and Ransom's.

"I was hardly dressed for diplomacy,"

said he, "but I thought the sooner I contributed my stock of news, the better."

"Certainly," said Lonsdale, "you were none too soon. We had all played up our last pawns, and the governor was implacable."

"Casa Calvo will be angry enough," said Mr. Perry, "when he knows how like an ass Salcedo has behaved. But his visit here, just now, seems to be simply one of ceremony."

Before dinner was announced, Will Harrod succeeded in luring Mr. Perry away into the room which was called his office, and laying before him, with a young man's eagerness, such claim as he had for Inez's hand. A blundering business he made of it, but her father helped him.

"My dear boy," said he, "this is hardly matter for argument. I do not think my girl would have taken a fancy to you, had you not been a Christian gentleman. More than that, my boy; I fancy you have found favor in her eyes, because you are one of Philip Nolan's friends. For me, I have always supposed that some man would want to take a girl so lovely to his heart—well, as I took her mother; and, if you will only love this child, as I loved her, why, I can ask nothing more."

Harrod's eyes were running over. He could only repeat the certainty, which he said two years of constancy had given him a right to proclaim, that Inez would always be dearer to him than his life.

Eunice was never known before to apologize for a dinner, and, never in after life, did she so apologize.

"But, Roland, we were so wretched this morning. If we had only known you were coming, why, we would have killed for you any beast fat enough on the place."

"And why did you not know, dear Auntie? Why had you not signal officers in the Creek country to telegraph my coming? Is the General so tardy in his attentions? Why, I had but to ask, and the finest horses his lieges ever stole were at my command."

Much fun there was, because people were supposing, all through the dinner, that those had met who had never met, and that everybody understood everything.

"One question, Mr. Lonsdale, you will permit me to ask," said Harrod; "I have puzzled myself over it not a little. To what good fortune do I owe it that you followed me into the governor's den on Thursday? To tell you the truth, I had seen you in the street, and had thought you were some intendant or other, who meant to arrest me. I had been dodging all sort of catchpolls for three days of disguise."

"You were not far from right," said Lonsdale, quizzically.

Everybody laughed and looked inquiry.

"What do you mean?" said the blunt Kentuckian, taking the laugh good-naturedly. "For, really, that was a great stroke of luck; but for you, I believe we should all three be in the Gulf or near it at this hour."

Lonsdale laughed again, and then, in a mock whisper across the table, he said:

"I met a man in the street with my best frock-coat and waistcoat on, and I followed him to see where he was going. He went to the governor's house and I went too!"

One scream of laughter welcomed the announcement, and Harrod and Inez laughed loudest of any.

"Woe is me!" she cried. "Woe is me! I am the sinner, as I always am." And she laughed herself into a paroxysm again. "Oh, Mr. Lonsdale, if you could have seen him that morning! I turned him into Roland's room and bade him fix himself up, and he has opened the large wardrobe and helped himself to the clothes Roland bade you leave there."

And the girl screamed with delight at the transformation.

"And very nice clothes they are," said Harrod, joining in the fun. "And when Mr. Lonsdale visits me in Kentucky, I will replace them with the handsomest hunting suit in the valley.

"How was I to know? There were some thread-paper things there, which I see now would fit our diplomatic friend here. But, for a broad-shouldered hunter like me, give me Mr. Lonsdale's coat and waistcoat. Indeed, Mr. Roland," he said, "I shall patronize the English tailors. Your French snips do not give cloth enough!"

"We can make common cause," said Lonsdale. "The coat and waistcoat fit you so well, that I will double my orders when I send to London; and, as you say, you can bid the Frankfort snips duplicate yours when you send there. We will play the two Dromios."

The little speech was wholly unconscious. So far had Lonsdale looked into the future in these two or three days, so happy to him, though so anxious to all, that he quite forgot that the others had not accompanied him in those fore-looks, not Eunice herself, from whom he thought he had no secret.

Quick as light, and pitiless as herself, Inez

caught the inference and proclaimed it. She clapped her hands, while Eunice first, and Lonsdale in sympathy, turned crimson.

"Bravo, bravissimo," cried the light-hearted girl. "The first American citizen adopted in the new State of Louisiana is His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. On the Acadian coast, he will establish his vineyard for the growth of grapes and the manufacture of Malmsey. From a throne on the Levee, he will rule Great Britain, Ireland and France, when his royal father at length throws off the uneasy crown. Mistress Inez Perry will be appointed first lady of the robes. But where, oh where, my dear Aunt Eunice, where shall we find him a Duchess? How would Mlle. Selina de Valois do?"

"She will not do at all," cried Lonsdale; his light heart and the sense of so many victories conquering all reticence. "The Duchess is found; the throne is in building; the coronet is ready in the wardrobe, upstairs, if the Prince of Kentucky, Cavalier of the Red River, and Marshal of the Big Raft have not needed it for purposes of his diplomacy; all that the Duchess needs is her brother's good-will, and ——"

"And what?" cried Inez, laughing still.

"The presence of her niece as bridesmaid, when she gives her hand to 'the man I hate.'"

And the taciturn and undemonstrative Mr. Lonsdale, to Ma-ry's unspeakable delight, waved his fruit-knife as if he would scalp Inez, and bear off her luxuriant tresses as a trophy.

The frankness of this bit of by-play was more like the style of Sir Charles Grandison's days than Eunice really liked, and Mr. Perry, to relieve her, said:

"Nobody has told me how you all knew where I was, or where Ransom was."

Inez nodded to Ma-ry, and made a sign with her hand.

"May I?" asked Ma-ry of her grandmother, who did not at all understand, and gave assent from the mere joyous habit of the day, by accident.

So Ma-ry sprung from her seat, ran across the room, skipped upon a side-table, and there repeated the signals which had told where Mr. Perry was shut up, and where they should find Ransom.

Ransom, meanwhile, had honored the occasion as he honored few ceremonies in life. He appeared in a handsome black coat and breeches, with a white neck-tie. Some footman, whom he had seen in Paris, in some livery of mourning, may have suggested the costume. Eunice might have given a State Ball to a traveling Emperor, and Ransom would not have assumed this dress, except to please himself. When he did assume it, all parties knew that he was entirely satisfied with the position. He filled Roland's glass with some of the favorite claret.

"Here's ye father's own claret, Mr. Roland; found the bin this morning."

Then Roland knew that all was sunny.

"As the governor did not honor us, we need not order up the sherry. Indeed, I am not sure that Ransom could have found it," said Mr. Perry, looking good-naturedly at the dear old fellow.

Perhaps Ma-ry's welcome to Roland had been the prettiest of all. Although Mrs. Willson had felt at ease with Lonsdale and Eunice, Roland seemed to her the oldest friend of all. It was he who had wrought out the whole inquiry; it was he who had traced her from village to village, from State to Territory, and through him that Eunice had found her, and that she had found her darling; and now that she saw the sun-browned young fellow, the hero of the day; now that he was constantly coming back to dear Ma-ry's side, to ask her this and to tell her that, and to praise her for the central service which she had rendered to them all, the old lady felt more at ease with him than with Mr. Perry, of whom she was afraid; with Mr. Lonsdale, whom she never half understood; nay, even than with Mr. Harrod, the Kentuckian.

And Ma-ry! She had gained everything in this year, the young man thought, and she had lost nothing. She was a woman now, yes! But she was a lovely girl as well. She could give him both her hands; she could look up as frankly as ever in his face; she could talk to him of the thousand new experiences of the year; and yet, in all the simplicity of her bearing, there was never one word or gesture, but the finest lady at a ball at Malmaison might have been glad to use. And Ma-ry was not afraid to tell him how well he looked, and how glad she was that he had come. A long, jolly, home-like dinner; they loitered at the table, almost till twilight came. Then Eunice said:

"Will it not be pleasanter on the gallery? I will order coffee there."

But Roland retained them.

"Let me tell you all," he said, "what I was telling Mr. Harrod. At Fort Washington, who should I meet, but a fine little fellow, Inez; a good mate for you some day,

who fascinated me at the very first. He had just come over from Frankfort, and had on his nice new uniform, his bright shoulder-knots and his new sword. He was a little bit homesick withal. Well, I remembered how homesick such a boy feels. I asked them to introduce me, and they introduced to me, Ensign Philip Nolan!"

Everybody started. "Philip Nolan!"

"Yes, he is the cousin of our dear Phil. Did not I want to hug him? I did tell him more of our Philip than he knew. I told him of poor Fanny Lintot, and the little baby cousin there."

"One day we will tell him," said Silas Perry, solemnly, "how much the country owes to his cousin's cruel martyrdom. If our brave friend, Phil Nolan, had not gone to Texas, these rascals would never have got their terror of the valley men. It was he who taught them how near was Kentucky to Potosi. The moment they learned that, they lost their heads.

"From Phil Nolan came Salcedo's madness.

"From their frightened dispatches home, came the easy gift of all this country to France.

"From Salcedo's madness comes the uprising of the Western hunters, and the first real recognition of the West by the Congress of America.

"Good fellow; in all his wildness, Philip Nolan never was afraid.

"He has done more for his country than he meant.

"In all his rashness, he has served so that she can never pay her debt to him.

"Listen to me, Inez; I shall not live to see this, but you and your children will.

"What Casa Calvo calls Nolan's mad act, has given Louisiana to your country; it will give her Texas.

"When the tug comes, you will find that every Spaniard dreads the prowess of Philip Nolan's race, and that every Kentuckian remembers the treachery of Philip Nolan's murder.

"Poor fellow; how often I have heard him say, that he did not know what country he served, or what army gave him his commission.

"This nephew, his namesake, is more fortunate. Ransom, fill the glasses. We will drink this young Ensign's health.

"To Ensign PHILIP NOLAN, ladies and gentlemen. May the young man never know what it is to be

"A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."

THE END.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XIV.

MESTER DERIK

Th' rools is ben broak agen on th' quiet bi them as broak em afore i naim no naimes an wudnt say nowt but our loifes is in danger And more than one, i Only ax yo' tu Wach out. i am Respekfully
A honest man wi' a famly tu fede.

THE engineer found this letter near his plate one morning on coming down to breakfast. His landlady explained that her daughter had picked it up inside the garden gate, where it had been thrown upon the gravel-walk, evidently from the road.

Derrick read it twice or three times before putting it in his pocket. Upon the whole, he was not unprepared for the intelligence. He knew enough of human nature—such human nature as Lowrie represented—to feel sure that the calm could not continue. If for the present the man did not defy him openly, he would disobey him in secret, while biding his time for other means of retaliation.

Derrick had been on the lookout for some effort at revenge; but so far since the night Joan had met him upon the road, Lowrie outwardly had been perfectly quiet and submissive.

After reading the letter, Derrick made up his mind to prompt and decisive measures, and set about considering what these measures should be. There was only one certain means of redress and safety,—Lowrie must be got rid of at once. It would not be a difficult matter either. There was to be a meeting of the owners that very week, and

Derrick had reports to make, and the mere mention of the violation of the rules would be enough.

"Bah!" he said aloud. "It is not pleasant; but it must be done."

The affair had several aspects, rendering it unpleasant; but Derrick shut his eyes to them resolutely. It seemed, too, that it was not destined that he should have reason to remain undecided. That very day he was confronted with positive proof that the writer of the anonymous warning was an honest man, with an honest motive.

During the morning, necessity called him away from his men to a side gallery, and entering this gallery, he found himself behind a man who stood at one side close to the wall, his Davy lamp open, his pipe applied to the flame. It was Dan Lowrie, and his stealthy glance over his shoulder revealing to him that he was discovered, he turned with an oath.

"Shut that lamp," said Derrick, "and give me your false key."

Lowrie hesitated.

"Give me that key," Derrick repeated, "or I will call the gang in the next gallery and see what they have to say about the matter."

"Dom yore eyes! does tha think as my toime 'll nivver coom?"

But he gave up the key.

"When it comes," he said, "I hope I shall be ready to help myself. Now I've got only one thing to do. I gave you fair warning, and asked you to act the man toward your fellows. You have played the scoundrel instead, and I have done with you. I shall report you. That's the end of it."

He went on his way, and left the man uttering curses under his breath. If there had not been workers near at hand, Derrick might not have gotten away so easily. Among the men in the next gallery, there were some who were no friends to Lowrie, and who would have given him rough handling if they had caught him just at that moment, and the fellow knew it.

Toward the end of the week, the owners came, and Derrick made his report. The result was just what he had known it would be. Explosions had been caused before by transgressions of the rules, and explosions were expensive and disastrous affairs. Lowrie received his discharge, and his fellow-workmen a severe warning, to the secret consternation of some among them.

That the engineer of the new mines was a zealous and really amiable young man, if rather prone to innovations, became evident to his employers. But his innovations were not encouraged. An innovation costing nothing may be put up with, but an innovation involving an outlay is not easily tolerated. So, notwithstanding his arguments, the blast-furnaces held their own, and "for the present," as the easy-natured manager put it, other matters, even more important, were set aside.

"There is much to be done, Derrick," he said; "really so much that requires time and money, that we must wait a little. 'Rome, etc.'"

"Ah, Rome!" returned Derrick. "I am sometimes of the opinion that Rome had better never have been built at all. You will not discharge your imperfect apparatus for the same reason that you will discharge a collier,—which is hardly fair to the collier. Your blast-furnaces expose the miners to as great danger as Lowrie's pipe. The presence of either may bring about an explosion when it is least expected."

"Well, well," was the good-natured response; "we have not exploded yet; and we have done away with Lowrie's pipe."

Derrick carried the history of his ill success to Anice somewhat dejectedly.

"All this is discouraging to a man," said Derrick, and then he added meditatively, "As to the rest, I wonder what Joan Lowrie will think of it."

A faint sense of discomfort fell upon Anice —not exactly easy to understand. The color fluttered to her cheek and her smile died away. But she did not speak,—merely waited to hear what Derrick had to say.

He had nothing more to say about Joan Lowrie;—when he recovered himself, as he did almost immediately, he went back to the discussion of his pet plans, and was very eloquent on the subject.

Going home one evening, Derrick found himself at a turn of the road only a few paces behind Joan. He had thought much of her of late, and wondered whether she was able to take an utterly unselfish view of his action. She had a basket upon her arm and looked tired. He strode up to her side and spoke to her without ceremony.

"Let me carry that," he said. "It is too heavy for you."

The sun was setting redly, so perhaps it was the sunset that flung its color upon her face as she turned to look at him.

"Thank yo'," she answered. "I'm used to carryin' such-loike loads."

But he took her burden from her, and even if she had wished to be left to herself she had no redress, and accordingly submitted. Influences long at work upon her had rendered her something less defiant than she had been in the past. There was an element of quiet in her expression, such as Derrick had not seen when her beauty first caught his attention.

They walked together silently for a while, Derrick glancing often at the handsome face and feeling curious about it as he invariably did. It would have looked different, he fancied, if she had felt any resentment against him. But he wanted to arrive at something more definite than deductions drawn from outward appearances. After his usual manner, he grappled with his difficulty boldly and without pretense at concealing what he meant.

"I should like to hear you say that you do not blame me," he said with abrupt determination.

She knew what he meant, it was evident.

"I conna blame yo' fur doin' what were reet," she answered.

"Right,—you thought it right?"

"Why should na I? Yo' could na ha' done no other."

"Thank you for saying that," he returned. "I have thought once or twice that you might have blamed me."

"I did na know," was her answer. "I did na know as I had done owt to mak' yo' think so ill of me."

He did not find further comment easy. He felt, as he had felt before, that Joan placed him at a disadvantage. He so often made irritating mistakes in his efforts to read her, and in the end he seldom found that he had made any advance. Anice Barholm, with her problems and her moods, was far less difficult to comprehend than Joan Lowrie.

Liz was at the cottage door when they parted, and Liz's eyes had curiosity and wonder in them when she met her friend.

"Joan," she said, peering over the door-sill at Derrick's retreating figure, "is na that one o' th' mesters? Is na it the Lunnon engineer, Joan?"

"Yes," Joan answered briefly.

The pretty, silly creature's eyes grew larger, with a shade of awe.

"Is na it th' one as yore feyther's so bitter agen?"

"Yes."

"An' is na he a gentleman? He dunnot look loike a workin' mon. His cloas dunnot fit him loike common foakes. He mun be a gentleman."

"I've heerd foak ca' him one," dryly; "an' if his cloas fit him reet, he mun be one, I suppose."

Liz looked after him again.

"Aye," she sighed, "he's a gentleman sure enow. I've seed gentlemen enow to know th' look on 'em. Did ——" hesitating fearfully, but letting her curiosity get the better of her discretion nevertheless,—"did he court thee, Joan?"

The next moment she was frightened into wishing she had not asked the question. Joan turned round and faced her suddenly, pale and wrathful.

"Nay, he did na," she said. "I am na a lady, an' he is what tha ca's him—a gentleman."

CHAPTER XV.

THE first time that Joan appeared at the night school, the men and girls looked up from their tasks to stare at her, and whisper among themselves; but she was, to all appearances, oblivious to their scrutiny, and the flurry of curiosity and excitement soon died out. After the first visit her place was never vacant. On the nights appointed for the classes to meet, she came, did the work allotted to her, and went her way again, pretty much as she did at the mines. When in due time Anice began to work out her plan of co-operation with her, she was not disappointed in the fulfillment of her hopes. Gradually it became quite a natural thing for a slow and timid girl to turn to Joan Lowrie for help.

As for Joan's own progress, it was not long before Miss Barholm began to regard the girl with a new wonder. She was absolutely amazed to find out how much she was learning, and how much she had learned, working on silently and by herself. She applied herself to her tasks with a determination which seemed at times almost feverish. There was the eagerness of passion in her resoluteness.

"I mun learn," she said to Anice once, "I *will*," and she closed her hand with a sudden nervous strength.

Then again there were times when her courage seemed to fail her, though she never slackened her efforts.

"Dost tha think," she said with a pathetic wistfulness, "dost tha think as I could ivver learn as much as tha knows thysen? Does tha think a workin' lass

ivver did learn as much as a lady?" And she waited for the answer.

"I think," said Anice, "I think *you* can do anything you try to do."

By very slow degrees she had arrived at a discovery which a less close observer might have missed altogether, or at least only arrived at much later in the day of experience. Anice's thoughts were moved in this direction the night that Derrick slipped into that half soliloquy about Joan. She might well be startled. Here were a man and woman set so far apart by birth, fate, and social law, that it seemed impossible that the one could ever gain upon the other. They could scarcely have been placed at a greater distance from each other, and yet those half dozen words of Fergus Derrick's had suggested to his hearer that each, through some undefined attraction, was veering toward the other. Neither might be aware of this; but it was surely true. Little as social creeds influenced Anice, she could not close her eyes to the incongruous—the unpleasant features of this strange situation. And, besides, there was a more intimate and personal consideration. Her own feeling toward Fergus Derrick was friendship at first, and then she had suddenly awakened and found it something more. That had startled her too, but it had not alarmed her till her eyes were opened by that accidental half conscious speech of Derrick's. After that, she saw what Fergus Derrick was blind to, and what was a secret unrevealed to Joan.

Setting her own pain aside, she stood apart, and pitied both. As for herself, she was glad that she had made the discovery before it was too late. She knew that there might have been a time when it would have been too late. As it was, she drew back, —with a pang, to be sure; but still she could draw back.

"I have made a mistake," she said to herself in secret; but it did not occur to her to visit the consequences of the mistake upon any other than herself.

The bond of sympathy between herself and Joan Lowrie only seemed to increase in strength. Meeting oftener, they were knit more closely, and drawn into deeper faith and friendship. With Joan, emotion was invariably an undercurrent. She had trained herself to a stubborn stoicism so long, and with such steadfast determination, that the habit of complete self-control had become a second nature, and led her to hold the world aloof. It was with something of secret wonder that she awoke to the consciousness of the fact that she was not holding Anice Barholm aloof, and that there was no necessity for doing so. She even found that she was being attracted toward her, and was submitting to her influence as to a spell. She did not understand at first, and wondered if it would last; but the nearer she was drawn to the girl, the less doubting and reluctant she became. There was no occasion for doubt, and her proud suspiciousness melted like a cloud before the spring sunshine. Having armed herself against patronage and curiosity, she encountered earnest frankness and open good faith. She was not patronized, she was not asked questions, she was left to reveal as much of herself as she chose, and allowed to retain her own secrets as if they were her own property. So she went and came to and from the Rectory; and from spending a few minutes in Anice's room, at last fell into the habit of spending hours there. In this little room she passed through many a process of development. The books, and pictures, and other refinements appealed to senses unmoved before. She drew in some fresh experience with almost every breath.

One unpleasant night, after a specially discouraging day, it occurred to Grace that he would go and see Joan; and dropping in upon her on his way back to town, after a visit to a parishioner who lived upon the high-road, he found the girl sitting alone—sitting as she often did, with the child asleep upon her knee; but this time with a book lying close to its hand and her own. It was Anice's Bible.

"Will yo' set down?" she said in a voice whose sound was new to him. "Theer's a chair as yo' con tak'. I conna move fur fear o' wakenin' th' choild. I'm fain to see yo' to-neet."

He took the chair and thanked her, and waited for her next words. Only a few moments she was silent, and then she looked up at him.

"I ha' been readin' th' Bible," she said, as if in desperation. "I dunnot know why, unless happen some un stronger nor me set me at it. Happen it coom out o' settin here wi' th' choild. An'—wall, queer enow, I coom reet on summat about childer,—that little un as he took and set i' th' midst o' them, an' then that theer when he said 'Suffer th' little childer to coom unto me.' Do yo' say aw that's true? I nivver thowt

on it afore,—but somehow I should na loike to think it wur na. Nay, I should na!" And her voice broke. "I nivver troubled mysen wi' readin' th' Bible afore," she went on, "I ha' na lived wi' th' Bible soart; but now—well that theer has stirred me up. If he said that—if he said it hissen—Ah! mester,"—and the words breaking from her were an actual cry. "Aye, mester, look at th' little un here! I munnot go wrong—I munnot, if he said it hissen!"

He felt his heart beat quick, and his pulses throb. Here was the birth of a soul; here in his hands perhaps lay the rescue of two immortal beings. God help him! he cried inwardly. God help him to deal rightly with this woman. He found words to utter, and uttered them with courage and with faith. What words it matters not,—but he did not fail. Joan listened wondering, and in a passion of fear and belief.

She clasped her arms about the child almost as if seeking help from it, and wept.

"I munnot go wrong," she said over and over again. "How could I hold th' little un back, if he said hissen as she mun coom? If it's true as he said that, I'll believe aw th' rest, an' listen to yo'. 'Forbid them not—'. Nay, but I wunnot—I could na ha' th' heart."

CHAPTER XVI.

"CRADDOCK is in serious trouble," said Mr. Barholm to his wife and daughter.

"'Owd Sammy' in trouble," said Anice. "How is that, papa?"

The Reverend Harold looked at once concerned and annoyed. In truth he had cause for irritation. The laurels he had intended to win through Sammy Craddock were farther from being won to-day than they had ever been. He was beginning to feel a dim, scarcely developed, but sore conviction, that they were not laurels for his particular wearing.

"It is that bank failure at Illsbery," he answered. "You have heard of it, I dare say. There has been a complete crash, and Craddock's small savings being deposited there, he has lost everything he depended upon to support him in his old age. It is a hard business."

"Have you been to see Craddock?" Mrs. Barholm asked.

"Oh! yes," was the answer, and the irritation became even more apparent than before. "I went as soon as I heard it, last night indeed; but it was of no use. I had better have stayed away. I don't seem to make much progress with Craddock somehow or other. He is such a cross-grained, contradictory old fellow, I hardly know what to make of him. And to add to his difficulties, his wife is so prostrated by the blow that she is confined to her bed. I talked to them and advised them to have patience, and look for comfort from the Fountain-head; but Craddock almost seemed to take it ill, and was even more disrespectful in manner than usual."

It was a heavy blow that had fallen upon "Owd Sammy." For a man to lose his all at his time of life would have been hard enough anywhere; but it was trebly hard to meet with such a trial in Riggan. To have money, however small the sum, "laid by i' th' bank," was in Riggan to be almost illustrious. The man who had an income of ten shillings a week was a member of society whose opinion bore weight; the man with twenty was regarded with private awe and public respect. He was deferred to as a man of property; his presence was considered to confer something like honor upon an assembly, or at least to make it respectable. The Government was supposed to be not entirely oblivious to his existence, and his remarks upon the affairs of the nation, and the conduct of the Prime Minister and Cabinet, were listened to as being above comment. Sammy Craddock had been the man with twenty shillings income. He had worked hard in his youth and had been too shrewd and farsighted to spend hard. His wife had helped him, and a lucky windfall upon the decease of a parsimonious relative had done the rest. The weekly deposit in the old stocking hidden under the mattress had become a bank deposit, and by the time he was incapacitated from active labor, a decent little income was ready. When the Illsbery Bank stopped payment, not only his daily bread but his dearly valued importance was swept away from him at one fell blow. Instead of being a man of property, with a voice in the affairs of the nation, he was a beggar. He saw himself set aside among the frequenters of The Crown, his political opinions ignored, his sarcasms shorn of their point. Knowing his poverty and misfortune, the men who had almost stood in awe of him would begin to suspect him of needing their assistance and would avoid him accordingly.

"It's human natur'," he said. "No one loikes a dog wi' th' mange whether th' dog's

to blame or no. Th' dog may ha' getten it honest. 'Tis na th' dog, it's th' mange as foaks want to get rid on."

"Providence?" said he to the Rector, when that portly consoler called on him. "It's Providence, is it? Well, aw I say is, that if that's th' ways o' Providence, th' less notice Providence takes o' us, th' better."

His remarks upon his first appearance at The Crown among his associates, after the occurrence of the misfortune, were even more caustic and irreverent. He was an irreverent old sinner at his best, and now Sammy was at his worst. Seeing his crabbed, wrinkled old face drawn into an expression signifying defiance at once of his ill luck and worldly comment, his acquaintances shook their heads discreetly. Their reverence for him as a man of property could not easily die out. The next thing to being a man of property, was to have possessed worldly goods which had been "made away wi'," it scarcely mattered how. Indeed even to have "made away wi' a mort o' money" oneself, was to be regarded a man of parts and no inconsiderable spirit.

"Yo're in a mort o' trouble, Sammy, I mak' no doubt," remarked one oracle, puffing at his long clay.

"Trouble enow," returned Sammy, shortly, "if you ca' it trouble to be on th' road to th' poor-house."

"Aye indeed!" with a sigh. "I should think so. But trouble's th' lot o' mon. Riches is deceitful an' beauty is vain—not as tha wur ivver much o' a beauty, Sammy; I canna mean that."

"Dunnot hurt thysen explainin'," dryly; "I nivver set up fur one. I left that to thee. Thy mug wus allus thy fortune."

"Tha'rt fretted now, Sammy," he said. "Tha'rt fretted, an' it makes thee sharp-tongued."

"Loike as not," answered Sammy. "Frettin' works different wi' some foak to what it does wi' others. I nivver seed thee fretted, mysen. Does it ha' th' same effect on thee? If it happens to, I should think it would na harm thee,—or other foak either. A bit o' sharpness is na so hard to stand wheer it's a variety."

"Sithee, Sammy," called out a boisterous young fellow from the other side of the room. "What did th' parsen ha' to say to thee? Thwaite wur tellin' me as he carried th' prayer-book to thee, as soon as he heerd th' news. Did he read thee th' Christenin' service, or th' Burial, to gi' thee a bit o' comfort?"

"Happen he gi' him both, and throwed in th' Litany," shouted another. "How wur it, Sammy? Let's hear."

Sammy's face began to relax. A few of the knots and wrinkles showed signs of dispersing. A slow twisting of the features took place, which might have been looked upon as promising a smile in due course of time. These young fellows wanted to hear him talk, and "tak' off th' parsen." His occupation was not entirely gone, after all. It was specially soothing to his vanity to feel that his greatest importance lay in his own powers, and not altogether in more corruptible and uncertain attractions. He condescended to help himself to a pipe-full of a friend's tobacco.

"Let's hear," cried a third member of the company. "Gi' us th' tale owt an' owt, owd lad. Tha'rt th' one to do it graidely."

Sammy applied a lucifer to the fragrant weed, and sucked at his pipe deliberately.

"It's noan so much of a tale," he said, with an air of disparagement and indifference. "Yo' chaps mak' so much out o' nowt. Th' parsen's well enow i' his way, but," in naive self-satisfaction, "I mun say he's a foo', and th' biggest foo' fur his size I ivver had th' pleasure o' seein'."

They knew the right chord was touched. A laugh went round, but there was no other interruption and Sammy proceeded.

"Whatten yo' lads think as th' first thing he says to me wur?" with vigorous enjoyment of his pipe, and his own position. "Why, he cooms in an' sets hissen down, an' he swells hissen out loike a frog i' trouble, an' ses he, 'My friend, I hope you cling to th' rock o' ages.' An' ses I, 'No I dunnot nowt o' th' soart, an' be domd to yo'.' It wur na hospitible," with a momentary touch of depreciation. "An' I dunnot say as it wur hospitible, but I wur na in th' mood to be hospitible just at th' toime. It tuk him back too, but he gettin round after a bit, an' he tacklet me again, an' we had it back'ard and for'ard betwixt us for a good half hour. He said it wur Providence, an' I said, happen it wur, an' happen it wurn't. I wur na so friendly and familiar wi' th' Lord as he seemt to be, so I could na tell foak aw he meant, and aw he did na mean. Sithee here, lads," making a fist of his knotty old hand and laying it upon the table, "that theer's what stirs me up wi' th' parsen kind. They're allus settin down to explain what th' Lord-amoighty's up to as if he wur a confidential friend o' theirs as they wur bound to back up i' some road; an' they mun drag him in endways or sideways i'

their talk whether or not, an' they wunnot be content to leave him to work fur hissen. Seems to me if I wur a disciple as they ca' it, I should be ashamed i' a manner to be allus apologizin' fur him as I believed in. I dunnot say fur 'em to say *nowt*, but I *do* say fur 'em not to be so domd free an' easy about it. Now theer's th' owd parsen, he's getten a lot o' Bible words as he uses, an' he brings 'em in by the scruft o' th' neck, if he canna do no better,—fur bring 'em in he mun,—an' it looks loike he's aw i' a fever till he's said 'em an' getten 'em off his moind. An' it seems to me loike, when he has said 'em, he soart o' straightens hissen out, an' feels comfortable, loike a mon as has done a masterly job as conna be mended. As fur me, yo' know, I'm noan the Methody soart mysen, but I am na a foo', an' I know a foine loike principle when I see it, an' this matter o' religion is a foine enow thing if yo' could get it straightforward an' plain wi'out so much trimmins. But——" feeling perhaps that this was a large admission, "as I say, I am noan o' th' Methody breed mysen."

"An' so tha tellt parson, I'll warrant," suggested one of his listeners, who was desirous of hearing further particulars of the combat between these two opposite powers.

"Well, well," admitted Craddock with the self-satisfaction of a man who feels that he has acquitted himself creditably. "Happen I did. He wur fur havin' me thank th' A'moighty fur aw ut had happent me, but I towd him as I did na quoite see th' road clear. I dunnot thank a chap as gi'es me a crack at th' soide o' th' head. I may stand it if so be as I conna gi' him a crack back, but I dunnot know as I should thank him fur the favor, an' not bein' one o' th' regenerate, as he ca's 'em, I dunnot feel loike singin' hymns just yet; happen it's 'cause I'm onregenerate, or happen it's human natur'. I should na wonder if it's 'pull devil, pull baker,' wi' th' best o' foak,—foak as is na prize foo's, loike th' owd parsen. Ses I to him, 'Not bein' regenerate, I dunnot believe i' so much grace afore meat. I say, lets ha' th' meat first, an' th' grace arterward.'"

These remarks upon matters theological were applauded enthusiastically by the discriminating audience. "Owd Sammy" had finished his say, however, and having a sensible theory that having temporarily exhausted his views upon a subject, it was well to let the field lie in fallow, he did not begin again. He turned his attention from his audience to his pipe, and the intimate friends who sat near him.

"What art tha goin' to do, owd lad?" asked one.

"Try fur a seat i' Parlyment," was the answer, "or pack my bits o' duds i' a wheelbarrow, an' set th' owd lass on 'em an' tak' th' nighest road to th' Union. I mun do summat fur a bein'."

"That's true enow. We're main sorry fur thee, Sammy. Tak' another mug o' sixpenny to keep up thy sperets. Theer's nowt as cheers a mon loike a sup o' th' reet soart."

"I shanna get much on it if I go to th' poor-house," commented Sammy, filling his beer-mug. "Skilly an' water-gruel dunnot fly to a mon's head, I'll warrant. Ay! I wonder how th' owd lass'll do wi'out her drop o' tea, an' how she'll stand bein' buried by th' parish? That'll be worse than owt else. She'd set her moind on ridin' to th' grave-yard i' th' shiniest hearse as could be getten, an' wi' aw th' black feathers i' th' undertaker's shop wavin' on th' roof. Th' owd wench wur quoite set i' her notion o' bein' a bit fashynable at th' last. I believe hoo'd quoite ha' enjoyed th' ride in a quiet way. Eh, dear! I'm feart she'll nivver be able to stand th' thowt o' bein' put under i' a common style. I wish we'd kept a bit o' brass i' th' owd stockin'."

"It's a bad enow lookout," granted another, "but I would na gi' up aw at onct, Sammy. Happen tha could find a bit o' leet work, as ud keep thee owt o' th' Union. If you could get a word or two spoke to Mester Hoviland, now. He's jest lost his lodge-keeper an' he is na close about payin' a mon fur what he does. How would tha loike to keep the lodge."

"It ud be aw I'd ax," said Sammy. "I'd be main well satisfied, yo' mebbe sure; but yo' know theer's so many lookin' out fur a job o' that koind, an' I ha' na mony friends among th' quality. I nivver wur smooth-tongued enow."

True enough that. Among the country gentry, Sammy Craddock was regarded as a disrespectful, if not a dangerous, old fellow. A man who made satirical observations upon the ways and manners of his social superiors, could not be much better than a heretic. And since his associates made a demi-god of him, he was all the more dangerous. He revered neither Lords nor Commons, and was not to be awed by the most imposing institutions. He did not take his hat off when the gentry rode by, and it was well known that he had jeered at several of the most important individuals in county office. Consequently, discreet per-

sons who did not believe in the morals of "the masses" shook their heads at him, figuratively speaking, and predicted that the end of his career would be unfortunate. So it was not very likely that he would receive much patronage in the hour of his downfall. Most people would privately be of the opinion that his misfortune was a providential dispensation, and served him right.

Sammy Craddock was in an uncomfortable frame of mind when he left his companions and turned homeward. It was a bad look-out for himself, and a bad one for "th' owd lass." His sympathy for the good woman was not of a sentimental order, but it was sympathy nevertheless. He had been a good husband, if not an effusive one. "Th' owd lass" had known her only rival in The Crown and his boon companions; and upon the whole, neither had interfered with her comfort, though it was her habit and her pleasure to be loud in her condemnation and disparagement of both. She would not have felt her connubial life complete without a grievance, and Sammy's tendency to talk politics over his pipe and beer was her standard resource.

When he went out, he had left her lying down in the depths of despair, but when he entered the house, he found her up and dressed, seated by the window in the sun, a bunch of bright flowers before her.

"Well now!" he exclaimed. "Tha niver says! What's takken thee? I thowt tha wur bedrid fur th' rest o' thy days."

"Howd thy tongue," she answered with a proper touch of wifely irritation at his levity. "I've had a bit o' company an' it's chirked me up summat. That little lass o' th' owd parson has been settin wi' me."

"That's it, is it?"

"Aye, an' I tell yo' Sammy, she's a noice little wench. Why, she's getten th' ways o' a woman, stead o' a lass,—she's that theer quoite an' steady, an' she's getten a face as pratty as her ways, too."

Sammy scratched his head and reflected.

"I mak' no doubt on it," he answered. "I mak' no doubt on it. It wur her, tha knows, as settlet th' foight betwixt th' lads an' th' dog. I'm wonderin' why she has na been here afore."

"Well now!" taking up a stitch in her knitting, "that's th' queer part o' it. Whatten yo' think th' little thing said, when I axt her why? She says, 'It did na seem loike I was needed exactly, an' I did na know as yo'd care to ha' a stranger coom wi'out bein' axt. Just as if she had been nowt but a neebor's lass, an' would na tak' th' liberty."

"That's noan th' owd parson's way," said Sammy.

"Th' owd parson!" testily; "I ha' no patience wi' him. Th' little lass is as different fro' him as chalk is fro' cheese."

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Word for the Departed.

REV. GEORGE B. BACON, D.D., of Orange Valley, N. J., died, after a lingering illness, on the 15th of September, at the early age of forty years. In the firm and triumphant faith of Jesus Christ, this death was but a translation; and on his behalf there are no tears to be shed. When the world shifts the robe of winter and puts on the garniture of spring, it loses its firesides, but it gains a sun. When a good man leaves the thralldom of his feeble flesh and puts on immortality, he has nothing to lament, but infinite gain to rejoice in. So, tears are only for those who are left in loneliness, and who are obliged to complete their journey without the accustomed teacher, the familiar inspiring example, and the brotherly heart and hand.

Dr. Bacon, from the beginning of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY until within a few months of his death, was accounted one of its most valued contributors; and it is proper that we pay to him, here, the tribute due to his worth as a literary man. He was the model literary clergyman. He had no taste for literature that diverted him from his pulpit duties, or weaned him from a love of his pastoral work; but he found his recreative pleasures in literary study and literary production. Into all his writing he carried a wise head, a catholic heart, a candid judgment and a facile pen. The department of "Culture and Progress" in this magazine has been greatly enriched by his just and genial comments and criticisms, especially with relation to religious books. His contributions to the body of the magazine were always marked by broad views, intense dislike of sham and cant, by high moral purpose, and by a style as simple and direct as it was elegant and attractive. In all this we shall not soon meet with his equal or his like; but we shall miss from these rooms, more than we shall miss his always welcome work, his genial, gentlemanly, Christian

presence. He was a man whose whole personality was profoundly to be respected, greatly to be admired, and warmly to be loved. We bless his memory, and his memory blesses all who knew him.

Mr. Huxley's Visit.

We are not among those who deprecated Mr. Huxley's late visit to America, and certainly not among those who regret that he came. There was an indefinable dread of the man among many religious circles, as if he were not only an enemy, but a very powerful enemy, who was pretty sure to do mischief. The result, we are sure, not only disappointed them, but failed to give the expected support to those who have been inclined to favor the Darwinian hypothesis. The first lecture introduced a trick quite unworthy a fearless man of science, viz., that of making Milton bear the onus of the Mosaic account of the Creation. To whip the Bible around the shoulders of the great poet, and assume to fight a man, when, in truth, he intended to fight what all believers agree in regarding as a sacred book, and most of them as an inspired and authoritative book, was not a pretty or a manly thing to do. It was a cunning performance, we admit, but it was the performance of a pettifogger, and detracted very materially from the popular respect which had been accorded to the man and his utterances.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Darwin's principal apostle would present his facts and his arguments in the most convincing way possible to him. He took three evenings for the task, and had the field all to himself; but we do not hesitate to say that he failed in the "demonstrative evidence" offered in his closing lecture to fulfill the promises made in the first two. Had he demonstrated the soundness of his theory, people would have believed in it. That the most of them did not, ought to be regarded by Mr. Huxley as evidence—worthy, at least, of his consideration—that his "demonstrative evidence" demonstrated nothing. For, let it be remembered, the religious mind of the country is not as much afraid of the theory of evolution as it was, and is not proof against conviction, as it might once have been. It has apprehended and accepted the fact that it takes as great a power to originate an order of beings through evolution as by a direct act of creation, and that to bind up all the possibilities and potencies of life in protoplasmic masses, or ascidian cells, is as marked an exhibition of Almightiness and infinite ingenuity as it would be to speak into existence the perfected creatures which we know, and which we are.

We do not hesitate to say that the audiences which assembled to listen to Mr. Huxley were tractable audiences. They were not only tractable, but they were capable. They were fully adequate to the understanding of his theory, and the weighing of his evidences and arguments; and we have yet to learn that he largely, or even appreciably, increased the number of his disciples. Men went away feeling that, after all, the theory of evolution was nothing but a theory,—that it is still so much an hypothesis that it can lay no valid claim to a place in science. Certainly, Mr. Huxley shook no soundly reasoning man's belief in God as the author of all life. "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth." When that beginning was,—how many ages that beginning covered,—nobody pretends at this day to know. Everybody knows, however, that a stream can rise no higher than its fountain. If the conduits and receptacles into which that stream has been poured are capable of retaining it, and incapable of conducting it further, it may not rise so high. It seems to us repugnant to human reason that a low form of life, uninformed by a higher life, has the power to evolve a form of life higher than itself. There is not an analogy of nature which does not militate against such a conclusion. There are none of the lessons of science which do not lead directly away from it. God may work toward creative ends through processes of evolution, or he may not. A horse may have been derived from a three-toed animal, one of whose toe-nails spread into a hoof, with its wonderful tarsus and metatarsus, or he may not. A man may have descended, or ascended, from a monkey, or he may have been created by a divine fiat. It matters very little, so long as God is recognized as the author of life, and the designer of its multitudinous forms.

And here is where all the trouble and fear originate. The Christian theist shrinks from losing his God. He finds that as philosophers go mousing among second causes, they lose the disposition to look up. When Mr. Tyndall asserts that he finds in matter the promise and the potency of all forms and qualities of life, the Christian sees that God is left out of the question altogether,—that the creation is left without a creator, that life is left without an author, that his hope is vain, and that his faith is also vain. He is accounted but an animal of the highest class, that propagates other animals, and he and they are to die, and come to an end. He can contemplate such a conclusion only with horror. His life loses all its meaning in the presence of it. If this is all; if we are only animals; if we have no responsibility; if our destiny does not take hold of eternity, he will say, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

It seems to us to be about time for Christian men and women, and especially for Christian teachers, to stop shaking in the presence of science and scientific men, in the fear that God is to be counted out of the universe, for such a conclusion is simply impossible. The religious element in man, in all ages and among all peoples, is, perhaps, the highest proof we have that a Being exists who is to be worshiped, loved, adored, obeyed. Beyond this lies the impossibility of conceiving the "beginning" of anything without a supreme first cause. To suppose that a nebulous mass appeared in one of the interstellar spaces, of itself; that, after a time, motion began in it, of itself, and went on until the whole mass revolved and commenced condensation; that one after another it threw off rings which cracked and curled up into burning worlds, always condensing and cooling, and revolving around the great mass in the center; that in one of these worlds, incandescent at first,

there went on for ages and eons the processes that were to fit it for the residence of life, and that then life appeared upon it, of itself, in such myriad forms and adaptations that the most industrious and ingenious human inquirer is left utterly at a loss to comprehend so much as the humblest plant at his feet, or the tiniest insect, to say nothing of his own body and his own mind,—we say that to suppose that all this took place without an infinite exercise of power and ingenuity,—without intelligent adaptation of means to ends,—is to suppose an absurdity which no healthy reason, healthily working, can possibly accept.

It is not only time for Christian men to stop shaking before science and scientific men, but it is time to receive them as discoverers of God's works and ways of working. We have learned a great deal from them, and we are to learn a great deal more. We are not concerned in their conclusions. We may pity them for their blindness and egotism, but we must respect them for their earnest work and their honesty. It will all come out right in the end. Their work is only begun, and, in the meantime, God will not be left without witnesses. Side by side with the advancement of science, the reign of religion advances in the world. Many of our old beliefs will be cast aside; many of our old dogmas will be shown to be baseless; but the belief in God and the confidence of his paternal interest in man will not only never die out, but they will increase with every onward step that science achieves.

The Better Times.

We were much impressed by a recent remark, attributed to Governor Morgan, that under certain circumstances, which were mentioned, but which it is not necessary to recall, he did not see why the American people could not enjoy a period of prosperity lasting ten or twelve years. That which impressed us was the recognition, by an experienced business head, of the periodicity of prosperity in this country. We go headlong into business from a period of depression, run a certain round, and then down we go again, to rise and fall indefinitely in the same way. That has been the history of American business as far back as we can remember. The question never seems to rise whether this periodicity is necessary, or can be avoided; but every time we work up to a crash,—to a great and wide-spread financial disaster,—from which we slowly recover, again to repeat the old mistakes, and receive the accustomed punishment.

Is this lamentable periodicity necessary? We cannot believe that it is. When we suffer as a community, it is because, as a community, we have done wrong. When legitimate business is properly done, and not improperly overdone; when credits are not illegitimately extended, and speculation is not indulged in; when public and corporate trusts are managed without corruption; when true economy is practiced in public and private life, a great financial calamity, or crash, is simply impossible. What Governor Morgan, or any other wise and observing man, foresees as one of the consequences of the revival of business, is a development of the spirit of speculation, a growth of fictitious values, an over-production of manufactures, a multiplication of middle-men, a wide extension of credit, a feverish thirst for large profits, a stimulation of extravagant habits, an increasing love of luxury. There is but one natural and inevitable end to all these, and that is disaster. It comes just as naturally as death follows a competent poison. There is no mystery about it whatever; and the strange thing is, that a nation of men are so much like a nation of children that it will not learn.

The better times for which we have waited so long that we had almost become hopeless, seem to have dawned at last. Business is reviving. The spindles begin to whirl again; the merchant has his customers; once more that which is produced finds a ready market; and once more there is labor for the workman, and bread and clothing and shelter for the labor. After the terrible lesson we have received, it is a good time to talk about the future. Are we to go on again in the old way, and fill up, within a limited period of years, the old measure of foolishness, and tumble again into the old consequences?

It is not necessary that we should do so. We have, from sheer necessity, begun to be economical. Let us continue so. Let us build smaller houses; let us furnish them more modestly; let us live less luxuriously; let us tune all our personal and social life to a lower key. We have bravely begun reform in public and corporate affairs. Let us continue this, and vigilantly see to it that our trusts are placed in competent and honest hands. We are committed to a reform in the civil service,—a reform which will extinguish the trade of politics that has done so much to debauch and impoverish the country. Let us see to it that this reform is thoroughly effected. Our cobble-houses have tumbled about our ears; let us not rebuild them. Our speculations lie in ruin, with the lives and fortunes they have absorbed. Our fictitious values have been extinguished; let us not try to relight the glamour that made them. Our long credits and our depreciated currency have wrought incalculable evils; let us not continue them. Let us cease to deal in paper lies, and pay in gold our honest debts. Above all, let us be content with modest gains, cease trying to win wealth in a day, and get something out of life besides everlasting work and worry. Fully one-half of our wants are artificial, and these terrible struggles for money are mainly for the supply of wants that we have created.

A great many people, as the better times come on, will pull from their hiding-places the worthless securities, or insecurities, which they were once tempted to buy, and which now are not worth the paper they were printed on. They will lament that they had not invested their money in what they knew to be safe, rather than in that which seemed to be safe, but which promised a large return. The worthless railroad bonds and manufacturing stocks that now lumber the coffers of the rich and poor alike will serve as mementos of the popular folly, and as grave and impressive lessons for the future.

Those who invested for income are without their income, and regret, when it is too late, that they were tempted by a large promised percentage to forsake the path of safety. The Government bond went abroad for a buyer, and is good to-day. The railroad bond was bought at home, and is good for nothing.

And now, when money is beginning to be made again, is the time for a resolve to be also made that something shall always be sacrificed to security,—that for safety's sake, the large return shall be renounced, and the modest return accepted. The time for building railroads on bonds, for the benefit of rings and directors and contractors, we trust has passed away. The time for multiplying machinery beyond the wants of the country has also passed, else our people are quite foolish enough to deserve all the disaster that will follow a recurrence to the old policy. Let every man try to do a safe, legitimate business, live within his income, and invest his profits in genuine securities, and there is no reason why our prosperity may not be permanent.

The Interest of Fiction.

FOR the last few months, the whole English-speaking world has been reading "Daniel Deronda." Two months ago, it was made the topic of a discourse in one of the Brooklyn pulpits. It has been perused by divines, lawyers, merchants, women and girls. Wherever it has been read, it has excited an interest equaled by few histories that have ever appeared. This is an age of science—of "popular science,"—the age of revelations in knowledge and revolutions in thought—but no other form of expression to which the age has given birth has so enchained the attention of so large and intelligent an audience as this has done. It was anticipated with lively pleasure; it has been read with profound attention; it has been discussed as earnestly as if every statement and incident and revealed relation were as real as our every-day life, and as if the outcome were as genuine a fact as history records, or science determines.

What is the reason of all this? The most obvious answer—that which lies nearest the surface—is that there is nothing so interesting to men and women as men and women. The never-dying interest that interplays between the sexes, the display of new combinations of traits in the formation of character, the revelation of new phases of old forms of character, the depiction of national peculiarities and types, the unraveling of what seem to be threads of destiny running between and uniting various lives, the dramatic developments when these lives come into close relations,—coalescing or colliding,—the grand progressions, the happenings, the incidents, the accidents, the happinesses, the miseries, the triumphs, the defeats, the wide sweep onward to a consummation—all these enlist a deep sympathy; and if the art of the writer be good, they are history, having all the charm of the most charming history. We know a little of what life is to ourselves: it is natural for us to wish to know what it is to others. We like to get inside of other life—to watch its motives, its internal and external controlling forces, its actions and reactions, its purposes and plans, its powers and passions, and to witness the final outcome. In truth, the study of others, thrown into varied relations, is a study of ourselves and our friends; and ourselves and our friends interest us more than science, or politics, or metaphysics.

There is a universal recognition, too, that the love of the sexes for each other is the master passion of humanity. It is lively in the young, and its memories, at least, linger among the old, as the sweetest they possess. The roses and violets may not be fresh with the latter, but their odor still lingers about the vases in which they were laid away to wither and to fade. So love is always interesting to all, and the novel that does not contain it, in some form, always disappoints. Love, indeed, may be called the staple passion of the novel. Without it, novels would hardly be written; and it is found only in the novel and the poem. It is either above or below the dignity of history; science never undertakes its analysis, and philosophy severely lets it alone, or only treats it in the dry, objective way that it would discuss anger or pride. So the novel is specially interesting in its treatment of the love of the sexes, and so it appeals to the dominant passion of the race.

Characterization has become a prominent trait of the modern novel. The old novels dwelt mainly among the events and incidents of life; but the men and women were much alike. In the modern novel, we have closely-defined characters, so that the men and women we find in it impress themselves upon us by force of individuality. We love them, admire them, despise them, as if they were real. They come to us as interesting, individualized studies—as new acquaintances, consistent evermore with themselves, and building up for themselves separate memories in our minds. These fresh individualities are even more interesting to us than if we had met them in actual life; for the novelist helps us to study and weigh them justly. This matter of characterization has done, perhaps, more than love to make the modern novel a universal companion. The study of types, and especially types of character, is a philosophical study, and many a great mind that does not care for love, or for the dramatic element in life and literature, studies a character with supreme interest.

Again, all men are interested in a strife of good and evil forces; and these enter into every acceptable novel. A novel that is wholly bad is disgusting; and a novel that is wholly good is hardly less so. There is very little in any novel so intensely interesting as the strife between its good and evil elements; and the novelist who does not sympathize with the good element, and make it triumphant in the grand outcome of his story, can only hold his audience by marvelous exhibitions of power in description and characterization. Whatever dogmas we may hold concerning the total depravity of human nature, it is not to be denied that men and women universally sympathize with the innocent

and the good, in their strife with the intriguing and plotting of the bad, and that they rejoice only in the triumph of the former. This strife between good and evil, between justice and injustice, between frank innocence and jealous malice, is a strife with which all are familiar—a strife that enters into every life and every society; and that is where the novel touches the moral element in men and women. So there are multitudes caring little for love, perhaps, and less for typical character, who find their interest in a novel mainly in its exhibition of antagonistic moral forces, that find a resolution in a triumph of the right.

All this means something more than instruction: it means amusement. Anything that pleasantly interests and absorbs the mind is recreation, when it comes outside of the demands of work. There is a small number, enlarging, perhaps, from year to year, who read novels from an artist's stand-point,—who are critics, who find their satisfaction in the artistic development of character and plot, who delight in style, and weigh a dramatic climax in scales, who study a novel as a novel; but the multitude read a novel simply for the pleasant occupation of their minds. Life is humdrum, or fatiguing, and they come to the novel only for forgetfulness, or the pleasant excitement that a contemplation of new scenes and new characters affords. To such as these, a good novel is a benediction, for it relieves them of their burdens, clothes the commonplace with romance, and gives new meaning to human action and human life.

To suppose that fiction could permanently appeal to so many classes of mind if it were only fiction, is to suppose an absurdity. Fiction is most powerful when it contains most truth; and there is but little truth that we get so true as that which we find in fiction. So long as history is written by partisans, and science by theorists, and philosophy by hobby-riders, the faithful studies of human life, as we find them in the best novels, are the truest things we have; and they cannot fail to continue to be the source of our favorite knowledge, our best amusements, and our finest inspirations.

THE OLD CABINET.

MYSTIC.

You call me mystic? Nay,
My rule hath sterner power.
I am king of the sordid clay,
I am queen of the garish hour:
The seed's first thought of the flower,
And the gray dawn's thought of the day.

The Philistine is revealed both by his nouns and his adjectives. It is he who calls the

Original,	Quaint;
Honesty,	Affectation;
Imagination,	Fancy, Conceit.

When you hear a critic describe a contemporary work of imagination—a modern poem, or a picture in the last Academy—which shows insight, philosophy, a deep sense of art—when you hear him describe such a work as something principally attractive by its "quaintness," you may be sure of your man. If you doubt your own judgment, and want to bring the matter to a higher test, try the Philistine with Shakspere's sonnets, or Albert Dürer's "Little Passion."

We were formerly much surprised to see persons who thought very highly of themselves, and of all that pertained to themselves, unusually severe in their criticisms of members of their own immediate families. It seemed to us inconsistent. How, we asked, can these exceedingly peccable persons be so vastly superior in morals, breeding, and what not, to the fathers, mothers, husbands, and wives of other people? But we have since discovered that there is no inconsistency in the matter whatever. We merely had failed to appreciate fully the intensity of the egoism of these central personages. It was relatively to themselves that their fathers, mothers, husbands, and wives were ill-bred or immoral; relatively to the rest of mankind, they were, of course, the very flowers of courtesy and pinks of perfection.

When one gets his mind fixed upon Reform, it is wonderful to find how wide is the field for it. The Civil Service Reform is a mere bagatelle. It may take a good while to accomplish that, but it can and will be accomplished. The evil has a hundred heads; but the necks are, or will all be, exposed and laid bare to the executioner's sword. That is a public and palpable matter. But in every direction we find need for reforms in social and business life, where the evils are of a more subtle and deeply rooted character. Take one example: How many centuries do you suppose it will require to eradicate the custom of "tipping" waiters? This is a most unmanly proceeding. It fills the sensitive bestower with shame and humiliation, and it is certainly degrading to the beneficiary. We do not speak of its inconvenience in the matter of cost, or of its effect upon the manners of those who serve. We refer only to the spiritual influences of such a practice, of its tendency to establish false relations between human beings, and to lower the moral tone. It is not necessary to present an array of examples such as this; for, to each person, different ones will occur. Every trade has its trick. The need for

reform is everywhere, and when all is reformed, who shall reform the reformers?

HAS any of the thousand critics of "Daniel Deronda" done justice to the story as a vindication of Bohemianism? In this regard, the book is supreme. The "best society" has been laughed at, sneered at, patronized, made ridiculous often enough before; but has it ever been put so completely at a disadvantage, intellectually and spiritually, as in "Daniel Deronda?" Nor can it be said that any injustice is done. The Philistine is not refused the meed of good manners. For Grandcourt, even, we are permitted a certain admiration. The "best society" has done its best for him; he has "elegance," and he has the interest and attraction of being perfect of his kind. But for all this, his overthrow, and that of his class, is the more conspicuous; it is he—the motives, the ideas, the life which he represents—that is made contemptible.

WE suppose, however, that the "best society" will be found as long-lived as Mr. Warner describes the effete Ottoman civilization to be. The principle of caste has its roots deep in the human heart. Even Bohemia has its "best society." One of the most consistent Bohemians that we know confessed to us, not long ago, that in dreamland he is always an aristocrat. His most frequent hallucination in sleep is that of intimacy with the Court of St. James. Queen Victoria is always insisting that he should spend the afternoon and go out driving with her.

THE extraordinary wisdom shown by such writers as George Eliot and Hawthorne sets us to wondering whether their wisdom would be proportionately increased if their lives should be prolonged, say three times the usual term. We doubt that it would. Of course wisdom is derived largely through experience, but the insight that gives wisdom does not require any excessive opportunity for observation. The ordinary term of life is enough. For not only observation is necessary, but sympathy,—and the kind of sympathy we give to, and receive from, persons who are in the same time and mood of life with ourselves. Hawthorne's earliest writings have much of the same truthful and typical quality that his later ones possess. Old people do not seem to have any proportionate increase of wisdom. Their knowledge of instances and examples; their opportunity of watching the curious processes of heredity, instead of making them wiseheads, often makes them nothing better than dogmatists and gossips.

We should think that natural historians might find entertainment and instruction in studying the intellectual effect of long life upon animals. It might be possible to do this with regard, at least, to domestic animals; of the length of life of other animals, astonishingly little is known. The actual length of life would not seem to have much to do with the question; the apparently stupid tortoise, for instance, long outlives the intelligent dog and horse. The age relative to the age of others of the same species, and with relation to succeeding generations of the species,—this would be the point to determine. In White's "Selborne," it is said that the natural term of a hog's life is little known, because it is neither profitable nor convenient to keep that turbulent animal to the full extent of its time. White's neighbor, "a man of substance, who had no occasion to study every little advantage to a nicety," kept a sow, as thick as she was long, till she was advanced to her seventeenth year, when she showed signs of age, and was turned into "fat, good bacon, juicy and tender." She was moderately computed to be "the fruitful parent of three hundred pigs." Now, White remarks that "from long experience in the world, this female was grown very sagacious and artful." Here, then, is a case in point, although we should like to have been informed whether this creature were not from the first exceptionally intelligent. Will not some one conversant with the subject give us the vital statistics of learned pigs?

AMONG the contributions of the late George B. Bacon to "Hours at Home," was a paper on "The Coming Chinaman; and what shall we do with him?" Dr. Bacon had studied the Chinaman at home as well as in the colonies, and his view of Chinese immigration was more hopeful than that which has lately been presented by several writers in this magazine. In the above-named article, published in the number of "Hours at Home" for January, 1870, he called attention to the fact that just as we were discovering our peril from a bad civil service—a peril which he declared more deadly than the risk from civil war,—"more deadly because more spiritual than that, and likely to destroy not the body of the State alone, but its very soul as well,"—just as we were discovering this danger, there was coming to our shores "a people who discovered this great peril, in their own political history, some centuries ago, before we even had a name or an existence." "And when," he adds, "it appears that they not merely made this great discovery, but found a way to remedy the evil, we begin to see what possible significance of good there is in the new immigration." Furthermore: "He is not a man who comes to us degraded by centuries of bad government; but rather ennobled by the consciousness of a national history of which he may well be proud. Somehow he has learned the secret, if not of national progress, at least of national stability. Compared with the venerable stability of his nation, the European nations are like reeds shaken by the wind. And its citizens have been trained to a sense of responsibility, not merely *to* their government, but *for* it. By all the force of their history, by all the might of their tradition, by all the power of their associations, and by all the sanctions of their religion, they have been made to feel the value of a strong and orderly, and, on the whole, a good government. * * * Their appreciation of popular education, and their perception of its relation to government, are scarcely less distinct or less thorough than our own."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to a Young Mother: II.

THE BABY'S FOOD.

MY DEAR ——: I am very glad if my "advice," as you call it, was of any value to you; and now you ask for more,—this time on the subject of feeding the baby. In answer to your questions, I shall simply tell you how I have managed mine. My ideas may not suit either your notions or the baby's. In that case, try something different. If you only take *common sense* for your guide, you won't go far astray. Oh! if I only could, wouldn't I found a Professorship of Common Sense in some of these new female colleges, for the sake of the poor little babies to come, whose mothers will be educated in everything else except a common sense-i-ble way of doing everyday things. But that's a digression,—now to business.

When my babies were four or five months old, I found it was necessary to feed them a little. At first, it was only sweetened milk and water once or twice a day. Gradually I increased the number of times, and also added other things, like thoroughly boiled oatmeal and hominy, Graham crackers and milk, etc., till, by the time they were a year old, they were weaned without knowing it, and also had quite a "bill of fare." I fed them with a spoon, too, from the beginning; and, though it was a little more trouble at first, it saved me the necessity of weaning them from the bottle. I also taught them to drink from a small cup before they were six months old. They spluttered and spilled it at first; but it was so convenient a way of feeding them in the night, that it paid for the extra trouble, and they soon learned to take it nicely. And that reminds me how grateful they are for a drink of fresh water occasionally. I have seen a fretful baby quieted by that when everything else failed Ice rubbed on swollen gums, and then allowed to melt in the mouth, will afford great relief to a teething baby. In your choice of food, be governed by the state of the system; some children need aperient, others astringent, food, and different articles at different times. By watching matters yourself, you can regulate them perfectly in this way without medicine, which should always be a *dernier resort*.

Another important matter is to be regular in your times of feeding them. A ten months' old baby should have its five or six meals a day as regularly as you your three. Their stomachs need intervals of rest as much as "grown-up" ones, and will become accustomed to it very readily. My little Katie, just one year old, has her first breakfast soon after waking, —say before seven o'clock; her second meal before her morning nap,—about ten; her dinner,—which I make the heartiest meal, and at which I try any new article of food, since she can digest it better then than earlier or later,—between twelve and one; her supper at four, or thereabout, and her "night-cap" about six,—just before she is undressed and put into her crib. If she wakes late in the evening, I give her a drink of milk; but she doesn't always want it, and when she is a little older, I can accustom her to do without it.

The pernicious habit some children have of eating at odd hours is enough to destroy the best natural digestion. Their appetites have no *zest* to them, and they eat so little at the regular meal, that they soon begin to crave something more, and, taking a little then, destroy the real healthy *hunger*, but do not satisfy the stomach's needs; and so they go,—never really hungry, never fully satisfied. A healthy, well-trained child will seldom ask for anything between meals. Sometimes, between an early or a light breakfast and a one o'clock dinner, it may be advisable to give him a simple lunch of bread and butter, a few Graham crackers, or plain cookies, or a little fruit; but let it be early enough not to interfere with dinner—say before eleven o'clock; in fact, let it be a supplementary meal of itself. Of course this applies to older children only; but your boy'll be *older* before you know it.

I take it for granted that you will not feel satisfied if your child is merely free from actual disease; you want him to be positively healthy, ruddy-cheeked, strong-limbed, active enough to enjoy a winter walk without taking cold, vigorous enough to bear a summer's heat without "running down," full of overflowing life and animal spirits. Then you will need to ask yourself regarding his food, and to ascertain, not only what won't hurt him, but what will give him the best material for building up bones and muscles, nerve and brain tissues; in short, what sort of timber you will furnish him to build his house with. I often recall what an old doctor said to me concerning children's taking cold: "They don't have croup or lung fever from every unnecessary exposure; but a certain part of their vitality, which ought to go toward their *growth*, is expended in *resisting* the evil influence." So with food.

There are plenty of things which grown people eat without much thought (and I don't know that it does them much harm,

> "For they are old and tough,
> And can eat them well enough"),

articles which are neither nutritious nor easily digested, but which it is sheer *robbery* to feed to children; for instance, pies, rich cake, sausages, indeed pork in any form, fried things generally, all kinds of hot breads and biscuits, doughnuts, griddle-cakes, etc. These should all be tabooed in the nursery.

And people give them to their children, in this land of plenty, where there is such a variety of prepared cereal food, oatmeal, cracked wheat, hominy, Graham flour, rice, corn starch, etc., and where, the whole year round, fresh, luscious fruit of some kind is always plenty and cheap. Compare a dessert of apples or oranges to one of mince pie, or a breakfast

of beefsteak and oatmeal to one of sausages and griddle-cakes!

Yet, I have heard mothers say who had brought their children up on a course of griddle-cakes, doughnuts, and soda biscuits: "Oh! I let my children eat anything; there is no use in being fussy, and they're as well as most people,"—in the face of the fact that not one of them enjoys really robust health, that unusual fatigue overcomes them completely, and headaches and bilious attacks abound. Some people seem to think that as long as their children are not writhing in the actual agonies of the stomach-ache, nothing has hurt them.

"But you don't object to griddle-cakes," I hear you say. "Why, we had them almost the year round for breakfast at father's, and we children didn't eat anything else."

There is just the mischief of it. Two or three light, carefully fried griddle-cakes to "finish off" a substantial breakfast of meat or fish might have a negative virtue, though I doubt if they could have a positive one; but for a growing child to take, on a fasting stomach, to begin the day's work with, plateful after plateful of the leathery, grease-soaked compounds that go by the name of griddle-cakes, with sirup or molasses to complete the mischief,—it seems as if a little reflection would teach the most ignorant mother better. For those who give them to their children for supper, I haven't a word to say. They are joined to their idols.

After all, the question isn't, What is the minimum of care and thought required to bring children up to the point where they can take care of themselves? but, What is the maximum development of all their physical and mental powers? Has the average man or woman so much physical health and mental culture that we can afford to cast aside as unnecessary any helps to a higher standard of physical development?

It is a very solemn thought that the usefulness and happiness of their mature years will be largely augmented or diminished by their health of body,—and for that we mothers are *directly responsible*. I know there are hereditary taints and predispositions to disease, and that no human foresight can altogether prevent accidents and contagious diseases; yet, for a child's normal physical condition, his mother is really responsible. At all events, he should have no worse constitution than he was born with, and, if possible, a better one.

Did you ever think of all it meant to you as a mother in those passages where Paul speaks of our bodies as being made *fit temples* for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?

But I have said enough to set you thinking, and I remember that "the best living is to make our lives the fruit of our best thinking."

With love to you and yours,
Affectionately your friend,
MARY BLAKE.

Paris Fashions.

As we study the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire,—especially the luxuriant curls which fill so large a portion of the portrait,—we see how well adapted is that hat to the *tout ensemble* of the person. As it stands, picture, head, and hat are perfect in harmony of style, type, and form! But on a head whose hair is plainly braided, drawn tightly back over the forehead and ears, and twisted into a cable or knot at the back, it belittles the personality of the wearer. In a word, the Devonshire hat requires a head-dress of curls like that of the Duchess, or it becomes ridiculous. Wear a wig of curls (short and long), and the Devonshire hat is perfection. With plain hair, or hair in nets, as so many ladies are now adopting, there is no hat so suitable as the "Toque," which is of black velvet, covered with feathers, bird's wings, or fur, according to the season of the year and the style of dress to be worn with it. This winter's hats are divided between the "Devonshire" and the "Toque." There are certainly other hats, but these are chiefly for the very young, or for the very aged. The very young wear a kind of pointed Tyrol hat called "Pifferaro," while aged ladies wear anything that the young will let them wear. Their position is not of the brightest. "What bonnet can I have this winter?" asks the mamma of a blooming beauty of twenty. Mamma is still young-looking, and the daughter is a trifle envious of that fact. All the bonnets of the season are passed in review. The "Rabagas" is really *too* old! the "Devonshire" is out of the question; the "Toque" is too young; the "Pifferaro" is too stagy; the "Baby" is ridiculous. The only style that remains is the "Leopold-Robert,"—that is the crownless diadem of foliage and fruit which lays bare the entire back of the head,—which compels the wearer to continue the burden of a heavy chignon of plaits in order to fill up the vacant space. This is scarcely kind. To alleviate the weight of these obnoxious chignons, large veils and lace scarfs have been substituted, which, after being crossed at the back of the neck, are brought forward and tied under the chin in lieu of strings. Félix (a man-milliner) is the only *modiste* in Paris who makes bonnets for elderly ladies. In fact he can make no other kind of bonnet. * * * In dress, it is the Amazon or riding-habit shape which is the most adopted this winter. It is somewhat like the Princess robe in style, only it is trimmed up the front, from hem to neck, with wide Brandenbourgs of *passementerie*, which give it quite a martial look. In a little breast pocket, also, is placed a tiny bunch of natural flowers,—an ornament which is deemed indispensable to this style of dress. With this dress, also, is worn, for out-of-doors, a half long and half tightly fitting paletot of the same material, and trimmed with Brandenbourgs like the dress itself. These demi-long paletots, which might be called half-pelisses, are the only novelties which we have for autumn wear. In colder weather, we shall come back to the long pelisses of last year,—which, also, like last year, will be lined and edged with fur; and the hat to be worn with them will be of the same fur as that on the pelisse. Dark furs will have the preference over those of lighter hue. Short jackets and rotundas are quite laid aside. Nothing but long pelisses

and demi-pelisses are worn. They are made of silk, lined with fur, or of cloth. The cloth pelisses, like those of silk, may be edged with fur. Some, however, remain untrimmed, having their pockets, collar, and sleeve-cuffs of velvet to match the color of the pelisse itself. Tunics, or polonaises, when worn, are made to resemble pelisses as much as possible, and are trimmed in the same manner. Other trimmings are silk and worsted military braids of every width, gold, silver, and steel braids, embossed velvet bands, Oriental hieroglyphics, and cut-out braids, imitating embroidery patterns,—all of which are laid flat on tunics and pelisses. Fringes, especially ball fringes, are likewise much worn by slender ladies. And, lastly, frillings and flutings of the same material as the dress are still worn by ladies acknowledged for their elegance and taste in dress. Skirts, when intended to be worn under a polonaise, are trimmed with three plaitings, or flounces, in the olden style. Under a straight-falling pelisse, the skirt is better without any trimming. With the exception of the Amazon dress, which is fastened like a redingote all up the front, the bodies of dresses are fastened at the back, this being considered more becoming to the figure. * * * High collars and ruches are still worn round the neck, and under these, similar ones of white linen, cambric, or lace. * * * The colors for the winter are dark blue, dark green, plum, and bronze. * * * In materials, we have cloth, serge, cashmere, and triste poplin for our younger ladies; and every kind of embossed silk, satin, and velvet for our elderly ladies. As a rule, young ladies wear plain materials, while older ladies wear brocaded, embossed, braided, and embroidered materials. * * * Under-clothing is universally made of soft foulard for winter wear. The doctors say that this is more sanitary than linen, cotton, or even flannel, and the ladies are nothing loth to add this extra expense to their toilet budget. * * * The hair is worn in long nets both by day and night, and at the top of these nets is a large Alsatian bow to match the color of the toilet or its trimmings. * * * *Valenciennes* lace is the only lace recognized for under-dress. *Yak* (or *torchon*), however, may trim cashmere dressing-gowns. *Écru* is going out of fashion. It was beginning to become too common, and anything is better in dress than being common. CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

Rural Topics.

GARDEN SOIL.—To produce fine plants, smooth, well-shaped roots, and full-sized vegetables or fruits it is necessary to start with a soil that is fine in texture, deep, and of a friable character. Those who are familiar with profitable "trucking" know full well that land of ordinary quality, such as would yield fair average farm crops of grain, grass or potatoes, requires at least three years of preparatory treatment, even with the heaviest manuring, before it can be made to produce full crops of vegetables. The rough farm land has to go through this refining process, or "breaking in," as it is termed, before anything bordering on its full capacity can be reached,—no matter how thorough the system of culture put in practice. The same, or a similar plan, must be followed, in taking in any new piece of ground for garden purposes, before it can be made to yield full returns or give reliable results. Where the soil is of a heavy, tenacious character, such as will hold water on the surface late in the spring, the remedy is under-draining. In December, when most of the work for saving vegetables and fruits is over, there is usually time enough, and the conditions are favorable for such work, and if properly done, it will be effective for a life-time. The expense should not deter any one from under-draining the garden spot, for the results will soon more than compensate for the first outlay. The cost of the draining material is the only expense that need be incurred. The labor of digging, laying and filling in the drains can easily be done in the leisure month of December, by the man or boy who attends to the garden work. Two-inch sole or round tiles will cost about a cent and a half or two cents a foot. The depth of the drains should not be less than two and a half feet, with a fall of about four inches to the hundred feet.

In order to take advantage of the agency of freezing and thawing, stubborn or new ground ought to be thrown into six-foot ridges, before the frost stops out-of-door work. A heavy dressing of rotted manure spread on the ground before turning it over will be found beneficial. There should be no attempt made to smooth over the surface by raking, for the more uneven and rough the surface is left, the more effectual will be the work of alternate freezing and thawing during the cold months. Garden soil, treated in this way in December, will be dry, loose and mellow in the early days of spring; having conditions favorable to the vegetation of garden seeds at least two weeks in advance of the same character of heavy soil, not freed from stagnant water, and left undisturbed in the fall. This two weeks' start in planting-time will be firmly maintained through the growing season, giving the advantages of early maturity, which every one knows is desirable in raising vegetables for home use as well as for profit. In fruit-growing also it is quite important to have these conditions of a free and open soil, well under-drained. On light, sandy soil with a porous subsoil, the under-draining may be dispensed with; but turning in a coat of manure in the fall will be found a step in the right direction.

ASPARAGUS-BEDS.—The seed stalks and weeds on the asparagus-bed should be cut off early in December, and thrown into heaps, and when dry enough, burned on the ground where they grew. The bed should then be covered over with rotted manure, half an inch or so in thickness, and this covering left on all winter. Before spring opens, a great part of the soluble portions will have found its way down among the roots, and will thus aid in forcing an early and rank growth. In private gardens, this fall manuring should not be overlooked, especially

by those who enjoy large spears of tender asparagus early in the season. There need be no fear of injuring the bed by over-manuring; for this is one of the vegetables that will stand, and improve by, heavy doses. The more liberally the fertilizers are used, the larger and more prolific the spears of asparagus will grow Some growers add a light dressing of salt to the surface of the bed, before putting on the manure in the fall. There is nothing wrong in this plan, and salt is a valuable manure for asparagus; but if put on in the spring instead of the fall, spread over the ground after the digging and raking of the bed, the salt will help keep the weeds down, which will count for something when one has enough else to keep him busy in the garden.

LAWNS.—An attractive lawn can only be produced by timely care and winter protection. Neither is expensive, and the means are within the reach of everyone. In our climate, with its severe winters, the frost enters the ground quite as far as the roots extend downward, and abrasion of these roots from expansion and contraction, by alternate thawing and freezing, must be guarded against on grass-plats, if such precautions are not taken on heavy soil, the grass soon becomes spotty and uneven, and loses its velvety character, so desirable in a plat of grass. Mulching with long manure is the cheapest and most effectual method to prevent injury to the roots from the cause named. The manure may be scattered evenly over the surface of the plat at any time through the month of December. Half rotted horse-manure will be found best adapted for this purpose. The only precaution necessary is not to throw too much in any one spot, but to get it evenly distributed. The danger of using this kind of manure is the chance of getting some foul seeds from the hay or grain on which the animals were fed. This risk is trifling in comparison to the advantages of mulching grass-beds in the way described.

Table-Talk.

THERE are, Heaven be praised! very few professional talkers in America. The popular verdict has pronounced your "fine conversationalist" a bore. The days of the elaborate story-teller are over. People who have elaborate stories or opinions know their market value, and usually put them into print at so much per page. We all declare that we are in too much of a hurry to write long letters or to study our words. We may preach, paint, or reform the world, but our intercourse with our friends must be short, ready, compact, made up of necessary question and answer. There is, in fact, a little danger that we shall ignore the importance of conversation altogether, especially at home. "At a man's own table," we all say, "he surely can be at ease and slip-shod in his talk."

Now, there is absolutely no limit to the slip-shod quality of table-talk in most families. Decent people, of course, are careful about the children's grammar, and guard their morals against injury even at breakfast. But there precaution usually ends. Mother and father conduct the training of the young folks by certain formal means, family worship, Sunday observances, rule upon rule, precept upon precept, and then inculcate, by their manner and words at the table, faults of character, less tangible, but quite as fatal as those against which they have preached.

The first and most common mistake is that the children hear too much of themselves. Especially is this the case in families where the parents are conscientious, and have made their children the first object in life. They have a well-considered theory to meet every point in Joe's and Jenny's career, from teething to matrimony. The young folks learn to consider themselves the sole objects of the labor, thought, and prayer of the little world in which they live. Their faults and virtues are incessantly discussed in their presence. The chance visitor is regaled with an account of Joe's crooked teeth or Jenny's musical ear. No matter how eminent for wit, learning, or piety the guest at the table may be, his conversation is not held to be half so important by father or mother as the silly, pert twaddle of the young folks, and the young folks know it. The result is inevitable. The children, if they do not become selfish, are made, at least, intolerably self-conscious; school and college do not diminish their conceit, and it needs years of hard friction with the world, and a wrench of disappointment at its neglect, as bitter as death, to give the man and woman a proper estimate of themselves, and to make useful and rational people of them.

Another mistake in ordinary family talk is that it centers exclusively on home interests and on people, instead of ideas or things. Month after month, year after year, the same unceasing dribble goes on over Biddy's short-comings, the crop of potatoes, Squire Pott's neuralgia, Sally Hall's flirtation; and this not among vulgar, ignorant people, but men and women of culture and refinement. It would be a good rule to establish at every table that people should seldom be mentioned, and dress never. No education can enlarge the minds of children constantly cramped by such petty bounds. The only remedy for such belittling thoughts is for parents to test their own position in the world, and to find out how insignificant a place they and their village and their State hold in it. They would begin to learn that life was given them for nobler ends than unending chatter over a new gown or the gossip of their set.

Another glaring mistake is, that many Christian people who are zealous for the conversion of the world, and who besiege the Almighty with prayers for their children, sit down at the table daily with gloomy faces and morbid talk, or snap, grumble, and scold servants, children, or each other. Children and servants are sharp-eyed: they put little faith in a religion which is not stronger than dyspepsia or nervous debility. In short, it is by this petty table-talk that all religion, morals, and rules are tested by the young. It is worth while for every parent to consider what kind of teaching is given at every meal.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Social Science at Saratoga.

THE September meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga was the nearest approach to what is called in England a "Social Science Congress" that has ever been seen in the United States. The previous General Meetings at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Detroit, and other cities during the ten or eleven years that they have been held, have generally lacked the homogeneous, coherent character which the experience and practice of twenty years have stamped upon the British conventions for the same purpose. Papers have been read, and debates held, occasionally in the presence of large audiences, in these American Social Science meetings; but there has seldom been brought together such a company of trained and truly scientific investigators as met at Saratoga, ready to discuss upon the instant, and often in a masterly way, the numerous questions coming up for consideration. Then, too, at Saratoga, these professors and experts of social science met each other, not only in the debates, but at the hotel tables, and in their hours of recreation, so that many topics could be leisurely and amicably debated with mutual enlightenment. The result was, that after four days spent in this manner (during which more than forty addresses and papers were presented, and more than a hundred persons took part in the discussions), the members separated with a strong feeling of satisfaction, as if something had really been accomplished of national importance and concern, and, at the same time, with pleasure to those who participated in it. This was particularly true in regard to the professors and lawyers who carried on for three days the most searching and intelligent debates on legal education and admission to the bar ever held in America. Nearly all the more important law-schools, except that of Cambridge, were represented, and eminent lawyers from New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities, spoke on the various topics which were of great importance. The papers read in this department were by Professor Hammond of Iowa, Professor Dwight of New York, Professor von Holtzendorff of Munich, Mr. Mathile of Washington, Messrs. Lewis L. Delafield and Dorman B. Eaton of New York, and Judge Hoadly of Cincinnati, and they dealt with the study of jurisprudence and political science, admission to the bar, the election of judges, the proper organization of law-schools, etc. It is to be regretted that no full report of these papers and debates was made, for none can be given now. Most of the papers will be printed, however, in the "Journal of Social Science."

We have mentioned first the sectional meeting of the Jurisprudence Department because it was, on the whole, the most successful part of the congress, and most fully carried out the design of those who first invented social science parliaments. But in other directions, the success was more conspicuous, because more public. Mr. David A. Wells's opening address on the Causes and Remedies of our Financial Depression was a masterly statement of the matter, and when published in full, will increase the author's high reputation as an economist and statesman. Governor Tilden's short address to the Conference of Charities, with which the whole proceedings opened, was full of pith and good sense; and most of the papers of this Conference were also much to the purpose. There were too many essays on insanity, some of which had little practical value; but the principal ones, by Dr. Allen of Massachusetts, and Dr. Wilbur of New York, were highly practical and sensible. At the head of the Committee on Insanity to report at the Conference in 1877, was placed Dr. John B. Chapin of the Willard Asylum,—an appointment which secures a valuable report on the separate treatment of the chronic insane, which is now a very pressing question, and was somewhat debated at Saratoga. Other papers read in the Conference of Charities related to Neglected Children, Medical Charities and Out-door Relief, Immigration and Pauperism, and Hospital-building. The debates on these papers were unequal, and not always instructive; but the sessions in this department were generally profitable and interesting. The Health Department, which was in session but a single day,—September 8th,—brought forward some useful papers on the Health of Schools, and debated them ably. Dr. D. F. Lincoln of Boston was here one of the principal speakers; for the Department of Health, unlike that of Jurisprudence, is very active in Boston and its vicinity, and Dr. Lincoln is its efficient secretary.

The largest audiences, of course, attended what is called the "General Session," in which papers not specially connected with either of the five departments of the Association, or belonging to a department which holds no sectional meetings, were brought forward, read and debated. Here, therefore, the political and financial papers, and one or two specially relating to education, were considered. There were four chief debates in the General Session,—on The Silver Question (September 6th), The Condition of the South (September 7th), Chinese Immigration (September 7th), and The Railroad Question (September 8th). These debates were all extremely animated and entertaining, without reaching any very definite conclusion; nor were they reported with any fullness, so that most of what was said will be lost. Briefer discussion followed the paper of Mr. D. L. Harris on Municipal Extravagance,—a striking presentation of the debt and expenses of city governments,—on The Cotton Industry of Fall River, Life Insurance, Township Organizations, Technical Education, The Civil Service, American Currency, etc. The annual report of the secretary of the Association, Mr. F. B. Sanborn,

was read in the General Session; and there also, on the closing day, an impromptu debate on Prison Discipline took place, apropos of a resolution which authorized the sending of delegates to the International Prison Congress at Stockholm next August. Captain Harvey, Governor of the Brixton Prison in London, was present, and gave an account of the prison system now used in England, and of the considerable decrease in punished crime which is taking place there. Later in the same day, Mr. Thomas Balch of Philadelphia gave a sketch of the *Crédit Foncier* of France, a financial institution which has grown up there within forty years, and has proved of great service, not only to individual borrowers and investors, but to the whole country, in times of financial distress. The Philadelphia Building Associations, which have been thoroughly discussed at previous meetings, were not considered at Saratoga; nor the more general subject of Homes for the People. A short report on Cottage Gardens in the Neighborhood of Cities was read, and this topic, which belongs to the broader subject just named, was assigned for further consideration in the Department of Social Economy. The question of licensing prostitution, under what are known as the "Contagious Diseases Acts," which have led to such sharp controversies in the British Social Science Congress, did not come up at Saratoga, although some of our countrymen had been preparing themselves to discuss it, having had their attention recently called thereto by some missionaries from England, who stoutly oppose any such licensing of "the social evil," as it is euphonically termed. The Prevention of Crime by moral and educational instrumentalities was zealously discussed in a paper by Mr. George T. Angell of Boston during one of the evening sessions; and the intimate connection between Immigration and Crime was considered in the Conference of Charities.

In the last-named body, which remained in session but three days, six States were officially represented, —New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Illinois, and Wisconsin,—while Connecticut, New Jersey, and one or two other States were unofficially represented. The proceedings of the Conference were more fully reported than any other part of the Saratoga meetings, and these will be published soon at Albany by the Secretary of the Conference, Dr. C. S. Hoyt. A week or two after the Conference adjourned, a local convention of the same kind met at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where the county officials of that State, who have charge of the public poor, assembled to debate questions very similar to those considered at Saratoga. The papers and discussions at Lancaster were no less interesting than those on kindred subjects at Saratoga, and these also are soon to be published. The Pennsylvania Conference was the third of this kind that has been held this year,—the others having been convened in Michigan last April, and in New York last June. Their frequency shows how much more urgent than formerly have become the questions which concern the poor, and the good results which attend such conventions are everywhere perceptible. The care of the poor is becoming more enlightened and systematic, and the States are learning of one another, and entering into cordial relations with one another upon a mutual good understanding. Quite lately, also (in September and October), an official of the English Poor-Law Board, now known as the "Local Government Board," has been visiting the United States to examine into the systems of relieving the poor in use here, with a view to improve the English method.

The next meeting of the American Social Science Association will be the annual one for the election of officers, and the reading of a few papers, at Boston on the 10th of January, 1877. But, in the meantime, a course of twelve lectures on subjects akin to those debated at Saratoga will be given to popular audiences at the Lowell Institute in Boston, from November 8th to December 16th, by David A. Wells, Professor B. Pierce, Francis A. Walker, Samuel Eliot, Henry Adams, Z. R. Brockway, W. R. Nichols, G. Bradford, F. B. Sanborn, Carroll D. Wright, and other students and professors of social science. It is the hope of the Association to make such courses of lectures annual, not only in Boston, but at the Cooper Institute in New York, the Washington University in St. Louis, and in other great cities. In the meantime, courses of instruction in social science are becoming established in our universities, and thus the work of enlightenment goes on at the two extremities of the line. The American Association, with its working center in Boston (5 Pemberton square), but with its membership gradually extending over the whole country, is able to concentrate upon any one question the researches and the interest of the scattered and often solitary thinkers who deal intelligently with social problems. The Saratoga Congress has called attention more pointedly than was ever done before to the kind of service which such an organization can render to the public, and to individual scholars, philanthropists, and practical men. It is a movable university, an impromptu parliament, a company of secular and volunteer apostles, who in this age of the world are capable of preaching and teaching much that the world should make haste to hear. Of course there go along with this work much crudeness, much that merely touches the surface of things, and something of vainglory and ostentation of science where philosophical ignorance is still the wise man's "best hold." But we have all earthly treasure in earthen vessels, and social science is no exception to the rule of Scripture.

Asa Gray's "Darwiniana."*

PROFESSOR GRAY has been an earnest and successful student of nature for more years than are usually allotted to the life of man. His botany has had numerous republications, and he is still at work improving his own views of the plant-world and embodying them in a condensed, workmanlike form

* Darwiniana. Essays and Reviews pertaining to Darwinism. By Asa Gray, Fisher Professor of Natural History (Botany) in Harvard University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

for the use of students. In one branch of natural history, therefore, he is a practical laborer; his mark has not been made by popular appeals to the general public, but more surely and slowly through the countenance and support of other teachers and scientific men. The explanation of nature which goes nowadays by the name of Darwinism is popularly associated with animals, and therefore the remarks of a professor of botany on the system of Darwin may seem to some out of place. The truth is, however, that Darwinism is almost as important a key to the vegetable as to the animal world, only in some respects animals furnish more obvious examples from which arguments may be drawn. Therefore it behooves a botanist to look into its merits just as sharply as if animals were the subject of his studies. Moreover, it is not without advantage to see what a scientific man who cultivates a field a little aside from the main issue has to say. He is apt to take more impartial views, because the new ideas, although not entirely foreign, do not clash directly with his cherished theories.

Professor Gray could not take a very decided stand in favor of Darwin at first, but it is evident, from the reviews reprinted from 1860, that even then he was assured of the result. His work was, by avoiding too much insistence and pointing out the absurdity of religious attacks, to introduce the wedge gently. This he could do, and can still do, with grace, for in his preface he avows himself, "philosophically, a convinced theist; and religiously, an acceptor of the 'creed commonly called the Nicene,' as the exponent of the Christian faith." Religion, he argues, is no more affected by the Darwinian theory than it was when Newton discovered the theory of gravitation. The attributes of God are rather enhanced than lessened by considering only one primary act of creation, out of which all other changes evolved from the power of the original impulse, instead of an indefinite number of new creations, or a continual patching up of the universe. He says (page 121):

"To reconcile these two undeniable principles is the capital problem in the philosophy of natural history" (Adaptation to Purpose, and Conditions of Existence, and Unity of Type). "We all know that the arm and hand of a monkey, the fore leg of a dog and a horse, the wing of a bat, and the fin of a porpoise, are fundamentally identical; that the long neck of the giraffe has the same, and no more, bones than the short one of the elephant; that the eggs of Surinam frogs hatch into tadpoles with as good tails for swimming as any of their kind, although, as tadpoles, they never enter the water; that embryos of mammals and birds have branchial slits and arteries running in loops, in imitation or reminiscence of the arrangement which is permanent in fishes; and that thousands of animals and plants have rudimentary organs which, at least in numerous cases, are wholly useless to their possessors, etc., etc. Upon a derivative theory" (Darwin's), "this morphological conformity is explained by community of descent; and it has not been explained in any other way."

We cannot follow Professor Gray into his intricate arguments on genera and species,—mere arbitrary arrangements which natural historians have made to facilitate a view of the living world, and which they have often fought for with all the pertinacity which belongs to matters of convention and taste. No two minds are apt to regard the fauna of a certain country as falling into the same grand divisions; when the view takes in the whole animated world there is plenty of room for differences. But it is part of Darwin's battle to convince people that the barriers between one species and another, and between one genus and another, are merely artificial, and rest on an imperfect knowledge of what inhabitants the earth has borne. But in 1860, Professor Gray actually considered Darwin's argument untenable, that we have not yet, but may still get at the missing link. To show that he is no blind acceptor of the new theory, but frankly gives the arguments which he conceives to be against it, we will quote from the article, "Darwin and his Reviewers" (page 169):

"Among the unanswerable,—perhaps the weightiest of the objections,—is that of the absence, in geological deposits, of vestiges of the intermediate forms which the theory requires to have existed. Here all that Mr. Darwin can do is to insist upon the extreme imperfection of the geological record, and the uncertainty of negative evidence."

But, on the other hand, he adds:

"As to this imperfection of the geological record, perhaps we should get a fair and intelligible illustration of it by imagining the existing animals and plants of New England, with all their remains and products since the arrival of the Mayflower, to be annihilated; and that, in the coming time, the geologists of a new colony, dropped by the New Zealand fleet on its way to explore the ruins of London, undertake, after fifty years of examination, to reconstruct in a catalogue the flora and fauna of our day,—that is, from the close of the glacial period to the present time. With all the advantages of a surface exploration, what a beggarly account it would be! How many of the land animals and plants which are enumerated in the Massachusetts official reports would it be likely to contain?"

Thus Professor Gray evidently leans toward allowing a possibility of the future discovery of many "missing links" in the chain of evolution, although he calls an objection to such negative argument unanswerable.

In 1863, the Professor reviews a book by Candolle on Species of the Oak, and drives the wedge a little further by giving the results of Candolle's profound study in a botanical field. On the one hand, it appears that the division of oaks into genera and species is an impossibility on any but conventional grounds; on the other, the geographical distribution of the family raises the question of common descent and modification by climatic causes. Continuing this important consideration in a quarter for which he is especially fitted, he gives us his address to the American Association at Dubuque in 1872, in which the history of the *Sequoia gigantea*, or "Big Trees

of Calaveras," is sketched. This is perhaps the happiest of all the essays here collected. The great size of these trees makes them interesting to every one, and their peculiar isolation from kindred plants invests them with importance in the eyes of botanists. Professor Gray has to go back into the geological deposits of the Tertiary to find the great family of which these huge trees are the relics, and, without insisting dogmatically, wishes to impress us with the probability that plants were not subject to sudden and complete destructions at various epochs, followed by new creations of a higher type, any more than animals were, but that the various laws at which Darwin is making guesses held good in the vegetable world as well.

"Let us hope," he says in closing his speech, "that the religious faith which survived without a shock the notion of the fixity of the earth itself may equally outlast the notion of the fixity of the species which inhabit it; that in the future, even more than in the past, faith in an *order*, which is the basis of science, will not—as it cannot reasonably—be dissevered from faith in an *ordainer*, which is the basis of religion."

The sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters are all reprints from reviews in the New York "Nation," and continue the line of defense in the same rational and religious direction. Much more interesting to general readers will be the reviews of Darwin's "Insectivorous Plants," and "Movements and Habits of Plants," from the same weekly newspaper, which give the gist of these two extraordinary books, together with not a little news of earlier observers of the same wonderful phenomena, both in Europe and the United States. The peculiar movements of tendrils in climbing plants are noticed, evidently with the purpose of calling attention to what looks like rational action even in plants. Here we see the wedge well driven in, for if we allow instinct to plants, animals must be credited with a fair share of reason, and so on. In other words, the barriers between the different members of the living and growing world get thinner and thinner the more they are examined.

In the middle of the last century, the bold mind of Diderot, who gathered up so many threads, and impressed so many men with his powerful modes of reasoning, did not recoil from a much more extreme view of the origin of species than that which Darwin presents. An author whom he cites appears to have had the evolutionary idea in his mind, but mixed up with a good deal of metaphysical stuff, to which the abused term mystical might even be applied. This is what Diderot says in "L'Interpretation de la Nature:"

"When one considers the animal kingdom, and perceives that among the quadrupeds there is not one which has not its functions and parts, particularly its internal organs, entirely similar to some other quadruped, could one not easily believe that there never was but one first animal a prototype of all the animals, certain of whose organs nature has merely lengthened, shortened, transformed, multiplied, or obliterated? Imagine the fingers of your hand united together, and the stuff of which the nails are made so abundant that, after spreading and thickening, it covered and enveloped the whole extremity; instead of the hand of a man, you would have the hoof of a horse."

Diderot takes the above bold conjectures, which we are still talking about one hundred and twenty-five years later, from a Latin work by a Doctor of Erlangen, Baumann by name, who professes himself the most earnest of Christians.

It would seem, then, that the doctrine is not so very new, but rather that the world is becoming more liberal, allowing and assisting scientific men to pursue their way unimpeded. Professor Gray cannot aspire to the title of champion and advanced fighter for Darwinism, as Professor Haeckel in Germany may be termed. His way is a much quieter one; but it may not be for that reason any the less efficacious. Let us hope that he will soon give us whatever curious results his botanical investigations may lately have yielded.

"Helen's Babies."*

PERHAPS the best word to define this little novel is the adjective "happy." It is published as one of Loring's "Tales of the Day," and very happily does it come under that title. Moreover, it is said to be already a great success in point of selling, and that is not only a happy thing in itself, but is a pretty sure sign that the adjective is the right one; for the public likes, above all things else, to be amused. The taste for realism—for hearing about things just as they are, with little or no embroidery on the common events of daily life—has grown and is growing. Helen's babies are of the kind that fond mothers call "regular boys," after they have made themselves nuisances to all the adults within reach, and otherwise proved themselves beings of a low status of civilization—Ishmaelites in fact, with their hand against that of every man. The pranks of two such young savages, who have reached the nomadic stratum of development, form the amusing topic of the book. The speaker is their bachelor uncle, who has agreed to take care of them for a time, and who relates his experiences with an agreeable mixture of exasperation at their naughtiness and affection for their angelic qualities. These opposites are sufficiently contrasted to make the plot, in so far forth, available for the dramatic form, had the author thought to cast it in that shape; or, one may rather say, were the dramatic line a feasible one in the present state of the stage. The more angelic of the two boys, little Toddie, has a capital trait in his persistence in clamoring for whatever he has set his heart upon. The contrast between the seraphic look of this small imp and his openly expressed preference in the way of stories is an excellent hit:

"Tell us 'bout Bliaff," suggested Toddie.

"Oh no, Tod," remonstrated Budge; "Joseph's coat was just as bloody as Goliath's head was."

* Helen's Babies, with some account of their ways. By their Latest Victim. Loring, Publisher. Boston. Small 8vo, 206 pages: price 50 cents.

Then Budge turned to me and explained that "all Tod likes Goliath for is 'cause when his head was cut off it was all bloody."

And then Toddie—the airy sprite whom his mother described as being irresistibly drawn to whatever was beautiful—Toddie glared upon me as a butcher's apprentice might stare at a doomed lamb, and remarked:

"Bliaff's head was all bluggy, an' David's sword was all bluggy—bluggy as everyfing."

This is the tone of the book: light and laughter-provoking. The language used throughout is the reverse of conventional: in fact there are one or two instances of bad grammar in the serious parts, such as the word "laying" for "lying." A moral has this tale also, namely, that a man can have no idea what the mothers in Israel have to suffer from the torments of lively children; and the apostrophe to women in which this moral is conveyed has, it must be confessed, good sentiment but very poor rhetoric. The love-making between the bachelor uncle and the inevitable Miss Mayton is also rather poor, notwithstanding that the general outlines of the young lady are cleverly drawn. But all apostrophes and love-makings are secondary to the children. These two are the central figures; all else is merely an accessory, and may therefore assume a lower degree of excellence with a good grace. It is a book which makes one laugh, and leaves a pleasant sensation after it; its tone is wholesome and refreshing. We cannot have too many such novels—if they will only supplant those of the lurid sensational variety with which the world is flooded.

French and German Books.

Sendschreiben an Herrn Professor Whitney, von Rudolf von Raumer. Frankfort, 1876.—An open letter from one German savant to another is no unusual affair; but it is not often that one meets with such an address to an American. Professor Whitney, of Yale College, is the scholar who has received what may very well be termed the honor of a *Sendschreiben*. Not that such epistles are always complimentary to the one for whom they are destined, or comforting to his pride. Sometimes the open letter finds grievous fault with some unwary position he has assumed in print. But it may always be termed an honor that a philologist living in Europe, where the greatest part of the scientific achievements of the present time are taking place, should take so much notice of a scholar residing in remote America, where only a small fraction of the higher work of progress is being done. In this sense we may call Professor von Raumer's pamphlet an honor to Professor Whitney. Its tone is all that the most exacting could ask in point of courteousness, and therefore makes sharp contrast with the utterances of Professors Steinthal and Max Müller in regard to the Yale Sanskrit Professor. But not alone is its tone a reproof to their intemperate language, but its existence further demonstrates what these other two Professors have clamorously denied, namely, that Mr. Whitney has any claims to recognition as a savant. The abuse heaped upon him by those two learned men was proof enough that his word was really of importance in philology, for otherwise they would never have taken notice of his criticisms; the *Sendschreiben* of Von Raumer only confirms the fact. Professor Whitney, it now appears, according to the testimony of both friend and enemy, is worthy of a hearing.

Von Raumer takes exception to certain passages in Whitney's "Life and Growth of Language," where the latter maintains that, for the present, nothing can be done to prove a former identity of the Indo-European with the Semitic family of languages. He calls attention to the so-called "weak" roots in Hebrew, as the point where the wall between the two families may be broken down, and gives a number of examples showing a possible connection between Semitic and Indo-European (sometimes called Aryan) words. He also traces a likeness between the methods of forming the different tenses in verbs, and deprecates the assumption that certain changes of vowel in Semitic words have great weight in deciding the knotty point to be attacked. Von Raumer is the author of "Gesammelte Sprachwissenschaftliche Schriften," Frankfort, 1863; and "Untersuchungen über die Urverwandtschaft der semitischen und indoeuropäischen Sprachen."

Die Generale der Deutschen Armee, Zehn Jahre Deutscher Heeres Geschichte. 1864—1874. G. von Glasenapp.—This is a meritorious compilation which will supply patriotism with careful tables of the lives and deeds of her modern heroes. The work is issued in installments of ten loose sheets, large folio size, containing alternately a photograph of a general and a tabular record of his life, the orders he has received, the battles he has seen, etc. etc. Each page contains a lithographed *fac-simile* of a signature of some great man, beginning with *Unser Fritz*. Each *Lieferung* costs nine marks in Germany; the work might prove useful to those who need full details of German military men.

All' Aperto. Liriche di G. C. Molineri. New York: L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.—Italy is not wanting in modern poets, and this is one of the most modern. Signor Molineri addresses one poem to the Shah of Persia, writing from the stand-point of a radical and a republican; another is about the events of the year 1870, and still another on the burning of the city of Paris. There are dainty sonnets, with a slender thread of thought running through them, and somber subjects treated in a polished but freer style of versification; in both cases the beauty of the Italian language is such that it is difficult for a foreigner to criticise from an unbiased position. Yet it is evident that with much delicacy Molineri has nothing great to show in this prettily printed little volume, although occasionally excessive polish and simplicity produce the fine effect which repression and elaboration give. He is also unexpectedly direct in striking a meaning with apt phrases, and introduces modern words which

the general public would call far from poetical, in close connection with expressions concerning whose poetical qualities there is no question. Petroleum, for instance, has no very poetical associations to most people. But he also takes you into his confidence and speaks unreservedly of himself and his family, in what we would call a thoroughly foreign way, and Frenchmen would call a thoroughly Italian manner. One of the charms of foreigners is a certain lack of consciousness, which shows itself in a thousand artless ways, and by no means indicates egotism. Americans and Englishmen, on the other hand, seem to be always thinking of themselves, and whether they are going to be ridiculous or not. One of Molineri's sonnets sets forth how he drops the *Vita Nuova*, and lets Dante, Beatrice, heaven and all go—when he happens to glance over at the cradle where lies his *bimba* or baby.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Novel Water-heater.

A GAS stove, designed to furnish hot water for domestic purposes, and constructed upon a novel plan, has been introduced. It consists of a fire-box and a kind of tubular boiler placed above it. The fire-box is intended to hold gas jets or lamps, and may be made of any convenient size, according to the supply of water to be heated. Above this fire-box is a cylinder of iron, containing a great number of fine copper tubes, 1 centimeter (3-16 inch) in diameter, and twisted in a spiral, the turns being about 4 millimeters apart. These tubes open into the top of the fire-box, and stand upright in the cylinder, and at the top they enter a flue communicating with the chimney. Above the tubes is a tank for the water that is to be heated. The bottom of this tank has a number of small holes, each about 1 millimeter in diameter, and opening into the cylinder containing the tubes. To use the heater, the gas is lighted, and the products of combustion escape up the tubes, and they become intensely heated. Cold water poured into the tank above them trickles down over the outside of the tubes, following the turns of the spiral in a thin film that becomes heated before it can reach the bottom. The falling water then collects at the base of the tubes, and may be drawn out at will. It will be seen that this device changes the usual form of tubular boiler, as the water merely runs down the outside of tubes, and the flame is within. The water is exposed to the heat in a film, and is quickly heated, while it is unconfined, and free from danger of explosion. In such a heater, 10 liters (40 gallons) of water were raised to 100° Fahrenheit in five minutes, and in a small heater, 1 liter of water was raised to 100° in sixty seconds.

New Uses for Refined Oils.

A NEW process in the reduction of ores employs petroleum or other oils in place of wood or other fuel in roasting, smelting, and calcining. In porous and friable ores, it is sufficient to saturate them with the oil. In more tenacious material, the minerals must first be crushed, and then intimately mixed with the oil. It is then intended to put the saturated ones in a suitable furnace, and to fire the oil, and to depend upon the flame thus made to roast, calcine, or smelt the ores cheaply and quickly. This process, while it is adapted to all ores requiring such treatment, is specially applicable to cinnabar and sulphur ores. Another use for oils has been found in the preparation of lands that are used for the culture of tobacco. The practice has been to burn off the stumps in the old plantations by means of wood fires; but the use of oil is found to be more economical, and quite as effective. To cause the oil to penetrate deeply and burn the stumps and roots of old plants, and to destroy insects, the ground is first stirred deeply with a hoe, and then the oil is applied with a watering-pot at the rate of 4 liters (1 gallon) to 90 square meters (about 100 square yards). Set on fire, the oil will burn down into the soil as far as it has penetrated, and effectually destroy stalks, insects, and the seeds and roots of weeds, and leave the ash ready for the crop in the soil.

Steering with Reversed Screw.

PADDLE-STEAMERS in danger of collision, or on approaching a dock, may be controlled by the helm with comparative certainty, even if the engines are reversed to deaden the headway. With screw-steamers, the case seems to be very different, and serious accidents have resulted from a refusal of the ship to obey its rudder after the screw had been reversed. These accidents have led to a series of experiments to test the matter, and the reports that have been recently made concerning them seem to point to the fact that the reversal of the screw when under full headway reverses the action of the rudder on the ship, or renders it so capricious as to be dangerous. These experiments were made with three different steamers, two having right-handed screws, and one provided with a "Griffith" screw. In the first experiment, the reversal of the screw did not immediately reverse the action of the rudder, but greatly reduced it, and ultimately turned the ship 8° out of her course. In the second experiment, the ship (a large hopper barge) turned 30° from the direction she was headed when the reversal took place, and as she would have turned 60° in the

other direction under ordinary circumstances, the reversal of the screw turned her 90° out of the course she would have taken if steaming ahead. The ship fitted with the Griffith screw was put ahead at full speed, and then suddenly reversed, and the helm at the same time put to starboard, when she went to starboard till her headway was lost. Again, the same ship was steamed full speed ahead, and the helm was put to port, and shortly after the screw was reversed. The ship first turned to starboard, and then turned to port, till the way was lost. Here the first direction was plainly the previous effect of the putting the helm to port, and this was continued till the opposing influence of the reversal of the screw made itself felt. These experiments, with some others made with twin screws, are considered by experts as establishing the fact that the reversal of the screw first diminishes the action of the rudder, and then reverses it, or renders its action unreliable. While these experiments appear to establish a law in this matter, it is plain that each ship should be tried separately to discover its particular movements under these circumstances. Every ship exhibits individual vagaries in steering, and, as in ordinary practice the sailing-master allows for them, so he should try his ship under the reversal of the screw, and learn the exact sum of the opposing forces thus brought into action, and from this he can calculate the ship's course with certainty.

Flexible Shafting.

ALL branches of manufacture now employ machine tools in a greater or less degree. A machine tool differs from a tool for the hand both in size and power; the aim and construction of both may be nearly identical. An auger and a drill-press both make holes; one may be turned by the hand, the other demands power. This fact has led to the introduction of various appliances whereby power could be brought to the tool. Among the media employed for this purpose are gearing, belts and shafting; but all these imply that the tool shall be fixed in one spot, and that the work be brought to the tool. The hand tool may be taken to the work, and this is so great an advantage that efforts have been made to produce some kind of flexible shafting, or elastic method of transmitting power that would enable the operator to move the tool about within certain limits. Elastic rubber belting accomplishes this within the limits of its elasticity, and is employed for certain tools like horse brushes, etc. Another method, already described in this department, employs compressed air delivered through a flexible pipe. Under this head may be classed all pneumatic machine tools, the rock-drill, etc. Some of the smaller tools of this class use a cylinder without valves, and depend on the pulsation of alternately compressed and rarified air, as in the tailors' cloth-cutter, or use a rotary fan, and thus transform elastic pressure into motion as in the sheep-shearing machine. To dispense with these air-engines, and to transmit direct rotary motion without loss, a new form of shafting has been recently introduced that is at once rigid against strains of torsion, and yet perfectly flexible. This shafting is of various sizes, from 7 to 35 millimeters (¼ to 1⅜ in.) in diameter and from 1 to 3 meters in length. It is made by twisting two iron wires together in a spiral, and then brazing the ends so that they cannot unwind. Over this, two more wires are wound in the opposite direction and securely fastened to them at both ends. In this way, layers of wire of constantly increasing diameter twisted in spirals in alternate directions, are placed one over the other till the required thickness is reached. The result is a solid wire cable that will not twist, and is perfectly pliable in every direction. Over this cable is drawn a sleeve to protect the hands, and to keep the shafting from friction when at work. Such a piece of wire shafting may be attached to other shafting in any convenient manner, and then may be used to convey rotary motion to any form of machine tool. For drilling, boring, polishing stone, cleaning castings, clipping horses, etc., this shafting gives the utmost freedom in moving the tools, and in employing them in any position, and at any angle that may be reached by a perfectly flexible wire rope. The shafting has already been employed with success in moving dental power instruments, and is now being introduced into more common branches of work.

Filtration of Liquids.

IN the purifying of water and other liquids used in industrial processes, two new kinds of apparatus have been introduced,—one being a mechanical separator, the other a hydrometric water purifier, so called. The mechanical filter consists of two cylindrical vessels placed one within the other. The outer and larger cylinder is fixed, and the interior vessel is pivoted so that it may turn freely about its longer axis. The larger vessel has two or three stop-cocks placed at various heights, and the inner vessel has a single escape through which the contents may be drawn out at the bottom. It is also provided with a series of longitudinal slits or openings into the outer vessel. In use, the liquid to be purified is poured into the inner vessel, and at the same time this is made to revolve rapidly. The water pervades both vessels; and in the centrifugal force set up by the inner vessel, the sediment is driven through the slits into the outer vessel; and when the process has been carried far enough, the inner vessel is brought to rest, when the suspended matter sinks in the outer vessel, and the clear water may be withdrawn from the inner vessel without disturbing the sediment. By the aid of the stop-cocks, the remaining water may be still further withdrawn in a more or less pure state, according to the level. The other apparatus is more complicated, and combines chemical and mechanical means in clearing the water. It consists of two iron vessels placed side by side, one smaller than the other, and designed to hold such chemical solutions as the particular liquid to be cleared may demand. The water to be filtered enters this under pressure through a pipe at the top, and follows it nearly to

the bottom, when it strikes a spring and causes it to vibrate, and thus agitate and stir up the chemical solution and mingle it thoroughly with the water. At the top of this vessel is a branch pipe leading to the larger filter that stands beside it. This has another branch pipe fitted like an injector, and having stop-cocks so arranged that the water may be taken directly into the large vessel, or indirectly through the smaller vessel. The smaller cylinder having been filled, a cock is turned and the stream of inflowing water is directed into the larger vessel, and as it passes it sets up an exhaust action that drags part of the water in the small vessel mingled with air after it into the larger filter. The air tends to agitate the water and to mingle the chemical solution still more thoroughly with it by the escape of the bubbles as the water fills the filter. In the larger vessel are a number of felt filters, through which the water soaks into a tank below, from which it is finally withdrawn both chemically and mechanically purified. Suitable escapes are also provided for removing the impure water and sediment. Such a filter may be used in either way, by direct filtering or by first applying chemical precipitants in a greater or less degree as may be desired; and an apparatus of moderate size is reported to give pure water steadily at a rate of 1000 liters (220 galls.) per hour.

Dairy Ventilation.

A NEW method of obtaining a uniform temperature and abundant fresh air in dairies is reported. The dairy is built of brick or stone, and is placed on the side of a hill and close to an ice-house, or near enough to it to bring the drip from the melting ice into an open tank on the floor of the dairy. To secure an even temperature, the building is sunk 2.13 meters (about 7 feet) in the ground, and the walls, doors, and windows are made air-tight. To ventilate the place, two pipes, lined with slate, are laid from the floor of the dairy, underground, in opposite directions. One extends about 30.50 meters (100 feet) uphill, and is then brought to the surface. The other pipe extends an equal distance downhill, in the opposite direction, and is then brought to the surface. The open ends of these pipes are protected by wooden wings from the influence of the wind, otherwise, they are entirely open at all times. In the summer, when the temperature of the atmosphere is higher than the ground, the air in the upper pipe being cool, settles down into the dairy, passes through it and escapes by the lower pipe. The tank of ice-water serves to lower the temperature to about 50° Fahr., and the temperature of the air in the sunken pipes is about 60° Fahr., so that the dairy is kept sweet and cool by constant supplies of fresh air at a comparatively low temperature. In winter, the ground being warmer than the atmosphere, a reverse current is maintained through the pipes. The warm air in the upper pipe rises and escapes, and draws fresh supplies of air into the dairy through the lower pipe. This, in its turn, raises the temperature of the inflowing air, and prevents the entrance of freezing draughts. This device is said to work well in practice, and to keep the dairy well ventilated, and at very nearly the same temperature at all seasons.

Memoranda.

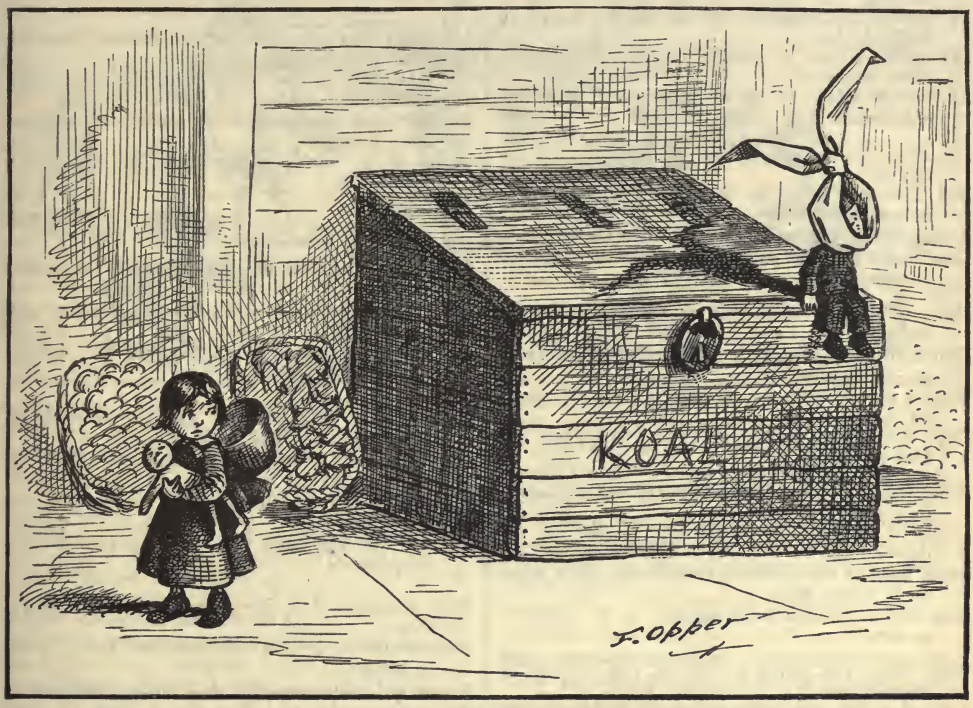
IN the manufacture of gas, two new processes are reported,—one employing coal, and the other spent tan, a by-product of tanneries. In the first, small coal is placed in a cylindro-conical retort, and treated directly with superheated steam. The heat of the steam serves to release the volatile parts of the coal, and its pressure serves to drive the resulting gases over into the gas-holder. Here the condensation of the steam precipitates the injurious soluble gases, and renders the fixed gas sufficiently clean to be fit for use after one washing in water. The spent tan process employs the common retort used in gas-works, and is chiefly interesting on account of the new products resulting from the distillation and the employment of a by-product hitherto considered valueless. For making a gas for heating purposes, no particular efforts are needed in carbonizing the tan or in purifying the resulting gases, except to wash them in water. For an illuminating gas, the smoke and steam are first driven off by a slight change in the mode of roasting, and the gas is carefully purified. Besides the gas, other products are secured. A good tar is obtained, and mixed with it, an essential oil suitable for lubricating. The carbonized tan may also be used as a charcoal for burning, making gunpowder, or may be floured for making an impalpable black.

To correct the hardness of the water obtained from the artesian wells at Woolwich and render it fit for use without the trouble of boiling, a concentrated solution of lime is added to the water till the bicarbonate of lime is thrown down and the water softened. The solution also has the advantage of precipitating organic matters if they happen to be dissolved in the water.

For the protection of soft-brick walls against moisture, it is recommended to make a paint by dissolving about 250 grams (¾ lb.) of mottled soap in 4 liters (1 gallon) of boiling water, and to apply the solution while hot with a soft flat brush. When this coat is dry, it may be covered in the same manner with a solution made by dissolving 100 grams (¼ lb.) of alum in 8 liters of water. The alum and soap are designed to decompose each other, and thus to form an insoluble varnish that will resist rain.

In place of the ordinary coat of plaster applied to interior walls, a fabric composed of woody fiber, and resembling coarse bagging, is proposed. This is to be nailed to the wall, and then to be covered with a thin coat of cement composed of lime, sand and plaster. When dry, this is covered with the usual hard finishing coat as in the common process.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



DELICACY.

CONSIDERATE PARTY.—"Dear me! there's Ludovic, with the toothache. Poor fellow, how he must suffer! I'll pretend not to see him, for he might be embarrassed."

Her Treasures.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

I KEEP them in the old, old box
That Willie gave me years ago,
The time we parted on the rocks;
His ship lay swinging to and fro,
At waiting in the lower bay.
I thought my heart would break, that day!

The picture with the pensive eyes
Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,
Who took the West Point highest prize:
He went half crazy for my sake.
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
And here's a button off his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May,
I never took a ring from *him!*
This was a gift from Howard Clay.
Just see, the pearls are getting dim.
They say that pearls are tears,—what stuff!
The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince—
And jealous! But he went to Rome
Last fall. He's never written since.
I used to visit at his home,—
A lovely place beyond Fort Lee:
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh no! I sent *his* letters back.
These came to me from Washington.
But look, what a tremendous pack!
He always wrote me three for one.
I know I used to treat him ill,—
Poor Jack,—he fell at Chancellorsville.

The vignettes—all that lot—are scalps
I took in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps:
Those foreign lovers act like geese.
But, dear, they *are* such handsome men.
We go to France, next year, again!

This is the doctor's signet ring.
—These faded flowers? Oh, let me see:
Why, what a very curious thing!
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
Ah! now I have it,—Count de Twirl:
He married that fat Crosbie girl.

His hair was red.—You need not look
So sadly at that raven tress.
You know the head that lock forsook;
You know,—but you could never guess!
Nor would I tell you for the world
About whose brow that ringlet curled.

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,
Because you like the man yourself;
But most, because—don't get so wild!
I have not laid him on the shelf,—
He's not a bygone. In a year,
I'll tell you all about *him*, dear.

The Mississippi Witness.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

YOAH HONAH, AN' DE JURY: Ef you'll listen, now, to me,
I's gwine to straighten up dis case jes like it ought to be:
Dis heah's a case ob stealin' hogs—a mighty se-r'ous 'fense—
An' you'll know all about it, when I gibs my ebbydence.

Dis Peter Jones, de plainter, is a member ob de chu'ch,
But Thomas Green, de fender, goodness knows he's nuffin much—
A lazy, triflin' nigger is dat berry Thomas Green—
Dese is de dif'rent parties you is called to jedge atween.

Now, gib me stric' contention while I 'lucidates de fac':
Dere's two whole sides to eberyting—de front one an' de back—
What's dat de little lawyer say? To talk about de case?
Dat's jes what I wuz comin' to; you makes me lose de place.

Whar wuz I? Oh! I 'members; I wuz jes about to say,
I heered a disputation 'bout a p'int of law, to-day—
'Bout how to turn State's ebbydence—dat's what dey's dribin at—
Now aint it strange some niggers is so ignorant as dat?

Why, when you wants to turn it, you jes has to come to town,
An' fin' de Deestric Turner—he'll be somewhar loafin' 'roun'—
An' den sez you—"Mahs Turner, sah, I zires my compliments;
I's come in town to see you, for to turn State's ebbydence."

As soon's you tells him dat, he knows perzackly what you mean,
An' takes you to his office, whar he's got a big mersheen,
An' dar you cotches hol' de crank, an' den you turns away,
Untell at las' dar's somefin clicks, an' den you's come to A.

"Is dat de letter ob de thing de feller done?" says he—
Ef you says no, you turns ag'in untell you comes to B;
An' so you keeps a-turnin', tell de right one gits aroun',
An' dar de Deestric Turner looks, an' dar de law is foun'.

An' den you gibs de fac's, an' den he reads de law to you,
An' axes you to 'vise him what you think he ought to do;
An' den he say "good-mornin'," an' he gibs you fifty cents,
An' dat's de way you has to do to turn State's ebbydence.

Well, gemmen of de jury, dis heah case is understood,
I doesn't *know* de hog wuz stole, but Peter's word is good—
He up an' sesso manfully, dout makin' any bones;
An' darfore, sahs, ef I wuz you, I think I'd 'cide for Jones.

MRS. ROONEY
TOYS FANCY GOODS &TC.
STEP IN AN EXAMIN OUR WINTER STOC
IMMENTS REDUCKSHUN IN OUR PRISES!?! CLEERING OUT AT COST TO GIT REDY FOR THE? WINTER TRADE!!!
F. Opper

THE REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.

THE PICKED NINE AT PRACTICE: A CASE OF FOUL.

What Does it Matter?

A SONG OF DOLE.

BY A PRE-RAPHAELITE POET.

WHAT does it matter? Life fleeteth fast,
A flight of bubbles, an empty show;
The moment that was is now the past,
Gone forever and—let it go!

We are a part of nature's plan,
Evolved from the depths of the dusky ages;
What was once a monkey is now a man,
And flowers are made from the dust of sages.

Why should we look with arrogant scorn,
And a pitying smile at lesser things?
Where was the mortal ever was born
Could muster a pair of working wings?

Show me a man with the scent of a dog!
Show me a man with the eagle's eye!
Or one with the clean-cut limbs of a frog,
To leap with one bound from the earth to the sky!

What does it matter? Life fleeteth fast,
A flight of bubbles, an empty show;
The moment that was is now the past,
Gone forever and—let her go!

Late News.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

IN the sanctum I was sitting,
Engaged in thought befitting
A gentleman of letters—dunning letters, by the way—
When a seedy sort of fellow,
Middle-aged and rather mellow,
Ambled in and questioned loudly, "Well, sir, what's the news to-day?"

Then I smiled on him serenely—
On the stranger dressed so meanly—
And I told him that the Dutch had taken Holland, sure as fate;
And that the troops in Flanders,
Both privates and commanders,
Had been dealing very freely in profanity of late.

Then the stranger, quite demurely,
Said, "That's interesting, surely;
Your facilities for getting news are excellent, that's clear;
Though excuse me, sir, for stating
That the facts you've been narrating
Are much fresher than the average of items gathered here!"

It was "Pennsylvania Day" at the Exhibition, and she was in a rolling chair near the Russian department. Looking down the aisle, she saw a large crowd around the malachite and rhodonite slabs, which have exchanged stares with so many thousands of visitors.

"Push me up there," she said.

The attendant picked his way carefully, but could not get near enough for her to see what was attracting so much attention.

"Can't you get me up closer?" she said, sharply.

"Impossible, lady," he replied.

"But you *must*," she insisted with great emphasis. "I'm TAKIN' NOTES!" settling back with an air of having given the pass-word.

So the attendant, by dint of crowding this one, and looking appealingly at that one, after much twisting and backing and side-tracking, succeeded in pushing the chair alongside the largest specimens. The occupant gave one sweeping glance at the array and wrote:

"*Rooshy—some green and red things.*"

"Now go on to Germany!" she said.

Perhaps you were in the Castellani rooms that day when, after a careful study of the "Personal Ornaments," in routine and by catalogue, delighted with the simple beauty of the Etruscan art, we heard, with some exasperation, this disappointed comment of an old farmer, who looked hurriedly in at the door toward one of the cases—"Trinkets! trinkets! trinkets! trinkets! trinkets!" like the ticking of an old-time clock.

TURKEY, *counting fingers*:—"Three and three are six, and three to carry—that makes just nine days to Thanksgiving. How much longer must I be an exile!

It is not difficult to tell whom Bayard Taylor "echoes" in the following galloping lines:

Far on the hot Apache plain
I sinched the girth and I buckled the rein.
The glorious girl behind me sang,
But I sprang to the saddle without a pang,
And gave the spur to my wild mustang;
And a coil of the loose riata's fold
Over his flanks like a serpent rolled,
As his hoofs went forward, and forward, and on,
Till the plain, and the hills, and the girl, were gone,
The forests of cactus stabbed and stung,
The sun beat down on my skinless tongue,
The dust was thick in my simmering mouth,
And a whirlwind of flame came out of the South,
From the dry bananas, whose fiery hair
Singed the monkeys and parroquets there.
I crashed through the flame, I dashed o'er the sand,
Bearing my songs in my red right hand,
Bearing the songs of the Western land,
Tender and glowing, and fierce and grand.
Take them and read them, and yield me the crown
Which the old Sierras on me cast down
From peaks untrodden, of gorgeous glare,
Cast down upon me and bade me wear!
And whoso denies it, he shall be
Struck, and despised, and spit on, by me,
As a loathsome snake, as a venomous thing,
Fit but to swelter and crawl and sting,
And build his cell in the rotten, rank
Recess of a noisome toad-stool bank,
While I, like a hawk in the splendid sky,
Scream revenge as I wheel on high,
And the sound of my screaming shall never die!

The Unopened Letter.

BENEATH the arches, high and wide
Of an upspringing forest dome
Walks Rosalind, the village pride,
With tardy footsteps, home.

A letter in her slender hand
She turns and views; but still remains
The seal unbroken, still unscanned,
The message it contains.

It is her own; upon its face
Her name is writ in tracings fair.
Then wherefore that uncertain grace,
That hesitating air?

Mayhap, sweet maid, some aged friend
His store of wisdom strives to bring,
To guide you to your journey's end
By his sage counseling.

Perchance a blithe associate,
Full wise in girlish mysteries,
Has sent you news of love or hate,
Of faith or feud that is.

Or, rather,—is it not?—the wight
Whom, secretly, you scarce despise,
Has gathered courage from the light
Of your own starry eyes.

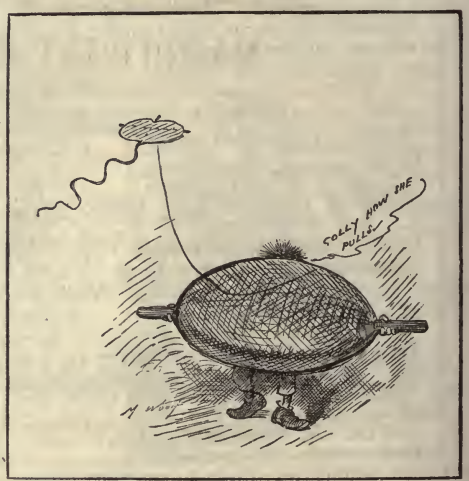
And now his pen seeks to express
The words his lips denied to call—
But hold—no further need I guess!
Your blush betrays it all.

But, still uncertain, on she strode,
Her letter turning left and right,
Till, by the curving of the road,
Her form was hid from sight.

Ah, well! for all of us there are
Some fleeting moments here below,
When what we long for, near or far,
We haste and halt to know!

And, though our after years seem bright,
Full oft we live that sweet time o'er,
Nor find fruition such delight
As longing was before!

ANDREW B. SAXTON.



SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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DAY DREAMS.

NEW England airs have given her cheek
Its faint, clear tints of rose;
A circle of New England hills
Bounds all the world she knows;
With simple joys and household tasks, the days begin and close.

A grave shy maiden, strictly reared
In Puritanic wise,
With childhood's faith and innocence
Still shining in her eyes,—
The grace of dawning womanhood investing speech and guise.

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Her life has little charm, or change,
That other eyes can see;
Close-cramped within the forms and creeds
Of her stern ancestry,
The barrier lines that guard her youth leave naught but fancy free.

And yet, unknown to those around,
Some happy fate, or chance,
Weaves thick with threads of shining gold
The gray of circumstance.
She lives within a world of dreams and strays of old romance.

When all the dark and dew of night
Are touched with eastern glows,—
When sunrise lights the quiet fields
And tips the hills she knows,
She dreams of dawns that, far away, flush the wide seas with rose;

Of leagues of forest, lit with sun,
And billowed by the breeze;
Of snowy summits, red with morn;
Of crimsoned argosies;
Of cities flashing back the day,—of golden skies and leas.

When sunset, castled in the west,—
Beset by gathering night,—
Defies a host of shadows gray
With shafts of splendid light,
She sees, in vistaed glows, a heaven miraculously bright.

And, 'mid the hush and gold of noon,
There come enchanted hours,
When purple mists are on the hills
And skies have cloudy towers,
And tropic richness gleams among her garden's scarlet flowers.

The while she plies her homely tasks
In summer afternoons,
When shadows slant across the grass
And birds sing softer tunes,
And yellow light is on the fields,—waifs of old songs and runes

Float through her thought; and fancy sees,
Between the meadows wide,
Betwixt the road-sides, gay with flowers,
A knightly horseman ride;
The sunshine on his shield and plumes, his sheathed sword at his side.

He rides to cloud-land castles fair
Beyond the bounding hills,
Where fabled beauty lives again
Whene'er the dreamer wills,
And where the creamy lotus blooms, the cure for human ills.

And she,—the lady of his love,
Waits by the rustic gate;
Above her rise the hollyhocks
In spires of crimson state;
And odors from the rose's heart the passing breezes freight.

Her wide dark eyes gaze far away,
Her work falls on her knee,
And magic visions, silver-winged,
Around her float and flee;
The summer air, the summer light, are full of sorcery.

Ah, vain to mimic fancy's flights
With subtle arts of rhyme!
For her the bells of fairy-land
Their wondrous measures chime,—
The grace and glory of romance live in the present time!

I lay aside my useless pen;
What words of mine can show
The far-off wonder-land of dreams,—
Its towers of rose and snow,
And its eternal blooms and calms, that none but dreamers know!

NORWAY AND THE NORSEMEN.

A NORWEGIAN FJORD. (AFTER PAINTING BY G. MUNTHE.)

"WHY cannot the Scandinavian Peninsula sail?" asks a Norwegian conundrum; and the answer is: "Because it was launched with the keel up." And this is actually the case. That huge granite ridge which runs longitudinally north and south, separating Norway from Sweden, has indeed the appearance of a keel, from which start on the Norwegian side enormous lateral ribs, running parallel and with tolerably

regular intervals out to the Atlantic coast. The valleys between these parallel ribs are then of course filled with the water of the ocean, which winds by many tortuous ways far into the very heart of the country. These long arms of the Atlantic, which vary in character according to the character of the surrounding scenery, are what are known as the Norwegian fjords.* If the mountains rise abruptly with a sudden sweep of several thousand feet, as they do in some regions of Sogne and Hardanger, then the fjord is forced into a sort of reluctant neutrality, serving but as a mirror to reflect all the desolation and gloom and fierce majesty above it. But where the valley throws itself with a wide sunlit embrace upon the broad-breasted ocean, where the descent from the lofty regions of eternal winter is a slow and gradual one, marked by successive belts of ever-changing vegetation, there the fjord gains a stronger individuality and color, stretching away in radiant, billowy expanses, —the home of myriads of winged and finned creatures, the highway and inexhaustible store-house of man.

The fjord—there is to me a strange music in the very sound! All the subtle tints of the aurora, the glaciers and the deep northern skies, the clear echoes of the *loor*† and the cattle-call, and the melodious tinkling of the mountain-brooks, seem to be quivering through the very word. It is all the vast, glorious, wonderful Norway reflected as within the narrow compass of a Claude Lorraine mirror. How often have I drifted through the spacious summer-days in my sharp-keeled wherry upon those light, glittering waters, while the sea-birds surged in airy waves above me, and the white clouds with a bewildering distinctness pursued their tranquil paths far down in the deep below! It gave one a feeling of being suspended in the midst of the vast blue space, hovering between two infinities, and it seemed at the moment often hard to determine whether the real heavens were above or below. Then to watch the subtle play of color, how the lucid sea-green vies with the feebler air-tints, to listen with luxurious listlessness to the musical plashing of the water against the bow, to follow the placid soarings of the large, white-breasted sea-gulls, as they float on broad, motionless wings through the viewless ether, and to feel all the while the vast presence of the heaven-piercing peaks and glaciers, like a huge, dim background upon which your sensations trace themselves in a deliciously vague and rich relief—ah! it is the perfection of pure and simple being, one of those moments when the mere fact of living seems a great and glorious thing.

It appears to be a general belief in this country, that Norway is a sort of arctic mountain region, where winter reigns supreme during the greater part of the year. Hardly a day passes without offering me half a dozen opportunities for dispelling this illusion. When in the months of January and February I struggle up the hill on the top of which I live, in the face of a heart-freezing north-easter, which forces my breath down my throat and fringes my beard and eyelashes with tiny icicles, I am tolerably sure to meet some talkative neighbor who stops to congratulate me on the weather, adding, with a sober matter-of-factness which is secretly very irritating, that it must make me "feel very much like home." I repeat, however, with outward composure, for the thousandth time, my little lesson about the Gulf Stream, which my neighbor receives with an incredulous stare, remarking in a tone of remonstrance: "But it is so very far north, you know."

The fact is, Norway is blessed with every possible variety of climate except the tropical. The northernmost part, which is situated within the arctic circle, has a mean annual temperature of about 28° Fahrenheit, while along the coast line between the sixty-first and sixty-second parallels, including the Sogne fjord and Lister, it rises to 45°. Owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream, which, although it has been very much reviled of late, continues to send its warm breath in over the country, the winter in the middle fjord regions is of an even, genial temper, and, incredible as the assertion may sound, the mean temperature of the coldest day is there somewhat above the freezing point. In fact, the Creator, when Norway was planned, anticipated some of the most recent inventions. He contrived to save the country from the doom to which its arctic location seemed to have destined it, by means of a very simple heating apparatus, the principle of which is now universally recognized. The fjords, quite apart from their picturesque significance,

* In fjord, the j is pronounced like the English y with its consonantal sound as in yacht, yankee, etc. The j always has this sound in Norwegian, and names like Bjorstjerne Bjornson are not so difficult to pronounce as may at first appear.

† The loor is a kind of Alpine horn, from three to six feet long, used for calling the cattle home.

are a vast reservoir of heat, and penetrate far into the inland, like pipes of warm water from which the atmosphere may constantly supply its losses. Both fish and fowl naturally appreciate this advantage, and during the winter months they fill these watery valleys with a teeming luxuriance of life, thus opening inexhaustible resources to the population whom the barren soil refuses to support. In the interior districts of Southern Norway, where the breath of the sea does not reach, the winter is of course far severer, and in Gudbrandsdale, and Oesterdale, and the other parishes along the Swedish frontier, the mercury has sometimes been known to freeze; but there the soil is rich enough to reward labor, and moreover, the lumber trade gives employment to large forces of men, and brings a welcome addition to the peasant's income.

It is not my intention, however, to give statistical accounts of exports and imports, wealth and poverty, etc.; any one who cares for such information can easily find it in an encyclopedia. I would rather dwell upon the picturesque aspects of the country and the exceptional phases of character among the strangely primitive people that inhabit it.

The Norsemen are a peculiarly sincere, and, I might almost say, transparent race. Their emotions easily work their way through the clear, sensitive surface of their blonde countenances. It does not by any means follow that they readily yield to their feelings, and indulge in vehement outward manifestations of joy, grief or anger. On the contrary, among the peasantry, the code of propriety prescribes an attitude of rigid immobility in exciting situations, terseness of speech and slowness of action. It is the old Saga spirit which is still surviving. The heroes of the Sagas turn "ashy pale like withered grass," or the big sweat-drops burst from their brows; they smart keenly under an insult, but they usually at the moment restrain tongue and hand, and their vengeance comes slow and sure. And after all, I am aware that any generalization on the subject of character is apt to be unsafe, and in Norway even more so than elsewhere; first, because the dividing lines between the various classes of society are there very distinctly marked, and differences in breeding and mode of life will in the course of time modify the original type even beyond recognition; secondly, because communication between the northern and the southern districts has, until recently, been exceedingly difficult, thus leaving each isolated parish free to develop its local characteristics without any neutralizing counter-effects from abroad. Even the common language has in this way been broken up into a dozen or more dialects, each of which has pursued its own track independent of all the rest. Words have been subjected to phonetic distortions and changes of meaning which in some instances it is hard to attribute to any higher motive than local or personal caprice; even such common words as the personal pronouns have undergone the most startling metamorphoses, and verbs and nouns have fared but little better. In some instances the masculine and the feminine pronoun have exchanged places, *ho* standing for the masculine, *han* for the feminine; an objective case of the singular acquiring the force of a nominative plural (*me*, we), and a distorted form of the second person dual *dokker* (probably the Icelandic *ykkr*) becoming the accepted form of address.

An effort has been made by the distinguished philologist, Ivar Aasen, to bring uniformity into this chaos; and the poets Kristofer Janson and Vinje have, out of the numerous dialects, fashioned one which I believe combines the best features of all, and which they have raised to the dignity of a literary medium. The cultivated classes in Norway look with a good deal of disfavor upon this movement, claiming that any effort, the tendency of which is to emphasize the linguistic differences between the three Scandinavian races, will retard intellectual intercourse, and is moreover opposed to the spirit of the age. The defenders of the dialects, on the other hand, assert what no one can deny, that the language spoken by the higher classes is a most inadequate vehicle of what is best in the nation's thought,—being merely a sort of diluted Danish, full of false etymology, narrow in its range of expression, and utterly weak and colorless when compared with the Old Norse, from which it has sprung.

If, in spite of local differences, I should name any one essential feature which all the inhabitants of Norway possess in common, I should say it was a certain sturdy obstinate feeling of independence. They belong to that species of creatures which Nature fashioned for liberty. They imbibe this feeling with their mother's milk, and in the tales and traditions of their childhood; their teachers and school-books miss no occasion to inculcate it, and even the perpetual hardships of their maturer life tend to foster and strengthen it. I remember how as a boy my whole being thrilled with the proud

consciousness that I was a Norseman, a Goth of the pure old stock, a descendant of those daring Vikings who conquered Normandy and England, and who spread the terror of their name even to Italy and Constantinople. Every boy in Norway is taught to glory in this descent. I remember, too, how on one occasion the whole class in the gymnasium, as if possessed by one common impulse, went to the teacher of history and begged him to decide who of us were genuine Norsemen and who were not. And he, judging by our names and our flaxen hair, and moreover, deeming this a favorable opportunity for strengthening our patriotism, called us up one by one, with the exception of four or five unfortunate fellows whose names had a suspiciously foreign sound. How we triumphed over those boys forever afterward! how we pitied them from the bottom of our hearts!

An education like this, however, may in the end produce some undesirable results. It has made the Norwegians as a nation complacently self-satisfied and unwilling to learn. They cling tenaciously to their inherited traditions, and are slow to adapt themselves to changed circumstances. The great movements of the nineteenth century have passed over their heads, leaving them very much as they found them. A reform, even though the majority abstractly recognize it as such, has to fight its way inch by inch, and the forever stale reason that their fathers have done very well without it, is with many held to be a conclusive argument against its adoption. In their Storthing or parliament, the members are still discussing (if they have not lately disposed of it) that very knotty problem, whether a man can be, say an efficient army officer or a good tax-collector without being at the same time a good Lutheran. Christianity there means Lutheran Protestantism. Even those vague shades of doctrinal divergence represented by the Presbyterian, Congregational and Episcopal churches are to them merely a sort of modified heathenism; and if a man expects to keep his reckoning clear with Heaven, he must swear by authority, and either willfully or unconsciously exclude himself from the ever broadening religious life of the age. It naturally follows that dissenters must have a sorry time of it among them. They are—if a law to the contrary has not recently been passed—ineligible to any office under the government; they have, until within a few years, been denied the right of public worship, and have been ostracized from cultivated society.

THE DRONTHEIM CATHEDRAL.

In spite of the Gulf Stream, Norway suffers in many ways from her remote position from the great heart-centers of civilization; but I am bound to say that she would herself be the last to admit it. Life moves slowly and drowsily there; and the great vital questions which have agitated our age are too stale by the time they reach Norway to move the spirits into sympathetic vibration. They have been so amply discussed elsewhere, they have had half their life talked out of them. Then again, people who revolve in such narrow grooves of experience, and whose torpid provincialism has blunted their spiritual senses, are not apt to take large views of large things, are not qualified to be standard-bearers in the battles of civilization. They therefore only repeat on a smaller scale, and with slight modifications, the slow processes of growth in which greater and more impetuous nations have long ago taken the lead. If men of keener sight and grander intellectual stature than the crowd try to rouse the people from their political slumber, they are straightway branded as demagogues and ambitious agitators. Of late, this has especially been the fate of the poet Bjornstjerne Bjornson, whose republicanism (by no means of the utopian sort) is with the upper classes extremely unpopular; and the talented statesman, Johan Sverdrup, the leader of the majority in the last parliament, has fared but little better.

GOING TO THE SAETER. (AFTER PAINTING BY ADOLF TIDEMAN.)

It is a very singular spectacle and exactly the reverse of what one would naturally have expected, to see the conservative peasantry constituting the liberal wing of a national assembly and the representatives from the so-called upper classes contending for the old *régime*. Both parties, however, are equally sincere in their advocacy of what they believe to be for the real good of the country; and in sturdy dignity, patriotism and incorruptibility, the Norwegian Storthing is hardly surpassed by any other legislative assembly in all Europe. No hasty legislation there, no "posing" for the gratification of one's constituency, no furtherance of mere personal schemes. The members appear, as a rule, to be profoundly conscious of the dignity of their office; and in their earnest preoccupation they almost lose sight of their own selves; they show no disposition to impress or astonish. A brilliant man like Sverdrup plunges into the debate with a superb aggressive ardor, not for the sake of cutting a fine figure for the benefit of the galleries, but because his fiery nature can only express itself in this way; and a slow, deliberate man like the late Uhland displays his simple unassuming good sense in true peasant fashion, and in the end reaps the same honor and an equally high reputation. The unerring public opinion discovers the same fundamental qualities in both, recognizing in both the same stanch patriotism, integrity and noble self-sacrifice. I have heard it told of Sverdrup, who before entering the Storthing was a successful lawyer, that he is so poor that his friends repeatedly have felt called upon to sustain his credit by paying off the debts which he has been forced to incur in the support of his family. And still he is at this day, perhaps, the most celebrated man in all Norway, almost omnipotent with his party, and the leader of the majority in the nation's council. But four dollars a day (in our currency), which is the salary of a member of the Storthing, is not even there sufficient for the support of a large family.

It may appear from what I have already said that the short-comings of the Norsemen and their virtues are closely allied in character and evidently spring from the same source. An honest, simple-hearted man is not apt to make a brilliant figure in the world as it is at present constituted; he is apt to be somewhat sluggish in his movements and slow in discerning things, and the

chances are that he will be left behind in the heated race of our times. Primitive purity of soul fosters primitive virtues, and I might almost say, primitive faults. In times of old, in the period between the ninth and the thirteenth century when physical strength and courage were more important attributes than they are now, the Norwegians played a prominent part in history and were one of the most conspicuous nations in the world. Their daring Viking cruisers filled the south with the terror of their name; they conquered Normandy, and from Normandy, England; they formed the body-guard of the emperors in Constantinople; and they even crossed the Atlantic and discovered America, nearly four centuries before Columbus was born.

THE SKEE-RUNNERS. (AFTER PAINTING BY KNUT BERGSLIEN.)

It is inevitable, however, that in the complex civilization of to-day, whose intricate machinery can no longer be kept in motion by the simple methods which sufficed of yore, they should pursue their quiet unobtrusive lives in slow, contented obscurity.

But if we look more closely at this life, we shall discover much which we have at least not lost the faculty to admire; much to stir the memories of our own historic youth; much which in its simple beauty appeals to the primitive man who still slumbers in all of us. First, have we not sustained an æsthetic loss in the exchange of the rich picturesque costumes of former times for the stiff somber uniformity which modern fashions prescribe? Who, from an æsthetic point of view, would prefer those straight-cut tubes of cloth in which we encase our limbs, to the soft leather-colored knee-breeches of the Norse peasant lad, which close so tightly around the shapely rondure of the leg, which yield so readily to every motion, and show the plastic swelling of the muscles in mellow relief? Then the short light jacket, the red waistcoat with the silver buttons, and the red peaked cap thrown with a certain fling on one side of the head,—what an air of briskness and spirited activity it all gives to him, what a pleasant thing he is to the eye, so long disused to the sight of the beautiful human form! The colors are not savagely glaring, and blend as naturally as the red capsules of the sweet-brier with the yellowish bark of the birch. The colors prevailing in the costumes of the women are of the same kind,—red, white and black, although, like those of the men, they vary somewhat in the different parishes. The typical costume, however, as far as I have observed it, is for maidens, a scarlet boddice, short black skirt, sometimes with a border of green or red, and a girdle and apron of some bright color. Married women frequently wear a black jacket instead of the boddice, and a large white semicircular head-dress.

THE CHRISTMAS-SHEAF FOR THE BIRDS. (AFTER PAINTING BY ADOLF TIDEMAN.)

The great event in the year to the Norwegian peasant is the journey to the saeter. Early in June, as soon as the snow has melted in the mountain regions and the wide highland plains begin to turn green, the home in the valley is deserted. The door is locked and the key hidden under the threshold, and early in the morning, the father of the family gets ready the horses, the wife and the daughters pack the clean-scoured milk-pails and tubs on their backs, and drive the cattle out on the croft, and with blowing of loors and joyous shouting the gay procession starts up the mountain-side. The heifers raise their tails and perform incredible feats of bovine gymnastics, the more sedate cows low vociferously against the sky, the shepherd dogs run about with an air of business and chide with a sharp, disapproving bark their undignified behavior, and the horses sniff from afar the juicy grass of the highlands, and

give vent to their impatience by pawing the ground, or in loud, expectant neighing. If the farm is large, some of the men will perhaps remain behind to take care of the fields; but in the more remote northern valleys it frequently happens that the whole family desert their home during the summer months, only returning for a few weeks during the hay-harvest.

The saeter is a small log hut, surrounded by a fenced inclosure where the cattle are collected every evening, and whence they are sent out every morning to pasture on the rich grass which springs up as soon as the sun grows warm, under the border of the eternal snow-fields. Sometimes they are watched by one or more herdmen,—usually young boys,—but more frequently they roam about at their own sweet will, following the guidance of the bell-cow, and returning of their own accord at evening as soon as they hear the loor of the milk-maid summoning them from the saeter croft. They are then received by one of the daughters of the house with a handful of salt, and when they are well gathered within the inclosure, all the female members of the family share the labor of milking. To milk the cattle is an exclusively feminine handicraft in Norway; men regard it as degrading, and I have often heard immigrants complain bitterly, because American custom in this respect "put them on the level with women."

During the day, the milk-maids engage in all sorts of dairy-work,—scouring the wooden pails, boiling them in juniper seeds to keep them sweet, making cheese and churning butter. When the sun hangs low over the western mountain-tops and all labor is at an end, the mother, if she is there, will perhaps tell some wonderful tale of the beautiful Hulder of the Neck in the water, and of the great Trolds who used to live in the land before St. Olaf's church-bells drove them into their caves in the rocks. It is such a scene which the picture by the famous Norse artist, Knut Bergslien (himself once a peasant boy and well familiar with the idyllic sides of saeter life), is meant to represent. The long horn which the maid in the foreground holds in her hand is the loor, the strong, long-drawn tones of which re-echo so magnificently among the mighty Northland mountains.

Saturday is the day especially looked forward to by the inhabitants of the saeter; then the young lads from the valley come up to pay their visits to their sweethearts, and if perhaps they bring with them a fiddler or two, a spring-dance is improvised out on the croft. While the fiddlers twang lustily, the fair-haired maiden trips demurely behind the brisk-footed lad, who, with swinging arms and bold rhythmic movements, skims along over the soft green sod. Now he turns about and whirls her around like a top, while her yellow hair flies about her; now he leaps high above her head, and with a hearty shout comes down firmly on his feet, and the others, being challenged to emulation, follow in quick succession.

It is astonishing what agility the Norse peasant lads display in leaping, in spite of their solidly built frames. They practice it early and late during their boyhood, usually hanging up a cap on a peg a little above their own height, and persevering until they succeed in kicking it down. As their skill increases, they hang it higher, until their ambition is satisfied. "It is a poor fellow who cannot leap to his own height," I have often heard them say. In dancing, it is especially regarded as a laudable feat to be able to kick the rafter in the ceiling; and it is a curious spectacle to see them one by one springing up, dashing their toes or heels against the ceiling and then turning with a triumphant smile to the spectators as if challenging any one to do better. Their forefathers, too, as the Saga records show, prized this accomplishment highly; it stood them in good stead on many occasions when strength of arm alone would have proved unavailing.

In the interior districts of Norway, the winter sets in about the middle of October, and its strength is hardly exhausted before the beginning of May. During December and January, the sun just peeps for a couple of hours above the horizon's rim, looking very small and red-eyed and drowsy, as if the glare of this great, white world annoyed it; and as soon as it is gone, the dome of the heavens seems to widen; the stars, in all their cold arctic brilliancy, burst forth from the vast expanse of deep nocturnal blue; the moon sails in tranquil majesty across the cloudless sky, and the aurora borealis darts its long bright rays upward toward the zenith. The crisp, dry snow crackles under one's feet; the merry music of sleigh-bells fills the air; everything is life and joy. Then the peasant gathers his household around the large open hearth; neighbors drop in; the men smoke and carve wooden spoons, knife-handles and boxes; the women sew or knit; old tales and traditions are rehearsed, and if there is a sufficient number of young peo-

ple present, the evening is very apt to end with a dance. Dancing is, in fact, the favorite pastime both among peasants and "gentlefolks." Every child learns to dance as surely as it learns to walk. A fiddler is easily found, for a fine musical ear appears to be the common gift of the whole Scandinavian race. There is music in the blood; everybody

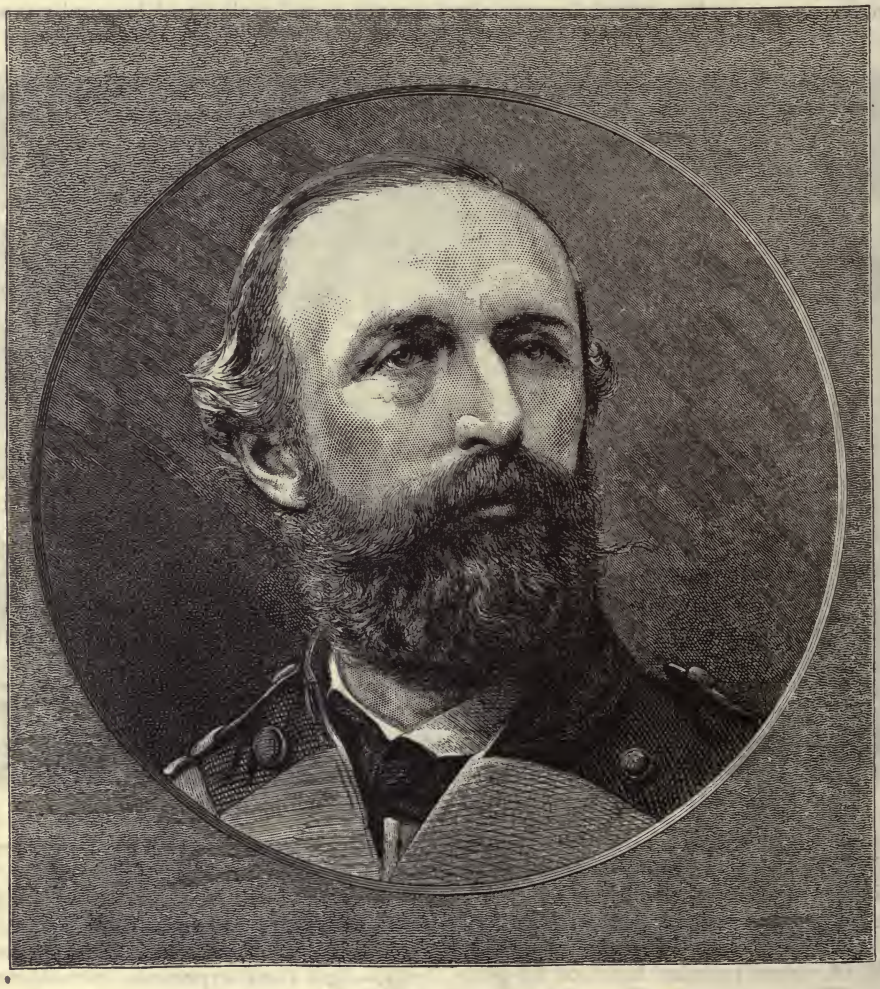
A BRIDAL PROCESSION RETURNING FROM CHURCH. (AFTER PAINTING BY ADOLF TIDEMAN.)

sings,—I might almost say, whether he has voice or not. Songs spring up everywhere and hardly anybody knows where they come from. They are mostly ballads of a half epic character, describing the wonderful deeds of some popular hero of by-gone times. The tunes, too, seem to make themselves; and it is a noticeable fact, that they are almost invariably in the minor key,—sweet, tender strains full of simple pathos and melody. The national fancy instinctively chooses large themes,—themes suggestive of dramatic situations, and usually remote from the slow monotony of life to which the race is at present doomed. It is a strain of the old heroic spirit which is still surviving; and the contrast between the grandeur of the old traditions and the smallness of the singer's own lot, inspires the sadness which steals like a pervailing perfume through the tender cadences of the melody. The popular superstitions, too, furnish abundant subjects for song; the belief in mysterious supernatural beings who inhabit the mountains, the dark forests and the broadening rivers, fascinates the fancy of the peasant and sets the musical depths (the song-bottom, as a Norwegian would call it) of his soul vibrating. In the lyric ballads, which are fewer in number, he draws the themes of his song from the experiences of his daily life. Love, longing, disappointment, sorrow,—those phases of human life which are the same the world over,—find their expression in sad, tuneful ditties, the tender simplicity of which is the more touching in these days of gaudy, elaborate word-painting. What can, for instance, be more effective than this simple refrain in which the singer mourns the death of a beautiful maiden: "Aarolilja, why slumberest thou so long?" And in the ballad of "The Return of the Dead," what a sense of mystery and dread there is in the repetition after each verse of these solemn lines:

"The long night
And the long woe.
In the long night
I slumber."

As further proof of the inborn musical wealth of the Norse people, I shall only quote the still very common pastime of singing staves or improvised rhymes,—a custom which adds much to the good cheer and liveliness of their weddings, dancing-parties and other social gatherings. A youth stands forth in the crowd and, in verse prompted by the situation, challenges a maiden, or perhaps another youth, to answer him. The melody is always on such occasions one which is familiar to all. The person thus challenged replies, likewise in verse; then the challenger has his turn, and so on. The company, constituting themselves the umpires of the contest, gather about the singers in a dense throng, shout their approval at every bold and clever response, and watch the scene with eager interest. The one who first breaks down, or whose supply of rhymes and ideas is first exhausted, has suffered a defeat.

The students at the University of Norway have borrowed this national pastime from the peasants, and at their Saturday evening gatherings in "The Students' Union," they throw improvised rhymes to each other across "the long tables," while the whole company fall in vociferously with the refrain. With them, however, there are no appointed contestants; anybody who feels inclined may take the lead, and the whole is more of an amusement, an exercise of wit, than a contest.



KING OSCAR II.

The great festival of the year in Norway, as among all Germanic nations, is Christmas. Whether it owes all its sanctity to its association with the birth of the Savior is,

however, an open question; for many customs still kept alive in the remoter valleys seem to point beyond the beginning of the Christian era, to the time when the Norsemen ate horse-flesh in honor of Odin and Thor and Frey. The festival, as the retaining of the old name indicates, is as yet strongly tinctured with reminiscences of the old pagan Yule. Tracing the character of Christ and his apostles as they appear in many popular *märchen* and legends, the conclusion lies near that the people have, consciously or not, transferred much that was dear to them in the old gods to the new deity, and thus, by a sort of compromise between the old faith and the new, have produced a divine type which is, at all events, sufficiently national to appeal strongly to their Norse hearts. This nationalizing of one's divinity is, of course, not peculiar to Norway; it would have been more singular if Norway had shown no trace of it.

The preparations for the Yule-tide, in the way of provisioning the house, would, to American eyes, look perfectly enormous. Baking and brewing and butchering keep the whole household busy during the last three weeks preceding the festival. And the fact that the process is repeated year after year probably proves that it is necessary. Every man, woman, or child who comes within a stone's throw of the house during the holidays (which last until a week after New-Year) must be invited in and urged to eat and drink without regard for comfort. Even the birds are to have their share of the Christmas joy. As soon as the church-bells have "rung in the feast" at five o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, the father of the house takes his richest sheaf of oats or barley and attaches it to the end of a pole, which is nailed to the gable of the barns or the store-houses. The mother and the children stand by enjoying the sight of the happy birds fluttering around the sheaf, while the father will perhaps quote the passage about God's care even for the sparrow, wherefore it is right that the sparrow too should rejoice on the day when Christ was born.

Among the many evening visitors which are sure to drop in to taste the Christmas brew, some are apt to be disguised by grotesque masks, and otherwise fantastically accoutered. These are called Yule-bucks, possibly because the most common mask may have been that of a goat or some other horned creature. At present I do not know that any special kind of disguise is preferred. The rule seems to be, the more grotesque, the better.

The German custom of having poor children wander about on Christmas Eve, carrying a large lighted star of canvas, representing the star of Bethlehem, prevails also in Norway. No one can hear their shrill, tiny voices in the snow under his window, singing the dear familiar carols, and refuse them their well-earned penny.

One of the principal winter amusements of the Norsemen is what is called "running on skees." Skees are a kind of snow-shoes, but of a very different pattern from those used in this country, and, considering their great superiority to the latter both as economizers of strength and in point of speed, it has long been a matter of wonder to me that they have never been introduced either here or in Canada. The skee is a long piece of tough, strong wood, about four inches wide, smoothly polished on the under side, furnished with a band for the foot in the middle, pointed at the front end and bent upward. On flat ground, the skee-runner pushes himself forward by means of a long staff, which also enables him to regulate his speed if he is gliding down hill. In the wide, trackless forests of Norway, the hunter or the lumberman skims lightly over the surface of the snow by means of this simple contrivance, while with American snow-shoes he would have to plod wearily along, lifting his feet at every step and thus losing both time and strength. Bergslien's picture of "The Skee-Runners" represents two men, evidently father and son, returning from a day's hunt, shooting at full speed down the mountain-side with their prey on their backs, while the cold air whistles about their ears and the snow whirls in white eddies in their track. Skee-races are frequently held near the larger cities; and to carry off a prize in one of these is held to be no small honor.

Norwegian weddings are, as a rule, attended with a great deal of pomp and ceremony. Among the rural population, a wedding frequently lasts from three to six days; if the bride is rich, kinsmen and friends are summoned from far and near, and amid firing of guns, shouting, and music of violins, the merry procession starts for the church. The bride wears a silver crown (usually an heirloom in her family), very elaborately wrought, and hung all around with small gilt disks; her linen is clasped in the throat by a large silver brooch of curious workmanship, and her bosom adorned with other

ornaments of the same metal. In the fjord districts, the company proceed to the church in boats; while in the interior parishes, the bride and the groom head the procession on horseback. At the church door, the master of ceremonies greets them with a well prepared speech, and as soon as they return to the bridal house as man and wife, the merriment breaks out in real earnest. Formerly, brawls and even bloody fights were of no rare occurrence on such occasions; and it is even told that in the last century, wives were in the habit of bringing shrouds for their husbands in their bandboxes, counting the chances of their being killed as, on the whole, predominating. Now, however, the nineteenth century has made sad havoc among the primitive customs and tastes of the Norsemen; and a man's chances of getting killed are, I believe, smaller in Norway than almost anywhere else on the globe. Primeval man, if he still exist, has become self-conscious; or in other words, is no longer primeval.

And this leads me to speak of the many changes which Norway has undergone during the present century. For four hundred years, until 1814, the country had been united with Denmark, and although the union was at the outset a voluntary one, had in the course of time been reduced to the position of a province. The Danish kings had been content with collecting their taxes and filling all the most remunerative offices with their favorites, but had otherwise left the country to take care of itself. The ignorant and superstitious populace, shut out from communication with all the rest of the world, remained intellectually stagnant, told their tales, sang their ballads and persevered in their picturesquely barbarous mode of life. The new independent government of 1814—as soon as the dangers from without were removed—employed energetic means for the enlightenment of the people, and the establishment of a graded and well regulated civil service, and introduced law and order where license and arbitrary rule had formerly prevailed.

Norway has, since 1814, been united with Sweden under one king, but with separate governments. The king resides during the greater part of the year in Stockholm, but usually comes to open the Norwegian Storthing (Parliament) in person. Those members of his cabinet to whom the government is virtually intrusted must all be of Norwegian birth, and no Swede can be appointed to office in Norway. The king has, like the president of the United States, merely a suspensive veto, and three regular Storthings can establish a law without his sanction. The Storthing consists of an upper and a lower house, or rather at its first session divides itself into two chambers, any member being eligible to either. One-fourth of the house is, by a vote of the house itself, elected a *Lag-thing* (law-thing, upper house), and the remaining three-fourths constitute the *Odels-thing*. At any critical period the sovereign may call for an election and assemble the Storthing at pleasure; this is what is called an Extraordinary Storthing. Otherwise the elections are held annually, and the legislative assembly meets regularly in Christiania in the month of February, continuing its sessions for about two months. There is no nobility in Norway, and no one is permitted to assume a noble title; the spirit of the constitution is thoroughly democratic, and frequently nearly half the Storthing is made up of peasants.

The present king of Norway and Swe-

OSKAR'S HALL, THE KING'S VILLA.

den is Oskar the Second, a grandson of Bernadotte. He is a man of high culture and irreproachable character, himself a poet of great merit, and an enthusiastic protector of art and science.

I have said that the dividing lines between the various classes of society are very sharply defined; but I am aware that this statement requires some modification. The former aristocracy of birth has long ago been abolished, but its place is at present occupied by an aristocracy of culture. The diploma of academical citizenship amounts almost to the same as a letter

of nobility. It makes its possessor eligible to any civil office under the government; it gives him access to the best society, and until very lately opened to him the prospect of an honorable and tolerably profitable position. He commences at the lowest step of the official ladder, and if he has talent and perseverance he is sure to rise. No amount of influence or wire-pulling can secure a man an office to which his age and ability do not entitle him. A few cases of royal favoritism are on record, but it is only just to say that they are extremely rare. The king usually knows nothing about the man he appoints, except the official record of his age, present position, and the examinations he has passed at the University or the Military Academy. In the case of noted men or applicants for high positions, he may possess a more detailed knowledge, and may have the opportunity to exercise some option; but even in such cases, I believe, the recommendation (*Indstilling*) of the cabinet ministers has great weight.

The University is, of course, open to all who can afford to benefit by its instruction, and at present a goodly percentage of its students are the sons of peasants. The same is the case with the Military Academy. But the fact still remains, that a University education inevitably removes the young peasant lad from his former associates; his interests are no longer their interests, and he can no longer be to them what he once was. He feels himself as a member of another class, and even though he may cherish with pride the thought of his origin, he cannot avoid forming new ties of friendship and affection among those whose equality of culture enables them to share his intellectual pleasures and sympathize with his pursuits. The peasant, too, is well aware of the distance which separates him from a "learned man;" without compromising for a moment his own self-respect, he still treats his "superiors" with a good deal of deference and takes pride in the thought that his son has risen above his head. Neither is his own narrow sphere of life without its well-defined scale of social rank and distinction. The freeholder who owns the land he cultivates stands above the houseman and the laborer who work by the day and rent their land from him. He would regard it as a great humiliation if his son or his daughter were to marry some one belonging to this inferior caste.

In the smaller cities, and the valleys where the forests yield a large income to their owners, the social code recognizes a class known as "the lumber nobility" (*Plankeadel*). Uncultivated men who have made a fortune in the lumber trade emulate the wealthy members of the *bourgeoisie* in glittering display and splendor, and in some communities really give the tone to social life. They closely resemble a type with which we are well acquainted on this side of the Atlantic, and in loudness of manner and vulgar ostentation they hardly yield to their American brethren.

One important feature of Norwegian life still remains to be mentioned. About the latter part of January, the inhabitants of the Northern Ocean belonging to the cod family, migrate toward the coasts of Norway, and in certain localities literally fill the water. As a Norse writer puts it, one might be inclined to believe that all the cod in creation had appointed an annual rendezvous under the banks of Lofoten. At times the vast shoals almost impede the progress of the boats, and frequently the "deep-nets" with their heavy sinkers stop before reaching the bottom, being unable to push their way through the dense throngs of fish. Then the male population of the northern districts make ready their elastic swift-sailing boats and hurry out toward Lofoten, and only women, children and decrepit old men remain behind in the valleys. It is a fine sight to see the vast fleet sailing out at the break of dawn toward the fishing-grounds, and again returning with the heavily loaded boats followed by a surging cloud of white, screaming sea-birds. But many a time it happens that of those who "went sailing out into the west," some boat with its crew is missing when the fishermen congregate at eventide in the harbor; and some days later, as Mr. Schulze relates, the crushed fragments of a boat, a piece of a sail, or perhaps an arm, or a pair of legs with "sea-boots" on, may be thrown up by the waves upon the strand. These remains are then sent home to the fisherman's parish and buried there by the bereaved widow and children. It is a very common occurrence, and still its pathos remains ever fresh; for the individual refuses to become hardened by the ever-repeated experience of the race. As soon as the son is old enough to manage a boat, he follows in his father's footsteps, and very likely lays his bones where his father laid his. Drowning, as Mr. Schulze

asserts, is regarded as almost the normal mode of death among the Lofoten fishermen, and I believe they have a sort of pity for a man who survives his usefulness and is forced by age to remain at home when the others set sail for the fishing-banks.

During the winter fisheries, every boat is manned by a crew of six, who appoint one of their number captain. This captain has, while at sea, unlimited authority; and, as the others virtually give their lives into his hands, the choice is always made after the most careful consideration. Resoluteness, agility, and coolness in danger are the qualities which decide the choice; there is no regard for person,* and the freeholder himself has frequently to obey the command of his houseman or servant.

The winter fisheries usually close about the middle of April, and, about a month later, the summer fisheries commence. These, however, are not confined to the islands of Lofoten, but extend up the whole coast toward Russia. They do not yield so large a profit as the former; but, on the other hand, they are less dangerous, and even women are not prevented from engaging in them. The night is then as bright as the day; the weather is steady, and storms are rare. The midnight sun hangs large and red above the horizon's rim, throwing its broad bridge of flame out across the sea; the billows break with a slow rhythmic motion against the rocks, and the white breasts of the sea-gulls catch a faint tinge of red as they drift sunward on broad extended wings.

No traveler in Norway will fail to discover a very striking difference in physical and mental development between the inhabitants of the southern and those of the northern districts. The latter have preserved to a greater degree those sturdy qualities for which, in past times, their ancestors were so justly renowned. They are swift and agile in their movements, resolute in action, and of a bold, adventurous spirit. Their daily life calls these qualities into constant requisition; from their childhood up they wrestle with storms and the dangers of the deep until they learn to look death coolly in the face, and to meet it with serene self-possession. If the chronicles of the fisheries were ever to be written, they would furnish instances of heroism compared with which the feats of Horatius Cocles and Mucius Scævola would seem theatrical and pale; for they sacrificed life and limb in the presence of a host of admiring countrymen, while these humble fishermen, at the call of duty, hasten to aid their fellows, plunging into dangers destitute of dramatic effects, and which no historian, except perhaps the recording angel above, will ever chronicle.

In the extreme north of the Scandinavian peninsula, we find the remnant of a race

LAPLANDERS RIDING IN THEIR PULKS. (AFTER PAINTING BY G. SAAL.)

* Schulze's "Fra Lofoten ag Solöer," page 15.

which—probably before the invasion of the Germanic tribes—inhabited the whole country. The Lapps, or Laplanders (whom the Norwegians erroneously call Finns), belong to the Mongolian family, and are at present about 17,000 in number. The greater part of them live on the coast, earning their support by fishing, while some still roam with their reindeer over the vast highland plains, subsisting on what their herds yield them. They speak a language of their own, entirely distinct from that of the Norwegians; live in tents made of raw hides, and are very uncleanly in their habits. In the winter, when the aurora borealis, like a huge hidden sun whose rays seem to shoot up above the line of the snow, illuminates the northern horizon, they glide with their small *pulks* (a vehicle resembling a flat-bottomed boat), drawn by reindeer, over the boundless fields of snow, directing their course, like mariners, by the moon and the stars.

I have attempted to give as comprehensive and unbiased a view of Norway and the Norse character as my natural prejudice in favor of my subject would permit me to do. And now, on reviewing what I have said, I am almost disposed to believe that where I may have erred, my judgments incline toward severity rather than generous indulgence. For, taking the Norsemen as a whole, no one will deny that they combine all the finest, most enduring qualities of the Gothic race; that, in spite of their national foibles, they are an eminently manly people; and in this warm, full-blooded, Gothic manhood, there is a wealth of undeveloped strength which inspires one with faith in their national future.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE morning following, Anice's father being called away by business, left Riggan for a few days' absence, and it was not until after he had gone, that the story of Mr. Haviland's lodge-keeper came to her ears. Mr. Haviland was a Member of Parliament, a rich man with a large estate, and his lodge-keeper had just left him to join a fortunate son in America. Miss Barholm heard this from one of her village friends when she was out with the phaeton and the gray pony, and at once thought of Sammy Craddock. The place was the very thing for him. The duties were light, the lodge was a pretty and comfortable cottage, and Mr. Haviland was known to be a generous master. If Sammy could gain the situation, he was provided for. But of course there were other applicants, and who was to speak for him? She touched up the respectable gray pony with her whip, and drove away from the woman who had told her the news, in a perplexed frame of mind. She herself only knew Mr. Haviland by sight, his estate was three miles from the village, her father was away, and there was really no time to be lost. She drove to the corner of the road and paused there for a moment.

"Oh, indeed, I must go myself," she said at last. "It is unconventional, but there is no other way." And she bent over and touched the pony again and turned the corner without any further delay.

She drove her three miles at a pretty steady trot, and at the end of the third,—at the very gates of the Haviland Park, in fact,—fortune came to her rescue. A good-humored middle-aged gentleman on a brown horse came cantering down the avenue and, passing through the gates, approached her. Seeing her, he raised his hat courteously; seeing him, she stopped her pony, for she recognized Mr. Haviland.

She bent forward a little eagerly, feeling the color rise to her face.

It was somewhat trying to find herself obliged by conscience to stop a gentleman on the highway and ask a favor of him.

"Mr. Haviland," she said. "If you have a moment to spare ——"

Her clear voice reached him in an instant, and he drew rein by her phaeton, removing his hat again. He had heard a great deal of Miss Barholm from his acquaintance among the county families. He had heard her spoken of as a rather singular young lady who had the outward appearance of a child, and the views of a

feminine reconstructor of society. He had heard of her little phaeton too, and her gray pony, and so, though he had never seen her before, he recognized her at once.

"Miss Barholm?" he said with polite deference.

"Yes," answered Anice. "And indeed I am glad to have been fortunate enough to meet you here. Papa is away from home, and I could not wait for his return, because I was afraid I should be too late. I wanted to speak to you about the lodge-keeper's place, Mr. Haviland."

He had been rather of the opinion that Miss Barholm must be a terrible young woman, with a tendency to model cottages and night schools. It was an agreeable surprise to see sitting in her modest phaeton, a quiet girl who looked up at him with a pair of the largest and clearest eyes he had ever seen, while she told him about Sammy Craddock.

"I want the place very much for him, you see," she ended. "But of course I do not wish to be unfair to any one who may want it, and deserve it more. If there is any one who really *is* in greater need of it," with the ghost of a sigh, "I suppose I must give it up."

"But, I am glad to tell you, there is nobody," answered Mr. Haviland quite eagerly. "I can assure you, Miss Barholm, that the half dozen men who have applied to me are, without a solitary exception, unmitigated scamps—great strong burly fellows, who would, ten to one, spend their days in the public house, and their nights in my preserves, and leave their wives and children to attend to my gates. This Craddock is evidently the very man for me; I am not a model land-owner, but I like to combine charity with subservience to my own interests occasionally. I have heard something of the old fellow too. Something of a demagogue, isn't he? But that will not frighten me. I will allow him to get the better of me in political discussion, if he will leave my pheasants alone."

"I will answer for the pheasants," said Anice, "if you will let me send him to you."

"I will see him to-morrow morning with pleasure," said Mr. Haviland. "And if there is anything else I can do, Miss Barholm——"

"Thank you, there is nothing else at present. Indeed, you do not know how grateful I feel."

Young ladies who go out of the ordinary groove are not apt to be attractive to the average English mind. There are conventional charities in which young ladies may indulge,—there are Sunday-schools, and rheumatic old women, and flannel night-caps, and Dorcas societies, and such things to which people are used and which are likely to alarm nobody. Among a class of discreet persons these are held to afford sufficient charitable exercise for any well regulated young woman; and girls whose plans branch out in other directions are looked upon with some coldness. So the country gentry, hearing of Miss Barholm and her novel fancies,—her teaching in a night school with a mild young curate, her friendship for the daughter of a dissipated collier, her intimate acquaintance with ragged boys and fighting terriers, her interest in the unhappy mothers of nameless babies,—hearing of these things, I say, the excellent non-enthusiasts shook their heads as the very mildest possible expression of dissent. They suspected strong-mindedness and "reform"—perhaps even politics, and a wish to advance irregular notions concerning the ballot. At any rate, said they, it does not look well, and it is very much better for young persons to leave these matters alone and do as others do who are guided wholly by their elders.

Before an hour had passed, Sammy Craddock heard the good news. Anice drove back to his house and told him, without delay.

"If you will go to-morrow morning, Mr. Haviland will see you," she ended; "and I think you will be good friends, Mr. Craddock."

"Owd Sammy" pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and looked at her.

"An' tha went at th' business o' thy own accord an' managt it i' hoof an hour!" he said. "Well, I'm domd,—axin yore pardin fur takkin th' liberty; it's a habit I've getten—but I *be* an' no mistake."

He had not even time to get over his grateful amazement and recover his natural balance before she had said all she had come to say, and was gone, leaving him with "th' owd lass" and his admiration.

"Well," he said, "I mun say I nivver seed nowt loike it i' my loife. To think o' th' little wench ha'in' so mich gumption, an' to think o' her takkin th' matter i' hond th' minnit she struck it! Why! hoo's getten as mich sense as a mon. Eh! but hoo's a rare un—I said it when I seed her amongst th' lads theer, an' I say it again. An' hoo is na mich bigger nor six penn'orth o' copper neyther. An' I warrant hoo nivver thowt o'

fillin' her pocket wi' tracks by way o' comfort. Well, tha'st noan ha' to dee i' th' Union after aw, owd lass, an' happen we con save a bit to gi' thee a graidely funeral if tha'lt mak' up thy moind to stay ot th' top a bit longer."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Sunday following the curate's visit to Lowrie's cottage, just before the opening of the morning service at St. Michael's, Joan Lowrie entered, and walking up the side aisle, took her place among the free seats. The respectable church members turned to look at her as she passed their pews. On her part she seemed to see nobody and to hear nothing of the rustlings of the genteel garments stirred by the momentary excitement caused by her appearance.

The curate, taking his stand in the pulpit that morning, saw after the first moment only two faces among his congregation. One, from among the old men and women in the free seats, looked up at him with questioning in its deep eyes, as if its owner had brought to him a solemn problem to be solved this very hour, or forever left at rest; the other, turned toward him from the Barholm pew, alight with appeal and trust. He stood in sore need of the aid he asked for in his silent opening prayer.

Some of his flock who were somewhat prone to underrate his powers at times, were moved to a novel comprehension of them this morning. The more appreciative went home saying among themselves that the young man had power after all, and for once at least he had preached with uncommon fire and pathos. His text was a brief one, —but three words,—the three words Joan had read beneath the picture of the dead Christ—"It is finished!"

If it was chance that led him to them today, it was a strange and fortunate chance, and surely he had never preached as he preached at this time.

When he ended, the woman sitting next to Joan heard a heavy sigh fall from her lips, and then the girl rose and passed from her place to the door, with her eyelids downcast. Anice looked for her in vain; she had gone before the rest of the congregation.

But in the evening, being out in the garden near the holly hedge, Anice heard her name spoken, and glancing over the leafy barrier, saw Joan standing on the side path just as she had seen her the first time they had spoken to each other.

"I ha' na a minnit to stay," she said without any prelude, "but I ha' summat to say to yo'."

Her manner was quiet, and her face wore a softened pallor. Even her physical power seemed for a time to appear subdued. And yet she looked steady and resolved.

"I wur at church this mornin'," she began again almost immediately.

"I saw you," Anice answered.

She made a little motion of the head.

"I wur nivver theer before. I went to see fur mysen. I ha' read the book yo' gi me, an' theer's things in it as I nivver heerd on. Mester Grace too,—he coom to see me an' I axt him questions. Theer wur things as I wanted to know, an' now it seems loike it looks clearer. What wi' th' pictur',—it begun wi' th' pictur',—an' th' book, an' what *he* said to-day i' church, I've made up my moind."

She paused an instant, her lips trembled, and when she raised her eyes there were tears in them, and she lifted her hand slightly with a solemn gesture.

"I dunnot want to say much about it now," she said, brokenly. "I ha' not getten th' words. But I thowt as yo'd loike to know. I believe i' th' Book; I believe i' th' Cross; I believe i' Him as deed on it! That's what I coom to say."

The woman turned without another word and went away.

Anice did not remain in the garden. The spirit of Joan Lowrie's intense mood communicated itself to her. She even trembled a little, and her pulse beat rapidly. She thought of Paul Grace and wished for his presence. She felt herself drawn near to him again. She wanted to tell him that his harvest had come, that his faithfulness had not been without its reward. Her own labor she only counted as chance-work, imperfectly done.

She found Fergus Derrick in the parlor, talking to her mother.

He was sitting in his favorite position, leaning back in a chair before a window, his strong hands clasped behind his head. His friendly intercourse with the family had extended beyond the ceremonious epoch, when a man's attitudes are studied and unnatural. In these days Derrick was as much at ease at the Rectory as an only son might have been.

When Anice entered the room, her mother spoke to her.

"I thought some one spoke to you across the hedge, Anice," she said.

"Yes," Anice answered. "Some one did; it was Joan Lowrie."

She sat down opposite Fergus, and told them what had occurred. Her voice was not quite steady, and she made the relation as brief as possible. Derrick sat looking out of the window without moving. Once or twice his forehead knit itself, and when Anice ended he remained silent and abstracted.

"Mr. Derrick," said Anice at last after a few moments had elapsed, "What *now* is to be done with Joan Lowrie?"

Derrick roused himself with a start to meet her eyes and find them almost sad.

"What now?" he said. "God knows! For one, I cannot see the end."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE light in the cottage upon the Knoll Road burned late in these days, and when Derrick was delayed in the little town, he used to see it twinkle afar off, before he turned the bend of the road on his way home. He liked to see it. It became a sort of beacon light, and as such he began to watch for it. He used to wonder what Joan was doing, and he glanced in through the curtainless windows as he passed by. Then he discovered that when the light shone she was at work. Sometimes she was sitting at the wooden table with a book, sometimes she was laboring at some task with pen and ink, sometimes she was trying to use her needle.

She had applied to Anice for instruction in this last effort. It was not long before Anice found that she was intent upon acquiring the womanly arts her life had put it out of her power to learn.

"I'd loike to learn to sew a bit," she had said, and the confession seemed awkward, and reluctant. "I want to learn to do a bit o' woman's work. I'm tired o' bein' neyther th' one thing nor th' other. Seems loike I've allus been doin' men's ways, an' I am na content."

Two or three times Derrick saw her passing to and fro before the window, hushing the child in her arms, and once he even heard her singing to it in a low, but evidently rarely tried voice. Up to the time that Joan first sang to the child, she had never sung in her life. She caught herself one day, half chanting a lullaby she had heard Anice Barholm sing. The sound of her own voice was so novel to her, that she paused all at once in her walk across the room, prompted by a queer impulse to listen.

"It moight ha' been somebody else," she said. "I wonder what made me do it. It wur a queer thing."

Sometimes Derrick met Joan entering the Rectory (at which both were frequent visitors); sometimes, passing through the hall on her way home; but however often he met her, he never felt that he advanced at all in her friendship.

On one occasion, having bidden Anice good-night and gone out on the staircase, Joan stepped hurriedly back into the room and stood at the door as if waiting.

"What is it?" Anice asked.

Joan started. She had looked flushed and downcast, and when Anice addressed her, an expression of conscious self-betrayal fell upon her.

"It is Mester Derrick," she answered, saying no more, and in a moment she went out.

Anice remained seated at the table, her hands clasped before her.

"Perhaps," at last she said aloud, "perhaps this is what is to be done with her. And then—" her lips tremulous,—"it will be a work for me to do."

Derrick's friendship and affection for herself held no germ of warmer feeling. If she had had the slightest doubt of this, she would have relinquished nothing. She had a disbelief in exaggerated notions of self-immolation. She would not have given up to another woman what Heaven had given to herself, any more than she would have striven to win from another woman what had been Heaven's gift to her. If she felt pain, it was not the pain of a small envy, but of a great tenderness. She was capable of making any effort for the ultimate good of the man she could have loved with the whole strength of her nature.

When she entered her home that night, Joan Lowrie was moved to some surprise by a scene which met her eyes. It was a simple thing and under some circumstances would have meant little; but taken in connection with her remembrance of past events, it had a peculiar significance. Liz was sitting upon the hearth, with some odds and ends of bright-colored ribbon on her knee, and a little straw hat in her hand. She was trimming the hat, and using the scraps of ribbon for the purpose. When she heard Joan, she looked up and reddened somewhat, and then hung her head over her work again.

"I'm makin' up my hat again," she said, almost deprecatingly. "It wur sich a faded thing."

"Are yo'?" said Joan.

She came and stood leaning against the fire-place, and looked down at the girl thoughtfully. The shallowness and simplicity of the girl baffled her continually. She herself, who was prompted in action by deep motive and strong feeling, found it hard to realize that there could be a surface with no depth below.

Her momentary embarrassment having died out, Liz had quite forgotten herself in the interest of her task. She was full of self-satisfaction and trivial pleasure. She looked positively happy as she tried the effect of one bit of color after another, holding the hat up. Joan had never known her to show such interest in anything before. One would never have fancied, seeing the girl at this moment, that a blight lay upon her life, that she could only look back with shrinking and forward with hopelessness. She was neither looking backward nor forward now,—all her simple energies were concentrated in her work. How was it? Joan asked herself. Had she forgotten—could she forget the past and be ready for petty vanities and follies? To Joan, Liz's history had been a tragedy—a tragedy which must be tragic to its end. But what was there of the tragic element in the present mood of this pretty seventeen-year-old girl sitting eager and delighted over her lapful of ribbon? Not that Joan begrudged her the slight happiness—she only wondered, and asked herself how it could be.

Possibly her silence attracted Liz's attention. Suddenly she looked up, and when she saw the gravity of Joan's face, her own changed.

"Yo're grudgin' me doin' it," she cried. "Yo' think I ha' no reet to care foi sich things," and she dropped hat and ribbon on her knee with an angry gesture. "Happen I ha' na," she whimpered. "I ha' na getten no reet to no soart o' pleasure, I dare say."

"Nay," said Joan rousing herself from her reverie. "Nay, yo' must na say that, Liz. If it pleases yo' it canna do no hurt; I'm glad to see yo' pleased."

"I'm tired o' doin' nowt but mope i' th' house," Liz fretted. "I want to go out a bit loike other foak. Theer's places i' Riggan as I could go to wi'out bein' sleered at—theer's other wenches as has done worse nor me. Ben Maxy towd Mary on'y yesterday as I wur the prettiest lass i' th' place, fur aw their sleers."

"Ben Maxy!" Joan said slowly.

Liz twisted a bit of ribbon around her finger.

"It's not as I care fur what Ben Maxy says, or what ony other mon says, fur th' matter o' that, but—but it shows as I need na be so mich ashamed o' mysen after aw, an' need na stay i'doors as if I dare na show my face."

Joan made no answer. The shallow nature baffled her again.

"An' yet," she said, smiling faintly at her own train of thought afterward, "I dunnot see what I'm complainin' on. Am I out o' patience because her pain is na deeper? Surely I am na wanting her to mak' th' most o' her burden. I mun be a queer wench, tryin' to mak' her happy, an' then feelin' worrited at her forgettin' her trouble. It's well as she con let things slip so easy."

But there came times when she could not help being anxious, seeing Liz gradually drifting out into her old world again. She was so weak, and pretty, and frivolous, so ready to listen to rough flatteries. Riggan was more rigid in its criticism than in its morality, and criticism having died out, offense was forgotten through indifference rather than through charity. Those who had been hardest upon Liz in her day of darkness were carelessly ready to take her up again when her fault was an old story overshadowed by some newer scandal.

Joan found herself left alone with the child oftener than she used to be, but in truth this was a relief rather than otherwise. She was accustomed to solitude, and the work of self-culture she had begun filled her spare hours with occupation.

Since his dismissal from the mines, she saw but little of her father. Sometimes she saw nothing of him for weeks. The night after he lost his place, he came into the house, and making up a small bundle of his personal effects, took a surly leave of the two women.

"I'm goin' on th' tramp a bit," he said. "If yo're axed, yo' con say I'm gone to look fur a job. My day has na coom yet, but it's on th' way."

Since then he had only returned once or twice, and his visits had always been brief and unexpected, and at night. The first time he had startled Joan by dropping in upon her at midnight, his small bundle on his knobstick over his shoulder, his clothes bespattered with road-side mud. He said nothing of his motive in coming—merely asked for his supper and ate it without much remark.

"I ha' na had luck," he said. "Luck's not i' my loine; I wur na born to it, loike some foak. Happen th' tide'll tak' a turn after a bit."

"Yore feyther wur axin me about th' engineer," Liz said to Joan the next morning. He wanted to know if we seed him pass heer i' his road hoam. D'yo' think he's getten a spite agen th' engineer yet, Joan?"

"I'm afeard so," Joan answered. "Feyther's loike to bear a grudge agen them as put him out, whether they're reet or wrong. Liz ——" hesitating.

"What is it, Joan?"

"Dunnot yo' say no more nor yo' con help when he axes yo' about th' engineer. I'm worritin' mysen lest feyther should get hissen into trouble. He's hasty, yo' know."

In the evening she went out and left the child to its mother. She had business to look after, she told Liz, and it would keep her out late. Whatever the business was, it kept her out so late that Liz was tired of waiting, and went to bed worn out and a trifle fretted.

She did not know what hour it was when she awakened; voices and a light in the road roused her, and almost as soon as she was fully conscious, the door opened and Joan came in. Liz raised her head from the pillow to look at her. She was pale and seemed excited. She was even trembling a little, and her voice was unsteady as she asked,

"Has th' little un been quiet, Liz?"

"Quiet enow," said Liz. "What a toime yo' ha' been, Joan! It mun be near midneet. I got so worn out wi' waitin' fur yo' that I could na sit up no longer. Wheer ha' yo' been?"

"I went to Riggan," said Joan. "Theer wur summat as I wur obliged to see to, an' I wur kept beyond my toime by summat as happent. But it is na quoit midneet, though it's late enow."

"Was na theer a lantern wi' yo'?" asked Liz. "I thowt I seed th' leet fro' a lantern."

"Yes," Joan answered, "theer wur a lantern. As I wur turnin' into th' road, I met Mester Derrick comin' fro' th' Rectory an'—an' he walked alongside o' me."

CHAPTER XX.

Sammy Craddock made his appearance at Mr. Haviland's promptly, and being shown into the library, which was empty, took a seat and proceeded to regard the surroundings critically.

"Dunnot scald thy nose wi' thy own broth," Mrs. Craddock had said to him warningly, when he left her. "Keep a civil tongue i' thy head. Thy toime fur saucin' thy betters is past an' gone. Tha'lt ha' to tak' both fat an' lean together i' these days, or go wi'out mate."

Sammy remembered these sage remarks rather sorely, as he sat awaiting the master of the household. His independence had been very dear to him, and the idea that he must relinquish it was a grievous thorn in the flesh. He glanced round at the pictures and statuettes and shook his head dubiously.

"A mon wi' so many crinkum-crankums as he seems to ha' getten 'll be apt to be reyther set i' polytics. An' I'll warrant this is na th' best parlor neyther. Aw th' wall covered wi' books too, an' a ornymental step-lather to climb up to th' high shelves. Well, Sammy, owd lad, tha's not seen aw th' world yet, tha finds out. Theer's a bit o' summat outside Riggan. After aw, it does a mon no hurt to travel. I should na wonder if I mought see things as I nivver heerd on if I getten as fur as th' Contynent. Theer's France now—foak say as they dunnot speak Lancashire i' France, an' conna so much as understand it. Well, theer's ignorance aw o'er th' world."

The door opened at this juncture, and Mr. Haviland entered—fresh, florid and cordial. His temperament being an easy one, he rather dreaded collision with anybody, and would specially have disliked an uncomfortable interview with this old fellow, of whom people generally had such a bad opinion. He would like to be able to preserve his affability of demeanor for his own sake as well as for Miss Barholm's.

"Ah!" he said, "Craddock, is it? Glad to see you, Craddock."

Sammy rose from his seat.

"Aye," he answered. "Sam'll Craddock fro' Riggan. Same to you, Mester."

Mr. Haviland waved his hand good-naturedly.

"Take your seat again," he said. "Don't stand. You are the older man of the two, you know, and I dare say you are tired with your walk. You came about the lodge-keeper's place?"

"That little lass o' th owd parsen's ——" began Sammy, unconsciously irreverent.

"Miss Anice Barholm," interposed Mr. Haviland. "Yes, she told me she would

send you. I never had the pleasure of seeing her until she drove here yesterday to ask for the place for you. She was afraid to lose time in waiting for her father's return."

"Yo' nivver saw her afore?"

"No."

"Well," rubbing his hands excitedly over the knob of his stick, "hoo's a rarer un than I thowt fur, even. Hoo'll stond at nowt, wont that little wench," and he gave vent to his feelings in a delighted chuckle. "I'd loike to ax yo'," he added, "wheer's th' other lass, as ud ha' had th' pluck to do as mich."

"I don't think there is another woman in the country who would have done it," said Mr. Haviland smiling. "We shall agree in our opinion of Miss Barholm, I see, Craddock, if we quarrel about everything else."

Sammy took out his flowered bandanna and wiped his bald forehead. He was at once mollified and encouraged. He felt that he was being treated with a kind of respect and consideration. Here was one of the gentry who placed himself on a friendly footing with him. Perhaps upon the whole he should not find it so difficult to reconcile himself to his change of position after all. If he might retain his open expression of opinion the rest would not seem so bad. And being thus encouraged, a certain bold simplicity made him address himself to Mr. Haviland not as a servant in prospective to a prospective master, but as man to man.

"Th' fact is," he said, "as I am na mich o' a lass's mon mysen, and I wunnot say as I ha' mich opinion o' woman foak i' general—they're flighty yo' see—they're flighty; but I mun say as I wur took by that little wench o' th' parsen's—I wur took by her."

"She would be glad to hear it, I am sure," with an irony so suave that Sammy proceeded with fresh gravity.

"I mak' no doubt on't," dogmatically. "I mak' no doubt on't i' th' world, but I dunnot know as th' flattery ud do her good. Sugar sop is na o'er digestible to th' best o' 'em. They ha' to be held a bit i' check, yo' see. But hoo's a wonderfu' little lass—*fur* a lass, I mun admit. Seems a pity to ha' wasted so mich good lad metal on a slip o' a wench, does na it?"

"You think so? Well, that is a matter of opinion, you know. However—concerning the lodge-keeper's place. You understand what your duties would be, I suppose?"

"Tendin' th' gates an' th' loike. Aye sir. Th' little lass towd me aw about it. Hoo is na one as misses owt."

"So I see," smiling again. "And you think you can perform them?"

"I wur thinkin' so. It did na stroike me as a mon need to be partic'lar muskylar to do th' reet thing by 'em. I think I could tackle 'em wi'out breakin' down."

After a brief discussion of the subject, it was agreed upon that Mr. Craddock should be installed as keeper of the lodge the week following.

"As to politics," said Mr. Haviland, when his visitor rose to depart, "I hear you are something of a politician, Craddock."

"Summat o' one, sir," answered Sammy, his evident satisfaction touched with a doubtful gravity. "Summat o' one. I ha' my opinions o' things i' gineral."

"So I have been told; and they have made you rather unpopular among our county people, perhaps?"

"I am na mich o' a favorite," with satisfaction.

"No, the fact is that until Miss Barholm came to me I had rather a bad idea of you, Craddock."

This looked somewhat serious, Craddock regarding it rather in the light of a challenge.

"I'd loike well enow to ha' yo' change it," he said, "but my coat is na o' th' turnin' web. I mun ha' my say about things—gentry or no gentry." And his wrinkled old visage expressed so crabbed a determination to remain unmoved that Mr. Haviland laughed outright in the most tolerant of humors.

"Oh! don't misunderstand me," he said, "stick to your party, Craddock. We will try to agree, for Miss Barholm's sake. I will leave you to your opinion, and you will leave me to mine—even a Member of Parliament has a right to an opinion, you know, if he doesn't intrude it upon the public too much."

Craddock went home in a mollified frame of mind. He felt that he had gained his point and held his ground, and he respected himself accordingly. He felt too that his associates had additional right to respect him. It was their ground too, and he had held it for them as well as for himself. He stopped at The Crown for his midday glass of ale; and his self-satisfaction was so evident that his friends observed it, and remarked among themselves that "th' owd lad wur pickin' up his crumbs a bit."

"Yo're lookin' graidely to-day, Sammy," said one.

"I'm feelin' a trifle graidelier than I ha' done," he answered, oracularly. "Things is lookin' up."

"I'm main glad to hear it. Tell us as how."

"Well,"—with studied indifference,—"it's noan so great luck i' comparison, but it's summat to be thankfu' fur to a mon as is down i' th' world. I've getten the lodge-keeper's place at Mr. Haviland's."

"Tha' nivver says! Who'd 'a' thowt it? How ivver did that coom about?"

"Friends i' coort," with dignity. "Friends i' coort. Hond me that jug o' ale, Tummy. Haviland's a mon o' discretion, if he is a Member o' Parlyment. We've had quoite a friendly chat this mornin' as we set i' th' loibery together. He is na so bad i' his pollytics after aw's said and done. He'll do upo' th' whole."

"Yo' stood up to him free enow, I warrant," said Tummy. "Th' gentle foak dunnot often hear such free speakin' as yo' gi' 'em, Sammy."

"Well, I had to be a bit indypendent; it wur nat'ral. It would na ha' done to ha' turnt soft if he wur th' mester an' me th' mon. But he's a mon o' sense, as I say, an' he wur civil enow, an' friendly enow. He's getten gumption to see as pollytics is pollytics. I'll tell yo' what, lads, I'm comin' to th' opinion as happen theer's more sense i' some o' th' gentry than we gi' 'em credit fur; they ha' not mich but book larnin i' their heads, it's true, but they're noan so bad—some on 'em—if yo're charytable wi' 'em."

"Who was thy friend i' coort, Sammy?" was asked next.

Sammy's fist went down upon the table with a force which made the mugs dance and rattle.

"Now tha'rt comin' to the meat i' th' egg," he said. "Who should tha think it wur 'at had th' good-will an' th' head to tak' th' business i' hond?"

"It ud be hard to say."

"Why, it wur that little lass o' th' owd parsen's again. Domd if she wunnot run aw Riggan i' a twelvemonth. I dunnot know wheer she getten her head-fillin' fro' unless she robbed th' owd parsen, an' left his nob standin' empty. Happen that's what's up wi' th' owd chap."

(To be continued.)

TO MISS D., IN HER ALBUM.

When June is young, and day is new,
The rose-tree, budding at the gate,
Feels but a finger's touch, and straight
It bathes the hand in dew!

When June is old, and evening glooms,
The rose-tree, spent in all its fires,
Yields nothing to the heart's desires
But showers of shattered blooms.

My tree of song that rang with rain
Beneath my touch, at morning's prime,
Now yields but faded leaves of rhyme
That blow about the plain.

But round them still some perfume clings,
And so I lift them from their place,
And hide them in this golden vase,
To sleep with sweeter things.

And yet I but restore the dower
Which, when we met at first, I stole
And bore away in heart and soul—
The memory of a flower!

PAN.

I.

I AM the spirit of the morning sea,
I am the awakening and the glad surprise;
I fill the skies
With laughter and with light.
Behold the white
Wide beams three-fold that from the hidden sun
Rise swift and far,—
One where Orion keeps
His armèd watch, and one
To the midmost heaven upleaps;
The third blots out the steadfast Northern Star!
I am the wind that shakes the glittering wave,
Hurries the snowy spume along the shore,
And dies at last in some far, murmuring cave.
My voice thou hearest in the breakers' roar—
That sound that never failed since time began
And first around the world the shining tumult ran.

II.

I light the sea and wake the sleeping land.
My footsteps on the hills
Make music, and my hand
Plays like a harper's on the windy pines.
With the wind and the day
I follow round the world—away! away!
Wide over lake and plain my sunlight shines,
And every wave and every blade of grass
Doth know me as I pass.
And me the western-sloping mountains know, and me
The far-off, golden sea.
O sea, whereon the passing sun doth lie!—
O man, who watchest by that golden sea!
Weep not,—Oh! weep not thou, but lift thine eye
And see me radiant in the sunset sky!

III.

But I love not the night
Save when the stars are bright,
Or when the moon
Fills the white air with silence like a tune.
Yea, even the night is mine
When the Northern Lights outshine,
And all the wild heavens throb in ecstasy divine;—
Yea, mine deep midnight when the black sky lowers,
The sea burns white and breaks on the shore in starry showers.

IV.

I am the laughter of the new-born child,
Upon whose sleep the heavenly angels smiled.
I am all sweet first things that are:
First songs of birds, not perfect as at last—
Broken and incomplete—
But sweet, oh, sweet!
And I the first faint glimmering of a star

To the wrecked ship, that tells the storm is past;
The first keen smells and stirrings of the Spring;
First snow-flakes, and first May-flowers after snow;
The silver glow
Of the new moon's ethereal ring;
The song the morning stars together made,
And the first kiss of lovers under the first June shade.

v.

My sword is quick, my arm is strong to smite
In the dread joy and fury of the fight.
I am with those who win, not those who fly;
With those who live I am, not those who die.
Nay—nay—that word
Where I am is unheard;
For I am the spirit of youth that cannot change,
Nor cease, nor suffer woe;
And I am the spirit of beauty that doth range
Through natural forms and motions, and each show
Of outward loveliness. With me hath birth
All gentleness and joy in all the earth.
Raphael knew me, and showed the world my face;
Me Homer knew, and all the singing race,
For I am the spirit of light, and life, and mirth.

CONCERNING CHEAPNESS.

"HANG it all! there goes another!"

"Another what?" said the Pedagogue, looking up from lazy absorption in his easy-chair and the last Review.

"Why, that's the third pair of those dollar gloves of Brown's that I've split within the last week or two, trying to struggle into them in a hurry."

"Sorry for you," as he calmly turned another leaf; "but if I wanted to be unamiable, I should say it served you right for buying cheap things."

"Cheap!" I retorted, testily. "What in poverty's name is a fellow with my salary to do, but buy cheap things or go without?"

"Go without, I should say, unless he can get good ones. You don't seem to have made a very brilliant speculation out of that lot of rat-skin which Brown sells you for kid. By your own showing, you have used up three dollars' worth of the rubbish without a penny's worth of advantage, when for the same money you might have been gorgeous in Jones' or Robinson's, at your last two or three parties, and had something left over that would clean. See here!" he continued, dropping his magazine; "sit down a moment; the evening's young yet; you can't go to the Gunnybags's at eight o'clock, you know. Take another cigarette, and give me one, while I free my mind a bit on one of the delusions of the age. If I can bring you to a right way of thinking, I may save you a few dollars and much bother in the course of the next year, to say nothing of the proud satisfaction of knowing yourself wiser than your neighbors."

Now, my chum, whom I choose to nickname the Pedagogue, was an odd fish, with no little experience of men and things in his queer, out-of-the-way fashion. Cranky and a little irritable sometimes, he was still a good scholar, a cool observer, and something of a thinker. Even when most impetuous or wrongheaded, he was, for all his verbose fluency, generally original, and rarely dull. A long and patient study of the ways and means of making his dollar bill go as far as another man's two, had given him ample right to speak in the premises, and the tone of paradox in his words piqued my curiosity. So drawing another chair to the fire, and handing him my last bundle of "caporal," I propped my patent-leathers on the grate, *more Americano*, and waited for the stream of talk which was sure to come.

"Cheap! My dear boy," said the philosopher, sending a long stream of amber smoke into the fire-place, and gazing meditatively after it,—"*nothing* is cheap! There's no such thing as cheapness. I find every one wasting time, labor, thought, heart, and hope, to say nothing of conscience, in the effort to get the good things of this life for less than the market rate. I see, or think I see, that the only price at which anything good can be had, is among the higher,—indeed, excluding certain very glaring cases of ill-judgment, or caprice,—among the highest of the ruling figures. Occasionally a man pays, no doubt, too much for a thing; occasionally, too, by some happy and exceptional chance, he may slip into a 'good thing,' and get full money's worth for materially less than money value; but in the long run, I devoutly believe, that in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, the more you pay for a thing the better you are served, even in proportion to your price. The attempt to get anything worth having, at less than the higher ruling figures, as I said before, is futile, and generally ends in spending more in cash, let alone trouble and disappointment, than if you had honestly met the issue and spent liberally at the start.

"In matters of every-day use, most men are fair judges. Any fool knows whether his beefsteak is tender, or his coat fits him; and so I take it as almost an axiom, that where a man sells an article of general use, his commodity is, in the long run, judged on its merits; is sought, consumed, and paid for in pretty accurate correspondence to its real worth. As soon as a workman begins to do good work, he begins to command the market; he can get his price, and be sure he will ask all he can get. There is small chance of a good workman going long unknown. How many mute, inglorious Miltons there may be in the world, I don't know; but I don't believe there are many mute, inglorious Pooles, and Worths, and Delmonicos. Notice, when any one has found what he thinks a clever artisan or furnisher, how anxiously he spreads the information, if only for the little vanity of discovery and the credit of being useful to his friends. And with the inflow of custom, of course comes a rise of prices in the individual case, as in the general market.

"You will tell me, no doubt, that the modest artisan who has a small shop, in a cheap locality, a small or inexpensive family, exceptional facilities for getting his raw material, and the like, *can afford* to undersell his 'swell' competitor, who has a more expensive establishment and appurtenances. But the simple fact is, that he *doesn't*; or if so, not for long. Why should he? The man who finds he can turn out as good a shoe, or sewing-machine, or grand piano, as any in the market, is pretty sure, in the first place, to get the customers, and then to ask the highest market price for his goods. After this, he is apt, at least, to forsake his more modest line of business, and turn 'swell' himself. If he stick to his quieter scale of outlay, that is just so much more in his pocket, but no saving to his customer.

"I used, I confess, to think differently, and wasted uncounted trouble in hunting up cheap furnishers. I have scolded about Broadway prices, and ransacked side streets and down-town lanes and corners for cheap tailors, restaurants, apothecaries, grocers, or what not, but always with much the same result. The gain in price was generally slight, the loss in quality, style, finish, durability, and so on, both constant and perceptible. When I occasionally found an article in some by-corner which could fairly be called a bargain, I found I had spent in fussing about it enough time and energy to earn the whole price several times over,—even at the very limited money value which my time bears to me" (glancing at a pile of manuscript on his writing-desk). "People don't sufficiently consider, in this matter," he went on, "how great is the value of mere *insurance* afforded by high-class, and therefore high-priced, establishments. If I can find, as practically I often can, a butcher who gives me the best of meat nineteen days out of twenty, it is worth a heavy percentage more to me to deal steadily with him at any prices within reason, than to try to bring down my expense account by buying of his cheaper and less responsible rivals, who give me a good article to-day, and then disappoint me to-morrow.

"And that brings me to another view of the matter. Beyond mere evident and momentary use, there are a multitude of more subtle considerations which often constitute the main value of the article; and in matters of higher utility and more æsthetic employment, are pretty sure to do so. Nervous waste and friction are the great bugbears of existence; nervous tonic and economy its prime blessings. And the things which most promote these refined advantages I have generally found to be costly at the outset; though, emphatically, cheapest in the long run. Take, for instance, the vulgar but very necessary business of eating. There are, all

over the town, hosts of places where you are offered for a few shillings the same amount of mere ostensible beef and potatoes, salad and pudding, as you get at Delmonico's or 'The Brunswick,' for nearly as many dollars. But, granting that your economical dinner tastes as good as the dear one,—a large assumption,—and that it is equally nutritious, —a still greater,—next comes what I call the nervous element in the matter. I get my Nassau street meal in crush, noise, and hurry, heat and bad air. My waiter is careless or slovenly, my service uncomely or unclean, my whole surroundings uncomfortable. When I pay the outrageous prices of the 'swell' restaurant, I am buying not merely so much carbon and nitrogen, but shining glass and silver, snowy linen, cool fountains and green leaves, trained attendance and quiet, graceful company. The cheap 'feed' stays my hunger, but leaves me with a moral and æsthetic, if not a physical dyspepsia. The *parti fin* digests better, keeps me personally happy for an hour, and leaves me in good humor and trim for the evening.

"And Simpson, the bank cashier, who lodged with his family just below me, used to chuckle at the notion of getting for a thousand a year, just as good an apartment as his head director, old Discount, who pays five at 'The Stevens.' But just look at the thing a moment. To get down town from Third avenue above Sixtieth street took Simpson ever so much more time in the morning and hurried him with his rising and his breakfast. Mrs. Simpson had to depend on the cars for all matters of shopping or calling, and, when she walked out, had to run the gauntlet of half a dozen outlying settlements of shabbiness, in which stables, coal-yards, grog-shops, oyster-saloons and tenement-houses were among the less disagreeable features. Anything like starting out, impromptu, of an evening for social visiting, theater or concert, was almost out of the question; and Mrs. Simpson, who had her own little social ambitions, found her visiting-list dropping off, because she was too far off the "beat" of her leisurely and fashionable acquaintance. Altogether, I should say, that the inconvenience and general vexation arising from the situation alone might have been worth two thousand a year to Simpson in mere worry, though in the simple matter of being comfortably and warmly housed, perhaps he was as well off as Discount."

"But it seems to me," I broke in, "that you are preaching a doctrine of unmitigated 'swelldom,' as you would call it yourself. To hear you, one would think that it was impossible to be respectable or comfortable without an outlay of fifteen or twenty thousand a year, that the honest fellow who has to live on three or four had no business among decent people, but must make up his mind to abject privation and humiliation for himself and his family. The lust of the eye and the pride of life, to say nothing of other forms of selfishness, bear a chief part in your social philosophy; and the beauty of simple living and honest content which you used to praise seems to have lost its value. Your doctrine, carried out to the bitter end, would be frightfully demoralizing. To make a handsome income would become the first and whole duty of man, and the poor fellow who can't might just as well put an end to himself at once!"

"Softly, my lad!" said the Pedagogue gravely. "You exaggerate my statement, or rather, you misconceive it. I am not talking morals, but socio-dynamics, as I call it. I didn't say,—did I?—that all these considerations which affect our choice in methods of living are highly laudable or philosophic. I only say that they *exist*, that they are with most men prime motors in their efforts after the means of expense, and their regulation of the expense when the means are gained. No, no, you mustn't misinterpret me. My system allows plenty of room for frugality, simplicity, good sense, pluck, and self-denial. It doesn't follow that it's necessary, or even desirable, to have all the splendors and luxuries of life, only you mustn't deny that they are splendid and luxurious. What you can't have, go without, of course, like a man, but don't make yourself absurd by trying to believe or make your neighbor believe that you can get around plain natural laws, and buy any good thing without paying its full price in hard cash or hard work. And that reminds me that there is a high moral side to our talk which I have hardly touched on. When we get above mere personal habit and expenditure, and come to education, literature, art, civil administration, government—ah! there we are on different ground. There, I should like to show you, some day when you have time, that there not only *is* no such thing as cheapness, but never can be or ought to be. I think it might be easy to prove by the simplest economic principles, that a cheap picture must be an abomination, cheap architecture a sham, cheap erudition an absurdity—that we are misgoverned by cheap legislators,

misrepresented by cheap diplomates, mistaught by cheap educators, and misled by cheap books. I could illustrate—but bless me! my dear fellow," he broke off, looking at the clock, "I have nearly talked away your evening, and it's time for you to start. And see here!" he called out from the landing, "take my advice and *don't* take the street-cars. Get a cab at the corner. It's drizzling, you know, and it wont pay to have your first waltz with Miss Gunnybags in a damp tie and muddy boots!"

THE LAST PINE.

WHERE the fallow-colored hill
  Juts against a cloudy wreath—
  Gray the sky, the ground beneath
White with shreds from winter's quill—

Holds a pine of giant girth
  All alone a patience grim
  In the ghastly cold, the dim
Sifted light that wraps the earth;

Like a soldier strictly charged
  Never from his watch to yield:
  Long ago was hushed the field,
All his comrades long discharged;

Solid hangs the icy tear,
  Numb his arms with creeping frost,
  And his senses four are lost
In a bitter strife to hear:

Yet unmoved he keepeth post,
  Dim of sight but list'ning still,
  Lest across the lonely hill
Call the bugles of the host.

Once upon a silent day
  Heaved the tree such breaths profound,
  Air was carded into sound;
Thus the pine was heard to say:

"One by one,
Though they towered high and wide,
Sank my brothers by my side;
Fell away my friends of youth:
Death on them had never ruth.
One by one
Dropped my warming arms of green,
Till I stand of branches lean;
Straight the woodpecker may shoot
From my crown to knotted root:
All is done!

"I am past.
Once I dwelt with fellows dear,
Once I felt the green sod near;
Year by year
In the choir of our wood
Crashed a singer where he stood,
And the boughs that rained forever,
Lowest first, then upward ever,

On his bier,
Me with their wide loss did sever
Still the more from things I love
Into this drear air above.

"I might last
Happy, if my shadow cast
One deep roof of solid cool
On a wise man, on a fool,
On the lowest shape that passed;
If the sun, like this harsh air,
Lingered in my scattered hair;
But no grace from me descends
While I drag to useless ends
Life at last."

BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. VIII.

BLUE CHINA *versus* WHITE—THE BEDROOM.

SOME time ago, a comically-despairing letter was received by the writer of these articles, from a lady who expressed, in good set terms, her dislike of white china for the table, but did not see how she was to help herself. I fully sympathize with my correspondent, and confess to having never been able to understand the liking of my countrywomen for plain white china. The only place where I am content to see it is on the table of a hotel or restaurant, because there I want ware which tell me at a glance if it has been properly washed. But, in my friend's house, or in my own, I wish to take the proprieties for granted, and to have my eyes play the epicure, not the pedagogue. And they can never be pleased with the look of a table that has no color in its decoration. I have elsewhere complained of our American love of white—white walls and ceilings, and white houses—of white marble if possible; if not, then of wood painted white and set off with green blinds.* This, it is to be hoped, will gradually cure itself; the signs are neither few nor discouraging; and as the white walls and white ceilings go, the white china will go along with them. To tell truth, those of us who did not like white china had for a long time much trouble in finding any good decorated china to take its place. And the white china, being all French, was really so very pretty in its shapes, and so fine in quality, that it seemed as if shape and surface might almost compensate for the cold, unthinking white, that could not be brought into sympathy with anything about it. It took the yellow out of the butter, made the milk look blue, cast suspicion on the tea, took all the sparkle out of the sugar, and in short made it impossible for the breakfast to do itself justice. At dinner, it was the same, only the vegetables and meats, being of coarser fiber, did not so much mind it; but the way white china behaved at dessert was really shocking. Fruit does not know how to behave itself when it is put into white china dishes, and eaten off white china plates. I am not sure but some dreadful results might have been spared us, if the serpent had only offered Eve the fatal apple on a white china dessert-plate, with a white doily for her fingers. He knew better. He showed it to her on the tree, and when she saw its red cheek shining out from among the green leaves, and with a bit of blue sky between the branches, she succumbed at once.

Still, as I have said, after all our complaints of the whiteness of white china, it looked up with its shining morning face, pert, but impassive, and said: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" And what we were to do was the puzzle. This was in the time of those of us who are just beginning to feel the iron enter our souls by hearing the children (other people's children) call us in irreverent moments, "old" this or that. It was in the time when this

* A white house may be endured when it is not white, and then only. This happens when the trees about it tone it down with their shadows to a blueish gray. The blinds, too, get mixed up with the foliage, and so lose a little of their obtrusive individuality.

portion of the present population was young, that French china began to be freely imported; and the white undecorated porcelain was then, as now, the most frequently seen. The French shapes were always the prettiest and the most practical, and even the whiteness, which seems to many people nowadays a serious defect—the one imperfection in so much perfection—was not thought a blemish in those colorless days. As I have already remarked, the extreme delicacy of the French porcelain, its fine polish, the uniformity of its texture, the serviceableness of its shapes and its lightness, were real recommendations to those who had only known English earthenware for table use. And people who liked white "hard-finish" walls,—these also an invention of the same period,—and white ceilings, and white painted wood-work, and white houses, and white tombstones, would have been inconsistent to have complained of the whiteness of their porcelain.

But, just before the introduction of French porcelain into common use among us, there was a time when the English were making very good shapes in a fine earthenware, and decorating it with excellent taste. Indeed, the very reverse of what we have been saying about the French porcelain will apply to the English ware of the late last century, and of the early years of this century. The gracefulness of the shapes and, in some cases the elegance, in others the richness, of the decoration made amends for the indifferent quality of the ware itself, and for its want of lightness. Much of the early Worcester and Wedgwood ware was very handsome, and so was much of the ware now known from the name of its maker as "Spode." But, services of these English manufactures were only brought here as best services by those who could not afford Sèvres or Dresden; and as the inclination in this country was always for French things, as soon as the French began to establish other porcelain factories than the Royal, and to export a cheaper sort of ware, we all bought it with avidity and with reason, for it had much to recommend it.

We are better off to-day, and I do not think anybody can complain with reason that white china is our only wear. To begin with, I don't know why we should insist on having all the pieces of porcelain or earthenware on our table—at breakfast, dinner, or supper—alike. Why have everything in sets? We already allow ourselves some freedom at dessert and at tea; why not, ladies, make a heroinic strike for freedom the table round? There never were "sets" known till modern manufacturers began to take a trade view of life in all its phases. Of course there must be harmony, but harmony does not mean uniformity. And if the general color of our service is blue, or red, or yellow, a bit of either of the other colors may come in with the one, and no harm done. Now and then at sales, on the breaking up of old households, pieces of old Worcester, or Wedgwood, or Spode, or Devonshire, may be met with, and if they are in good condition—neither nicked, nor chipped, nor cracked—they should be bought, always provided they are pretty, and they will make a good foundation to work upon. It does not do, however, in china, any more than in pictures, to go by names. Go by what is pretty, or rich, or effective, and if on turning up your tea-cup or its saucer you should find a famous potter's name written on it, thank the gods that they made you poetical, and gave you a pair of eyes of your own for what is pretty.

But it is not at all necessary to go out into the highways and by-ways searching for china for our tables. Of course, it stands to reason that decorated ware must cost more than plain ware; but there are all grades of cost, and very pretty services of English earthenware, French earthenware (dignified by being called "*faience*"), and Dresden porcelain can be had nowadays at very reasonable prices. The manufacture of each of these countries has its own peculiarities. The English has undoubtedly a more domestic look, and though it would be hard to say why, yet I think it is really true that a table set with English earthenware has an air more in accordance with American notions of comfort and home than the French *faience* can give. The French *faience* has a more elegant and "knowing" look; and in tone it is always superior to the English ware made to-day, which cannot, it would seem, escape a certain rawness. But, neither is the French *faience* equally good. There was an alcove full of it, exhibited by some one at the Centennial Exhibition, and I looked in vain through it for ware as good in tone as I bought in Paris in 1869. This of mine was cheap ware, too; but then, in our Exhibition, the French manufacturers of pottery and porcelain did themselves scant justice. A New York firm, the Messrs. Haviland, long known for the excellence and the good taste of their importation, made a most in-

teresting display of costly Limoges *faience;* but the only show of *faience* of the cheaper sort, of which so much is now made in France, was the one I have spoken of, and though the article had much merit, there are many firms in France that do much better. The English have been striving of late to introduce new designs into their manufactories of pottery, but, with few exceptions, they have not been successful. They are riding the Japanese and Chinese hobby to death, and breaking their necks in the race for what is *bizarre* and monstrous. The English are only good when they are simple and sincere. Simplicity and sincerity are their strong points; and everything they have ever done that has been good, has been good because it had these qualities. Just now both the French and the English potters are following the same road. Each is engaged in copying its own manufactures of past days; the English are a little later than the French in seeing the advisability of this course in an age so uninventive as ours; but they are doing very good work with the disadvantage that their models are neither so various nor so artistic as the French. The French reproductions of their old wares of Rouen, of Nevers, Lisle and Strasbourg, especially of the first two, are very popular at home, and interesting even to outsiders; we are already becoming familiar with them here, and easily learn to like the plates and dishes which thus far are pretty much all we get for table use. The most of the articles manufactured after old patterns in France are ornaments useful, or only make-believe useful, clock-cases and candlesticks, mantel-vases, wall-baskets, match-safes, and so on. But for the table one finds dessert-plates, fruit-baskets and dishes, salad-bowls, salt-cellars, cruet-stands with their cruets, and things of this sort. These are the more common; but whole services are made. Some of my readers may have observed at the Fair, at the stand I have mentioned, a group of little custard-cups, the youngest of a family of dinner-dishes of which a portly, yet shapely, soup-tureen might have been the mother. They were too pretty to live, however, and were early marked by some relentless buyer and snatched away in beauty's bloom.

The Dresden china is porcelain to begin with, and it is of course dearer on that account. But it is not dear if one reckons it in comparison with Sèvres or fine Worcester. There is a beautiful blue obtained by the Dresden works, much of which has lately been imported into this country, and I believe Collamore has sets of it on sale almost all the time. If one does not feel like buying a whole dinner-service of this or any other ware, it will be well to get, say, a soup-tureen and soup-plates; or, a fruit-basket, four dessert-dishes for nuts and cakes, with dessert-plates; or, a flat bowl for ice-cream or whatever sweet messes the neat-handed Phillis dresses—and divide the rest of the dishes between other sorts of china or of earthenware. The Worcester people have lately been making an extremely pretty dessert-service, after one of their old patterns. There are plates, as many as you will, and then four different dishes for fruit, nuts, cakes and other trifles. These dishes are leaf-shaped, round, or of diamond shape, but with the sides fluted, which causes the edges to have a scolloped look. The colors are a pretty red and gold, and the effect of them on a table is altogether lovely. Everybody knows by this time what can be done with Chinese and Japanese china for tea and dessert; these wares have the recommendation of being hard too, and the objection some persons make that they do not come in sets, seems to me no real objection, but rather a recommendation.

The Doulton ware attracted more attention at the Exhibition than all the other pottery put together. Something of this interest may have been due to the fact that one met it in so many places—the firm had four stands at the least, and there was great skill shown in their arrangement. But with the exception of some excellent water-jugs, salt-cellars and salad-bowls, there was not much here that could help us in our search for table utensils.

The most serviceable ware for every-day use is the blue India china. It is an article of regular manufacture, and that produced to-day does not, so far as I can see, differ in the least from that which was made fifty or a hundred years ago. I believe, however, that one or two of the varieties of it are not made any longer—there is one kind, a dull soft blue on a bluish ground (the self color of the porcelain) with the edges gilded, which may still be manufactured; but, certainly, is not imported any longer. Mr. Sypher has, at the time of writing, the larger portion of a set of this sort; but this is not the only kind that has gone out of trade. There is still another, more delicate, and thinner than the variety in Mr. Sypher's possession. I mention these merely because pieces of these different kinds of Indian blue

No. 1. SANCTA SIMPLICITAS

china are all the time turning up, and those of my readers who are interested in the matter may be helped in finding what they want, if they know what to expect. The blue china I am recommending for daily use is the common variety which is now kept in stock as an article of ordinary commerce by certain houses in the china trade,—by Collamore, of New York, and Briggs, of Boston, to name two places where people may always go with the certainty of finding pretty much everything that is going in the way of pottery and porcelain. This ware used to be very commonly met with in Boston, brought into use, I believe, in the time when the great India and China houses of that city were in their pride of place. Speaking mildly, there must be tons of it in the good city and its suburbs to-day, though I dare say much of it is stowed away in garrets, and cellars, and warehouses; for it is no longer in such general use, nor any longer what it once was,—an external sign that you belonged to the elect, and were of the *sang azul*. But, it never can go out of fashion entirely, for its pleasingness is something substantial, not a mere skin-deep good look; but good color, good form, though without the least flourish in the world, and a solidity that is almost proof against that pest of housekeepers—the maid who, in spite of threats, remonstrances, and tears, will put all her china into the dish-pan at once, and rattle it round with the mop.

No doubt many persons will be a little repelled by the first blush coarseness of the ordinary blue India china. But, let them remember first, that this coarseness troubles them more than it would if they had not been used to the impeccable smoothness of the French porcelain, and then that it really is not the porcelain that is coarse, but the decoration,—the china itself having a very fine grain. And as for the decoration, let our reader who is looking for a substitute for white china boldly try the experiment of a few pieces of this blue, and see if she does not soon find its homely markings more attractive than the smooth regular bands and lines of color which is the general decoration of French porcelain, or even than the finely painted flowers and fruits that are put upon the more expensive services. There will always be people who will have a liking for these displays of dexterity, which do not deserve to be liked

No. 2. CHINESE STAND—SOUTH AMERICAN WATER-JAR—SIAMESE BOWL.

except as curiosities, and then only when they are done with exceptional skill. Even then, to my mind they are worst when they are best, and I would give all I ever saw, if I owned them, for a few pieces of ordinarily good Oriental porcelain, Indian, Japanese, or Chinese, or even for some good old earthenware of Worcester, or Wedgwood, or Rouen, or Nevers, or Strasbourg. And I am not afraid but that anybody with a good eye, and a sense of the fitness of things, would agree with me that these designers knew what design is, while the decorators of Sèvres know very little, if anything, about it. The only fruits and flowers I ever saw painted on china—I mean "natural," not conventional, fruits and flowers—are some of those painted at the time when Martolini was Director of the works at Meissen, and when, as we are told by the authorities, the art was on the decline. Martolini's flowers and fruits are not conventional, and they are not natural; but they are enough like the flowers they stand for to recall them, and they are laid about the surface of the piece in a careless, irregular way that is very effective. Mr. A. P. Hawkins, of No. 25 East 16th st.,—where often may be found very nice pieces of English and European ware,—had lately a few good plates with the Martolini mark, but which, whether genuine or forged—(the German, especially the Dresden works, having made the discovery, quite worthy of the Western Democrats, of forging their own marks, and so destroying their own credit!)—are worth having by anybody who can enjoy a pretty thing for its own sake. Mr. Hawkins's plates and dishes are flowered; but Mr. Sypher has a number of plates that are decorated with small fruits and vegetables rather more finely finished than those of Mr. Hawkins, but not so effective: rather curious, too, than pretty, but much better than anything I know of elsewhere. It is surprising what a character a little well decorated china will give to a table; and yet not surprising either, —it is as natural as the superiority of a well papered wall, or a well covered carpet over even that "sweet ashes-of-roses" or "delicate pearl-gray" that people have been so long almost compelled to take refuge in.

No. 3. "YOU HAVE WAKED ME TOO SOON, I MUST SLUMBER AGAIN."

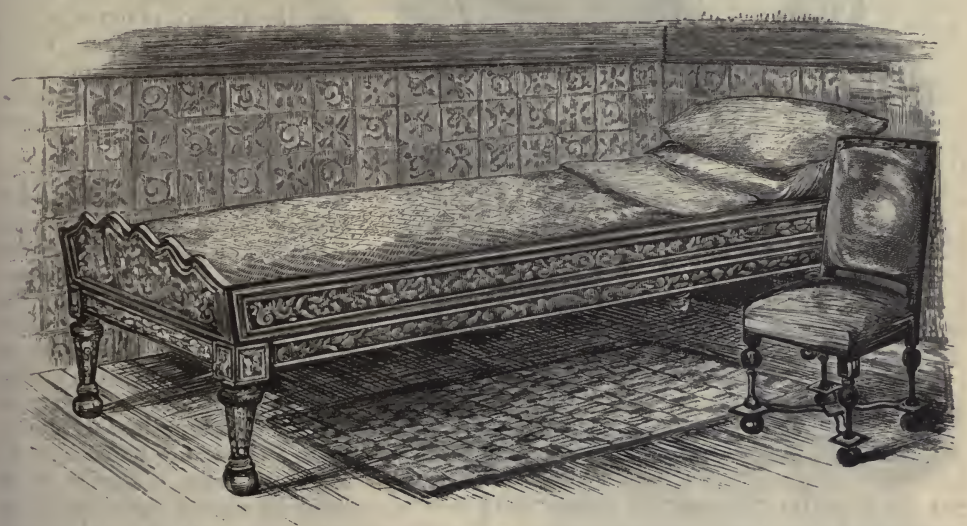
If you don't like white china, just vow you won't have it, and stick to your purpose like a man, or rather—a surer dependence—like a woman, and you will find your way clear enough, especially in these days. Reform might begin with a good India or Dresden or Worcester cup, saucer and plate for "papa," and the indifference of "the better sex" (Lord Bacon's word—none of mine, ladies!) to such trifles as china and to "nonsense" in general, would be quickly shown by the playfully concealed jealousy and mild snappishness of the owner, if any one else should happen to get his cup by mistake. Mamma might then hint to the children that she would like to have just such another as papa's "if she could afford it," and if the children had had any training to speak of, they would not long let mamma pine for such a small matter. And

the two ends of the table thus beautified, it would be easy to go on and make the table harmonious throughout.

It is an objection to blue china with many, that the cups have no handles, and the vegetable-dishes and soup-tureens, handles that one cannot easily get hold of. The latter count in the indictment, I don't think very formidable. The hand soon gets used to the little pig's head, or lion, or pomegranate that serves for a handle; and a servant who knows that she will disgrace herself before the whole company if she lets a cover fall, will find a way to avoid doing so. No servant who has a feeling for her business ever breaks china *before folks*. If she were once known positively to have broken a piece, she could never safely deny the responsibility for the fragments discovered from time to time in the ash-barrel, or revealed on the grass-plat in the back yard with the melting of the snow in the spring. The covers of the vegetable-dishes are therefore reasonably safe so long as they are on the table, and the chances of breakage afterward are less for them than for other pieces.

The absence of handles to the cups is a thing to be considered. I believe no cups of Eastern make for Eastern use ever have handles—at any rate, it is not the custom. Whenever Oriental cups are found with handles, they have been made for the people of western Europe; and it is not rare to find such cups. Chinese and Japanese cups with handles are made in great numbers for the European market; but India blue china is less frequently so provided, and this is a pity, because in every other particular it is preferable to any other porcelain of the same price—it is thinner, or, at any rate, lighter, and the cups are brought to a more delicate and lip-pleasing edge. I am speaking now of the wares of commerce, not of exceptional pieces. So, the purchaser must consider for himself whether he and his family are likely to find the want of handles a serious trouble; and if he think it will be one, he must find cups of another ware to match his India plates and dishes, as well as may be. It is not by any means impossible.

I wish to say a few words this month about the bedrooms in this ideal house of



No. 4. DUTCH BEDSTEAD.

ours. So far as possible they all front the sun, or are visited by the sun for an hour or two every day. I hold this almost essential to a bedroom,—that it should have not merely light and air, but the direct rays of the sun, and that there should be no furniture nor hangings in the room that are likely to be injured by the sun. It is not always possible in New York city to obtain this southern exposure. Owing to her position, and to the direction which as a consequence of that position has been given to her streets, it so happens that, with the exception of those which are built upon the avenues, all the houses have one side always in shade, and the other always in sun. And as the lots present their ends, not their breadth to the street, the bedrooms have

to be divided, so that one-half have a northern, and the other half a southern exposure. The houses on the avenues facing east and west get the sun in the morning and afternoon, but none during the day; so that we are all about in the same box. But

No. 5. "A BED IS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL RETREAT KNOWN TO MAN."

everybody knows that the sunny rooms are the pleasantest, and I think we all have a feeling that they are the healthiest.

Everybody who has lived in Paris or anywhere in Europe, knows the prejudice that exists there against admitting the night air into bedrooms. The German horror of fresh air inside the house at any time, whether by night or day, is well known, and has been harped on by travelers, English and American, for many a long year; but, in France and Italy, the prejudice is chiefly directed against fresh air at night. In Paris, educated people will gravely tell you that you will become blind if you leave your windows open at night; and if after a year of the deadly practice you ask them how they account for your eyes being still unimpaired, they only shrug their shoulders and insist that Americans and English are not like other human beings. For my part, I like as much sun and air as I can get, and should never be able to sleep at all, if I must have my window shut at night while, at the same time, I admit that the Germans, French and Italians are as healthy as any other people, and get along famously under a system that I am persuaded would soon make an end of me.

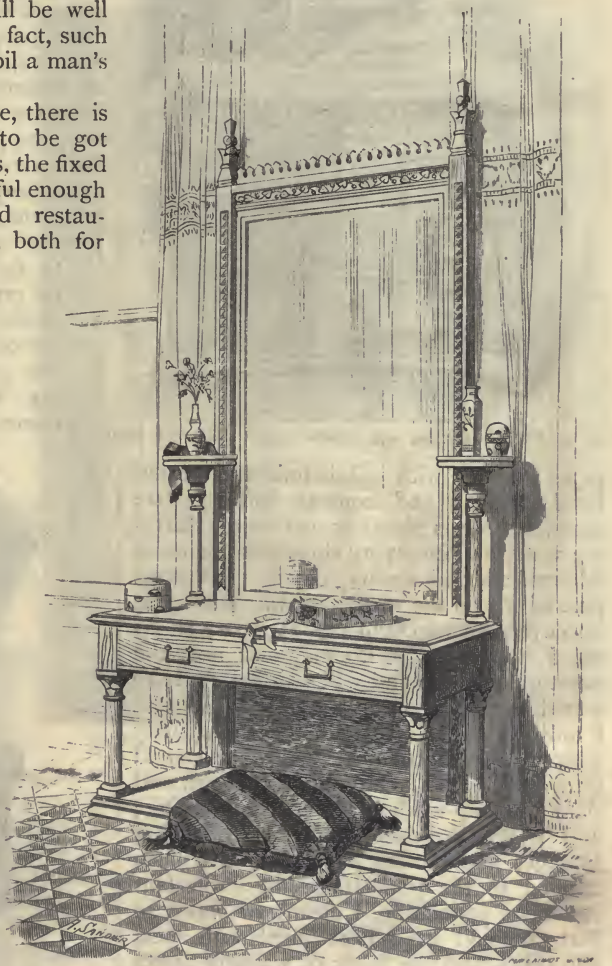
The doctrine in this article then, so far as it is doctrine at all, is to be considered as only my own affair, and to have no authority behind it except myself, and a few hundred physicians, English and Americans, who would confess, I dare say, if put upon their honor, that plenty of sunlight, fresh air,—night and day,—open fires, the absence of furnaces, and also of drain-pipes and gas, would make their own skill little necessary in the preservation of health, and diminish greatly the amount of diseases to be cured.

But whether or not we can get all these advantages extended over the whole house, I am sure it would be a good thing to secure them for our bedrooms. Besides exposure to the sun during the day, there should be some means of letting in the outside air at night. If people object to bluntly opening a window, then some one of these ventilators that are attached to the window-frame may be used; or, better, it may be ventilated by a good open fire-place, which ought to be the only means of heating a bedroom, as indeed it is the cheerfulest and most attractive. Now that soft coal is so abundant, of many sorts, from the English cannel to the American kinds, and that grates for burning it are common enough, there is no excuse for using anthracite, either in a grate or in a stove. Of course, wood, if one can afford it, is better than the best coal, giving out equal heat, more beautiful to look at in burning, and cleaner in the using; but wood is getting dearer and dearer, and only rich people can afford to burn it. Soft coal answers all purposes, and what epicure could ask for a greater pleasure than to open his eyes in a winter or autumnal morning upon the soft sunshine streaming in at his window, and to listen, during the few moments that he allows himself for argument as to the precise time when he shall get up, to the

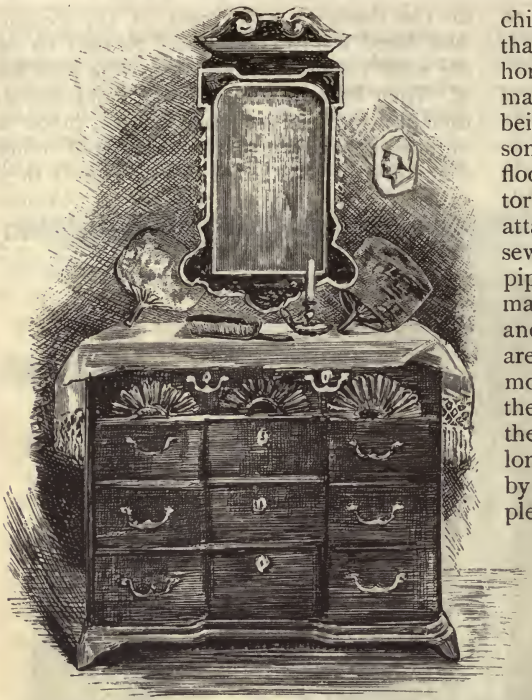
light cracking, sizzling, and whispering of the newly lighted coal in the grate. Getting up and dressing under such circumstances is a luxury; no matter what cares the day may have in store for us, here is an hour of serene enjoyment, and no need to envy the man who has a room on the north side of his house and who lets in a little burnt air from the cellar through a dismal hole-in-the-wall, and knows that the rest of the day in Wall street will be well matched with this beginning! In fact, such a beginning would go near to spoil a man's wedding-day.

With sunshine and an open fire, there is only one other customary enemy to be got rid of in the bedroom, and that is, the fixed wash-stand. This machine is useful enough in public places, in hotels and restaurants, but ought to be banished, both for sanitary and æsthetic reasons, from our domestic life. Leaving out of view the expense of plumbing arrangements, their liability to get out of order, the frequency with which they get stopped up, the freezing in winter, and all the evils water and drain pipes are heir to, I believe it is now admitted that the drain-pipes are the source of a great deal of the disease of our cities and even of our country towns. Convinced of this, and seeing no certain way to prevent the evil so long as drain-pipes are allowed in bedrooms, many people nowadays are giving up fixed washing-stands altogether, and substituting the old-fashioned arrangement of a movable piece of furniture with movable apparatus, the water brought in pitchers, and the slops carried bodily away in their native slop-jars.

Whether healthier or not, I think there can be no doubt that the old way is the more comfortable by far. The new fashion was introduced here in a stress of weather, when the Irish Sea was much disturbed, and everything in the shape of domestic comfort was sacrificed to the needs, or rather to the demands, of the crew. Before the invasion of the Biddy tribe from the bogs of Ireland, the labor of the house was looked upon as a part of the price paid for domestic enjoyment. But the Irish naturally cared nothing for the domestic enjoyment of the people who hired them, and bluntly refused to do the work required even if they were paid for it. Their brute ignorance, their carelessness, their slovenliness and their conceit made it impossible to continue certain ways of living that were pleasant to all of us, because they called for intelligence, conscience, neatness and teachableness in those who were to keep them up. It was laborious to fetch and carry coal, to clean out grates, to watch and replenish fires, and so we were obliged to give up fires all over the house and be content with one big fire in the cellar. It was laborious to fill lamps with oil, and so laborious to keep them neat and trimmed, that no servant that respected herself was ever known to do it. So we gave up lamps and contented ourselves with one big gas-tank in the middle of the town, from which our little



No. 6. "AND NOW CONFESSED THE TOILET STANDS DISPLAYED."

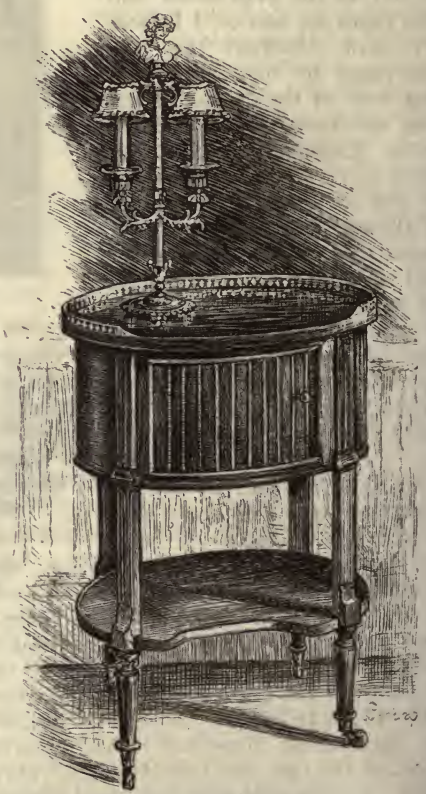


No. 7. "WHEN CLOTHES ARE TAKEN FROM A CHEST OF SWEETS."

children with a new toy at every device that destroyed the domesticity of their homes, and turned them into hotels and manufactories. A man needn't be afraid of being martyred for saying to-day that a person sitting with his feet over a hole in the floor and reading by a gas-burner the doctor's bill for attending his family in their attacks of illness caused by the entrance of sewage-gas into his house through his drain-pipes, is an edifying spectacle. For a good many people are thinking the same thing, and, in spite of the additional labor involved, are determined to come back to simpler and more enjoyable ways of living. Thanks to the good gift of petroleum oil, and thanks to the inventor of the student-lamp, there is no longer any excuse for one's hurting his eyes by reading at night, and thousands of people who a few years ago were lauding gas to the skies are now consigning it to its proper place in halls and offices and streets, refusing to allow it in their parlors and bedrooms, and replacing the gas-fixtures with lamps for burning kerosene. The same spirit of common sense, and a desire to

pipes were fed with ophthalmia and granulated eyelids; and oculists, hitherto rare birds, became as plenty as sparrows. Carrying water and emptying slops was the worst labor of all, and washing-day was the worst part of it; so the stationary wash-tub went into every kitchen, and the stationary wash-stand into every bedroom; and now the heart of ould Ireland was satisfied, and she would have shut up in measureless content if only she could have made the whole family sleep in one mechanical bed, that should slam itself down ready-made at night, and slam itself up ready-made in the morning; and if the principle involved in stuffing sausages and bottling ale could have been applied to the population (the Protestant American population, I mean), *en masse*, so that we could have been filled with meat and drink, and the labor of washing dishes and setting the table also got rid of.

I prove that I am not of the *sang azul* by declaring that I am bored by servants; can never eat if one is behind my chair, and would always rather do anything myself than have a servant do it for me. But I am ready to admit that so far as the desire to be rid of labor is concerned, they are only doing what everybody does, and there can be no doubt that they found the Americans only too happy to live by machinery, and tickled as



No. 8. BED-SIDE TABLE.

break up our present mechanical way of living, are driving the fixed water-basins out of our bedrooms, and bringing the open fires into all the living-rooms, leaving the poor furnace out in the cold of the halls and entry-ways. A few more years and we shall be restored again to some of the cheerful comfort our forefathers had in this world, which nothing but man's restless perversity makes it so hard to live in.

Cut No. 1 is a translation by Mr. King of the first drawing made by Mr. Sandier for these articles, and though it is a little weak, it shows so much native delicacy in the engraver, and so much pains to follow the drawing on the block, that it needs no apology. This little wash-stand was not intended for a bedroom, but for a small room off a hall or entry-way, where a person might wash his hands without the trouble of going upstairs. It is very simply made of four uprights cut out at the upper ends to receive the basin, and held together by a shelf half-way down, which holds the soap-tray, and two braces at the foot. There is no decoration beyond a slight molding on the edges of the shelf and a little cutting on the upper and lower ends of the uprights. The towel is on an old-fashioned roller.

Cut No. 2 is a washing arrangement that has been in use for a year or more in a friend's room, and has been found convenient. A piece of India matting, of a finer sort than would be generally used for the floor, is fastened to the wall by the brass hooks which come for hanging small articles from, and which serve the same purpose here, the mat being fixed by the sharpened end of the hook to the "chair-rail," which runs round the room about four feet from the floor, and the hook-end being used, as will be seen, for suspending a whisk broom and a duster.

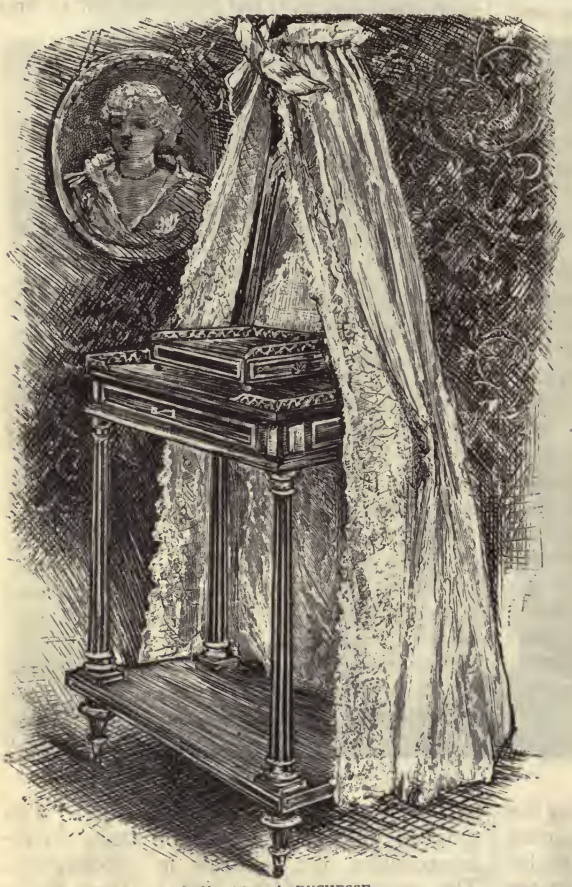
The mat, beside having a very neat appearance, is useful to keep the wall from being spattered. The stand itself is one of those Chinese teak-wood tables with a marble slab let into the top, which are always to be seen at Mr. Sypher's. Some of these stands are a good height for pedestals, others are low enough for stools; the present wash-stand is a middle size, and just right for the purpose. These tables and stands are strongly made, and the wood is well seasoned and stands our climate, and, what is more trying, our houses, very well. They are among the most useful of the things imported from China, besides being really handsome. The bowl supported by this stand is a wooden lacquered bowl, from Siam, I believe,—such a one as is often seen of a small size, and not at all difficult to find

No. 9. "AND ALL ARABIA BREATHES FROM YONDER BOX."

as large as this one. It is lacquered with red and gold, the decoration being coarse in execution, but first-rate in effectiveness. The water-jar at the side is from South America, made of a fine red clay. The arrangement of these articles thus accidentally brought together is far from being unpleasing. Mr. Marsh has not often done a better piece of engraving than this for SCRIBNER'S.

Cuts Nos. 3, and 4, and 5, are bedsteads which, however pretty the reader may allow them, I fear he will criticise as not being very hospitable. But, so long as the reader can get a notion of how a bedstead may be simply treated and look pretty, the size of the example is of no importance. No. 3 was designed by Mr. John Miller, and was made by Mr. Matthias Miller. It is made

of oak. The side rails pass through the corner posts, and are held by the wooden pins, the ends of which are seen projecting from the sides of the posts, which are in shadow. The three rails of the ends, one at the top below the carved finials, and the two others near the bottom, also pass through the corner posts. The upright pieces that make the upper division of the foot-board



No. 10. A DUCHESSE.

are cut out in a pattern where the edges come together. The answering pieces in the head-board are left plain with closed joints; but the top of each piece is cut into a pattern, and the assemblage of them makes a very pretty cresting. Mr. Sandier made this drawing, and Mr. Marsh has engraved it.

No. 4 is a Dutch bedstead drawn by Mr. Lathrop from an example in Mr. Sypher's warerooms. Both the head-board and the foot-board slope slightly outward. The wood was inlaid in a way with which we are now familiar enough, and the upper cap of the foot-board was cut in curves, so that the bedstead, rather austere in form, became by its agreeable color and these few incidents of form a comfortable-looking bed. Somebody thought so at any rate, for it was bought and carried off almost before Mr. Lathrop could get his drawing finished.

No. 5 is a bedstead designed and drawn for me by Mr. Sandier, by Mr. Herter's kind permission. It does not need any description, I think. The problem was to get as much elegance as possible by the simplest means, and this bedstead ought to be much copied if many of my readers like it as much as I do.

The lady's dressing-table, Cut No. 6, also designed by Mr. Sandier, and engraved in Paris by M. Guillaumot. The table is low and long, and of good breadth, and has two drawers. The glass is large, and I believe does not swing. The shelves, at the sides, supported on slender columns, are rather intended for lights than for the flower-glass and knick-knacks the reader sees. This seems to me a good design, and one that might be easily copied.

No. 7 is an old-fashioned bureau with a mirror in a frame of the same date. There are four drawers; the fronts of the three lower ones being cut out of the solid wood so that the ends project and the middle retreats, the same curve being given to the base of the bureau and to the upper drawer, which is carved with three shell-like patterns that adapt themselves to the shapes of the lower drawers. The handles and key-plates are of brass, and thus, by a very economical use of material a good deal of variety in shadow and reflection is obtained.

No. 8 is a table to stand by the side of the bed, and is an example of Louis XVI's time.

The extreme plainness of No. 9 is lightened and relieved by the shelf at the top supported at the front by turned pieces, and at the back by a solid pane which may be filled in with marquetry, or better by a mirror. It has four long drawers and two short ones, and, as will be seen, while taking up but little room, is a convenient and commodious piece of furniture.

No. 10 is a very pretty Duchesse toilet table, copied from an example of the same elegant and reserved style as No. 8.

LIVERWORTS AND FERNS.

THERE seems to be in Nature some wonderful healing power which expresses itself in the most widely spread, even though they be the humblest, of her manifestations. Not more tenderly does the mother's hand cover with brightness and beauty the grave that holds her buried love and hope, than Nature heals over with creeping mosses and graceful ferns the unseemly wounds which man so ruthlessly makes in our beautiful earth. It sometimes seems as if nowhere was such scope given for the lavish expenditure of her resources, as that afforded by some such vandalism.

There is no form of organic life which reveals more that is wonderful and beautiful than does this humble life when subjected to the test of the microscope. Almost the first thing which presented itself as I opened the pages of Carpenter with the happy sense of possession, was the exquisite little bird's-nest cup with its treasure of gemmæ which may be seen in Fig. 4. Its beauty naturally created the desire to find the wonder itself, and to subject it to microscopic scrutiny. On one of our loveliest October days,—when Nature was holding her Carnival preparatory to her long and cheerless Lent,—a pilgrimage for this purpose was planned, and carried into execution; and a spot, loved of the liverworts, and mosses, and ferns, was found.

A walk over unequal railroad ties, with the usual road-side accompaniments of wretched Irish hovels and their hideous and disorderly surroundings, was hardly the tuning up one needed to fall quietly into the mood appropriate to an introduction into the fairy court where myriads of tiny creeping plants and waving fronds of fern were keeping gala-day.

Just by the side of the railway track rose a tall perpendicular bank of rock. The strata projecting here and there, after the rough handling of the pickax, afforded foothold to myriad forms of life. From the base to the crown of the artificial cliff, every square yard was covered with verdure; and over and through it all, the perpetual dripping of a gently running spring supplied the constant moisture in which such life delights, and without which it pines away and perishes.

In one of the horizontal ledges near the foot of the cliff, the patient water had hollowed out for itself a tiny basin which it forever filled and forever overflowed. Around this spring, every inch of rock was covered with the curling fronds of the *Marchantia polymorpha*,—each leaf clinging close to the bare rock by a thousand little rootlets. This was the very plant we were hoping to find; it is perhaps the commonest, and is certainly the most interesting, of the class called liverworts in the vernacular tongue, and hepaticæ by the botanists. It was one of those days when everything went harmoniously; when matter seemed to have gotten the better of its "natural depravity," and to be all that, ideally, it should be. In spite of the lateness of the season, there were the flattened fronds with their curled-up edges; bearing upon tiny stalks which rose from the middle vein of the leaf, the female portion of the plant—the archegonial disks—in full and vigorous life [Fig. 1, A, *a*]. Upon the same frond, the cupules (A, *b*, *b*) holding their gemmæ were found in every stage of development. Besides these growths, some of the fronds bore what were naturally mistaken for the male efflorescence,—the antheridial disks. In form they so closely resembled the delineations given by Sachs and Carpenter, and by Henfrey in the Micrographical Dictionary, that they were at once accepted as the true antheridial portions of the plant. In appearance, each one of the

FIG. 1.

B, *a*, Fungoid growth. A, *a*, Archegonial disks; *b*, cupules bearing gemmæ; *c*, root-hairs.

twenty or more of these bodies which were examined was a tiny mushroom of a dusky orange color, the stem of which sprang from the under side of the leaf, and then curved around and upward till it stood vertically to the horizontal frond. Upon subjecting them to the microscope, nothing could be accurately made out in regard to their structure; careful sections were made in various directions, still none of the characteristics of the antheridial receptacles could be seen. The texture was so delicate that the cellular tissue crushed together, even with the most careful cutting, into an indistinguishable mass of distorted and disrupted cells.

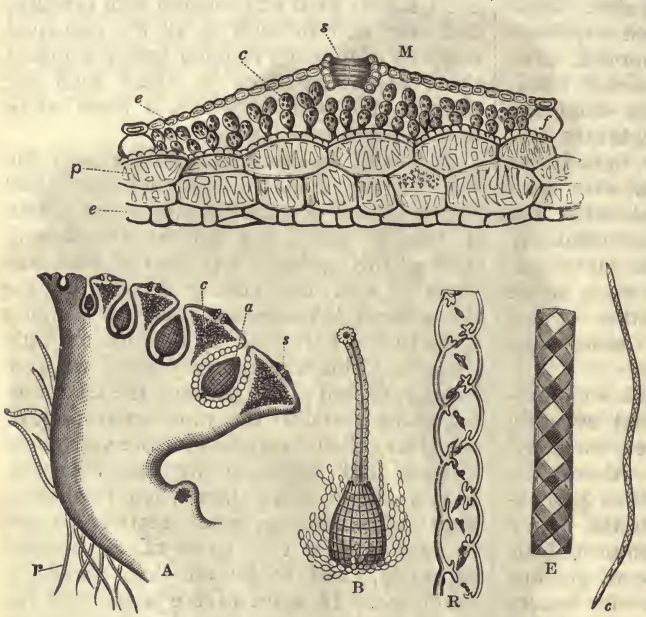


FIG. 2.

M, M. polymorpha, vertical section through a portion of the leaf showing series of cells; *e*, upper epidermal system of cells; *c*, chlorophyl cells; *p*, parenchymal cells; *e*, lower epidermis; *f*, divisions between rhomboid markings. [See Fig. 3.] A, Section through antheridial disks; *c*, chlorophyl; *a*, antheridia; *s*, stomata; B, archegonia; R, root-hairs; E, *c*, elaters.

In external form their resemblance to the true antheridial disks may be seen by comparing Fig. 1, B, *a*—the fungoid bodies—with Fig. 8,—Sachs's delineation of the true disks.

The cupules bearing the gemmæ, instead of being sessile upon the fronds, as they are given in all the figures which are commonly found, were, in the specimens examined, raised upon a small pedestal; the gemmæ themselves however, were identical with those drawn by Sachs [Figs. 4 and 5].

Hitherto, in our ascending series we have examined no organisms but of the very simplest kind. The cells have been generally simple cellulose sacs, with their protoplasmic contents, or an association of such cells. There has been no considerable differentiation among them; they have been, in fact, like independent savages, sometimes living separately and performing, each one for itself, all the functions of life; or else they have been banded together for mutual protection; but there has been nothing like division of labor, and so there has been no cell development into special organs for the performance of special functions.

The *Marchantia* gives more than one very striking illustration of differentiation; and we have in this fact one of the distinguishing characteristics, which marks it as a higher form of life than any of those already studied. The fronds of *M. polymorpha* consist of several layers of cells [Fig. 2, M], a lower epidermal system, *e*, from which spring the root-hairs that enable them to cling so closely to rock surfaces; above this a series of parenchymal cells, *p*, with thickenings projecting inward, reticulately; above this again, a large air-cavity in which the chlorophyl cells, *c*, grow up in a confervæ-like way, and finally an upper epidermal system, *e*. The leaf [Fig. 3], even under very low powers, shows itself to be covered with diamond-shaped or rhomboid markings. Each of these spaces [to be seen in vertical section in Fig. 2] covers an air-chamber, and each possesses in the center a curiously formed stomata. The epidermal cell, instead of dividing into two guard-cells,—as is usually the case in the formation of stomata,—divides and subdivides until a little chimney is built up of several courses of cells, each course being composed of four or nine cells. Down the throats of these tiny shafts it is quite possible to look by means of the microscope, and see the chlorophyl cells beneath. The lowest course, like the ordinary guard-cells of other stomata, possesses the power of contraction and expansion, and is called the "obturator ring." In this way, each air-chamber beneath the green rhombs is in communication with the outside air,—the amount of communication which is kept up being regulated by the contraction and expansion of the

obturator ring. Each of the rhombic plates is bounded by a band of colorless cells, which belong to the parenchymal system. A glance at Fig. 2, *f* will show these points better than any description. In *M. polymorpha* there is a very marked alternation of generations,—a phenomenon already described but which may be here briefly stated. In two or more successive generations, a form appears which is the result of a fertilized embryo, and from this a different form springs which is capable of reproduction without fertilization. We find ourselves, in beginning the life history of *M. polymorpha*, in the dilemma of the naturalist who could not determine how to begin his series,—whether with the bird or the egg. We will however, take the development from the fertilized embryo as the first step.

From the leaf forms (the fronds, that is) spring two inflorescences. As a general rule, one plant bears the antheridia—the male,—and another the archegonia—the female form. In this case the term dicœcious is applied; it sometimes happens, however, that both kinds are found upon the same frond, in which case it is called monœcious. The antheridial disk springing from the leaf form has already been described [Fig. 8]. The upper surface of this disk has a number of flask-shaped depressions in its cellular tissue; in these the antheridia proper develop [Fig. 2, A, *a*]. The process begins by a cell, in the bottom of the still undeveloped flask-shaped cavity, showing a papilla-form swelling in its upper surface; this swelling is cut off from the cell by a horizontal partition, or septum. The papilla thus formed again divides into an upper and lower cell; the lower cell forms the pedicel (or stem), the upper develops into the antheridia. This development of the antheridia is sufficiently like that of the gemmæ [Fig. 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6] to need no separate figure to illustrate here. The division and the subdivision of the cells is shown in outline in the figures numbered consecutively in Fig. 5. The antheridia [Fig. 5, B] is an ovoid body with a single superficial layer of ordinary cells containing chlorophyl. Within this surface layer are crowded masses of the mother cells of the antherozoids. The access of water swells the internal mass of cells so greatly that the surface layer gives way and the mother cells escape; the antherozoids soon free themselves from their investment and move about in the water with a rotating motion. They are long slender threads curved spirally from one to three times, with two long ciliæ by which they propel themselves. Usually they have attached to their anterior end a delicate vesicle which has been traced by Strasburger to

FIG. 3. LEAF OF M. POLYMORPHA UNDER LOW POWER.

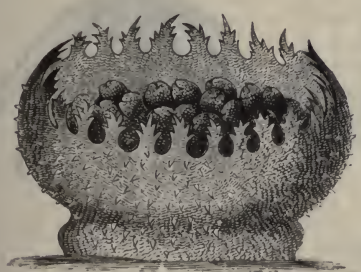


FIG. 4. CUPULE WITH GEMMÆ.

the central vacuole of the mother cell in which it was developed [Fig. 5, B, *s*, *s*].

The archegonia begin their development

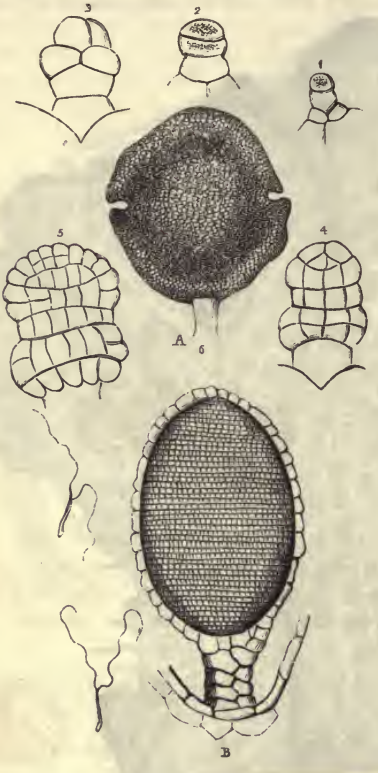


FIG. 5.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Development of gemmæ.

by the division and subdivision of a cell at the base of the receptacle in which they mature, exactly as we have described in the case of the antheridia. Between the fringed edges of the perichœtium [Fig. 6, A, 2, *p*] this development takes place. A flask-shaped body [Fig. 2, B], the archegonium, grows to maturity. The central cell in the bulging portion of the archegonium develops into an ovule, and the cells above it extend themselves so as to form the neck. As the ovule approaches maturity, the central row of cells extending through the neck of the flask is converted into mucilage; in this way, a canal opens from the outside to the ovule itself, filled with a substance easily penetrable. The antherozoids, which by this time are freely swimming about, penetrate the mouth of the archegonium, traverse the canal and fertilize the ovule. The fertilized ovule, or embryo, instead of directly developing into a new plant, goes through a transitional stage. The embryo cell develops into a mass of cells, within the bulging portion of the archegonium. In its young stages, the mass of embryo cells, now called a sporogonium, is composed of polygonal cells; but a change soon shows itself between the external layer and its contents. The external layer cells elongate and become marked with internal spiral thickenings [Fig. 7], the internal cells develop into long slender filaments; some of these form elaters [Fig. 2, E, F], and others which are four or five times as thick, subdivide by cross septa into squarish masses which form ultimately the spores. Reproduction from the spores is very similar to that of the ferns [Fig. 9, A, B, C, D] by the extrusion of a tubular process from one of its sides.

When the *Marchantia* develops in damp and shady situations favorable to its growth, the reproductive function, which very often bears a reciprocal relation to mere growth, does not so freely manifest itself. In this case, a form of asexual reproduction takes the place of the sexual. The little nest-like cupules [Figure 4] develop upon the frond. They appear first as a mere bulging of the epidermis; the outer layer splits open finally, forming a delicate fringed border of marvelous regularity and beauty. The cups themselves are green, but the fringed edges look as though they were made of glistening colorless glass. Within the cupule, tiny papillæ

FIG. 6.
A 2, Archegonial disk as seen from below, showing sporogonium; *s*, sporogonium; *p*, perichœtium; *r*, radial outgrowths; *a*, stalk with double channel. A 1, Same, side view.

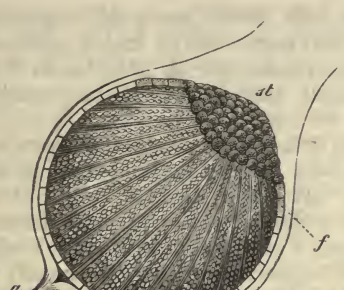


FIG. 7. SPOROGONIUM SHOWING ELATERS AND ROWS OF SPORES.

grow up [Fig. 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6]; by cell division they form into pedicel and gemmæ. The gemmæ are little oblong flattened disks with a notch on either side [Fig. 5, A, 6]; they are composed of two or more layers of cells, green, except the two or three rows about the edges, which are sometimes as pellucid as clear glass. After a time the disks spontaneously separate themselves from the pedicels and lie in their cupules, from which they are generally washed by the rain.

The gemmæ, in germinating, send out from the two depressions on either side of their lateral edges two plates of cells which develop into a sort of double frond. Mirbel, who investigated this point with great accuracy, found that there was no bilaterality in the gemmæ themselves; that is, whichever way they fell upon the soil, the upper surface invariably developed stomata, and the lower, root-hairs. Thus either series of cells composing the gemmæ seems to be capable of developing as the case may be, stomata, or root-hairs; and the conditions under which it germinates alone determine which. After the process of development has begun, however, no reversal can be effected. A frond, no matter how minute, if turned over, will twist itself round in order to regain the position in which it had first developed.

The ferns are the first in the great group called by botanists the vascular cryptogams. A differentiation of cells, for the purposes of organic growth and reproduction, has been found in the liverwort, which we have just been considering; but in the ferns, something higher than this manifests itself. We find in their stems the intricate series of differentiated cells which form the parenchyma,—the fibro-vascular bundles of pitted, spiral, reticulated, and scalariform vessels, already

FIG. 8. ANTHERIDIAL DISK [AFTER SACHS].

described and figured in the first article of this series. This gives them the name of vascular; cryptogam, or hidden mar-

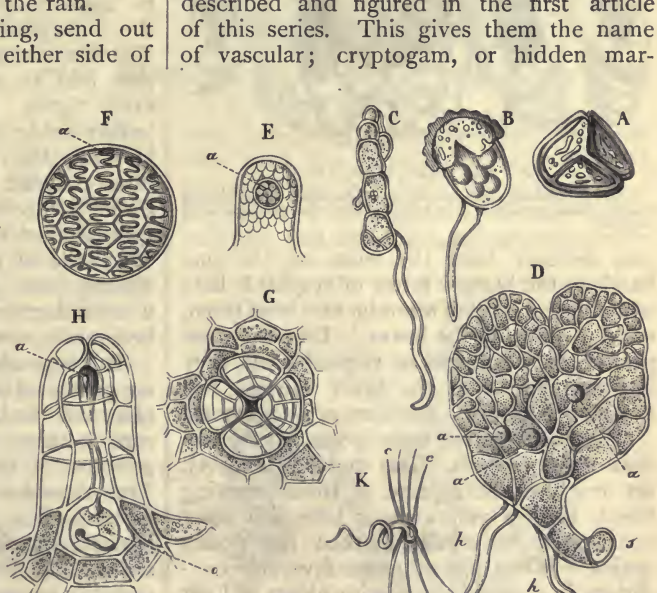


FIG. 9. PTERIS SERRULATA.

A, B, C, D, development of fern from spore A to prothallium D. D, *a*, early stage in development of archegonia, or female portion of plant; *h*, *h*, root-hairs. E, developing antheridium, or male portion. F, antheridium, with antherozoids, *a*, in mother cells. G, developing archegonium. H, ripe archegonium, which has been penetrated by antherozoid and its ovule, *o*, fertilized. K, moving antherozoid. L, transverse section of *Aspidium*; *d*, indusium; *s*, sporogonia attached to midrib. [After Carpenter.]

riage, refers to the mode of reproduction, which is like that of *Marchantia*, without flowers.

Their growth and cell division for the formation of special organs of great complexity

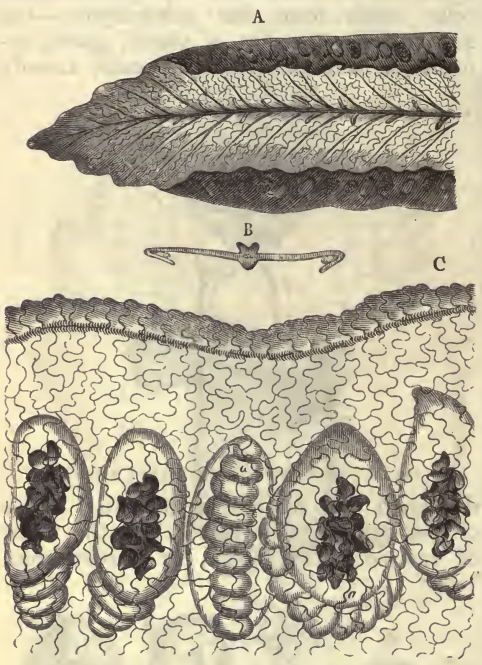


FIG. 10. PTERIS SERRULATA.

A, leaf slightly magnified showing sporangia within folded edge of leaf; B, transverse section of leaf; C, indusium and sporangia much magnified.

and delicacy bind the ferns, on the one hand, to the highest forms of vegetable life; while their modes of reproduction bind them, on the other, to the lower. Like the most perfect manifestations of vegetable life, they are vascular; like the lowly mosses and creeping hepaticæ, they are cryptogamous.

The development from spores is very like that of *Marchantia*. The spores [Fig. 9, A], set free by the rupture of their investing theca, have a yellowish or brownish outer coat, often beautifully marked like pollen grains. When placed under favorable conditions in a damp place, with plenty of light and warmth, the spore shows a slight enlargement, accompanied by a rounding off of its angles; the internal cell-wall sends out, through an aperture in the external coat, a tubular prolongation [Fig. 9, B]. This rootlet absorbs sufficient moisture (and conveys it to the cell) to cause it to distend and rupture the hard outer spore coat.

The cell then begins to extend itself by cell division at the end opposite the root end, C. These cells divide, not only longitudinally, but also transversely; and a plate of cell tissue, so much like a *Marchantia* frond, is the result, that it may be very easily mistaken for one.

This first leaf, D,—or prothallium, as it is called,—is essentially the same in all the ferns. Its under surface always develops the root-fibers, by which it fixes itself to the soil, and it also produces both the antheridia and archegonia, by which it is sexually reproduced. The antheridia may be early distinguished [Fig. 9, D, *a*]. They begin as a slight protrusion, which shows itself in one of the prothallium cells; this is at first filled with chlorophyl, but soon a central free cell, E, *a*, may be seen, which soon develops into an inclosure filled with a brood of other cells. After a time, each of the inclosed cells is seen, and contains a spirally coiled filament, the antherozoid [F, *a*]. The archegonia are fewer in number, and are developed on another part of the prothallium; a slight elevation of the cellular layer of the prothallium, within which is the ovule, makes its appearance, and grows, something like the archegonia of *Marchantia*, to maturity. The fertilization of the ovule, and its conversion into an embryo, may be seen in the same figure. [Fig. 9, H, archegonia; *a*, antherozoid; *o*, ovule]. The development in ferns, from the embryo to the plant, is direct; unlike the *Marchantia*, which goes through the transitional asexual form of a sporogonium before the true plant is formed. The cells of the new plant are developed directly from the embryo by cell division; it soon bursts from the archegonium, and becomes a new plant.

The vegetable hairs, or trichomes, of ferns are produced in great numbers. The antheridia and archegonia are merely modified surface-hairs; they are, really, mere outgrowths of the epidermal layer of cells. True root-hairs, which are simple hairs formed of a single cell elongated enormously, develop upon roots, underground stems, and the bases of leaf-stalks. On creeping stems, brownish, many-celled hairs arise, called palæ. In some varieties, strong bristles of considerable length are formed; and often, fine, delicate, articulated hairs. The sporangia themselves are merely metamorphosed surface cells, and so, are morphologically trichomes.

The little brown markings upon the back of fern leaves in fruiting-time are collections of sori, or a single sorus, each sorus being, in its turn, composed of a number of spo-

rangia containing spores. The whole sorus is generally covered by an outgrowth of the leaf. In Fig. 9, L, the epidermal cells of the midrib—the leaf being seen in a vertical section—have developed into a plate of tissue which incloses the mass of sporangia. In this case, the investing portion is called the true indusium. Sometimes the spore-cases are covered over by an outgrowth, not only of the surface layers of cells, but of the entire leaf; it is then called the false indusium. In some species, *Pteris serrulatus*, for instance [Fig. 10, A], the whole edge of the leaf is doubled over, and so holds the sori. In the highly magnified portion [Fig. 10, C], the sporangia may be distinctly seen. The spores are contained in a closed sac, formed of a single cellular layer, and surrounded by a ring of peculiarly developed cells, called the annulus [C, *a*, *a*]. By the contraction of this ring, when dried, the sac holding the spores is ruptured, and the spores themselves are liberated.

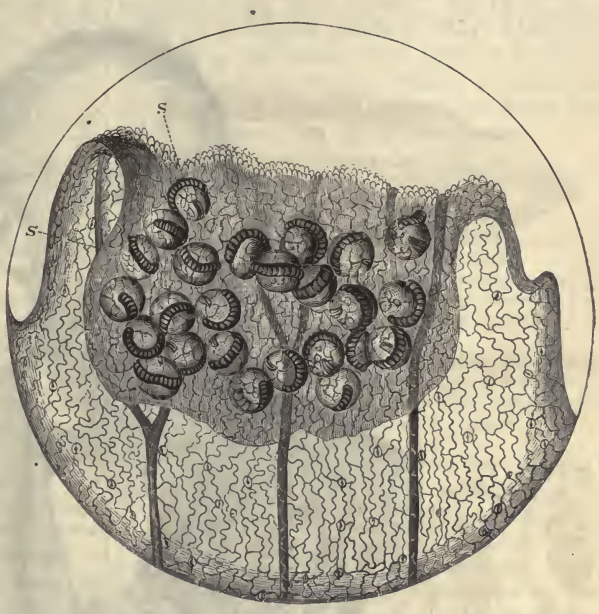


FIG. 11. ADIANTUM CUNEATUM.—END OF LEAF FOLDED OVER TO HOLD SORUS. S, sporangia containing spores.

Spore-cases are not, as a general thing, formed upon all the leaves of the plant. There are sterile leaves and fertile leaves; on some varieties, these two kinds of leaves regularly alternate on the stem. The sori are also very differently distributed over the fertile leaves. Sometimes they are regularly distributed over the whole under surface of the leaf; sometimes they are collected in definite spots, and sometimes, again, they are arranged in beautifully reticulated patterns. The *Osmunda regalis*—or flowering fern, as it is incorrectly called—bears what appear to be panicles of flowers or fruit; but this appearance is due to the fact that the fertile leaves are all at the upper extremity of the frond, and that all portions of the leaf disappear, except the veins and other parts which bear the fruit [Fig. 12].

Ferns, which in our climate and era form so insignificant a feature in our vegetation, attain to enormous proportions in tropical countries. The erect stem in the great tree-ferns of the torrid zones not infrequently rises to the height of fifty feet before the great fronds which crown their tops spring from the columnar trunk. In the woods of the carboniferous era, the enormous trunks and plumy foliage of gigantic tree-ferns form a conspicuous feature; but, like many of the monsters which ruled in the animal and vegetable world in those old days before man had come upon the earth, they have since sunk into comparative obscurity and insignificance, and have given place to a life which, if it be not more luxurious, and beautiful, and wonderful, at least approaches more and more nearly to the ideal type of perfection, toward which nature, animate and inanimate, has been reaching through infinite ages; spelling out slowly, but surely, the Divine purpose in creation, which is forever at one with itself.

FIG. 12. OSMUNDA REGALIS WITH ORDINARY AND FERTILE LEAVES.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

SOME years ago, in the palmy days of the "New York Leader," I remember falling upon an essay or two by John Burroughs. There was something in his unusually vigorous and thoughtful style that arrested attention at once, and piqued curiosity. It certainly stood in curious contrast to most of the rapid work which goes to fill the insatiate columns of even the weekly press. The "Leader" could scarcely be accused of dullness; it had a coterie of brilliant and sparkling writers; but Mr. Burroughs, who was then a very young man, had evidently struck a solid and assured note of his own that was very distinctly audible in the midst of their almost contagious levity. It seemed to me at the first look—though Mr. Burroughs's name was then entirely new—that here was a writer who had something to say to the world, and must eventually be heard from. He was to be followed presently into "The Atlantic" and "The Galaxy,"—and, after its establishment, into SCRIBNER'S,—and through these and other periodicals he has won the well-recognized position, which no one has held so well since Thoreau's death, of our Prophet of Outdoordom. "The Nation" says, "Mr. Burroughs is a sort of reduced, but also more humorous, more available, and more sociable Thoreau."

Yet, if I remember rightly, Mr. Burroughs's earlier essays were not so preponderately on topics relating to Nature as are those which have given him his deserved place. I recall an essay which appeared in "The Atlantic"—it must be ten or more years ago—on "Expression," in which he was as metaphysical as Emerson, and which must have been mistaken for Emerson's by more than one reader. This, though, was when the magnetism of a great name was deflecting more or less nearly all the young and rising writers, and making them, by necessity, talk through a medium in which they had been powerfully quickened, and had learned how to think,—I might say, through which they could hardly escape an

effort to mold their thoughts. Curiously enough, Mr. Burroughs's first book* was not about Nature,—except as Mr. Walt Whitman represents Nature,—and in this the author confesses that when he was a "well-grown country youth" he was "curious about books—fond even then of the Emersonian essays and poems, and all of that ilk; but my life was mainly occupied in farm-work in the summer, and with a little study, offset by much hunting and trapping of wild animals in winter." As his confession is so illustrative of what I wish soon to say, I will quote him still further at this point:

"From childhood I was familiar with the homely facts of the barn, and of cattle and horses; the sugar-making in the maple woods in early spring; the work of the corn-field, hay-field, potato-field; the delicious fall months, with their pigeon and squirrel shootings; threshing of buckwheat, gathering of apples, and burning of fallows; in short, everything that smacked of, and led to, the open air and its exhilarations. I belonged, as I may say, to them; and my substance and taste, as they grew, assimilated them as truly as my body did its food. I loved a few books much; but I loved Nature, in all those material examples and subtle expressions, with a love passing all the books of the world."

This monograph on Walt Whitman is still a most readable little volume, and on many points that concern modern poetry, is exquisitely stimulating and suggestive. It is a robust and sweeping theory that is laid down; but it is worth attention as a pungent and ringing protest against poetry of the overdone-dainty and confectionery kind. Together with Mr. O'Connor's "The Good Gray Poet," and Mr. Emerson's premature compliment, the book gave Whitman a "send off" that soon reverberated from England in the loud welcome of the Swinburne and Rossetti fraternity. Without sharing all this enthusiasm, I can yet see its considerable basis; and think those who still look upon the "Leaves of Grass" bard in bewilderment, as what a friend of mine calls "the literary Nebuchadnezzar," cannot do better than to take up before they finally decide what he is, this earnest and sympathetic exposition of him. Mr. Burroughs says the literary hints in the book are "experimental"—they come partly from personal experience with the author, and "will show the standard of Nature more than the standard of books." His first acquaintance with Walt Whitman's writings—the "Leaves of Grass"—is interesting enough to be narrated; for he says "it produced the impression upon me in my moral consciousness that actual Nature did in her material forms and shows." He found the book in a friend's hands in 1861, while on a nutting excursion, and says: "I shall never forget the strange delight I had from the following passage, as we sat there on the sunlit border of an autumn forest:"

"I lie abstracted, and hear beautiful tales of things, and the reasons of things;
They are so beautiful, I nudge myself to listen.
I cannot say to any person what I hear—I cannot say it to myself—it is very wonderful.
It is no small matter, this round and delicious globe, moving so exactly in its orbit forever and ever, without one jolt, or the untruth of a single second;
I do not think it was made in six days, nor in ten thousand years, nor ten billions of years;
Nor plann'd and built one thing after another, as an architect plans and builds a house."

I hope all this, which I have been saying somewhat tangentially to my theme, will not seem out of place; for it serves to give a hint of Mr. Burroughs's tendency and mental sympathy, and will, perhaps, help the reader to understand him better as he appears in his later books. The book on Whitman was published in 1867; "Wake Robin," in 1871; and "Winter Sunshine," his latest, has but just appeared. The last two are from the press of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, who are about to publish a new edition of "Wake Robin," with illustrations.

What first strikes me in Mr. Burroughs's work, even above its well-acquired style, is the unqualified weight of conscience it exhibits. You are sure he feels precisely what he says. There is no posturing for effect; an admiration he does not have he never mimics. We find in him, therefore, a perfectly healthy and hearty flavor. Apparently, he does not put his pen to paper hastily, or until he is filled with his subject. What has been aptly termed the secondary, or final stage of thought, has with him full play. The omnivorous newspaper which skims off, in its daily hunger, the surface of so many quick minds, has never drawn him within its vortex by force, and though he resorted to it in his tentative efforts, it was only in the most casual way. A natural observer of things, he summons all the facts, near or remote,—there is no side-light too small,—and, when the material is all in, it seems to undergo a long incubation in his mind; or shows at least that reflection has done its perfect and many-sided work. Under his careful treatment and keen eye

* Notes on Walt Whitman, as Poet and Person. By John Burroughs. New York: American News Company. 1867.

for the picturesque, the details get the proper artistic distribution, and stand forth in poetic guise. The essay, when it appears, comes to us freighted with "the latest news" from the meadows and the woods, and bears the unmistakable imprint of authenticity.

He has alert senses—the sixth sense of the naturalist, so to speak—and a faculty for the minutest things. The bird is usually the pivot of his walk and observation, or is mingled with them; but he notices also the larger setting and furniture which Nature throws around it. The humblest way-side incident does not elude him; and yet the view to the horizon is ever open and is seen through vistas of enchantment. He defends the song of the hermit-thrush against the discriminating silence of Wilson and Audubon; he discovers the fact that the bobolink goes southward in the night, which Audubon had testified against,—though he acknowledges this to be the only misstatement he has been able to find in the voluminous observations of this eminent naturalist; and, whether it be the architecture of a bird's nest, or the song, or whatever the habit, he is patiently accurate in reporting it. Of the song of a bird he shrewdly says:

"It seems to me that I do not know a bird till I have heard its voice; then I come nearer it at once, and it possesses a human interest to me. I have met the gray-cheeked thrush (*Turdus Aliciæ*) in the woods and held him in my hand: still I do not know him. The silence of the cedar-bird throws a mystery about him which neither his good looks nor his petty larcenies in cherry-time can dispel. A bird's song contains a clew to its life, and establishes a sympathy—an understanding—between itself and the listener."

He remarks a "human significance" in the songs of most birds:

"The song of the bobolink to me expresses hilarity; the song-sparrow's, faith; the blue-bird's, love; the cat-bird's, pride; the white-eyed fly-catcher's, self-consciousness; that of the hermit-thrush, spiritual serenity; while there is something military in the call of the robin."

I have come upon these passages almost at random. They are neither better than, nor greatly different from, the average matter of the author's books; but they betray the intimate acquaintance with, and sincere study of, his subject, which I have already alluded to. And it is this absence of dilettanteism and sham that gives to everything he has to offer its prime importance and charm. "Winter Sunshine" is mainly his description of winter and autumn experiences, and the habits of such of the smaller animals as keep open house at this time of year. Besides these, however, we have a juicy and appetizing essay on the apple; a eulogy of walking; and some seventy pages describing England and English characteristics, an excursion over to France, and the trip from London to New York. It is interesting to notice that Mr. Burroughs's travels among men are not less humorously and acutely marked than are his incursions into field and forest. Along with much evidence of culture, they have the most naive and frequently *insouciant* manner; they tell you—what is even better than the facts—how it all seemed *to him*; and he takes no pains to keep back his intense delight and surprise over the wonders and newness of his experience. He jumps ashore and says:

"Go to! I will be indulged. These trees, those fields, that bird darting along the hedge-rows, those men and boys picking blackberries in October, those English flowers by the road-side,—(stop the carriage while I leap out and pluck them),—the homely domestic looks of things, those houses, those queer vehicles, those thick-coated horses, those big-footed, coarsely clad, clear-skinned men and women; this massive, homely, compact architecture;—let me have a good look, for this is my first hour in England, and I am drunk with the joy of seeing! This house-fly even, let me inspect it; and that swallow skimming along so familiarly,—is he the same I saw trying to cling to the sails of the vessel the third day out?—or is the swallow the swallow the world over? This grass I certainly have seen before, and this red and white clover; but the daisy and dandelion are not the same; and I have come three thousand miles to see the mullein cultivated in a garden, and christened the velvet plant."

He speaks of the humanized and domestic character of all the trees, "as if they were betaking themselves from the woods to the orchard," the half-tameness of the game, and, of course, the enormous number of birds. He doubts if "a scraping together of all the birds in the United States into any two of the largest States would people the earth and air more fully." The British crow, he observes, is only a duller American one (would it be a true parallel to say the Briton himself is only a more sedate Yankee?); and the bird which Tennyson apostrophizes:

"O Black-bird! sing me something well;
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell,"—

is, "in size, form, manner, note, call," merely a black robin. The English lark, he thinks, is no better singer than our bobolink. English clouds "are never sharply defined, and deeply dyed like ours, but soft, fleecy,

vapory, indistinguishable." The architecture is milder in color—not a single white house with green blinds—the voices of the people, even the street cries are less aggressive; the locomotives do not scream so; the street gamins are more respectful. In respect to the railways, the English roadbeds are solid, but the cars are dingy; while we have finely upholstered cars and shabby roads. Our method, in this comparison, he does not commend. "It is like a man wearing a ruffled and jeweled shirt-front, but too poor to afford a shirt itself." He met a little girl on his walk to Stratford, who had been in America, and had lately returned. Her voice gave "a sweet and novel twang to her words, * * I hardly recognized even the name of my own country in her innocent prattle; it seemed like a land of fable; all had a remote, mythological air, and I pressed my inquiries as if I was hearing of this strange land for the first time." He thinks the magpie is either a Celt or a Catholic, because he saw it in France, and again in Ireland, but not once in England.

Some of these experiences, and others that he records, have, as he acknowledges, been made before by various people; but he wishes to tell them, and we are glad to hear them told in his way. The essay on the Exhilarations of the Road is a very choice piece of description, and might well be issued as a separate tract to the non-walkers. The opening paragraphs in the discourse about Snow-Walkers are worth notice as giving the key-note of his latest book; but I must resort to abbreviation, and leave the reader to supply or find what is omitted.

"It is true that in winter we miss the pomp and pageantry; but there is at least the presence of the infinite sky. The stars rekindle their fires, the moon achieves a fuller triumph, and the heavens wear a look of more exalted simplicity. Summer is more wooing and seductive, more versatile and human; winter is of a more heroic cast, and addresses the intellect. The tendinous part of the mind is more developed in winter; the fleshy in summer. The former is a return to simple habits after a career of splendor and prodigality. It is the philosopher coming back from the banquet and the wine to a cup of water and a crust of bread. And then this beautiful masquerade of the elements—the novel disguises our nearest friends put on! Here is another rain and another dew,—water that will not flow nor spill, nor receive the taint of an unclean vessel. All sounds are sharper in winter; the air transmits better. The words are rigid and tense, keyed up by the frost, and resound like a stringed instrument. The clouds are pearly and iridescent; the old dilapidated fence is set off with the most fantastic ruffles—the world lies about me in a trance of snow."

In another place he depicts, with a few strokes, the ocean:

"It is a wide and fearful gulf that separates the two worlds. The landsman can know little of the wildness, savageness, and mercilessness of nature, till he has been upon the sea. It is as if he had taken a leap off into the interstellar spaces. In voyaging to Mars or Jupiter he might cross such a desert—might confront such awful purity and coldness. An astronomic solitariness and remoteness encompasses the sea. The earth and all remembrance of it is blotted out; there is no hint of it anywhere. This is not water, this cold, blue-black, vitreous liquid. It suggests not life but death. Indeed, the regions of everlasting ice and snow are not more cold and inhuman than the sea."

Mr. Burroughs's style is racy, full of blood, vascular and bristling with just the words for the description in hand. It is idiomatic; original, but individual still more; and has been melted out by the strong heat of thought. It was not brought from the academy or college, or from wide reading of classic lore; it is, rather, the outcome of his own robust circumstances and moods. It is certainly not finished, in the way that Hawthorne's is, or as Addison's is, or as Macaulay's is; but this is what you might, but would not be likely to say of Emerson's or of Carlyle's. If it is not specially limpid, it readily assumes a bright and prismatic shape—a form that is suggestive like poetry.

Our author's passion for the bird seems to be acknowledged in some sort even by the aërial tribe. They come nearer his eye and ear than to the rest of us; and he takes them, as the trout-fisher sometimes takes the trout, in his hands. It is a kind of cousinly reciprocity born of a subtile psychic, if not fully understood, affinity. I remember showing him once near my home a little bird perfectly white (an albino), which to an untrained eye might pass for either the chipping-bird or one of the ground-sparrows, whose general characteristics of form are quite similar. Of course, when Nature chooses capriciously to whitewash one of these, it is not easy to tell, when it is on the wing, to which of the kinds it belongs. I had noticed it for a year or two, at different times, occupying a certain limited habitat along the Webutuck, a poetic branch of the Housatonic River; and one day I took our author, and a friend, in pursuit of the curiously clothed singer. Mr. Burroughs pronounced it the ordinary "ground bird" at once, and came so near it, with his outstretched hand, that if some dry bush on which he was compelled to step had not crackled briskly under his tread, he would

have picked the little fellow off the branch overhanging the stream, about as easily as one might pick from the orchard tree the neighborly and coveted apple.* The bird acted, to all appearance, as if he was thoroughly conscious of the fact that the one who could look under his mask, and classify and name him, had at last arrived.

As an observer, Mr. Burroughs teaches us once more the needful, and never too emphatic lesson, that, if we are to see much, it is not so great a matter where we stand as it is what eyes we bring with us. Like Thoreau, he can be happy walking through a swamp in the snow-porridge and desolation of a winter night, and find more rapture than most of us extract from a perfect morning in June. This temper and habit give to his writings that "natural magic" which Lowell ascribes to White's "History of Selborne," of which he said: "Open the book where you will, it takes you out-of-doors."

Mr. Burroughs's masterly essay on Emerson is remarkable as a piece of intelligent appreciation and exhaustive statement brought within a narrow compass, and focused with the clearest light. It comes near being as good a criticism as has been made of Emerson by any one. His superior "attar of thought," his wide-eyedness, his condensation, the electric play of his mind, his perfect culture, his fine manners, his cogent emphasis, his pungent apothegms, and his perpetual poetry and surprise, are summed up in a most pictorial and discriminating delineation. But, while I do not fail to see that even Emerson is not orbicular,—that he lacks dramatic power, and is a little bereaved on the side of moist humor, who could wish him much other than he is? In fact, is there such a possibility at all as the Whitman school insists upon of parallel entirety, in respect to nature and art? Can the latter be made to include the former in any way except by partiality? The cosmos, the all, can be comprehended by no single force or man, for it comprehends all. The best of us can merely go to nature with our small dippers, and take up a little. Even great Thor, when he struggled with the giants of Jötunheim, could only drink off the surface of one bay through their horn; the great ocean lay undiminished behind him. What we take becomes art, which is simply a segment of nature put in the crucible of, and modified by, man. We may be so dainty and finical, of course, as to leave some strong elements out. There is Pope's manner, and there is Wordsworth's, and there is Whitman's. But the song of the sparrow on the "alder bough," in its plenitude, is only to be got by going where it carols. No mere book, no author can give it. As it is a different tune he sings in the cage, so is man's chant of the ineffable different. Who shall—who can—"bring home the river and sky?"

But in saying this—which I venture to do here, since, while I write, the question of Whitman's claims is being discussed by English and American critics with some asperity—one must not forget that art sometimes justifies itself by some part of its performance, when the theory for which it is supposed to stand falls to the ground. It seems to me, therefore, about equally idle to assume on the one hand that Whitman has no claim at all to be called a poet, and to assert on the other that he is the great cosmic bard—the poet-herald of the future, who puts the universe in his rhyme, and who has set the fashion that must henceforth displace the whole tuneful choir from Homer to Tennyson. It will be a long time yet, I fancy, before Homer and Milton—to use Emerson's late suggestion—shall become tin-pans.

I do not take it that Mr. Burroughs expects exactly this. I know, in fact, that he is an appreciative reader of all kinds of verse, and has

> "Eyes to find the five
> Which five hundred did survive."

In his attitude to Whitman, he has been simply loyal to a force that gave him in the outset a strange and welcome stimulus; that put no restraint on his widest thought or most vagrant mood; that took him at one stroke from the faint tuberose-scented parlor, and set him in the resinous woods, and under the vocal sky. He would have no rhythm or time-beat that obscured for him the ripple of the brook. He was tired of the pert iteration of finished forms, and here came the primitive picturesqueness that tallied with, and seemed like, the outer world, among whose mysteries he is most at home. If I understand him, it is his belief that Mr. Whitman has already disclosed his secret, and put forth what thought is in him, and has nothing more to say; but,

* I am not ignorant of the fact that the albinoes, which are common to various species—even to crows and robins—possess a defective vision; but they can see sufficiently to avoid capture, even if not minutely enough to enjoy the æsthetic qualities of the landscape.

of the value and validity of his chief work, he has no possible doubt or question. To him, it is grand and aggressive, and we may well allow so competent a mind to declare how, and in what direction, he has been helped.

It may be interesting now to ask, since Mr. Burroughs has written so well about poetry, how far the divine impulse has directly touched his own pen. I find that he has produced a few poems, which were turned off in the contagion common to youth, though not all of these have strayed into type. One of them appeared, I think, in the old "Knickerbocker Magazine," about fourteen years ago. The sentiment it breathes is born of the same transcendental quality as that which animates Mr. Wasson's rare lyric of "All's Well,"—though it is molded in a quite different measure, and can stand bravely alone. It seems almost a pity that his muse should furl her wings after so promising an effort.

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

Yon floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

Mr. Burroughs was born in Roxbury, Delaware County, N. Y., April 3d, 1837,—coming from English stock on his father's side, and inheriting a strong dash of Irish blood on his mother's. At seventeen, he shouldered his movables; left the paternal roof, and—as some one has aptly said—"looked for a place where the crust was pretty thin to break through into the world." This brought him first to Olive, Ulster County, where he played the pedagogue,—we have no doubt with success. He married before he was twenty-one. In 1863, he received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington, where he remained until 1873, acting at first as vault-keeper, and afterward as chief of the organization division in the Bureau of National Banks. During the last three years he has been filling the position of Receiver of the broken-down National Bank at Middletown, Orange County—a task of much delicacy and complication. He also does occasional service from time to time as Special National Bank Examiner. In this sort of work the cashiers who have to do with him find him extremely competent; and, what he does not see in their various columns of figures in a single afternoon, must be a very inert or infinitesimal quantity. This expertness is worth mentioning, because it is seldom found with so much ideality of the poet's sort as that which we are tempted to call one of his chief endowments. In 1871, with two other Treasury clerks, he went to Europe in charge of $15,000,000 of U. S. bonds to be delivered to the Syndicate.

Mr. Burroughs's predominant gift must be termed that of a clear and powerful eye; but there is, of course a working brain behind it. From a boy he saw everything without conscious effort. As Thoreau, when some one on a walk asked him for an Indian's arrow, immediately stooped down and picked one up, so his visual sense seems to respond to every interrogation the spirit prompts. I should ask him with perfect confidence to show me any bird that the horizon incloses, and expect the verbal draft to be honored at once.

His books do not so much spur you to read and write, as make you observe for yourself, and go tramping about with a pocketful of apples. If Schiller's play of "The Robbers" ever *did* make any of the German youth take to the woods as free-booters, it is by an equally magical contagion that Mr. Burroughs's work inspires the true literary and scientific prowler. Prof. Dowden, of Dublin, testifies eloquently to this characteristic quality of our essayist's thought. The receptive reader does not give it his languid assent; but, laying the book down, finds a new robustness entering his blood, and feels that he, too, "must go and fight Philip."

GHOSTS.

"THERE's that confounded dividend come again!" said the Deacon.

If the Deacon had entered his order by way of the regular canon, he would probably have been more guarded in the choice of his expressions; but he had never been canonized, only dubbed, and if he called something by a doubtful name now and then it was compared to the fashion of his former ways, only like the mild snapping at flies of an old bull-dog whose fighting days are past.

And those fighting days of the Deacon's! Misty and dim now is the haze of that blue ocean he had roved so long; shadowy and far away as the visions of spice-trees and coral reefs that rose before his listeners many a winter night, as they gathered round their Moloch,—the stove in the village store,—the fire-light and their feeble faith flickering together in the Deacon's face, and the sharp scream of an occasional sleigh-iron running a mocking accompaniment outside.

"Come, now, Deacon," the stammering wag of the village was sure to say, whenever, by a rare miracle, the stream of gossip ran low, "tell us about the sp—sp—sp—" An *s* and a *p* together formed a fatal reef that nothing could tide the stammerer over; but he always beat desperately upon it until some one called out, "Come, John, we can't wait,—try something else!"

"Well, then, Deacon, tell us which place, of all the places you ever saw, you'd like best to stay in forever? Which one was most like P—Paradise? It wasn't Lucinda's, was it?"

This last suggestion always sent a merry glance round the circle, and brought the Deacon to his feet in the midst of it, like a little bursting bomb, and for the hundredth time the spice-trees waved, the coral reefs plashed, and the cocoa-nuts flew in a meteoric shower across the rather murky spirit of his listeners' dream.

But after the burst was over, and the Deacon had pinned his overcoat-collar together, and set his face like a flint toward Lucinda's once more, the feeling was pretty sure to creep over him that he had been fibbing after all. The pin kept guard bravely against a temperature of 20° below zero, but crisp, tingling memories slipped past it as lightly as ghosts through bolted doors, and sent the stammerer's question thrilling through his veins again: Which place would he rather have staid forever in? Which place was "most like Paradise," after all?

The Deacon always gave an extra pull at his coat-buttons then; for if ghosts of this kind were in the air at all, he preferred to keep them safe within himself. The colors of the picture they brought up had not lost a gleam in the fifty years they had stood, but he had never sketched a single outline of it to any soul in the village. Every day was open as the sunlight since he came among them, but before that it was his own affair.

But buttons are no stronger than locks for laying ghosts; and perhaps at that very moment a knowing whisper was going the round of the Moloch-worshipers:

"Yes, they say the Deacon lived high, down at the Hub itself, when he was young; and his folks were a kind that don't stray this way very often. Rich, too, and free with it, and their house full of company such as the most of us wouldn't know how to pass the time of day with. And the Deacon was as spirited and handsome as a young colt, among them all."

"Yes, and covered with laurels, to the college where he was studying, too,—that's what they call it, I believe," said the little postmaster, popping a brown face (crossed with more lines of latitude and longitude than the Deacon had ever sailed over) through the delivery-window of his corner.

"Well, I don't see anything exactly c—coltish about the Deacon, just now," said the stammerer; "but if there ever was, it isn't so strange he should have taken a fancy to wild oats."

Wild oats, indeed, sown broadcast over every ocean, and grown tall in every sunny port, with seed-time and harvest treading on each other's heels,—that was the shadow under which the bright morning "down at the Hub" had faded away, and crumbled into such dust as only specters rise from. For when the Deacon "came to himself," and found that wild oats and husks were much the same after all, he came home to work out his penance as a hired servant indeed.

"They say he never went nigh the old place again when he got home," the whisperers went on, "but just gave it a wide berth, and steered straight up here, and hired out to Lucinda. And when she asked him what his name was, he said he'd disgraced it, and would never go by it again, for the sake of them that bore it. She might call him what she liked. 'Twas you, John, of course, that catched the name

of Deacon onto him, while Lucinda was taking her time to think. We thought 'twas a poor fit at first, but he's somehow settled into it at last, as he has to that small overcoat of hisn. The Deacon was quite a tall figure when he first came to Lucinda's, but he's shrunk to a little old man at last. They say he had a sister, too, in those times gone past, that was the belle of all the Hub, and he set the world by her; but he's never seen her since."

Never seen her since? But what was that fair oval face, tender, sorrowful, and sweet, with glinting auburn hair binding it like a crown, and eyes like violets, that gazed into the Deacon's, and floated steadily before him at that very moment, as he plowed after the one solitary sleigh-track that had broken the road to Lucinda's! Was it only a haunting memory, that came so many times, crowding with all the rest, and yet standing always apart and by itself?

Only a haunting memory—that was all.

Cold that will snap iron rails did not last forever, even in this chilly refuge of the Deacon's. "Nine months winter, and the rest very l—late in the fall," as the stammerer said; but June came really once a year, and then such waving, branching elms, such broad greenswards, where the velvet bent under the Deacon's feet as he drove Lucinda's cows to pasture;—such great foaming, creamy pails of milk as they gave up to him when he had followed them faithfully home at night!

"There's nectar and ambrosia fit for Olymp,"—the Deacon began, as he let down the pasture-bars one morning; but he started at the sound of his own words, and dropped the rail and the last syllable together. The cows stepped over, the beautiful white heifer, with only the linings of her ears dipped brown to match her eyes, following last of all. The Deacon picked up the rail, and the proper vernacular with it.

"That there brook has raised two foot since the spring rains, and that last sprinkling of herd's-grass got a good ketch, that's certain," he said; and picking up his tall walking-stick, he brushed and thudded away through the velvet again; for there were ten acres of corn to be planted that week, and Lucinda did not like hiring extra hands. But the corn-field lay two miles the other way, and the velvet did not last forever; so he struck into the dusty road again just in time to see the old yellow stage crawling away like a great bumble-bee from the post-office door, three-quarters of a mile ahead. But the distance melted fast, for the Deacon was walking, as they said there, "spry."

"It will be a great help to Lucinda if I can get that there lot planted alone," he said; though "what in nature he wanted to help her for, beyond what his bare bread-and-butter were worth," the Moloch-worshipers could not conceive. But the Deacon had narrowed down in his views of life, as he had in his small overcoat, since he came to the village; or brought them to a focus, rather, the one concentrated idea of which was to "help" somebody; and Lucinda found this so very convenient about the farm, that his whole time and strength were exhausted within its bounds.

Sorting the mail was not an arduous task at the post-office, and the Deacon's scurrying step was fast making the dust fly in front of it, when he heard his name called, and there was the little postmaster at the door, his face all distorted with the sidewise look he was giving a letter in his hand.

"Here's a letter for Lucinda, no mistake," he said, still giving it one more hesitating glance, as if he couldn't quite trust his senses. "Hadn't you better take it over to her?"

The Deacon halted, and gazed at the postmaster with wondering eyes.

"A letter for Lucinda!" he repeated. "I guess not. It's going on seventeen years now, and I never took one to her yet."

"Well, it's hers, that's certain. You'd better give it to her,—there might be news, you know."

The Deacon took it almost awkwardly, with a strange feeling at his heart. How many years, how many years, since his fingers had closed over written words to him or his! How strangely they had forgotten the touch for such a thing! The hoe-handle waiting for him at the corn-lot would have slipped into them much more naturally; and, moreover, shadows of those ghosts that belonged to winter nights seemed mistily gathering in the summer morning air.

"I'll see to it! I'll see to it!" he said; and fumbling the envelope into his breast-pocket, he hurried on a little way, then turned and walked a few steps toward the maple-shaded house, then wheeled again, and shot like a bee toward the corn-field.

"'Twould never do," he said. "It isn't her time of day to let anybody in, and 'twill help her more if I get the corn started."

The Deacon got hold of his hoe-handle again, and the corn gleamed out of the sunshine into its still chilly bed; but the letter

burned in his pocket, and the terrible question whether Miss Lucinda would like it if he took it home to her, or wouldn't like it if he didn't, grew too tormenting. She had never liked anything particularly, that he could remember, since he had known her; but when she *didn't* like a thing, it seemed to sharpen the sharp edge of matters in a way the Deacon desired devoutly to avoid.

The thick green leaves of the rock-maples rustled outside Miss Lucinda's house, but nothing ever stirred from its place inside of it. "P'ison neat" was the only phrase to express her views of housekeeping; and lest even a grasshopper, the only tramp who had ever discovered the village, should take her unawares, every door was locked, and not even the Deacon could enter or emerge without Miss Lucinda's vestal services at the bolt of the little back door through which he was allowed to cross the sacred bounds. But the letter burned too much at last. "I'll take it and be done with it," said the Deacon, and, dropping the hoe-handle, he hurried homeward and knocked at the little door.

No answer, and the Deacon knocked again. The tall moon-faced clock whirred eleven in the sitting-room, and then only the maple-leaves rustled,—there was not another sound. "Strange," said the Deacon, and knocked again, a little louder, but still apologetically, for he was not due till precisely three minutes of twelve.

Still no answer, no movement, no step within the house. The Deacon felt a chill creeping over him under that June sunshine.

"It can't be possible Lucinda's had a stroke!" he said.

He stood still upon the broad door-step and listened. This was the only home he could ever hope to have,—he was too old to change; and who would ever want his services if Lucinda were to be taken away!

At that instant there was a sound, a step coming deliberately toward the door, and a well-known voice saying, "I'm coming! I heard you all the time, but there was a fly in the closet, and I had to—what—is it you?" as her eyes fell upon the Deacon, and then turned a lightning glance toward the tall clock.

"Yes, 'tis me," said the Deacon, with a little tremble in his voice. "I'll make it all up on the corn, but I've brought you a letter."

Before the next five minutes were passed, Miss Lucinda had had her shock, and then the Deacon had his, and before night-fall the whole village had had theirs in turn; for the letter was from one of the best-known lawyers at the Hub, and announced that by the will of a much-respected client, recently deceased, the whole property disposed of was bequeathed to a brother, whom, the writer was informed, had at one time lived with Miss Lucinda under an assumed name. As the information was uncertain, and some years past in date, Miss Lucinda would confer a favor if she could confirm the report, and still more if she could give her humble servant the present address of his new client.

Spite of Miss Lucinda's bolts and bars, the same ghosts that had passed the Deacon's frosty pin, and whispered to the worshipers before their fiery shrine, had crept into her best parlor one summer afternoon, years gone by, and she knew the name the letter gave the Deacon was his own!

All that was nearly a year and a half ago now, and the village had given up looking for the great changes that they had been sure of with the Deacon. He did not leave the town,—he went on "helping" Miss Lucinda just the same, and nothing whatever happened, with the slight exception that he paid her regularly a handsome price for board, and quietly took part of a day now and then for a trip to the city, just ten miles away. It was too much for the Moloch-worshipers.

What in nature did the Deacon want to be such a fool for? The world was wider than the village, at least! And at last, one evening when the December fire was glowing bright and warm, and the annual basket of oranges and boxes of fresh raisins on the counter told that Christmas itself was getting pretty near, the stammerer broke forth:

"If you like living at Lucinda's so much, why don't you and she get—sp—sp——"

He could not finish the word, but it was easy for an old sailor to finish it for him, and the little bomb flew into the crowd again, and burst with an explosion such as they had never seen or felt before.

"Never mind, Deacon," called the postmaster from his window; "here's a letter waiting for you."

The Deacon took it. He knew the cut of its jib without even looking at the address.

"There's that confounded dividend come again!" and, picking up a huge frozen turkey he had bought to help Lucinda make something seem like Christmas, he pushed out of the door and through the light, already-fallen snow. The next morning the Deacon came down with his "store-clothes" on, and Miss Lucinda knew the signal.

"Yes, I'm a-going—into the city. I've got to make some kind of a beginning with that con"—— the Deacon stopped; for he never spoke even so strong a word in the presence of the gentler sex.

"There's *that*," he said, laying the weekly stipend on the table; "there's so much got rid of."

"I wonder you don't tire of that ride," stiffly remarked Miss Lucinda, who had taken a notion never to go anywhere, for the last twenty-three years, and had only seen the new house built within a stone's throw for her brother's marriage, from her sky-light window.

"Well, it helps the railroad, you know," he answered; and with a nervous pull at his last mitten, he disappeared down the snowy road again.

The little city toward which the train whirled the Deacon, the sea had long worn set as a jewel on the most graceful fold in the hem of her sweeping skirt. A rare jewel, too, for from its long avenues of elms it gleamed all the deep verdure of the emerald back into the bosom of the bay; it glowed ruby, and garnet, and gold through the autumn frosts; and flashed millions of diamond rays from every roof, and spire, and branching twig where the fetters of winter locked sea and gem in close embrace together. The jewel had crystallized cuneiform, and lay stretched upon the bay like a finger that the wooing water loved to circle; so that from either side, the first approach was steep, and the arch of elms rose in a belting curve before you.

Right into the midst of the cobble-stones, walking-stick and all, the Deacon struck, as earnestly as if he saw Miss Lucinda's cows before him, and trailed along as unconscious as any other comet of the apparition he presented to the more heavenly bodies on the sidewalks. His first course was to the Bank, where he was well known by this time. It was one step taken when the troublesome money was fairly in his pocket, and he was just stuffing it in a thick wad into his purse (a strange old thing, netted, and beaded, and open-worked, with slides in the middle and a rusty tassel hanging from each end; round the world with the Deacon many a time, and with a ghost of its own that he did not care to raise), when a few words behind him caught his ear.

"So you don't decide to take the rooms? Best front rooms in that upper-ten old street, you know. I'm afraid my client will have to sell the whole if she can't rent them."

"No," was the answer. "I'd like the rooms, but I can't afford it. I'm sorry for the lady, too. It's hard enough, I suppose, to be left a beautiful young widow without a penny; but to find yourself disinherited a month after, for being the widow of as fine a fellow as we ever had among us, must be the last drop! A year and a half now, since the fortune she ought to have had went some other way, isn't it?"

"Look here," said the Deacon, starting toward the speaker, "if 'twill help the lady, I'd like to take the rooms myself. I seem to need some one to put me up when I'm in town," he added, half frightened at what he had done.

The first speaker took a long, amused look at the Deacon, and then turned one of inquiry toward the Cashier. The Cashier answered with a nod, while the Deacon added:

"I'm keerful of furniture, and I'll go in at the back door if she likes."

The preliminaries were soon settled, and, with feet wiped and rewiped, he was ushered into his new parlor, and its door was closed upon him, sole possessor.

"There's *so* much gone, and they say it will help the lady, too!" the Deacon had said joyfully, as he returned the diminished wad to his purse, after paying a liberal "three months in advance;" but now he stood silent and bewildered in the middle of the room. It is said that when a lost memory—quite lost and gone for many a year—suddenly returns, it is with a sharp pain; and the Deacon put his hand quickly to his head, and wavered a little where he stood.

What a strange feeling the thick velvety carpet had under his feet! What a strange touch stole upon him, like a familiar odor, from every graceful object about the walls, every luxurious piece of furniture, every sign that some slender hand, delicate and faultless in its choice, had appointed every one!

The soundless clock on the mantle ticked minute after minute away, and yet the Deacon had not stirred; then he groped about with his hand a moment, as a half-drowned man begins to feel for a solid world around him; he gave one hesitating look at a tempting chair, then walked toward it and sat down. The minutes ticked into hours before the Deacon rose; when he did, his eyes were wet, but there was a shining in his face beside, and it was time to go, or it would be too late to help the railroad by a return trip.

An hour later, Miss Lucinda was startled by a clear firm knocking at the locked front door. She opened it, and there stood the

Deacon as quietly as if his hand had ever lifted that sacred brass before.

"I have brought your things," was all he said, as he handed her an armful of bundles, and then walked deliberately through her best parlor, before her dilating eyes.

"Goodness!" said Miss Lucinda, gazing after him with the door-knob still in her hand, but the Deacon only went up the narrow back stairs to his own room just as usual.

Miss Lucinda took her knitting, but the stitches dropped; she watched the tall clock with snapping little glances; it moved on, but the Deacon did not come down.

"What on earth is he doing up there? It's nearer dark than he ever got home before!"

The Deacon was doing something Miss Lucinda could never have guessed; bringing from the depths of his battered and faded sailor's-chest one secret that she never had discovered; a rare, inlaid flute, mellowed with time and the breath of a famous artist before it ever came into the Deacon's hands. They took it out gently now, as tenderly as if they had not left it for so many years without a touch, carefully separated every part, and set to work cleansing, softening, oiling and polishing,—so busily,—time was nothing, and the early winter sun might go down if it wanted to. Down went Miss Lucinda's stitches with it, and still no footstep on the crooked stairs. She could bear it no longer. She pricked the needles into the ball and opened the stair-way door.

"Deacon!" she called.

The Deacon started. He *had* forgotten the cows! The first time in seventeen years and more! He gathered up the pieces of the flute, put them together, and laid the whole gently under his pillow, and then went downstairs. Miss Lucinda never allowed a light in her stable, but she had to hold one there for the Deacon that night!

The next day, the Deacon's pass-key let him noiselessly into his solitary rooms again—almost the only home-rooms in the city that were solitary, too; for, in three days more, Christmas bells would be ringing, and everywhere but with the Deacon, greetings and happy widening circles were beginning already. Whiffs of goodies came creeping in, and merry voices mocked at the snow that tossed against the window-panes outside. A good solid snow this time that meant something; the winds had flirted the first feathery sprinkling and the last autumn leaves together a full six weeks ago; and it was coming now in thick, clustering pads and rattling whirls, to lie as a foundation for fifty following storms, to drowse away gradually into solid ice, and to be dragged from its bed at last by impatient city pickaxes after the April sun had blinked and nudged at it two or three weeks in vain.

Meanwhile, fur-lined cloaks and gay sleigh-robes warmed the streets with bits of fire and light, the church vestibules were littered with laurel and trailing pine, and in all the poultry-yards round about, the geese were drawing up on one leg with dreary premonitions that made their flesh creep in spite of them. Yule-logs were out of fashion in the city, so the Deacon only laid the thin little overcoat, with the many pin-holes at the collar, carefully over the sofa, and sat down by the "hole in the floor," in the same chair he had left the previous day. Silently at first,—he was used to keeping pretty still at Miss Lucinda's,—but this time he was busy following with one more long, lingering look every object in the room (as you strain your eyes at the faces of friends who are so far off you can't quite catch what they are saying).

Then he slipped his hand into an inner breast-pocket, and drew out the pieces of the precious flute,—Miss Lucinda's ears were always on the prick, and not a sound had he dared to make with it at home, but would any one hear it here? He was sure the house was empty.

So he raised the flute to his lips, and one long, liquid note floated through the room, and one more quiver of old, new life ran with it through the Deacon's veins.

Had he ever hoed a field of corn, or driven a cow to pasture? Never! He had never seen one! He did not even know how a pasture looked; he was away on the broad ocean, young, free, light-hearted, and beloved once more!

Who knows whether time makes a flute better or worse, or whether fingers can remember fifty years? No matter. One after another the old sea-tunes floated and rippled out into the echoing rooms; now something lingering and sweet that the Deacon had used to play when the oars of the captain's gig dripped diamonds into the moonlight between their long, sweeping strokes; now something brave and gay, that the old ship had rollicked to when the sea crested before a ten-knot breeze. Now this, now that, and then long, dreaming pauses, until at last it was time to go again; and still there had not been a voice or a footstep through the house.

"I believe the Deacon's gone clear beside himself," said Miss Lucinda, as the front door shut behind him the next day,

for a third trip to the city; and it was more positive still when he started for a fourth, and she could get only the old reply, "It helps the railroad, you know."

But it did not seem so to the Deacon, as he made his way to his room again, and sat down in the familiar chair. He had taken the afternoon train this time, and the early twilight of Christmas Eve was gathering already.

What would Miss Lucinda have felt if she could have seen what came out of the pocket this time! A miniature and a little bundle of yellow letters; and the flute lay forgotten on the table, while the same oval face, the same violet eyes that had so often retreated before him along the lonely village road, gazed once more at the Deacon from the faded little case the gas-light fell upon.

But solid paint and ivory made no difference about one thing. The face was first, as it always was; but the same haunting crowds that never failed to gather round it came trooping in, just the same again. They had found the Deacon out in his new rooms, and not a moment had he had fairly to himself since he had ventured that first quavering whisper through the old flute.

But if the Deacon's rooms were filling up, the rest of the house seemed more uninhabited than ever.

"Wonderful empty!" thought the Deacon, with a queer little feeling round his shoulders. "If there's any one here, they're having a terrible still spell,—stiller than"—and his eyes turned again to meet the face that still looked yearningly up from the table.

He caught up his flute with a sudden determination.

"Yes, I'll play it once more," he said, and softly the notes of an old-fashioned little song floated out into the room; a little tremblingly at first,—the Deacon didn't quite "fetch it," as they said in the village,—but the strains grew clearer and truer with every touch; he had it all right at last.

But what made him snatch his hat and clang the front door after him, the next moment, without ever stopping to think of the pin in the overcoat-collar? It was a strange influence that drove him away and called him back resistlessly at the same instant; but he stopped, hesitating, on the very door-step.

There was a whole hour yet before the train started, and he re-opened the door and went noiselessly back to his table again; he *must* try the old tune once more.

But hark! What was that? An echo in this echoless house at last!

The Deacon felt a little shiver running down to the very heels of his boots; for a voice low, sweet, and true, was taking up the song just where he had left it. Muffled, indeed, by the walls it had to pass through; but he could catch it all, and every refrain, every fiber of the voice itself, came thrilling so old a whisper of the past!

"She's got every word," gasped the Deacon; "and there was no one else that knew it; only we two together,—my music to her words—and it's her own voice, too. Don't tell me!"

Had she come back? Was she not dead to him, after all?

The last verse now, and the Deacon held his breath! Would there ever be any more? Yes; for, with scarcely a rest, the voice had gone back to the very first, and was beginning softly all over again!

The Deacon started wildly toward the door, but he stood still there, and the shiver ran down and then up again; for there was another sound,—a footstep overhead,—light, gliding, but steadily coming near! It was on the stair-way now, and the rustle of a trailing dress was sweeping closer at every step!

The Deacon threw open the door, and at the lower step the vision met his eyes,—the same slender, swaying form, the same oval face, the same eyes gazing into his.

The Deacon stretched out his arms with a sharp little cry:

"Millicent!"

For one moment more the eyes looked earnestly into his, and then the figure reached its hand toward him with a smile the Deacon would have felt sure was flesh and blood, only that he had seen nothing so beautiful for so many years.

"My uncle! My poor lost uncle! Is it possible it is you? I have kept so still all this time to hear you play,—never dreaming until to-night,—but I thought you went away just now! No, I am not your Millicent, but I am Millicent, her child. Oh! where did you learn that song? She told me no one remembered it but herself!"

The Deacon stood still and cleared his throat,—his boots did not feel just right yet.

"Could you set in this cheer,—could you favor me by taking a seat—a spell?" he stammered doubtfully; it was so many years now, that all his visitors had seemed to prefer their *séances* in mid-air. "I want to understand about this."

"Of course I will," said Millicent, with another smile; and she drew him to a seat by her side.

The hour was gone before the Deacon knew he had lost a moment.

"I must go!" he said, starting up. "To-morrow is Christmas-day, and I shall want to help Lucinda!"

"But will it not help *me* more, if you come here? Have you not been lonely enough to guess how hard it is for me?"

"Now I shall know what to do with that —that—blessed dividend!" said the Deacon, as he walked steadily down the side-walk to the train.

And so it seemed. From that day the focus refracted three distinct prismatic rays, and sent the Deacon twinkling over them continually, like a three-pointed star,—Miss Lucinda, the railroad, and Millicent; they kept his heart full all the time, and brought his purse nearly empty before each dividend came again. With the second one, June came too, and the village brought out her velvet gown for her "ower short" holiday.

"I'm set to have you come and see it," said the Deacon, and Millicent promised; but one morning, a sudden message was brought—she must come at once.

Miss Lucinda herself unbolted the front door before Millicent had time to find out how the sacred brass knocker worked, and showed her to the narrow back-stairs.

"The Deacon never asked for a change," she said, apologetically, for Millicent looked like a lost princess as she felt her way up their crooks and turns; but the Deacon's smile rewarded her when she found him at last.

"Can the window open any wider? I smell spice-trees," he said. "Don't mind it that I'm going, Millicent. I've left you all the dividends. Only promise that you'll think of something to help Lucinda now and then."

That was all the Deacon said for a while, and then he started up and strained his ear to listen.

"Hark!" he said. "She's singing it again! The old song! And she's coming nigher, too. The Lord must be pitiful if He's sent *her* to fetch me away!" And he lay down again and closed his eyes, shining with content.

Yes, the messenger was coming "nigher;" he could hear quite plainly now,—nearer still,—he had felt the touch at last!

THE ENGLISH WORKINGMAN'S HOME.

AND HOW HE PAID FOR IT.

THE lowly thatched cottage of the English laborer has been much sung by poets: but when the Parliamentary Committee-man tried to find the house, he announced in blue-books that the poet had described a cottage that never existed. The thatch was the harbor for vermin, the diamond window-panes only shut out light and air, and the sheltering vine or tree sheltered dampness and decay. Within, the poet had numbered the family but had omitted to notice the two guests, typhoid and consumption, who ever sat unbidden by the hearth-stone. At last, the shame of the Committee-man's statistics worked a partial cure. The cottage was invaded by that modern gospel-bearer, the sanitary inspector. The absurd windows were righteously smashed, and the drainage was attended to. In fact, the cottage of the poet disappeared and a new workingman's home took its place. Moreover, the former rent-paying tenant was invited to become his own landlord.

Located in a suburb of the city of Leeds is a block of eight houses designed for artisans and small traders. The houses are each two stories high, with a basement below and a garden in front. They have a front door and a large bay-window on the first floor, and two windows on the second floor. The roof has a gentle slope and is covered with slate, while the cornice is tastefully ornamented. Each door has a broad stone step before it; the gardens are inclosed by neat railings and are well stocked with flowers, and, in front, is a brick side-walk with a row of trees on the curb. As the street is upon a slope, the roof is broken between the fourth and fifth houses, and the fourth house has an ornamental gable with

gilded finials and a sign—"Alexandra Terrace." The houses are all occupied, and there is an air of substantial comfort and even of elegance about the Terrace that is encouraging. If the outside is so neat, wholesome and artistic, the inside ought to be healthful, sweet and home-like. From the looks of the sturdy children playing about, and the rosy matron at one of the windows, it would seem as if the modern English workman was happily housed. And these houses he has built himself and for himself, for they make one of the many blocks erected by the Leeds Industrial Co-operative Society, already described in this magazine. But it is not every workingman who can live in a terrace, and we must leave this block to examine other and cheaper houses built by the same society.

Located in the immediate neighborhood is a block of six houses, each two stories high, with an extension in the rear. They are 4.27 meters (14 feet) wide, 7.93 meters (26 feet) deep, and 6.40 meters (21 feet) high, from sidewalk to eaves. The roof is of slate and the chimneys are finished in terra cotta; in the rear is a small yard inclosed by a brick wall. The cellar is only half the size of the house, but is large enough to contain a pantry and a coal-bin. The first floor has one door and a window, and there are two windows in the second story. The front door opens upon a hall-way having an inclosed stair-way leading to the two chambers above. A door in the hall opens directly into the kitchen, which occupies the entire first floor; and in the extension are a "scullery" and a closet. From the scullery there is a door leading into the yard and in the yard is a sunken pit for ashes. The inside of the house is neatly plastered and finished, and water is brought into the kitchen from the street, while gas is taken all over the house. The house is thoroughly drained, and is substantial, warm, and in a sanitary sense, safe. For heating, there is a range in the kitchen and an open grate in one of the chambers. A bath-room can be built in one of the chambers, or in a bay over the extension, if wanted. The house is open to the front and rear, and compared with the cottage the British workman once lived in and the London tenement he still lives in, or compared with a New York tenement, it is luxury itself. It cost £135 10 shillings. The tenant pays no rent. The society built it for him and he is paying for it in installments of about 5 shillings and 5 pence per week. There are also the ground rent, rates, taxes and insurance, but these will vary with the location, and in no case will they be burdensome.*

This is the cheapest kind of house ever erected by such societies. It is just enough for man and wife, with perhaps a child or two, and it is quite enough for shelter, comfort, decency and health. It is hardly possible to imagine anything cheaper, and nothing less will satisfy the sanitary inspector. In other parts of Leeds we may see every grade of house from this up to the Alexandra Terrace. The usual pattern is represented by a two-story house of brick, with a yard in the rear opening into the next street. Such a house will usually have a cellar under the whole house, a sitting-room, kitchen, scullery and closet on the first floor, and three chambers above, and the cost will range from 150 to 250 pounds, according to the finish and ornamentation.

THE BUILDING COMMITTEE.

When co-operative societies were first started it was not thought that they would do more than supply groceries, coal, etc., to the members. As some of the stronger societies advanced in membership and capital, they undertook other matters, including house-building. So we find that the "Leeds Industrial" has a building committee, whose duty it is to erect—out of the funds of the society—such houses as may be in demand, and to sell the same at cost to their members. This committee is elected by the members at some general meeting, and has full control of the purchase or rental of the land, the purchase of material and the erection of the buildings. The society votes a fixed sum, estimated to be sufficient for the number of houses called for, and holds the committee responsible for its judicious expenditure. A number of persons, members of the society, apply to the committee for assistance in procuring houses. The applications are all heard, and if possible they are grouped together so as to bring the houses into blocks, and thus save expense. However, if the member wishes, he can have a single house of any design he may desire and is willing to pay for; and in every case the wants of each one are consulted as far as is consistent with economy and the best interests of all concerned. The applications having been adjusted, the committee calls

* These houses were designed by Thomas Howdell, architect, 12 South Terrace, Leeds.

for ten per cent. of the estimated cost of each house, and the members pay this in cash, or give good security for the money. This done, the committee proceeds to erect the houses, finishing each as nearly as may be in accordance with the wishes of the future owners. When finished, the committee declares the houses tenantable and the purchaser takes possession, and from that date begins to pay back the nine-tenths of the cost then unpaid, with interest thereon, in quarterly installments. The amount of this installment is adjusted by tables prepared by an actuary, so as to bring the payment of the whole within a fixed number of years. The usual rate for such payments is three pounds five shillings per quarter, which includes principal and interest. In case security is given instead of cash for the first payment, the security is held by the committee till a certain portion of the cost is paid up in money. These payments may be anticipated to any extent, and in default of payments by reason of sickness, the committee has power to grant a release of three months for every ten per cent. of the cost that has been paid. This, for people who depend upon their labor for their support, prevents hardships, and enables the society to "lend a hand" to its unfortunate members. If the anticipations of payment are large the committee may allow interest on the money, and in no case can the installments be called for till the advanced payments are exhausted. To reimburse the society for the services of its committee, each purchaser pays, in addition to the installments, a sum not exceeding five shillings per annum for "working expenses." The purchaser also pays the ground rent, rates and insurance; and if the society pays the ground rent to the owner, he pays the society the rent and one shilling extra for the accommodation. For neglect of payment of installments there is a fine, and if the neglect continues, fines are added every two weeks till the fines and interest amount to one-fifth of the cost of the house, when the society may use legal measures to collect the dues. If the purchaser fails altogether to comply with his agreement with the society, the committee can evict him and take the property; and after deducting all charges, may return the money he may have paid, without interest, at the end of six months. Simple provisions are also made for the sale or transfer of the house at the death of the member, or to suit his convenience during life. It will be seen that such societies as this do a vast deal of good in this way, and provide hundreds of houses for people who could not perhaps obtain them in any other manner. The co-operative society at Oldham is reported to have erected over three hundred dwellings for its members, and this at Leeds and many others have done as well or better.

BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETIES.

THE co-operative societies of Great Britain have done much to give the British workman a good home; but their efforts have been far exceeded by the societies known as building and investment societies. The name, building society, is misleading. Such societies in England, like those in this country, are really banks and loan associations. They do not erect buildings, and consequently we need not pause to examine the houses put up through their agency, because they have no voice in the matter, and the houses are only expressive of the taste and ability of the people who live in them. They are generally very much like the houses we noticed in Leeds,—merely two-story brick or stone houses in blocks, and having from five to ten rooms each, with such conveniences as can be afforded or as the local inspector of buildings may dictate.

While the building societies of Great Britain have a common aim, they differ somewhat in matters of detail. Many have only a limited membership and small means; others are very wealthy, have expensive and elegant offices and abundant capital, and count their members by thousands. The original plan upon which they were all founded was known as the "terminable system." This is now obsolete, and may be briefly mentioned to show the general idea that still underlies them all. One hundred persons wishing to build, formed an association and agreed to contribute (say) one pound each every month. The first payment having been made, 100 ballots were put in a box and one was drawn. The fortunate holder was then entitled to the hundred pounds, and with the money he bought or built a house, gave a mortgage to the society, and began to pay back the money in monthly installments. At the next meeting the ninety and nine had another ballot, and thus the society proceeded till it was terminated by limitation. Naturally enough, such a system was wholly unsatisfactory, since it was founded on chance. Some members paid regularly each month for years, and

failed to get a house. Heavy fines were added for neglect of payment, and there was no interest paid on the investments. Balloting for the money was tried with no better success; and lastly, the money was put up at auction, precisely as is now done in what is known as the "Philadelphia system." This, too, was finally given up, and out of these terminable societies grew the modern perpetual societies, having all the advantages of the others and none of their disadvantages.

The modern building societies of Great Britain differ widely in amount of capital and in membership, but all have a common aim and the same general plan of operation. Such a society commonly consists of two classes of members or subscribers:—subscribers holding paid-up shares valued at (say) £25, and earning interest at (say) 7 per cent. per annum, and members holding "subscribing shares," on which they are paying monthly installments of two shillings and sixpence, and receiving interest at the rate of 6 per cent. Besides these there are simple depositors who merely lend their money, subject to call, to the society, and for which they are paid interest at the rate of perhaps 5 per cent. The first two classes make the real members of the society, who have each one vote in the election of officers, and are each liable for the society's debts to the extent of their shares. The depositors, on the other hand, have neither control nor liability. There is usually no entrance fee, and very often there are no fines for neglected payments. If the subscriber seriously neglects his dues he is simply permitted to withdraw. He is an undesirable member and his money is returned to him without interest and his account is closed. Regular members and depositors may withdraw at any time by giving a month's notice, returning their books and papers, and paying a small fee for the adjustment of the accounts. If the member needs the money at once, or if several wish to withdraw at once, their claims are heard and adjusted in this order:—first, depositors, then the claims of deceased members, and lastly the paid-up and subscription shares.

If at any time a member holding a paid-up or subscription share wishes to buy or build, he calls upon the secretary and enters his name on a "list of applications," describes the property he offers as security, and pays a fee to cover the expense of surveying the property. The directors then appoint a committee to examine the proposed security. If their report is satisfactory, the member takes up as many subscription shares as may be needed to cover the sum wanted, the money is immediately advanced to him and the papers are signed and exchanged. The shares he may already hold go so far to cover the debt, and he then begins to pay off the balance in monthly installments. In adjusting the ratio at which these installments are to be paid, reference is had to tables prepared by an actuary. The member selects any table he pleases, pays large or small sums, extinguishes the debt quickly or slowly, as is most convenient; but in all cases the rate is rigidly fixed by the tables, and by reference to them all disputes are instantly settled and both the borrower and the society may ascertain at any moment just the amount paid and the balance due. If he wishes, the borrower may at any time change his rate of payment and adjust his installments to another table that in turn becomes the standard of reference in settling his claims.

WAYS AND MEANS.

In such a society the deposits and the money received for paid-up and subscribing shares make the chief part of the capital. To these may be added the interest, the repayments, and the fines and fees. The payments include the interest, the advances, and the shares and deposits withdrawn. The expenses are very light, and seldom exceed two per cent. of the capital employed. The secretary is paid a shilling a year on each share, and the directors receive various sums according to agreement, and usually get less than five per cent. of the profits. The profits come from the difference in interest paid by the borrowers and that paid to some or all of the lenders. Though this is small it is sufficient, as the society pays very small salaries and a smaller rent. All the legal expenses incurred are paid by the borrower, and the subscriber and depositor have no expenses whatever. In dividing the profits the society takes one half, which it holds in the form of a contingent fund, and the other half is divided among all the members according to their interest in the concern.

It may here be noticed, that while the subscribers must pay their installments on a fixed day, the borrower may call for an advance at any time, and if his security is approved may get the money without delay.

To enable the society thus promptly to make any advance required, it must have access to more capital than it may have in hand. To do this, the society takes its securities to any regular bank, and borrows the money it wants upon them. This it can do as often as it wishes, or up to two-thirds of the total value of its assets. For this accommodation the society pays the bank a small fee, which is charged to the person requesting the advance. On the redemption of any of its mortgages, or on the payment of any of its dues, deposits, or installments, the money borrowed of the bank may be restored in whole or in part. Interest is paid to the bank for the time the money is out, and as this is less than the interest charged to the borrower, the society makes a small margin on the transaction. This account with the bank gives the society an elasticity and freedom of action that are invaluable. It can always meet the demands of its borrowers, and it thus becomes the "go-between" to bring together the small borrower wishing to build and the capitalist. The bank knows nothing of the small house-builder. The society it recognizes as a safe and reliable institution. Besides this, the society in its original capacity collects and makes available the small savings of the laborer and artisan, and enables him to erect and become master of his own house.

Such societies are usually governed by a president, secretary, treasurer, and a number of trustees and directors, each elected annually by all the members. Each member has one vote, and one only, without regard to his interest in the association. Like all savings institutions, they are liable to a panic among their depositors; but this rarely happens, as the business is plain, above board, and easily understood; the expenses are low, and the security is of the best. This sketch is not designed to describe any particular building society, but to give the general plan on which all are founded. Some of these societies are very small, others, like the "Queen" of Manchester, the "Birbeck" of London, and the "Provincial" of Leeds, occupy costly and spacious offices, and do a large and profitable business. Some of the Scottish societies admit another class of lenders,—capitalists who invest for the sake of the resulting profits. The shares of these societies are regularly quoted in the stock market, and while they do much to help the British workman to put up a decent roof-tree, they resemble joint-stock companies more than building societies. In all, there is, however, the same general idea.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRACTICE.

THE English building societies were originally started for political purposes. They were intended to make "householders," and householders were voters. They indeed made voters, but they did so much good in other directions that they survived and outgrew their original design, and their present aims are identical with those of the building associations of this country. Now, while the building societies of England and this country have a common aim, they conduct their business upon a somewhat different basis, and it may be worth while to see wherein the difference lies. In this country the building societies are conducted upon one nearly uniform plan, and have an average capital of about $50,000, and a membership of from two to four hundred. In England the societies range from one hundred to five thousand members each, and hold capital of from one thousand to five hundred thousand pounds. The majority, like our own, have no building, and meet in hired halls or in private houses; but a few of them own costly buildings equal to the most expensive structures erected by our savings banks.

In our societies there are but two classes of members,—the lenders and borrowers. The lenders join the society by paying one dollar for every share they take up, and agreeing to repeat this payment each month; and the money thus collected makes the capital of the society. Some societies may take money on deposit, but this is not commonly recognized, and the lenders really provide the capital. The shares have no fixed value till the ultimate value of $200 is reached, nor are tables prepared whereby the subscriber may learn their value at any desired month.

The English system is more complicated, more liberal and more exact. It has three sources of income, three classes of persons who provide the capital, and it uses its assets to make its capital available. It has paid-up shares or fractions of shares, and subscription shares, and it has deposits left on short notice, or, practically, on call. The member may buy a share or fraction of a share for a fixed sum, may pay two shillings and sixpence a week, or ten shillings a month for one or more years, and he may stop payment when he has paid up any fifth part

of a share. He may change his rate of payment, raise or lower it, make it fast or slow, make advance payments or withdraw at any time; and by the aid of the actuary tables, he may see at any time just exactly what his share is worth.

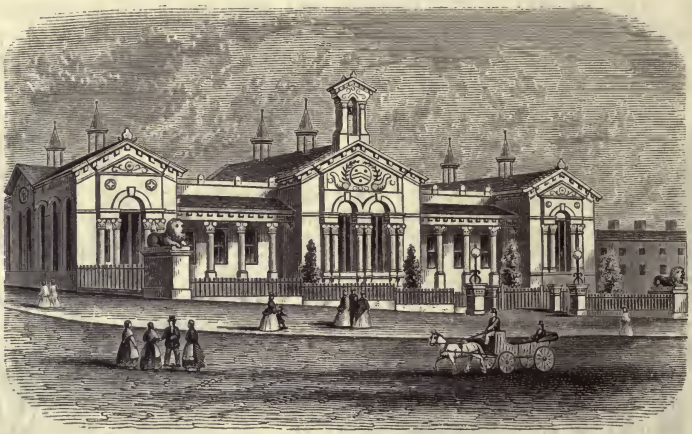
The American borrower who wishes an advance upon a house consults the papers to see when the next meeting of the nearest society is held, and if he can find one convenient he visits a hall, and finds a number of people eager and anxious to get the few thousands the society may have to let. They resort to an auction, and bid against each other for the money. The premium runs as high as 32 per cent., and if he has the courage to bid so high for the thousand dollars he wants, he gets it, less the premium. He wants one hundred cents on a dollar, and he gets only sixty-eight; but there is no other course, and he accepts the situation, and pays down five dollars for the five shares that entitle him to the loan, and then gives the location of his property. The society, through its officers, examines his security, and if all is correct, he has the money in a few days, less the premium. If he is an old member he may get a rebate on the premium, but in any case he must submit to a deduction.

The Englishman wishing an advance calls on the secretary of a society, at his house or office, offers his security, and pays a fee of twenty-one shillings for the survey expenses, and if the society is satisfied with his proposal he gets the money within a few days or hours without drawback of any kind. A table is then given to him, and he selects the rate at which he will pay back the money; the papers are signed, and that is the end of the whole matter.

STREET IN SHAFTESBURY PARK.

Concerning the profits made by the English and American societies, the advantage is decidedly with the latter. The interest and the premiums paid on the loans combine to swell the profits rapidly in our societies. The English societies have the interest paid by the borrowers, and the difference between this and the interest paid to the lenders makes the only profit. It is true the borrower also pays a part of the working expenses; but these are comparatively light.

Our societies pay no interest to the lenders, but divide each year all the profits, whatever they may be, between borrowers and lenders alike. The shares in our societies, by reason of the large premiums paid by the borrowers, reach their ultimate value at a more rapid, but more uncertain rate. The English share-holder has only to look at his tables to see the slow, safe, and steady growth of his certificates, and he may find their value at any given date with absolute precision. The American seldom knows exactly what his shares are worth, and is only sure of the matter once a year, when the annual report says they are worth so much, or that the society is willing to pay so much for them. If for any reason he must withdraw, he can get his money at the society's valuation, which is always much less than the estimated value of the share.



FACTORY SCHOOLS AT SALTAIRE.

SALTAIRE.

THE valley of the Aire is one of the most interesting in England. The scenery is attractive to the tourist, the Airedale industries are among the largest in Yorkshire, and the little city that stands on a hill overlooking the river and dale is the most famous "model town" in the world. Saltaire takes its name from its founder, Sir Titus Salt, and from the river, and is already familiar to both English and American readers.

The manufacturing plant belonging to the house of Sir Titus Salt & Company stands on the river Aire and the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, a short distance from Shipley and Bradford. It is one of the largest establishments in England, and gives employment to between two and three thousand persons. To enable this industrial army to live in health and comfort in the immediate neighborhood of the works, the founder of the house, Sir Titus Salt, laid out and built the town of Saltaire. Now since this town is owned by the firm, its inhabitants being only their tenants, it is interesting to see what people of means and culture think the British workman's house ought to be. The workingman has had nothing to say concerning the erection of his house. He is only a tenant in it, and for the moment we may forego the consideration of its cost and payment, in looking at it as a house and home.

The town of Saltaire covers about 13 hectares (26 acres), and is laid out into twenty-one streets, four places and four main roads, and includes eight hundred and seven dwelling-houses and forty-five alms-houses, all affording shelter for over four thousand people, at an average of five and a half persons to a house. Besides the town, there is a park of seven hectares; and this, with the mills, dining-hall, and other buildings, makes a total of about 20 hectares (49 acres) in the entire estate. The railway leaves the visitor at a pretty station, sunk deep in a cutting crossed by a handsome bridge, and fringed with trees and shrubbery. Over the trees, on the right, can be seen the tops of a neat row of stone houses, and to the left is a large building used as a public dining-hall, while above the bridge towers the enormous mass of the mills. On reaching the street, one enters a broad and handsome road leading into the town on the right, and the park and open country to the left. Opposite are the mills, surrounded by gardens planted with shrubbery and flowers, and a short dis-

tance to the left, and facing the mills, is a fine stone church. Beyond the church are the river and the park, the latter liberally provided with cricket and pleasure grounds, and free to all the people. Adjoining the railway is a public dining-room, where every day at noon a thousand or more of the working-people are provided with a good dinner at a trifling charge. As many of the families in Saltaire send every member into the mill, this dining-room is an immense advantage, as it saves the cost and trouble of preparing a meal at home, and saves the time spent in going and coming. At the same time the meal is not a charity, for there is a regular price-list, precisely as in any restaurant.

This main street, called "Victoria Road," crosses the railway and enters the town, and is the business thoroughfare. It contains all the stores, including a branch of the Leeds Industrial Co-operative Society, the schools, the alms-houses, the hospitals, and the Saltaire Institute. From this street open the others, every one solidly built up with neat and substantial buildings, paved, drained, and provided with ample walks. The houses are of a nearly uniform pattern, two stories in height, and provided with every modern appliance, including excellent arrangements for ventilation. They include at least two rooms on the first floor, with offices in the rear, and three chambers on the second floor. Every house has a good cellar, with a generous garden in the rear, and some of the houses also have a flower-garden in front. There are also allotment grounds where the tenants may cultivate garden vegetables. At the corners of some of the streets are three-story houses of a more expensive character, intended for the "over-lookers" (foremen), and designed to break the monotony of the blocks, and to produce an agreeable variety in the architecture. Everywhere, through street after street, one finds the utmost quiet, neatness, and order. Solidity, permanence and comfort seem to be carefully considered in every block, and not a single house is objectionable, as far as the outside is concerned. Though very small, the place is compactly built up, and is really a city, though its outer rows of houses face the open fields, and nearly every street has a vista of the country. This gives the town a most peculiar atmosphere, a mingled breath of pure air blowing over daisy-checkered fields and "the sweet security of streets." Even the mills and gas-works are thoughtfully placed at the east of the town, where the smoke may be blown away by the prevailing westerly winds.

On the Victoria Road stands the factory schools erected by the firm (see cut on opposite page). Since the opening of the national schools these buildings have been devoted to other public uses, but they serve admirably to show the architecture of the place. Besides the schools there are a number of public wash-houses and baths, open to all on the payment of a small fee, and a large and handsome structure devoted to the Saltaire Institute, and containing a fine library and lecture-hall, with ample rooms for science, French, and other classes. Close to the Institute is a Sunday-school building, built in the summer of 1876, and probably the best thing of its kind ever erected. Near the southern end of Victoria Road is an open square surrounded by handsome stone cottages. These are the hospitals and alms-houses erected by the firm for the benefit of persons injured in the mills, and of pensioners who have worked for the house for a certain number of years. Near by is a Wesleyan Chapel, erected by the people on land presented by Sir Titus.

In this town live in comfort, health, and sobriety the four thousand people who depend upon the works for a living. They pay from three and sixpence to eight and sixpence a week rent, according to the size of the house. All the rest is free, or very

DOOR-WAYS, SHAFTESBURY PARK.

nearly so. There are no liquor-shops in the place, and there are ample facilities for health, cleanliness, recreation, and education; and it is small wonder that the people of Saltaire make one of the best communities of work-people in England, and that, com-

pared with neighboring towns, they show a decided gain in thrift, health, and temperance.

What does the British workman think of this house erected with such magnificent liberality? Does Saltaire pay? It may be presumed that he likes it, for the place seldom has so much as an empty room. In one sense it may not pay, because the rents only cover the interest on the houses, and the streets, the park, the drainage, the charitable institutions and the church are practically a gift. In the opinion of a member of the firm, as given to the writer, Saltaire has paid abundant interest. It attracted to the works a superior class of workers, and has kept them for years. Still, it had not done all that might be expected. A majority of the people seemed to appreciate what had been done for them, but many seemed to consider all these benefits a matter of course, and almost to demand their continuance. Very few ever showed any disposition to do any more work in consideration of the superior homes that

SPECIMEN OF BETTER CLASS OF HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY PARK.

were provided for them, and all were exacting in regard to "time" and wages. They all work steadily and diligently, and appear to be careful and economical of power, time and material; part of this may arise from the fact that they work "by the piece;" yet the fact remains that the firm has obtained a temperate, permanent and valuable company of workers, and in that sense Saltaire has been a paying investment. It has also led to the building of other model towns by other firms, greatly to the advantage of both masters and men.

THE SHAFTESBURY PARK ESTATE.

THERE are two ways of helping people—to give them something they need, or to sell it to them at a low price. The first is the workhouse plan, admirably designed to create paupers. The other is the wiser plan, and the one on which the building societies are based, for they seek to supply the greatest of all wants—a home. Still, these societies do not and cannot provide all with homes. They demand prudence and economy on the part of their members, and in these qualities the British workman is not strong. Saltaire and its many imitations help even the improvident to a good home at reasonable rates; but they do not permit him to own it. So it happened that there sprang up building associations of another form,—joint-stock companies, owned and managed by rich people for their own benefit. Such companies erect, rent and sell dwellings of the best kind, and thus benefit working-people and make a profit for themselves at the same time. The tenants and purchasers furnish no money as capital, have no control of the business, and no liability,—they merely get a good house at low rates. Chief among such companies in England is the "Artisan's, Laborer's and General Dwellings Company, limited," of London. The capital of this company is reported at £1,000,000, held in ten-pound shares, and its estates and dwellings in various parts of London and in other cities enable it to pay six per cent. interest on all the capital thus far expended. The business affairs of this company need not here be described, as its manner of building, renting and selling the houses is of more immediate interest.

On the Surrey side of the Thames, near Battersea, is a new city,—in London, and yet very different from the London known to American tourists. It occupies a large lot of land just north of Wandsworth Road, reaching to the embankment of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, and containing fourteen streets and one thousand and thirty-two houses. This is the Shaftesbury Park Estate, valued at about £297,000 and held by this company. Its management is one of the most interesting efforts ever made to give the British workman a really good and cheap house. The streets are straight and wide, macadamized throughout

and shaded with trees. The houses are of stone and brick, neat, home-like, comfortable and cheap. Every one has a garden in front, with a large yard in the rear. All are occupied, and altogether they shelter 6,000 men, with every convenience of gas, water and heating apparatus, and all save the very cheapest are supplied with bath-rooms. The first floor usually contains a hall with stairway, a living-room, with one or two windows

EVERSLEIGH ROAD, SHAFTESBURY PARK.

women and children in health and safety. The death-rate in London is 22 in 1,000,—in this city, within London, it is only 12 in 1,000. The moment one enters the clean and quiet streets, the attention is drawn to a number of features not commonly seen in cities. In the first place, each street is complete in itself, as if one plan had been followed in erecting the houses on both sides. The architecture is very nearly the same through all the streets; but each street is treated separately, and with a view to variety and artistic effect. The long lines of eaves and roofs are broken by gables and towers, and the windows, doors and porches are varied in a pleasing and yet inexpensive manner. At convenient distances on the corners are shops and halls for public meetings. Some of these are designed for co-operative stores, and others for private dealers; but in no instance are liquor-shops to be found within the limits of the estate.

On the streets one meets well-dressed and apparently well-to-do working-people. Here is a jolly company of hearty children just loose from school,—living testimony of the healthfulness of the town. Yonder a man is tending one of the gardens, and there a young girl is cutting roses from the luxuriant vines that trail over her door. There are flowers everywhere in the greatest abundance, and every patch of garden is a new conceit in horticulture. Within, the houses are supplied on the street, a kitchen, a scullery and a closet in an extension in the rear. On the second floor are three or more chambers, according to the size of the house. Every room is also provided with a ventilator in the wall, communicating with the hall or with the chimneys. There are no cellars and no drains under the houses, the drains being all laid in the yards in the rear, and only reaching the street at the ends of the blocks. The foundations and floors being laid in heavy cement, the rooms are perfectly free from dampness and decay. The floors of the kitchens are finished in brick and stone, and the hall and the living-room have wooden floors laid on the cement. Each house is protected by fire-proof walls carried above the slates, and in some instances brick is used for partition walls. The cornices, window-caps and sills, door-steps and ornamental work, are all either of real or artificial stone, and, in the use of brick, several colors are employed to give variety and finish to the houses. Everything is solid, substantial and perfect of its kind. Each house is supplied throughout with inside Venetian blinds; and when the wall-papers are put on, every tenant is allowed to select his own pattern out of the company's stock. The sidewalks are all of concrete, and in the gardens in the rear, walks and other conveniences are provided to suit individual tastes.

Every house is occupied, and hundreds

of applicants are always waiting their turns for vacancies. Some of the houses have been sold to the tenants, with or without a ground lease for ninety-nine years; others are being paid for in regular monthly or weekly installments, and the rest are rented.

SEVEN-ROOM HOUSES, ELSLEY ROAD, SHAFTESBURY PARK.

The rents are 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d. and 8s. per week, according to the size of the house, while the larger houses command £26 and upward a year. In purchasing a house by installments, the payments are made according to a fixed table, prepared by an actuary, designed to spread the payments evenly over a given number of years. Compared with the co-operative society's plan, or the system of the building societies, the company offers these advantages:—the purchaser may begin to pay at once, as soon as a house is ready for him, paying in the form of a rent and without previous investment. If he pays anything in advance, or anticipates his payments, his installments are proportionally decreased, and he cannot be called upon for further payments till his anticipated payments are exhausted. The money due on the house cannot be called in by the company before it is due; but the purchaser may tender full payment and take the house at any time, and having paid all the installments, he is no longer liable for any claims whatever, excepting the ground rent, and this he may take up if he wishes.

To understand the financial part of the matter, we must examine the business constitution of the company. In the first place, it has abundant capital; it buys its land and materials at wholesale, and for cash. It maintains its own stone-yard and carpenters' shops, employs its own tenants or men that will be its tenants, pays good wages for good work, and even turns its own shops into dwellings when the block is complete. It keeps its own repair-shops of all kinds on the estate, and looks carefully after every detail, and insists that everything shall be the best of its kind. It puts up large blocks of houses at once, and seeks in every way to reduce the cost as far as may be consistent with good work. Its houses are so desirable that it has three tenants for every house before a brick is laid. It collects the rents every week, and its income is sure, because the beauty and neatness of the place attract the best class of tenants.

More than this, the company seeks to make its people contented and happy, and provides various facilities in the way of halls, wash-houses, etc. It provides a hall for every two hundred people, and lets it at a low rent to any and all religious societies in turn, besides giving quarters for rifle corps, masonic lodges, workingmen clubs, and other associations. It provides a large public square and a library building, gives prizes for the best kept gardens and the best window-plants raised on the estate, and has a savings bank open to all. Its wash-houses are open at low rates to every family wishing the use of all the best laundry machinery, and its bath-houses are very nearly free. There is no church building on the estate, as the company wishes to give no sectarian bias to its work, but by providing a large number of halls it prevents all complaint in this direction. Besides this it must be noticed that the estate is in a thickly populated neighborhood, and that there are a number of churches in he immediate neighborhood. The company attempts to shelter 6,000 people in comfort and health, and seeks to make money for itself; and it undoubtedly does both.

PAPA HOORN'S TULIP.

PAPA HOORN was in a very bad humor!

It was nothing new for Papa Hoorn to be in that, nowadays, said Madame Hoorn; she wished that all the tulips were gone to the what-you-may-call-it—she did, indeed.

But Griga suffered most by these frequent spells of ill-humor, for while they were on she was off; and all the pretty smiles her lips knew so well how to make, all the tearful glances her blue eyes knew how to throw out were of no avail. And beside, it was just as well that to-day she kept as far as possible from Papa, for she had angered him on one great point lately.

You see, she liked one man, and her papa said he liked another man, and both papa's and Griga's choice liked Griga. So, as Anybody-else's papa has a right to do whatever he chooses to do with Anybody-else, Papa Hoorn had the same privilege. Yet even if he had the right, there was no use of his acting like a cabbage-head (said Madame Hoorn) every time poor Peter Van der Whymper made his appearance, for Peter was as likely a young man as Holland could produce; and that is saying enough, when Holland's herrings and cheeses are world-famed.

Yet if Holland's herrings and cheeses are favorably known, what about Holland's tulips?

Papa Hoorn said he would have an *Admiral Van der Eyck* if it took every bit of money he possessed, even to Griga's dowry. Now when a man says that about a tulip, a man's in earnest.

Madame looked at Griga, and Griga, like a dutiful daughter, looked at Madame. But "looks don't kill." So, other than making his wife and pretty little daughter preternaturally quiet and very uncomfortable, Papa Hoorn didn't do much else, except that he took a great drink of beer and looked as glum as he could.

Why hadn't he gotten the bulb of *Admiral Van der Eyck*, then? Why didn't he do all that he said he would do, for mercy's sake, and let his folks have a little peace?

Well, it was because he was like most male people—he was obstinate and doubtful in his own mind, though he wouldn't have owned to it for two fortunes, and that accounts for his super-ill-humor. For, you see, had he really and truly made up his mind to do all he said, he would not have been angry at all; but it was the indecision. That was it—the indecision.

Therefore, when he went off in a huff (a sort of vehicle, self-propelled and self-directed, that beats steam all to pieces), to the tavern, where a dinner was being given to all the tulip-fanciers of the neighborhood of Tulipomania, Madame Hoorn and Griga gave vent to all the big words they were sure they would have used while he was present,—only they hadn't thought of 'em. And then Griga, with red rims to the blue eyes, looked out at the narrow window over whole fields of horrid little flimsy unstable blossoms, called after a Turkish name standing for "tulip," and meaning "a turban."

Now, in that garden there were purple tulips, and gold tulips, and blue, and red, and yellow, and green, and white, and variegated, and tricolored tulips, and even an approach to a black tulip, and big ones and little ones, thin ones and fat ones, squat ones and stately ones,—in fact all the known and unknown species of the plant that had ever crept into the good Dutch country from the Levant.

But what good will tulips do if you're in love and tears at the same time? Go try it and see! And particularly if those innocent flowers are the causes of your woe—what good will it do you to look upon and hate them?

Ah, if Peter Van der Whymper last night had come up to Papa Hoorn and said:

PETER ASKS THE FATAL QUESTION.

"Papa Hoorn! I am not a rich fellow, but I have *Admiral Liefkens*, and *Childers*, and

Viceroys and *Semper Augustuses*, and all other species of tulips, and I love Griga—may I have her?"—why, ten chances to none, Papa Hoorn would have embraced him, and after first asking him to give him all he possessed, would have said,—when he had called Griga out,—"Now, Peter Van der Whymper, take her!" and been glad of the bargain. But instead of this, Peter Van der Whymper had come in sheepishly, had sidled here and there while Papa Hoorn looked sidewise at him and smoked his pipe like a paternal volcano; and there was Griga outside peeping in to see how Peter should succeed. So the young man had only managed to falter out:

GRIEF AND INDIGNATION.

"Can I marry Griga? I love her very much indeed!"

And Papa Hoorn, though he knew all along what was coming—else why had he left the two together so much for all these months?—had made believe to be astonished, had thrown down his pipe and sworn that he would see Peter Van der Whymper ——, at any rate, he *would* have said he would see Peter Van der Whymper that way, only the smoke got the wrong way in his throat. So he only spluttered and choked; which was all the same thing. And then Peter and Griga had rushed away pell-mell, half frightened out of their wits, and had gone to Madame Hoorn. And Griga had cried, and Peter groaned; and Madame shook her round fist, with the thumb tucked inside, up at the portrait of Papa Hoorn, and looked splendid.

Then, what a horrid humor Papa had been in all night! He had staid down in his garden of terrible plants, and had jumped around and stamped, and all that sort of thing, like a very old bullock in a clover-field. And then Peter, by the advice of Madame Hoorn, had gone home quickly; for, as Madame said, "who knows!"

And then, as the night grew older, Papa had gone up to bed where Madame lay, to all appearances like a veritable angel; and she waked up with such a startled air,—which no person really asleep ever wakes up with,—and asked Papa whatever was the matter, just as innocent as any married angel could have done. So Papa had told her; and she had looked as much amazed as her night-cap would let her. And then Papa further explained that he had every variety of tulip except a *Semper Augustus*, and that he had sent to Rotterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, Alkman and other nice Dutch places, and there wasn't one to be had—and he'd rather have that than anything in the world; and he didn't want anybody to be troubling him about trifles till his tulip was had. And Madame said, "No, indeed!"

But all this had been done over night and Madame had lain awake,—like the good wife and mother she was,—thinking out a deep problem for the good of her husband and little Griga.

And besides, she told Griga in the morning all that Papa had said, and Griga cried more and more, just as she ought to have done. And Madame, too, was low-spirited and dull, and declared she had a headache, and wished she had never been born,—which was horrid for Griga,—and why did everything always go wrong with her; and that. Then she blessed the tulips and said that when Papa had married her he was as handsome a man as need be, and that before these last two years—when the flower mania had seized everybody—he was almost a cherub, while now he was quite antipodal to cherubs—whatever that is.

Then Papa had swallowed his breakfast; but not before Madame had told Griga not to kiss him,—for he must be made to understand things, you know. And he missed Griga's morning kiss; and though he wouldn't own to it, like the old bullock he was, he nevertheless felt it, and hurried off to the tavern, as I told you before, to meet some other bullocks like himself, and left his pretty little blue-eyes gazing over the meadows of sprawly flowers.

Griga cried and cried, and Madame, after going into the kitchen and scolding the maid, and giving the cook warning,—they did such things in those days,—came upstairs and apostrophized everything and everybody, and wished that she had died when she was a baby :—she temporized, you see, from wishing that she had never been born—and expected Griga to sympathize with the wish. But there were resources in Madame Hoorn, I tell you. For after sitting a long while and talking just as fast as ever she could, till you had thought it must be impossible that so big a thing as an idea could slip in between the words, she jumped up, wiped her eyes on a stocking that she had been knitting at, took up a knife, and tried its edge on her thumb, and said like a regular Judith,

"I'LL DO IT!"

"I'll do it!"

And Griga, glancing around, saw her mother looking like Judith, and felt almost faint;—that is, she would have felt so at any other time when she hadn't had any trouble.

"I'll do it!" said Madame Hoorn again, looking at the wall, and waiting to be asked by Griga what she would do.

But all Griga did was to shriek outright and give up fainting; for here was Peter Van der Whymper tearing through the garden, white and disordered, rushing in at the door and standing before them.

Madame dropped her knife.

"What is the matter?" asked she in perturbation.

"Oh! Peter!" said Griga.

"It's all over," chokingly responded Peter, and really burst out a-crying.

At any other time Griga and Madame Hoorn would have cried too; but now they both took hold of him and commenced to shake the breath out of him so that he might be in a fit condition to tell them what ailed him.

"Oh! Madame Hoorn! Schneider Ten Bosch has asked Papa Hoorn for Griga, and has been accepted!"

"Schneider Ten Bosch!" screamed Madame. "Why, he is only the Tulip Notary. It is never so!"

"It is so," moaned the young man, "for he promised Papa Hoorn to give him a bulb of *Admiral Van der Eyck* if he would say yes—and there are pretty few, or rather *ugly* few *Admiral Van der Eycks* in Holland."

"The dickens!" said Madame Hoorn—indeed she did. They used to say such things in those days.

"The dickens!" said Madame Hoorn. "Am I the mother of my daughter?"

Now nobody answered this riddle, so she tried a simpler one:

"What shall I do?"

"Yes," they said, "what shall we do?"

"If Schneider Ten Bosch comes here, I'll let the dog loose when he goes home," said she.

"But," said Peter Van der Whymper, "He'll marry Griga if the dog tears his small-clothes."

"Oh! Peter!" said Griga, and got as red as any specimen in her father's garden.

"Let him dare," said Madame, pulling down her sleeves,—for they wore short sleeves in those days. Had they been long sleeves she would have turned them up.

"Let him dare," said she, "and I'll root up every tulip in the place!"

They were awed by this heroic woman, and they stood and sniveled and kissed each other, like a pair of babes in the wood waiting for the robins.

Then Madame said:

"Peter Van der Whymper, dare you do something great for me—for Griga?"

Could she ask?

"DO YOU SEE THIS KNIFE?"

"I will gain Griga for you yet," said she, and he grabbed her hand.

"Do you see this knife?" she further said, picking up the one she had dropped.

They could not help it,—it was not their fault that they had been born with eyes.

"I was about to do what I shall do now, before you came in, Peter Van der Whymper; and now I will go to the task."

Saying which, this remarkable woman vanished, after throwing Papa's spectacles under a chair, where he wouldn't be likely to look for them. (I think they wore spectacles then.)

But how was it with Papa Hoorn?

He went striding down to the tavern, gloomy and angry. If he only had a million of florins he would invest them all in tulips. If he only had a hundred thousand he would do it too. But as it was he had only a couple of hundred nice acres of land and a few houses, beside his own fine mansion, and a stable full of horses and creatures, and a few other such indispensables to life; so he could not think of disposing of *them*. But if he only had a large quantity of gold things outside of them, what he would do, to be sure.

"Hundert tausend duyvel," said he when he thought of Peter Van der Whymper. The young stork! to come and ask for Griga when he hadn't a bulb in the world,—didn't own anything but a good name and a quiet little fortune. No! Griga should not marry anybody but the man he had in the corner of his eye, and that man was Schneider Ten Bosch, the Tulip Notary. To be sure, Schneider was not even so high in station as a Public Notary had been before the mania came up; but what of that? Hadn't Schneider promised him an *Admiral Van der Eyck?* And if that was given him he would part with Griga, even if he had to keep cotton in his ears (as Ulysses did when he feared the Sirens) so that Madame Hoorn could not give him her opinion of the transaction,—for Madame had the same way that is not quite extinct yet.

So, "A hundert tausend duyvel!" said Papa Hoorn over and over again, and wouldn't think that Griga hadn't kissed him, nor poured out his beer that morning as usual,—wouldn't even think that she had looked at him with wet, red-rimmed eyes,—wouldn't even think that Peter Van der Whymper had always been called her lover, and that he had been proud to hear him called so. No, he wouldn't even think of anything except himself. (So much unlike Peter Van der Whymper and Griga, who thought so much of *him* at present.)

On he went, tramping down pretty little Dutch flowers and grass and things; on he went to the tavern, where twenty-five other old bullocks had called him in to dine off sausages, and to chew the cud of disappointment. For each of these twenty-six—Papa Hoorn had come—was a miserable, mismanaged man. Let me see! There was old Duyper, who had sold his farm for a single root, and held on to it like death. There was that thin old parson, Van Kyme, so shabby you wouldn't think he was the only *sole* owner of an *Admiral Van der Eyck* in all Holland. Then there was Ulrich Schlopperhausen, who had mortgaged his ancestral tumble-down old house and possessed in lieu thereof five as splendid specimens as ever didn't bloom. Then there was that old chap—I really forget his name—who had given flour, and oxen, and swine, and butter, and wine, and beer, and cheese, and a bed, and clothes, and a silver drinking-cup—in fact everything he had in the world—for one single bulb of a rare species called the *Viceroy*. Then there were—well, a great many more; and they all looked glum as if they hadn't said their prayers.

Now that was a very fine dinner indeed, I am led to believe, although it was given very early in the day—for they used to do such things in those days; and on the table were huge vases and jars of cut tulips of every imaginable color and variety of color. And these vases and jars were every once in a while removed to make room for others filled with yet different varieties; and these were removed for vases and jars filled with still newer kinds,—for the variety was myriad, and each man knew of a different.

And what had all these glum Dutchmen met here for? Well, a dinner is a very harmless thing—if there is enough of it; and there never was a public event, a battle, a victory, a defeat, a glorification, a murder or a fire, but there was a dinner given in commemoration, or something, of it. So as a general thing it is a very Arcadian thing indeed.

But these broad old wine-tuns, these nice old Hollanders, had met here, had ordered a dinner here for a different reason,—if there is any reason at all in the matter,—for a very arbitrary cause in comparison with those other dinners. For they had met here to gamble! Terrible! wasn't it? But it was so, nevertheless. And the gambling consisted in bargaining, one man over the other, for some specimen of a tulip-root, which this one-man-over-the-other hadn't got. So fast and furious some of these dinners had been that really the Tulip

Notary had been forced on more than one occasion to crack some nice man over the head to make him understand things!

Therefore, in the height of a warm discussion with the man who had given all those things, including the butter, for his bulb, Papa Hoorn looked up and saw the Notary, Schneider Ten Bosch, beckoning him.

Now, Papa Hoorn had had just a tun or so more wine than was best for him; though, of course, wine wouldn't hurt a baby,—ask any wine-drinker, and he'll carry me out in my opinion.

THE NOTARY BECKONS.

So when Papa Hoorn saw Schneider Ten Bosch beckoning for him and smiling like two people,—he smiled that way to Papa Hoorn's eyes,—he just drained the mug before him, went out to the door-way, and felt a little round ball thrust into his hand.

"What?" he whispered.

"Yes!" whispered Schneider Ten Bosch.

"No!" whispered Papa Hoorn.

"Yes!" again whispered Schneider Ten Bosch.

Then Papa Hoorn tried to smell of the little round thing, but he couldn't, because he had a terrible cold in his head. (I forgot to tell you *that* before; but he got it last night when he staid so long out among his tulips; before he went up to bed and found Madame Hoorn sleeping like an angel, you know.) So, as he couldn't smell of it, he just laughed inwardly till he was purple in the face, jumped five times up in the air, slapped Schneider Ten Bosch in the waistcoat till the poor man had to catch his breath to prevent its leaving him, and said, "She's yours!" and jumped up again. You know any doctor will tell you that it is not good to jump on top of your dinner,—that is, I mean when you have gotten your dinner on top of you. Well, you know *what* I mean, and none of us is quite accountable for discrepancies in the language. So Papa Hoorn didn't feel quite so good as he might; but he attributed it all to the little round thing in his hand, and Griga was given up. For that little round thing was a real *Admiral Van der Eyck;* the only one except Parson Van Kyme's in town, and may be in all Holland,—for they did die so quickly, to be sure. And then, as he went out,—for he would go home,—Schneider Ten Bosch said:

"Shall I go along, too,—to see Griga?"

"Wait!" said Papa Hoorn.

You see, he said "Wait!" because when he had jumped up the last time, he remembered Madame Hoorn. So when he told Schneider Ten Bosch to wait, Schneider Ten Bosch, of course, thought he'd wait.

Schneider Ten Bosch might have had worse sense!

All the way home, what a difference to Papa Hoorn. *Now* the little Dutch flowers looked up and said, "Hi, yi! Papa Hoorn!" And the sky was so very blue; and a tiny bird was making its throat tremble with a great big melody that freed itself of so small a body gladly, and took its flight all over the world.

The brook babbled; the pretty leaves fell jokingly on his head or brushed past his cheek in shading him; air-fingers played with his gray hair, and fluffed it out the way his hair had been when he was a baby. Oh, very pleasant was it going along, and the grass didn't even seem to mind his heavy, splendid broad shoes that strode through

"SHE'S YOURS!"

and over it! And nearer and nearer he got home; nearer and nearer familiar trees, and fences, and stones, came before him. The smoke over there, that went up like fairies toward the blue sky, was his smoke,—from his chimney; and those cows, looking with mournful, sweet eyes at him as he passed, were his own. And oh! this is his garden, these are his tulips. And then, somehow, it seemed that a veil was over everything,—for see!—as he goes into the garden, there is Madame Hoorn standing in the door-way smiling;

there is Griga standing in the door-way smiling; there is Peter Van der Whymper standing in the door-way smiling. (They made wide door-ways in those days.) Somehow or other, Papa Hoorn would have rather seen somebody frowning,—he hardly knew why. But as it was, the little round thing Schneider Ten Bosch had given him, and which he had lovingly carried in his hand all the way home, slipped into his big pocket; and Madame Hoorn came out like the married angel she was and said:

"Now, Papa Hoorn, how is the bad cold in the head?"

"Um!" said he.

"How is the—the—head in the cold?" said Griga.

"Um!" said he.

"How is the ——?" said Peter Van der Whymper. He couldn't say any more, for Papa Hoorn just cried out savagely (and I guess he was glad to be savage just then):

"What! you here!"

"Certainly, Papa Hoorn," said Madame, when she saw Peter Van der Whymper getting pale; "and he has got something nice for you,—something that'll take your cold away, dear."

How nicely Madame said that, considering how long she'd been married!

"Don't want whatever it is. I want my cold; it's mine, isn't it?" growled Papa Hoorn. But Madame still smiled.

"Now wait, now wait, now wait!" said she, as she saw Papa Hoorn going closer to Peter. "Oh, why don't you show him what you've got, Peter?—why don't you show him?"

"WHY DON'T YOU SHOW HIM?"

"There it is!" said Peter, looking as though he should like to run away, only Madame had his coat-tail and Griga was pinching him, and he threw something on the ground that was little and round too. You should have seen Papa Hoorn dart for this little round thing. You should have seen him pick it up and gasp for breath.

"What is this?" he managed to say.

"Why, it's a *Semper Augustus*," said Peter Van der Whymper, and immedietely began to cry. So did Griga. So did Madame.

THE RECONCILIATION.

But Papa Hoorn! He was wild; he was dazed. He danced as many steps as he knew and then wiped his forehead. He jumped up and ran to Peter Van der Whymper; and Madame shrieked and threw herself between them, and Peter put his arm up as though to dodge a blow. But they were mistaken—Papa only wished to embrace him, that was all.

And then and there, Madame and Griga and Peter made it manifest to Papa Hoorn that Peter had got it secretly in some way; had gained it by colossal exertion; had been a long time trying to get it—anyhow; somehow or other, they made it manifest to him. He was wilder than ever; here was the rarest of all. He tried to smell of it, and Madame started forward. There were tears in his eyes. Madame said they were for joy.

"And Griga?" said Peter Van der Whymper, as those pretty blue eyes looked up into Papa Hoorn's.

"She is yours!" said that indomitable man, while he felt that little round thing given him by Schneider Ten Bosch, bobbing up and down in his pocket.

Then Griga kissed him, and Madame said it reminded her of her own wedding-day—she did not say why.

And Peter behaved like the stork Papa had called him. He held up one foot, and then the other, he was so happy.

But all at once Madame said:

"Papa Hoorn, though we want you here, would you mind going to the tavern for last week's 'Zeitung'? I know it is there—you promised me so, you know you did. And they'll never refuse *you*. Leave the precious bulb with me; I warrant no harm shall come of it!"

This was it! He had wanted an excuse the minute before. He had begun to feel terribly while that little round thing was bobbing in his pocket. Here was just the chance he wanted. He would go in virtuous anger to Schneider Ten Bosch, and ask him how he dared presume so much as to ask for Griga.

Surely he would go; he would do anything after this to please Madame. So he uses his handkerchief wildly, and Madame promises him a warm posset for his cold that very night, and off he goes. Mercy, mercy, how fast he went along! No sky, no birds, no leaves, no anything for him till he is near his journey's end. Who sees him approaching the tavern but Schneider Ten Bosch! He goes out to greet him with the smile of a favorite—Schneider does.

"How dare you! how dare you!" says Papa Hoorn indignantly.

"Dare?" falters poor Schneider, struck all of a heap.

"Yes, dare!" says Papa. "You, a paltry Notary, to ask for Griga! Away with you! I must have been crazy to have answered you. It was the pickles at dinner."

"But you promised," said Schneider Ten Bosch, bridling up like the fine man he was.

"Promised?" sneered Papa Hoorn, looking like thunder and lightning. "Promised? I tell you it was the pickles!"

"But I have proof of it," said Schneider.

"Proof?" says Papa, now thoroughly angry.

"Yes," says Schneider: "the bulb of the *Admiral Van der Eyck* I gave you to-day!"

"Take it!" said Papa, dashing it at his feet; for he had forgotten the thing in his virtuous anger.

Then he stalks away, shaking his head savagely, forgetting all about the "Zeitung," which Madame also forgets all about when she greets him. And as he shakes his head so savagely, he knows that Schneider is looking after him.

Now he almost dances home, so light and buoyant he feels at having vindicated Griga and his own good fatherly feeling. He is also made happier, if need be, by seeing, as he reaches his gate, a man gazing over the fence at the long rows of tulips.

THE SAILOR FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Fine, eh!" says Papa Hoorn laughingly, all his anger gone.

"Very," says the man. "But I've seen finer."

"Where?" says Papa, clouding over.

"In Constantinople!" says the man.

Papa Hoorn grabs him: "Come in!" he says excitedly, dragging the man along, and for the first time noticing that he is a sailor in the most correct of sailor-clothes.

So he drags the poor man into the parlor, where Madame is sitting, guarding the precious *Semper Augustus;* into the parlor where Griga is looking like a forget-me-not, so blue her eyes, so straight her pretty form. And there he sets the man down, and commands him to tell all he knows about Constantinople, and the tulips there.

"But, wait!" says Papa, "Peter Van der Whymper must hear it all. Where is Peter Van der Whymper?"

"Oh, Papa, he had to go to the village for white pepper," says Griga, prettier than ever.

"Then Peter Van der Whymper does not know what he misses," says Papa. "Go on!" cries he to the man.

"Wait," says the man. "I am hungry; I haven't eaten anything for seventy-nine days. I never talk about Constantinople till I've eaten a herring."

"Ho!" shouts Papa Hoorn to the invisible servants, "Bring in a barrel of herrings!"

"No!" says Madame, loftily, "I, myself, will get them and bring them in."

So she does in a minute, and places them before the man.

"HORROR! DEVASTATION! AGONY!"

"While you eat," says Papa to the man, "I will look over a 'Tulip Book,' which is just out."

He looks over the book, looks closer and closer, but delightedly; looks deeper and deeper, as poets look into deep thought, till his hair is made to stand on end by an unearthly shriek from Madame.

He looks. She is rigid; so is Griga.

"What! where?" says Papa confusedly.

For answer, Madame points to the sailor-man and so does Griga—both exactly alike, and there, oh there, horror! devastation! agony!—on the point of his knife along with a bit of herring is a half of the *Semper Augustus*, the grandest possession of all, and the other half has evidently gone down the man's throat.

"What!" screams Papa Hoorn again. "What are you eating?"

"An onion," says the sailor-man. "An onion I found on the table, to give a relish to the herring." And he puts the remaining half in his mouth.

It is a wonder the man does not choke; for Papa Hoorn, with an awful cry, dashes forward, seizes him, dances about him, while Madame screams and holds him, and Griga holds him and screams; while the sailor-man wards off blow after blow, yelling at the top of his voice, and breaks from the grasp of Papa Hoorn just as the servants, holding on to each other and screaming, enter the room and catch their master as he falls exhausted on a chair.

Now I don't pretend to know much about it, but I *do* know that Peter Van der Whymper actually burned a splendid suit of sailor-clothes that same day; and he had certainly worn them, for he had a part of them on while he burned the coat. And though I don't pretend to know much about

THE SAILOR IS SAVED.

it, I *do* know that the knife with which Madame left the parlor that morning, after Peter Van der Whymper had brought his tears and news there, and when she looked so much like Judith, came back in her hand smelling very much like onions. And I am afraid that if Papa Hoorn had not been troubled with such a horrid cold, which prevented his smelling anything, he would never have had the *Semper Augustus* given to him, and Schneider Ten Bosch's *Admiral Van der Eyck* might have done wonders.

And for fear you might question the veracity of all this, and say that it would have been only characteristic of Papa Hoorn to have invented a valid excuse, and gone back to Schneider Ten Bosch again and made him understand that he had not presumed so much after all in asking for Griga, and that it *wasn't* the pickles, I would only state that as both Papa Hoorn and Peter Van der Whymper were gentlemen of the same standing in society; and as a promise between gentlemen is never to be broken without everlasting disgrace to the breaker thereof, why Papa Hoorn never dared do anything but accept the sympathy of Peter for his loss, and who was sorry to see Papa in tears when he called there with his left eye bound up in beefsteak (for a stye, he said!). And Madame's eyes were streaming too, and Griga's behind her apron. And besides, I don't think that Papa Hoorn would have liked to tell the story about the sailor-man and all, as it would seem in a measure to reflect something or other on him—though with Schneider Ten Bosch, who existed in a lower station, it was altogether a different thing.

And as this happened in the pleasant year of sixteen hundred and thirty-something,—or may be it was thirty-six,—it is as well to remember—that they did such things in those days.

THE END.

AT THE WINDOW.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN OF PICEK.

I saw him through the window—
  The new moon was in sight—
Come stealing down the garden,
  One balmy summer night.

He tapped upon the window;
  "Give me a kiss," he said:
And straightway I was hidden,
  Like a little mouse, in bed.

One eye above the bed-clothes
  Was—oh, so fast asleep—
But the other beneath—'twas lucky
  He was not there to peep!

He called again, as eager
  As the stag for cooling brooks,
Or the bee that in the lilies
  For golden honey looks!

The silence of my chamber—
  It almost made me start—
For nothing there betrayed me,
  But the beating of my heart!

He knocked and called, and called me,
  And his voice, so clear and sweet,
It pulled away the bed-clothes,
  And stood me on my feet!

It drew me to the window;
  "He must be gone," I thought;
I raised the window softly,
  And, peeping out, was caught!

Was caught, and showered with kisses:
  How many did he get?
As many as my blushes,
  For I am blushing yet!

THE DAHABEAH "ALICE."

On the last Friday of October, 1874, we left Venice in the P. and O. steamer "Malta," Captain Hyde, and, stopping several hours at Ancona, reached Brindisi on Sunday morning.

Here we remained until Monday morning, and received a large number of passengers by rail.

Although the "Malta" was one of the oldest boats of the line, she was very comfortable; the table was good, and the quiet and discipline were quite as satisfactory as on a Cunarder. I have traveled a great deal on the Mediterranean, in French, Austrian and Italian steamers, but have found no other vessels equal to the P. and O. in comfort and safety, or attention paid to the wants of travelers. The great

majority of our passengers were destined for India, China and Australia. There were more Australians than I had ever before seen together, and I found them a bright, intelligent set of men, much more like our Western men than any English colonists I have met with. Most of them were imbued with the advantages of close relations with our Pacific coast, and talked much of the benefits that would accrue to both countries from free trade and direct lines of steamers. After a pleasant sail we anchored in the harbor of Alexandria early on Thursday afternoon. We were prepared for a scene of great confusion, and were not disappointed; but we had taken the precaution to write in advance to Abbat's Hotel, so that a commissionaire promptly appeared to take charge of us and our baggage. Conspicuous among the crowd of boats that surrounded the steamer, was a big barge, decked with the blood-red Turkish flag, manned by sailors in uniform, and containing a couple of officers. We paid very little attention to it, not supposing that it concerned us; when presently it pulled alongside, and from it an officer ascended, who, in spite of tarboosh and embroidery, had an unmistakably American face, and proved to be an old comrade, now in the Egyptian army, who had been kind enough to bring out the Port Admiral's barge to take us on shore. So all our troubles were over, and leaving the commissionaire to bring our luggage, we pulled to the Custom-house in the most singular style imaginable,—the rowers' stroke being the strangest compound of jerks and grunts that ever propelled a boat.

At Abbat's Hotel we found comfortable rooms and a good table—neither unwelcome after six days at sea. After dinner, when darkness had fairly set in, we started on a drive through the Moslem quarter of the city.

We happened to land during the fast of Ramadan, when no good Mussulman can eat, smoke, or even drink so much as a glass of water, from the rising to the setting of the sun; so, being somewhat human, although Mussulmans, they diligently spent the night in compensating themselves for the deprivations of the day. It appears that we were fortunate enough to hit upon a very special night for our drive—an unusually active night, when much more was to be seen than on other nights of the Ramadan. There could not have been a more striking and charming introduction to the East. The streets were so narrow and tortuous as to make the passage of our carriage no easy matter; but that was all the better for our purposes. All the cafés and little shops were lighted up; crowds, in their richest holiday attire, occupied the narrow streets,

THE REIS OF THE "ALICE."

and every other accessible spot. It was, in truth, a scene that made one comprehend, as never before, the oft-quoted "Arabian Nights."

At one spot a group of venerable heathen, smoking quietly while they listened to a still more ancient unbeliever reading from the Koran. At another, a flock of gayer birds, both in dress and spirits, who listened with more excited pleasure to some congenial comrade reciting stories from the aforesaid "Arabian Nights" themselves. In another corner, an improvisator (at least so Ali said—I know not) delighted his audience with something they called poetry. Then, in a café, you could hear the strains of that charming oriental music, which I unselfishly and sincerely hope may ever remain in its native East,—the groups of intent listeners enjoying their opium or tobacco in perfect quiet and repose. Altogether it was a very brilliant, novel and truly Oriental

spectacle—absolutely unlike anything to be seen in the lands of business and dress-coats; and not the least striking feature about it was the utter contempt and indifference with which they regarded the passage through their midst, and almost over their toes, of the carriage-load of barbarians from the far western country, of which most of them had never even heard.

I do not remember that we encountered any fellow-barbarians that evening, and I am sure that none of our little party will ever lose the impression made by that weird brilliant introduction to the strange world we had entered. Next morning, our military friends took us in charge, and showed us the wonders of Alexandria. But these have been so often described that I will say no more than that one of the most pleasant features of the day was the lunch at General L——'s palace. He lives there quite *en prince*, in a handsome palace, with extensive gardens, filled with rare trees and flowers,—altogether a very enjoyable place. We were glad to find these old comrades, who had been tossed a good deal on the tempestuous sea of secession, so comfortably and honorably anchored at last, even if it were so far away from home.

Next day we took the train for Cairo,—a ride of a trifle more than four hours. The route is through the Delta,—a region of unsurpassed fertility, yielding ample crops of cotton, maize, millet, beans, etc. Although the day was hot and the road frightfully dusty, we enjoyed every moment,—so novel was everything. The two main branches of the Nile are crossed on iron bridges, and it was with no little excitement and delight that we saw for the first time the broad river on which we were to travel so many miles, and spend so many delightful months.

At the Cairo dépôt we found an omnibus waiting, and in that very prosaic vehicle made our way to the hotel; the children being rather disappointed, I think, that they could not ride on camels; in fact, I am inclined to believe that they had entertained indistinct visions of a formal procession on elephants or hippopotami. We went to Shepheard's Hotel, where we had delightful rooms: it is no doubt the best hotel in Cairo. After less than the usual amount of trouble, we engaged for our dragoman, Mohammed Achmet Hedaya, Effendi, of Alexandria, and were so fortunate as never to have occasion to regret the choice for one moment. The next thing was to select a dahabeah, and in that too we were very successful, for our good fortune sent us a new boat, not quite finished when we engaged it—no mast, rudder, furniture, or anything else save the bare hull and cabin. The "Nellie"—for so we christened our new home—was a fine, large boat, one of the largest on the river, and proved a very fair sailer and most comfortable. The advantages of a new boat and new furniture are incalculable in this climate, where vermin are not rare; and upon comparing notes with other travelers we had many occasions for congratulating ourselves upon our new boat and outfit. We selected our own carpets; and under the active and intelligent supervision of Achmet, the "Nellie" was speedily provided with a complete and comfortable outfit.

The greater part of the dahabeah is covered by the cabin, the flat deck in front being occupied by the crew and kitchen, the shallow hold filled with stores. Our boat contained a large dining-room, in which from fourteen to sixteen could dine with perfect comfort; butler's pantry, dragoman's room, two double and two large single state-rooms, large stern cabin, bath-room, etc. The entire cabin was carpeted, the windows were curtained, comfortable divans provided, and, in fact, we had every desirable comfort. But the cabin is only half of one's home on the Nile, for the upper deck is the lounging-place during much of the day and evening. It was provided with ample awnings for inclosing it above and on all sides, and had comfortable divans, easy-chairs, tables, rugs, etc., so that it formed a delightful apartment. The addition of a few plants and flowers in pots adds much to the charm of the "Belle Étage" of the Nile Palace, than which nothing can be more comfortable in such a climate.

So much for the home, now for the occupants. Our immediate party consisted of the master and mistress, two children, a governess and a maid,—so that we had ample room. In addition to the dragoman, there was a cook, and also two waiters. Then there were the reis, or captain; the steersman, twelve sailors, and the sailors' cook-boy. In all, twenty-five souls on board, not counting two little human monkeys, Said and Smain, sons of the reis; Coco, a young gentleman of the "Simian persuasion," from the Soudan, whose antics afforded no little amusement on the Nile, and who, being, with infinite trouble, brought to America, soon succumbed—poor little man—to the rigors of our winter.

Fortunately for our pleasure, three parties of American friends accompanied us, forming a little fleet of four boats. Mr. D—— and his mother on the "Alice;" Mrs. R—— and Miss G—— on the "Zarifa;" Mr. and Mrs. A—— on the "Mignonne." We formed as pretty a little fleet as one could wish to see; started together in the morning, sailed together all day, often within hailing distance; made all the excursions in company, and at night tied up close together, so that we had our own society, independent of all the rest of the world; and, strange to say,—contrary to all the received traditions of the Nile,—returned better friends than ever.

GROUP OF NILE SAILORS.

Since the close of the last century, Egypt, so long a mysterious and almost unknown region, has again engaged the attention of the civilized world. Men of science are successfully deciphering the hieroglyphic records preserved on the walls of her tombs and temples,—so long mere unmeaning scrawls to those not possessing the key. The discovery of the Rosetta and other trilingual stones, the labors of Wilkinson, Bunsen, Belzoni, and Lepsius, and the more systematic and continuous researches of Mariette Bey, have resulted in opening to the modern world many important and interesting chapters in the history of the oldest of civilized people, and in giving much information about their private life. Increased facilities of travel have made the Nile trip quite as easy as most of the ordinary routes of Europe, and have added greatly to the number of those visiting Egypt, whether to enjoy the superb climate of the Upper Nile, to study its ruins, or to see for themselves the features of Oriental life, so peculiar and interesting to those accustomed only to Western civilization and conventionality. Thanks to the able and astute policy of Mohammed Ali, to the warlike vigor of his famous son Ibrahim, and to the efforts made in the direction of modern civilization by the active and intelligent son of Ibrahim, who now rules Egypt, that country has again become something more than a mere pashalic of the Sultan, and may again play no mean part in the affairs of the East.

Recent events connected with the Suez Canal seem destined to draw England and Egypt more closely together, although it is not yet possible to divine whether these new relations will ultimately assume the form of a protectorate, or result in the acquisition of another and most important colony for Great Britain. In any event, it is quite safe to assume that the result will be to weaken the ties which now unite Egypt with the Turkish Empire, and to prepare the way for that rupture of existing relations which must certainly be the object of the hopes and policy of the Khedive. It has long been the opinion of men conversant with the affairs of Egypt that nothing but the dread of interference on the part of the Great Powers of Europe has prevented the consummation of the work of Ibrahim in the open avowal of independence by the Khedive. For many in Egypt regard that country as quite capable of holding its own against the unaided efforts of Turkey, while nearly all thinking men there regard the existing vassalage as one of the greatest curses of the country. Gradually the Khedive has increased his powers, and made much progress toward autonomy; but at the cost of a heavy tribute, frequent gifts of enormous sums, and guarantees of Turkish loans. This dependence has, no doubt, seriously interfered with his plans of reform, and, by adding to his financial embarrassments, increased the fearful burden of taxation which oppresses the people of the country. The Egyptians are, for the most part, a kindly, intelligent, and industrious race, who, under good government, would soon acquire wealth and prosperity; the only wonder is that, under the arbitrary and rapacious system that has so long oppressed them, they should retain so many excellent qualities, and be even so good as they are. It is very doubtful whether really good government is possible under Mohammedan rule, where the people of the land are, in fact, only the slaves of the rulers, who seldom trouble themselves about the well-being of their subjects, thinking only of the amount of money to be wrung from them. The Khedive is, no doubt, in many respects an exception to this rule; for, although his ideas of finance and taxation are highly Oriental, he has attempted much for his people in the way of education, and in the large cities has accomplished more or less for their health and comfort.

A traveler in such a country as Egypt will naturally receive very different accounts of the state of affairs, depending upon whether his informant is of the official or the unofficial class. The former are disposed to give everything a tinge of rose, while the latter often paint in too somber colors. But, by making due allowance, it is not difficult to reach comparatively accurate conclusions. In forming an opinion, it is not just to regard matters too exclusively from our own point of view.

From somewhat lengthy interviews with the Khedive and his two eldest sons, and from all seen and heard during five months spent in the country, I arrived at the conclusion that the Khedive is a man of extraordinary intelligence and vigor, and that he earnestly desires to increase the prosperity of his country and the well-being of his people. He conversed fully and frankly upon the changes in progress, and seemed broadly and intelligently acquainted with the full scope and details of his work. His conversation was not that of a man who had merely learned by heart certain formulæ for current use, but indicated a clear and comprehensive grasp of all the subjects referred to. Where he had not originated ideas, he had at least made himself master of them. That he has made no mistakes; that he has always carried his plans into effect in the best way, or in the best order of sequence, I neither say nor believe. But in forming such an opinion, it is only just to remember the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and often unwillingly controlled; for no man can be literally absolute in this world,—not even the Oriental despot who rules a nation of slaves. There are certain forces of inertia, arising from religious convictions, or long-established customs, that will stubbornly and effectually resist the most violent applications of force, and can be overcome only by patient endeavor, by education, and sometimes only by wearisome and tortuous methods. So, also, a reformer often fails because, although having distinct purposes in view, he cannot command the proper instruments to work with, or is checked and hampered by defects in his own early education, and the influence of incorrect ideas imbibed in early life, which make it difficult for him to choose the means best suited to gain his ends.

In these considerations we have, it seems to me, the explanation of the failures and short-comings of the Khedive's rule; although it requires a more accurate knowledge of the Oriental character and of the actual state of affairs in Egypt than I possess to justify one

in asserting positively that his measures have not been well chosen under the circumstance. It must be remembered that the early years of the Khedive—the most impressible portion of life—were passed under the system and influence of Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim, both men of powerful and far-reaching intellect,—both pursuing unswervingly a policy whose end was the aggrandizement of their personal power, and ultimately the independence of Egypt;—an end they would certainly have attained had it not been for the twice-repeated interference of the Great Powers of Europe.

Both of these remarkable men were hard and unrelenting as iron; they hesitated at no measure of severity necessary to gain their ends; they held firmly to the Oriental doctrine that their subjects of all degrees were their slaves, over whose lives and property their power was absolute and without appeal; and it is improbable that any sentimental or philosophical desire for the improvement of their people ever entered into their calculations, except, perhaps, as bearing upon the amount of revenue that could be forced from them. Brought up under such men, reverencing them as he does, it cannot be supposed that a few years spent in Paris could eradicate the Khedive's early impressions, and convert him from the stern doctrines of Eastern despotism to the milder tenets of Christian Europe. All that could be reasonably expected from his brief sojourn in the gay capital of France would be a vivid impression of the charms of that splendid city, and a keen appreciation of the external effects of European civilization, with a strong desire to imitate what he saw. So different are men in the East and in the West; so unlike the circumstances of religion, thought, climate, and habits, that it is improbable that the Egyptians and Asiatics can ever move upon exactly the same plane of civilization with the Europeans. At all events, it is certain that, fixed as they are in their ideas by the force of long habit, and devoted as they mostly are to their religion, a single generation cannot suffice to bring about any radical change in their condition. Under Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim, the Egyptian army attained a comparatively high degree of efficiency, as is proved by the campaigns of the Morea and Syria. The Khedive has done much toward increasing this efficiency, and has called into his service several American officers in place of the Europeans formerly employed. This was, no doubt, mainly because of the improbability of our country ever taking part in European general wars, so that he could count upon Americans standing by him in any complication; while European officers might at any moment be ordered away by their governments in the event of war, and, at the same time, carry with them knowledge valuable to his enemies. These officers are employed chiefly as topographical engineers on surveys and explorations, being seldom on duty with troops. They have been engaged in extensive explorations, having military, scientific, and commercial purposes in view. Most of them have done their work well, and the Khedive told me that he was much pleased with them, and desired more in his service. But I would by no means advise any one doing well at home to accept a commission in the Egyptian service. Two large parties under American officers are now exploring Darfour, a tedious and difficult task. There were others in the Soudan, with the English General Gordon, an officer of whom all spoke in the highest terms as a man of great ability, energy, courage, and honesty. Whether the advantages resulting from the conquest of Darfour and the Soudan will be commensurate with the cost remains to be seen.

In the recent Abyssinian campaign, most of the American officers were with the active army, and there is good reason to believe that, had the Egyptian commander, Ratch Pasha, followed their counsels, his miserable fiasco would have been converted into a brilliant success. They did their duty gallantly and loyally, and deserved a better commander.

As an instance of what has been done, and the Khedive's manner of doing it, I will repeat a statement made to me by the officer concerned.

When this officer had been some months in Egypt, the Khedive sent for him one day, and asked what was the worst thing he had observed in regard to the army. He replied that it was that the regiments were commanded by civilians. The Khedive said:

"No, there is a colonel for every regiment."

"Yes," said the American, "but each colonel, chief of battalion, and captain, has a civilian clerk, who controls everything relating to the pay, rations, and clothing of the men, and whoever does that really commands."

"You are right," said the Khedive; "but how would you correct this?"

"By requiring that the colonels should

have sergeants as their clerks; the chiefs of battalions, corporals; the captains, private soldiers; and also requiring that the officers should supervise, and do much of the real work themselves."

"That means that the army should learn reading, writing, and arithmetic!"

"That is exactly what I was coming at, Your Highness."

The Khedive reflected for a moment, and then at once wrote an order to the Minister of War, requiring that, from that moment, no person in the army (either officer or soldier) should be promoted until he was master of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The consequence was, that the whole army immediately became a school. Besides the regimental schools, there have been established a military school for the education of officers, and special schools for non-commissioned officers of all arms, for the staff corps, for the engineers and artillery, and for the cavalry and infantry.

In addition to the regular regiments, the Khedive has formed a corps of so-called volunteers, consisting now of two or more battalions. This corps is made up of *mauvais sujets*, sons of pashas, and other rich and influential men; and, as the discipline and instruction are very rigid, the young men are said to be thoroughly reformed, and come out of the service with good habits and instruction, so that they are well fitted for officers in the territorial army.

In the East, the curriculum in the ordinary boys' schools is confined to the Koran, as containing all knowledge worth having, though in some cases writing is taught; so rare is this latter accomplishment, that those possessing it acquire the honorable title of *effendi*. In the line of the Egyptian army, the private soldiers are now taught reading, writing and arithmetic. The privates of the special arms, and the non-commissioned officers of all arms, are further instructed in drawing, a little history and geography; while the course of instruction for the officers is quite complete, including some of the European languages.

The Khedive and Prince Taupeek (the heir apparent) have established many schools throughout the country; or, rather, have re-established, augmented and improved those formed by Mohammed Ali; and in these, mathematics, drawing, geography, history, French and English are taught. There are also agricultural, land surveying, commercial, law, medical and polytechnic schools.

So deficient, heretofore, has been the instruction of the Turks and Arabs in Egypt, that nearly all the clerkships in government offices have been filled by Copts. As the new system bears fruit, the Copts must depend upon whatever natural superior qualities they may possess to retain the preference they now enjoy.

These Copts are an interesting people. They claim direct descent from the ancient Egyptians; but it is only necessary to glance at the faces of a large group to be assured that many races have been grafted on the primitive stock. Their Christianity was of the school of St. Mark; but it is sad to tell that it is now a dead thing, and not much more than a matter of form. Their priests are, as a rule, very ignorant, and seldom understand the service they chant in the old Coptic language. Yet this language is of the deepest interest, for it is essentially that of the ancient Egyptians, and an accurate knowledge of it is essential to the deciphering of the hieroglyphics. It is among the Copts that the American missionaries have found their principal field, which they are working with considerable success.

But the most remarkable educational undertaking, which is really a great revolution, is the establishment of a large school for girls,—something unheard of among Mohammedans. A few years ago, the Khedive established at Cairo a school for "noble girls," where some two or three hundred received a European education; this has since been increased to accommodate some seventeen or eighteen hundred girls of various classes of society, and is under the direction of a Swiss Protestant clergyman and his wife. The girls are educated in the European manner, and the Khedive counts upon the graduates from this school as his most efficient aids in the introduction of a new civilization; for it is not probable that these well-educated women will consent to sink back into the position of mere slaves in a hareem.

Our readers are well aware that among the Moslems the women are uneducated, and that their lives are trifled away in the ease of the hareem; although among the lower classes, and in the rural districts, the women do more or less work, but rather as the slaves than as the companions of their husbands. The effect of intercourse with educated mothers upon the children must necessarily be immense, and cannot fail to produce great changes for the better. Surely every American will wish the Khedive success in his efforts to educate his people.

The steps in this direction depart widely from the well-worn path of Mohammedanism, and if persistently continued, will doubtless lead to results he has hardly contemplated. The permanence of Mohammedanism results, to a great degree, from the complete ignorance of its votaries of all creeds and knowledge other than those contained in the crude pages of the Koran. When the light of education is once opened over such a country as Egypt, it is not unreasonable to hope and believe that the true religion will in due time drive out the false.

Against great opposition, and with no little difficulty, the Khedive has, in other matters than schools, struck in small things really great blows. For example, the erection of statues, the use of pictures representing animate objects, etc., are strictly forbidden by the Koran. Nevertheless he has erected in the great square of Alexandria a statue of Mohammed Ali, and in one of the principal squares of Cairo an equestrian statue of Ibrahim. On the main staircase of the Ghezeerah Palace stands the statue of the Genius of Electricity, and the Palace itself is abundantly adorned with pictures and statuettes. Recently he has ordered the adoption of the metrical system of weights and measures, as well as that of the Gregorian calendar. The ladies of his hareem now drive through the streets in European dresses, with veils no thicker than those worn by the ladies of the West. A year or two ago he gave a family breakfast, where wives, sons, daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, met with uncovered faces, and the family for the first time "saw itself" together. It is said that he allows his sons to have only one wife each; and this is, at least, a very important measure of economy, for untold treasures are habitually lavished upon these royal hareems. I have heard it estimated that nearly one-half of the expenditures of the government take that direction, though this may be a gross exaggeration. I will not tax the patience of the reader by mentioning other changes; for those mentioned, although they may appear to Western people very small things, are really very important, for each is a wide departure from the precepts of the Koran, or from the habits that have emanated from their observance.

The Khedive has behaved very well toward the missionaries. He has treated them very fairly; allowed them reasonable facilities, and, so far as I could learn, interposed no serious obstacles in their way; whatever opposition they have encountered seems to have arisen from the local authorities, and to have been removed when properly represented to him.

A few words are necessary in regard to slavery and the slave-trade. Among the Oriental nations slavery is, as a rule, a very different affair from what it was among those of the West. With the latter, in recent times, the slaves were of an inferior race, between whom and the masters there could be no legitimate mingling, and no common family ties. In the East there is no prejudice as to color, and, so long as the religion is the same, little as to race; so that white, brown and black—Circassians, Turks, Arabs, Copts and Negroes associate in the same families, harmonize completely, mingle indiscriminately, and form intermediate hues of all shades and colors; all in perfect equality,—no one looking down upon the others. In the East, certainly in the more settled and civilized portions, the slave is truly a member of his master's family: he aids him in his business, and may inherit his property; he may rise to the highest offices and employments; and the child of the female slave is socially on a par with those of the legitimate wife. In brief, the slaves in Egypt are, as a rule, well treated and happy. The most inhuman and shocking feature of slavery in those countries, is in the methods employed to obtain slaves, especially in Africa; the horrible raids of the slave-traders, who burn villages, and kill many hundreds of poor savages to obtain a few slaves; and in the terrible suffering of the survivors on the way to a market. The first and crying evil, then, in the East, in this connection, is the slave-trade, rather than existing slavery itself. To meet this, the Khedive appears to have gone sensibly and earnestly to work. The recently completed conquest of the Soudan and Darfour is an immense step toward the suppression of the slave-trade; not so much that these kingdoms are themselves the chief seats of those raids, but that they were the basis of operations of the slave-traders, and through them the slave caravans reached the Nile and the Red Sea. There is every reason to believe that, so far as these countries are concerned, the slave-trade is now essentially destroyed, and will soon cease entirely; even now only a few slaves are shipped down the Nile by stealth.

Egypt is so full of rumors, ignorance and mystery, that it is often difficult for a stranger to ascertain the exact truth; but the

best information I could procure was to the effect that slavery is now illegal there, and that any slave can obtain his or her freedom by a simple application to the authorities. I also understand that such applications are very rare, and that, as a rule, the slaves evince no desire to change their condition. With the destruction of the slave-trade, with the spread of education and the corresponding changes in the views and habits of the people, the gradual disappearance of slavery in Egypt must be expected.

Another great step in advance is the recent establishment of the mixed, or international, tribunal, consisting of a minority of natives acting with a majority of foreign judges appointed by their respective governments, and having jurisdiction over all cases in which foreigners are concerned; it replaces the old consular courts, which were so often arbitrary, corrupt and unjust.

Among the material improvements should be mentioned the fine new harbor at Alexandria. Both Alexandria and Cairo have, of late years, been much improved by the construction of numerous broad streets and houses in the European style. The cities have lost much in picturesqueness by the change; but Prince Taupeek told me that statistics proved that the results were a great amelioration in health, and great diminution of ophthalmia.

Much has been done in the building of railways,—more perhaps than the present resources of the country justify. There is a main line from Alexandria to Cairo, with branches to Damietta on the one hand, and to Ismailia and Suez on the other; with some half a dozen other small branches in the Delta. The main line is now extended up the valley of the Nile, and in operation as far as Es-Sioot, a distance not much less than 250 miles; there is also a short line on the right bank of the Nile, around the First Cataract. I doubt whether any of these lines pay as yet. Work has also commenced on the construction of a railway from the Second Cataract, leading up the Nile valley to the vicinity of Dongola, and thence across the desert to a point above the Fifth Cataract, where there is good navigation to Khartoom and Gondokoro. The Khedive expected to complete this line in about five years, and will then have secure and rapid communication with the Soudan and Darfour, from which he expects to derive large revenues. Upon the completion of this upper line it is intended to connect the First and Second Cataracts by a railway, and subsequently the First Cataract and Es-Sioot.

PALM GROVE AND SECOND PYRAMID.

The telegraph system extended to the Soudan more than two years ago, and by this time probably reaches Darfour.

The Egyptian Post-office department is well regulated, and is gradually replacing the foreign post-offices.

The complete lack of coal is one of the great drawbacks to the prosperity of the country. Upon inquiring of the Khedive how, in the absence of coal, he expected to supply fuel for the engines on the upper line, he said that there was an abundance of wood high up the Nile, and that he would organize battalions of wood-cutters to fell the timber, and then raft it down the river.

With the exception of the schools, the railways and the few steamers on the Nile,—which are the property of the Khedive, and used entirely for Government purposes,—the traveler looks in vain for any indications of improvement in the rural districts, or for any evidence of efforts to change the condition of the people and improve their lot. The huge steam-pumps, so often met with on the banks of the river, are, without an exception, I believe, abandoned; for coal is entirely lacking, and wood too scarce in the lower country to admit of extensive use; so that these expensive experiments are thrown away, and the old system of irrigating canals has been extended.

It is said that most of these new canals, constructed by forced labor, are located, with reference to use, upon the vast private estates of the Khedive, and that private proprietors cannot use them until the Khedive's wants are supplied; if this be true, they can hardly be placed in the category of public improvements. The vast sugar-mills on the Upper Nile are all the private property of the Khedive; he has expended immense sums upon them, and I learned that they are unprofitable.

As I have already intimated, it is not safe to believe all one hears in Egypt about the government; but I heard from so many different sources strange and characteristic stories in regard to the manner of working these sugar estates, and other things pertaining to the management of the Khedive's personal affairs, that I am inclined to believe them substantially true, and to give them for what they may be worth. The stories run that there is no law but the will of the Khedive and his officers. All the people are looked upon as the slaves of the Khedive, and held to service accordingly. When the proper season arrives for gathering the cane crops and working the sugar-mills, many thousands of men, women, children, camels, and donkeys, are pressed into the service from all directions, without the slightest reference to their own affairs, and not a cent of pay do they receive for themselves or their animals. A peasant, whose whole subsistence depends upon his crop, is often obliged, at the most critical time, to leave it ungathered and go to work for the Khedive. If a proprietor has made a contract for the season with a laborer, and has paid him in advance, this does not prevent his being seized for the Khedive, who has the first claim, and allows no compensation to the cheated proprietor. Two or three years ago, a peasant on the Upper Nile who had recently purchased a camel, was ordered to send it to one of the sugar-mills; he refused,—was whipped, and again refused; at last he killed the camel rather than send his son with it to the mill, saying that thus he saved his son, and that, in any event, he would have lost his camel.

I also heard stories to the effect that it not seldom happens that a manager of one

CLEOPATRA (FROM THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH).
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of the Khedive's estates considers some adjoining piece of private property a desirable addition, whereupon the owner is required to part with it for, say, £3 per acre, but does not receive his pay. Not long after, the manager finds that a portion of the new acquisition is not needed, or that it is not so desirable as at first supposed, and

then the original owner is required to take it back for, say, £5 per acre, and to pay the money, although he has received nothing on the original sale!

Many of those who related these circumstances added that they did not believe the Khedive privy to the frauds; but they thought that, in the sale of lands, and the forced labor on his private estates, he ordered payment to be made, and furnished the funds; and that the swindles are perpetrated by dishonest officials.

The taxation in the rural districts is represented as frightfully onerous,—so much so, that land is sometimes abandoned because it will not produce enough to meet the taxes, which are now triple what they were upon the accession of the Khedive. The taxes are often demanded in advance, and the Government will not even allow the peasants seed corn when their own is destroyed by inundation or otherwise.

In addition to the ordinary taxes, special aids are often demanded, and an immense amount of forced labor is given to the canals, which are too often intended only for the benefit of the Khedive's private estates,—which comprise a considerable portion of the total arable land.

As an instance of the dread inspired by the authorities, I will mention a circumstance that occurred to us. Between Gebel el Tayr and Minieh, we were sailing rapidly, with a strong north wind that made the river very rough, when Achmet called me to the deck. The river in front was covered with native vessels, and some four or five hundred yards ahead was a group floating down the river, standing on and clinging to something just below the surface. As some native boats were close to these people, and heading toward them, we did not doubt that they would relieve them, when, to our surprise and horror, they passed on without an effort to aid them, and the poor wretches floated past, shrieking and imploring help. Of course, we at once let go the sheet, and sent our sandal after the drowning men. Our sandal and that of the "Zarifa" succeeded in rescuing all, after they had floated down about a mile further, and we soon had them on board. There were thirteen, of various colors and conditions,—among them a woman. They had been three hours in the water, and were nearly dead with cold and fright. From all that we could learn, more than that number had perished before we saw them. Some of them were merchants *en route* to Cairo to make purchases, and, in their alarm, had thrown away considerable sums of money. Our sailors were very prompt in saving them, and, when we had them on board, were as kind as possible in giving them food, drying their clothes, etc. Scores of native boats must have passed close by them without an attempt at rescue. Soon after they were safely on our boat, Achmet told me that the crew were anxious that I should shield them from any harm for their good action. Naturally, I was astonished, when it at length appeared that the cause of apprehension was the same that had prevented the native boats from rendering assistance. It was the fear that, had any perished, all who took part in the deliverance would be thrown into prison as witnesses; and once get a man into prison, no matter for what cause, his chances of egress are faint indeed. The fear of the authorities is so great, that these naturally kind-hearted men will see a fellow-creature die rather than incur the risk of saving him. It appeared that the woman had been to Minieh to visit her son, a mere lad, who was in prison. Her story was, that the sheik of her village had given him some order which he had forgotten to execute, whereupon, as the readiest method of improving his memory for the future, the sheik choked him until he fell senseless. Therefore, his numerous brothers and sisters, thinking him dead, howled as Orientals only can; so, by way of teaching the family not to make a fuss about trifles, the sheik sent the boy to prison for two months. When the Governor of Minieh called in the evening, and expressed his thanks for the rescue of the people, I asked the favor of the boy's release, provided the mother's story were true. Next day he was released, and I was informed that his sentence of two months' imprisonment had been for feigning death!

The officials are frequently changed, and their efficiency is mainly measured by the amount of taxes they remit. As of old, the koorbash and the stocks are the efficient weapons of the tax-gatherer. The traveler is usually told by the officials that these are things of the past, but this is not so. In ascending the river, we reached Karnak one Sunday morning, and found at the landing the dahabeah of the Governor of the district. In a few minutes he called to see us, with his retinue. He was an exceeding gentlemanly old Turk, with a mild, kindly face; petted the children, and was as amiable as a sleek cat—with its claws trimmed. In the course of conversation he told me

that he was out on a "tax collecting" expedition, and in reply to my question intimated that his method was a mild one, and that the fellahin in his district had fallen into gentle hands; I thought Achmet seemed somewhat amused when he interpreted all this. Later in the day we walked to the great temple, and on the way met my gentle old Turk on his way back to his boat. Again his retinue were with him, but Achmet called my attention to the fact that the number had been increased by two, one of whom carried a savage-looking pair of stocks, and the other a wicked koorbash! I rejoiced that I was an American, and not a fellah of Karnak in debt to the Government.

VILLAGE NEAR ESNEH.

Here let me revert for a moment to the army. All who have traveled in Egypt, or read much about it, know the horror with which the fellahin regard service in the army, and remember how common it is to meet men with one or more fingers lacking, which they cut off to make themselves unfit to handle a musket. This antipathy arose mainly from the fact that the term of service was virtually for life, and meant perpetual separation from home, family, and friends. I saw very little of the Egyptian troops, but enough to satisfy me that they are well clothed, and to indicate that they are well fed and cared for; and I also heard a good deal about short terms of service, regular conscription, etc., and was led to believe that the horror of serving had measurably abated. But we descended the river about "conscription time," and found some of the towns—Asswan for instance—quite deserted by all available candidates for the honor of entering the army. The bazaars were closed, and the young men had fled to the desert *en masse*. The result of my inquiries was that the people still believe the service to be for life; and it was clear that if any change had been made in the system they had not been informed of it, and still avoided the army as much as ever.

The infantry battalions that I saw in Cairo were a remarkably fine set of men, intelligent and soldierly in appearance, well armed with Remington breech-loaders, well drilled and in excellent order. I was informed that the company officers are good; the field officers improving; the general officers very indifferent.

In the construction of railways and harbors, in the improvement of Cairo and Alexandria, in the erection of new palaces and other buildings, in the support of the hareem, in the tribute to Constantinople, in lavish display and entertainments, in large sums thrown away upon the traveling expenses of impecunious and brazen-faced European princes, the construction of unprofitable sugar-mills, the maintenance of the army, in distant campaigns, and in many other ways, besides the losses through corrupt and ignorant officials, the expenses of the Khedive are certainly enormous, and far beyond the capacity of the country; so there can be no doubt that his financial condition

is unpromising in the extreme, and must result in total bankruptcy, unless an entire change is promptly effected. Certainly possessed of remarkable ability, and no doubt desirous of improving his country, the Khedive is essentially an Oriental, and seems wanting in that practical wisdom which characterizes the Western mind, so that it appears improbable that with all his good intentions he can succeed in making Egypt what it ought to be.

England cannot afford to permit the control of her most direct communication with India to pass into the hands of her enemies; at any cost she must secure the uninterrupted use of the Suez Canal. At the same time, in the interests of the material and religious welfare of its people, it surely is desirable that Egypt should come under the dominion of Great Britain. After a generation or two under the firm hands and practical good sense of English rulers, there is no reason why the land of the Pharaohs should not recover much of its ancient prosperity, and the valley of the Nile teem with a population not less numerous and far more happy than the multitudes who erected the Pyramids and the superb structures of Karnak.

As every one ought to do, we moved on board our boat three or four days before sailing, in order to make sure that everything was in good order, the cook satisfactory, and all essentials provided, for once away from Cairo it is difficult to supply deficiencies.

Early on the 27th of November, while we were just above the Boolak bridge, there arose a violent storm—not at all a usual thing in that part of the world. Everything on deck was thoroughly soaked, but as a result of the storm, a fair wind blew in the morning, and at about ten o'clock we got under way and bade adieu to Cairo.

During the first two or three days' sail from Cairo the various groups of Pyramids are constantly in sight—those of Gheezeh, Sakkarah, Dashoor, etc.; these, with sundry quarries and lines of rock-cut tombs, are the only important antiques that attract the eye until Es-Sioot is reached.

For several miles above Cairo the limestone cliffs of the Mokkatam hills and of the "Arabian mountains" come close down to the river on the eastern bank, while on the western a broad cultivated plain stretches to the hills of the Lybian desert. Of course, as the river winds, this varies from point to point, so that there is sometimes a broad stretch of arable land on the eastern bank, while the desert sometimes approaches the river on the west; but as a rule, at least as far as Denderah, much the larger area of cultivated land is on the western bank. The overflow of the river, and the possibility of irrigation, mark the limit of the desert. Beyond the point whither the inundation reaches, or irrigation extends, there is no vegetation, and the desert hills are literally barren—not a shrub, not a blade of grass is to be found upon them in Lower Egypt.

The arable plain is everywhere a mass of verdure, covered with growing crops, dotted here and there with superb groves of palms, some of them covering a large area. The villages—no doubt just like those of ancient Egypt—consist mainly of mud huts, usually without doors, and, when above the limit of the rains, generally without roofs. Nothing can well be more simple and primitive than the life of the fellahin; a mat on the mud floor for bedding, a few earthen jars, and a kettle, comprise the luxuries and the necessaries of these people.

A well-to-do peasant may have a simple bedstead, and a wooden door to his house, and is the envy of his neighbors. The villages are usually surrounded by palm groves, with more or less wild fig and sont trees—a species of acacia. They are exceedingly picturesque, for the rich brown of the mud walls contrasts admirably with the magnificent verdure above and around them. It is a little strange that in a country where flowers were once so highly appreciated as by the ancient Egyptians, they should now be so rare, and almost unknown. Some of the villages are very pretty, even when walking through them; but as a rule they are admirable only from a distance, for when once within the limits of the mud walls, the dirt, the total absence of anything like comfort, and the extreme poverty everywhere visible, detract sadly from the enjoyment of the novel scene.

As seen from a dahabeah, the Nile presents a panorama of unceasing interest and beauty. It is the great artery of the country. On its waters, or close along the banks, pass all the life, all the commerce and travel of the land. The broad breast of the river is dotted with fleets of boats of all sizes; from the graceful dahabeah of the tourist, with its huge white sail, and yards decorated with numerous gay flags (for the pride of the dragoman is to outstrip his fellows in the size, number and brilliancy of these indispensable adornments), down to little boats trading from village to village, or only ferrying across the stream. Wonderful is the variety of these boats and their contents,

and they afford constant objects of study and interest. Far up the river is a singular mass floating down with the current; as it approaches, you discern that it is made up of small round objects, and as it passes it proves to be a raft composed of earthen water-jars, probably from Balas, near Keneh, for Cairo and a market. Here comes a native packet, floating leisurely down the river, the foul remains of what, years ago, was a fine dahabeah, packed and crowded with a mass of men, women and children,—Turks, Arabs, fellahin, Nubians,—lazily smoking or soundly sleeping,—caring neither for the passage of time nor the coming of eternity. Then you pass a huge freight cangia, piled high above the deck with bales from Europe and America, bound to Asswan, when camels will carry the freight around the cataract, whence other smaller cangias take it to Korosko or Wady Halfah; there it is again placed upon the patient camels, which, in long caravans, will carry it to the Soudan, to Darfour, and the unknown depths of Central Africa. Occasionally there comes down the river a suspicious-looking craft, laden with a very black living cargo, with thick lips and flat noses, whom we strongly suspect to be "contraband."

Presently we pass a boat containing half a dozen ferocious-looking Bashi Bazooks, armed to the teeth, guarding as many equally unpleasant-looking scoundrels in chains; it is difficult to guess who are the greatest villains, the guards or the guarded, and one is strongly inclined to believe that chance alone has decided their relative positions. Then you see a little ferry-boat containing a score of fellahin, three or four ugly camels, half a dozen philosophical donkeys,—this is the substitute for our Brooklyn ferry-boats. A long line of thick smoke is seen in the distance; it proves to be a steamer, and as it approaches we are all excitement. Is it a "Cook's party," a government steamer carrying some high and mighty European prince, a steamer towing material for the railway above the Second Cataract, or is it the Darfour exploring expedition? It may be any of these, for all of such we saw. The latter overtook us one day when we were sadly becalmed, and gave us a very welcome tow. Nor are these the only signs of life on the river itself; for not far above Cairo one begins to see those wonderful flocks of geese, ducks, pelicans, herons and other water-birds, which whiten the sand-banks when they stand at rest, or almost darken the sky when they circle in the air.

Crocodiles are now very rare, and few travelers see more than half a dozen during the trip; yet, at certain points, the possibility of seeing one keeps you on the alert, and furnishes a little excitement. The false alarm of "Timsah!" often arouses the party, only to see a log, or a black shadow on a sand-bank. The Nile fish are abundant, but not good, except a certain large fish caught in the First Cataract, which is fair. The river banks also abound in many objects, for, as already stated, the paths which here do duty for roads generally follow pretty closely the borders of the stream, and most of the villages are on or near the bank. Very seldom, below the First Cataract, is the landscape without numerous living figures. Now it is a long string of camels,—a diminutive donkey in the lead,—stalking slowly and awkwardly along, with their white-robed Arab drivers; anon, a solitary specimen of that most useful but unattractive animal; then comes a drove of loaded donkeys, plodding leisurely in spite of the guttural encouragement of their conductors; again, a party of the aristocracy, clad in bright robes, galloping on white donkeys, covered with scarlet housings. Some of these white saddle-donkeys are really beauties; they are well broken, travel rapidly, and command high prices. Horses are scarce, and donkeys are fashionable. Again, there is a long procession of pedestrians,—Arabs with white robes and turbans, or fellahin in blue gowns and brown skull-caps. Now you pass a large field, teeming with laborers,—men, women, and children,—the men often stark naked, save a band around the loins and the inevitable skull-cap; some hoeing, precisely as shown in the tombs of Beni Hassan or of Tih; others conducting plows, drawn, it may be, by a camel and a buffalo, or a camel and a donkey, etc. Then, as you pass by a village, there will be a score of dusky women—not often beautiful—wading in the river with tucked-up gowns, and filling their water-jars from the muddy stream; and crowds of naked or ragged urchins rushing along the bank, shouting "Backsheesh Howadji!"

In Egypt, there are many of those useful irrigating-machines,—the *shedoof*, just as it is depicted in paintings,—I know not how many years old. It consists of a pole turning around a horizontal axis, a counterweight of mud at one end, and, at the other, a bucket, or leathern bag, suspended by a rope; a colored gentleman from Central Africa usually presides over the apparatus, raising

the water to a certain level, whence another dark citizen, with a second *shedoof*, raises it another step, and so through several stages. Sometimes, when the water is to be raised only two or three feet, a still simpler method is employed; two men swing a mat by ropes, and thus raise the water; a good deal of power is wasted, but time and labor do not count for much on the Nile.

Nor are you confined to your dahabeah in looking at all these things; for, as a rule, there are frequent opportunities for a walk on shore; when tracking, you can land

A SHEDOOF.

and walk *ad libitum*, for the people are kindly, and you can safely go where you will without risk of molestation. You generally take a sailor with you, who carries a staff to keep the dogs in order, and who helps you across unexpected ditches; you take your gun, and pick up a few birds; and, best of all, see a great many quaint and strange scenes in the villages and fields. I never had the least trouble in any of these walks, and do not remember that I ever saw even a scowling face, nor did I find any annoyance from beggars. Away from the usual haunts of tourists, the natives are genial and well-behaved; it is only at such places as Karnak, the Pyramids, and the Tombs of Thebes, where travelers most abound, that they are troublesome, and even then our dragoman never failed to keep them in order.

Having favorable winds as we passed Denderah and Edfoo, we postponed their examination until our return. In regard to the former, it need only be said that the most interesting object there is the portrait of Cleopatra (see page 377). The cartouch, or oval, contains the name of the queen. Edfoo is one of the most perfect of the temples in its general condition, although the details of the ornaments bear sad testimony to the destructive habits of the early Christian Copts. We stopped, on our way up, a day and two nights at Es-Sioot, that the crew might bake a new supply of bread. This is the largest town on the Upper Nile, and possesses a pretty good bazaar; but we were most interested by the tombs in the cliffs behind the town, the lovely views from the hills above, a caravan from Darfour, and the excellent establishment of the American Missionaries. Dr. Hogg is at the head of the settlement, assisted by Dr. Johnson, Dr. Watson, and others.

Their labors of education and reform are almost entirely among the Copts, and are quite successful. They have schools of various grades for both sexes,—from infant schools up to a college,—recently established, but well in operation. At the time of our visit, there were some 395 Coptic members of the Reformed Church in Upper Egypt, and about 1,000 attending worship. I was told that the Coptic proselytes are animated by the best spirit, doing almost everything in the way of supporting the churches, and much toward the maintenance of the schools. The United States Consular Agent at Es-Sioot, Wasif Georgis Kiatti, is a Copt, and a leading member of the Reformed Church; he and Weesi Weesi, another wealthy Copt, built the church at Es-Sioot, and do much for the good cause; the latter regularly devoting his tithes to church and educational purposes.

The prospects of this Mission, as well at those in the Fyoom, at Cairo, and in the Delta, were represented as excellent; and I am very sure that the good men who are

devoting their lives to this cause merit the heartiest and most liberal encouragement and support from their countrymen. When one sees the nature of the life led by these voluntary exiles, and the devotion with which they work in the Master's cause, there can be no doubt as to the sincere and truly apostolic spirit that guides them.

INTERIOR COURT OF TEMPLE OF EDFOO.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED that I was dead and crossed the Heavens,
Heavens after Heavens, with burning feet and swift,
And cried: "O God, where art thou? I left one
On earth, whose burden I pray thee to lift."

I was so dead I wondered at no thing,
Not even that the angels slowly turned
Their faces, speechless, as I hurried by
(Beneath my feet the golden pavements burned);

Nor, at the first, that I could not find God,
Because the Heavens stretched endlessly like space.
At last, a terror seized my very soul;
I seemed alone in all the crowded place.

Then sudden, one compassionate cried out,
Though like the rest, his face from me he turned,
As I were one no angel might regard
(Beneath my feet the golden pavements burned):

"No more in Heaven than Earth will he find God
Who does not know his loving mercy swift,
But waits the moment consummate and ripe,
Each burden from each human soul to lift."

Though I was dead, I died again for shame.
Lonely, to flee from Heaven itself I turned;
The ranks of angels looked away from me.
(Beneath my feet the golden pavements burned.)

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

THE RESCUE.

CHAPTER III.

As the reader will have concluded, Mr. Benson was not a slow man in his apprehensions. He was practiced in arithmetic,—so far, at least, as to be familiar with the fact that one and one made two. He had put the look of intelligence that passed between Miss Larkin and Miss Bruce, on the occasion of his evening call upon them, with the remark he had overheard in the cabin concerning the fact that "the old man did not know how the thing was done," and had concluded that they amounted to a sum which, in social arithmetic, might mean more or less than two. In that science, when "applied," he had known instances in which one and one put together made one; and in the suspected case, he was in no mood for favoring so tame a conclusion. An addition that would amount to a subtraction of Miss Larkin was not to be submitted to, for Miss Larkin was profitable to him.

So, on the morning after the little affair in which Nicholas had assisted so efficiently, Mr. Benson approached a young lady of his acquaintance in the cabin, and expressed the fear that the removal of his ward from the deck on the previous day had been effected at some inconvenience to her friends.

Why he should have approached a lady instead of a gentleman, and a young lady instead of an old one, it may be considered ungracious to state; but he had his reasons for that course, and was abundantly rewarded for his choice; for the young lady gave, with great cheerfulness, a graphic account of the whole performance. Mr. Benson shook his head gravely, and expressed the hope that the matter would not be misconstrued. He was sure that some sudden emergency had occurred which had been impulsively met, after the manner of young people. Mr. Minturn, he assured his friend, was a man

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of the highest respectability, and Miss Larkin was beyond reproach. Such a matter as this was not to be talked about. None but malicious gossips would ever mention it; and he knew his young informant too well to suppose that she would countenance any conversation upon the subject.

"I'm sure we all thought it was very nice," said the young lady, laughing.

"It was all right, of course," responded Mr. Benson; "but it is liable to be misconstrued, and I rely upon you to see that the matter is dropped."

"Oh, certainly!" the young lady exclaimed, with an inward chuckle; and then Mr. Benson went on deck.

Nicholas, to tell the truth, had not slept well that night. How far he might have compromised his position with the passengers; how far he might have offended Mr. Benson's fine ideas of propriety; how far Miss Larkin would regard the matter without disturbance when she came to think it all over,—these were constantly recurring questions. He felt sure that Mr. Benson would learn the facts, and it was only after a great mental struggle that he left his state-room and made his appearance at the breakfast-table. He was conscious that he was regarded curiously by many eyes, and uncomfortably sure that he blushed. He was not afraid of meeting Miss Larkin there, for she never appeared there. If he should see her at all, it would be upon the deck. So he ate his meal in silence, and started for the stair-way, steeled to meet whatever might await him.

The first man he met upon the deck was Mr. Benson. He caught a distant vision of Miss Larkin and her companion in their accustomed place, and received from them a courteous and even a cordial greeting. He saw, too, kneeling at Miss Larkin's side, the form of a beautiful young woman whom he had not seen before. Her pretty figure, her tasteful boating-dress, her jaunty hat, her graceful attitude, made the group exceedingly picturesque and attractive.

Mr. Benson had undoubtedly been waiting to intercept him; but nothing could have been more cheerful than his "good morning, my young friend;" and when he slipped his arm into that of his "young friend," and proposed a morning promenade, Nicholas felt that all his troubles were over, and that he had done nothing to be ashamed of.

"Well," said Mr. Benson with a hearty voice, "how are you this morning?"

"Never better."

"And how are you enjoying the voyage?"

"Very much, I assure you."

"You found our young lady interesting and agreeable, I hope?"

"Very!"

"Yes—yes—Miss Larkin is a cheerful, patient, intelligent young woman."

The tribute was paid with great precision, as if it had been done with well-tried coins instead of adjectives.

"You must be very fond of her," said Nicholas.

"Yes—yes—" Mr. Benson responded; "yes, I am fond of her. I have stood to her *in loco parentis* for several years, and presume that the relation will continue until one of us shall be removed by death. Of course, she has no hope of marriage; and without me, she would be as much alone in the world as you are; more so, perhaps."

"Is her complaint so hopeless?" inquired Nicholas, with an anxiety in his voice that he could not disguise.

"It is believed to be so by the best physicians," Mr. Benson replied. "I am taking her to Europe to see what a voyage and foreign skill can do for her, but with slight expectation of benefit."

Mr. Benson was reading the young man's thoughts, as if his mind were an open book. He saw at once that Nicholas was much interested in his ward, and feared that, with him, the degree of her helplessness was the measure of her strength. He had, as gently and delicately as was possible, warned the young man away from her. He had told him that marriage was out of the question. What more could he do?

Mr. Benson was a man of great resources, and it would evidently be necessary to divert Nicholas. The young lady kneeling at Miss Larkin's side was a suggestive vision, and that young lady suggested several other young ladies who were on board, but who had thus far been confined to their state-rooms. Mr. Benson quietly rejoiced in the consciousness of possessing a mass of very promising materials. Certainly, the young man would be different from other young men if he did not prefer a woman who could walk and dance and take care of herself to one who was quite helpless. Nicholas *was* different from other young men, and, while Mr. Benson recognized the fact, he determined to meet, in what seemed to him the best way, all the necessities of the case.

Mr. Benson had other motives for the showy promenade he was making besides

that of warning Nicholas against becoming too much interested in Miss Larkin. He was entirely sure that the young lady from whom he had sought information in the cabin would tell all her acquaintances about it. His ostentatious friendliness toward the young man was, therefore, to be an advertisement of the fact that he, with his nice ideas of propriety, approved, not only of Nicholas himself, but of all he had done. He meant to say to all the passengers: "This young man is my friend. I will stand between him and all harm. A word that is said against him, or about him, is said against, or about, me. I know all that has happened, and I approve of it all."

He had a design beyond this, too, and it dwelt warmly in his mind as—the young man's arm within the cordial pressure of his own—he paced up and down the deck. Nicholas was alone in the world, and he wanted to be to him a father. He wanted to inspire him with confidence and trust,—to make him feel that he had a wise and reliable friend. For Nicholas had a great estate which Mr. Benson would only be too happy to manage for him for an appropriate consideration. He yearned over the young man, and that which belonged to him, with a tender and conscientious anxiety. He was so armored by pride of character and self-esteem that he had no suspicion of his own selfishness. He could have gone upon his knees for confession, and never mistrusted his disinterestedness, or dreamed that he had committed the sin of covetousness. He had always done his duty with relation to every trust that had thus far been committed to his hands. He had been a wise and thrifty manager. Why should not the young man have the benefit of his wisdom, and the security of his faithfulness?

"Mr. Minturn," said Mr. Benson, "my employments, which have connected me very closely with public and private trusts, naturally make me interested in your affairs. I hope you have confided them to safe hands? Of course you think you have; but have you? You will pardon me for asking the question; but do you understand business yourself? Are you familiar with public securities? Are you in the habit of keeping watch of the market?"

"Not at all," replied Nicholas, with great humiliation.

Mr. Benson shook his head, and said dubiously:

"Well, let us hope for the best."

"But I wasn't told about it. I wasn't brought up to it," said Nicholas, with a feeling that somebody had wronged him.

"Yes—yes—yes—I see."

Mr. Benson nodded in a hopeless sort of way that distressed Nicholas exceedingly.

"Who has the charge of your estate? On whom do you rely?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"Mr. Bellamy Gold; and he's a very good man."

"How do you know, now? Who says so? Is he a man of conscience—of strong convictions? Has he a large and comprehensive knowledge of affairs? Is he a man who follows duty to the death? Does he never act from impulse? Is he proof against temptation?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Nicholas.

"What is his profession?"

"He's a lawyer, sir."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Benson, with an intonation mingled of distrust and despair.

"Don't you believe in lawyers?" inquired Nicholas.

"I wish to do no man—I wish to do no profession—injustice," said Mr. Benson with a fine, judicial air; "but I have had a good deal of experience with lawyers, and I feel compelled, in all candor, to say that the legal mind seems to me to be about as devoid of the sense of duty as it can be. The legal mind—well, there is undoubtedly something demoralizing in the profession. A man who will work for the wrong for pay—for pay, mark you—comes at last not to see any difference between right and wrong. Knowing what I do about the profession, I have ceased to expect much of a lawyer. There may be good men among lawyers,—I suppose there are,—but a trust is always a matter of business with them. The paternal relation to a client is practically unknown among them. How it may be with Mr. Bellamy Gold, I cannot tell, of course; but country lawyers are petty men, as a rule. Do you lean upon him? Do you look up to him as an example? Do you entertain a filial feeling toward him?"

All this was said with a great show of candor, and the closing inquiries were warm and almost tender.

The idea of entertaining a filial feeling toward Mr. Gold amused Nicholas, and he could not help laughing as he replied:

"No, I don't lean on him, and I don't look up to him as an example, and I don't regard him in any way as a father. He's as dry as a chip."

"Chip! Yes—yes—chip! That's it—chip!"

Mr. Benson nodded his head half a dozen times, as if that little word was charged with the profoundest meaning, and ought to be powerful enough to fill the mind of Nicholas with the wildest alarm.

"I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world," said Mr. Benson,—lying, without any question, although he did not know it,—"but I advise you as a man largely familiar with trusts to look well into your affairs on your return home. I hope the examination will not be made when it is too late. You will permit me to say that I feel interested in you, and that if you find that you have need of advice, I shall be happy to serve you, in all those matters with which my life has made me unusually familiar."

Mr. Benson could not help feeling that he had done a fair morning's work. He had warned Nicholas away from his ward, believing that he had done it as a matter of personal kindness, and unconscious that he was selfishly trying to retain a profitable guardianship and trust; and he had fished, in the most ingenious way possible, for another trust. He had certainly made Nicholas thoroughly uncomfortable, but he was as well satisfied with himself as if he had saved a life, been placed upon a new board of directors, or made fifty dollars.

"By the way," said Mr. Benson, recurring mentally to his old purpose, but ostensibly changing the subject, "have you ever paid any attention to heredity? Curious thing, this heredity."

"Not the slightest," said Nicholas, with a gasp.

"Well, it will pay for examination," said Mr. Benson. "I have never looked into it until lately. You will find an article in the last 'North American' about it. This transmission of parental peculiarities, diseases, weaknesses, is something very remarkable. I suppose I owe my physique to my mother, and my moral qualities to my father, whatever they may be. It is a subject which a young man like you cannot too carefully consider. We owe a duty to posterity, my young friend, which can never be discharged by following a blind impulse."

Poor Nicholas, though at first stunned by the sudden change of subject, could not fail to understand the drift and purpose of Miss Larkin's guardian; and it was with a feeling of disgust that he paused, and withdrew his arm from Mr. Benson's. He wanted to talk more. Under other circumstances, he would have done so. He wanted to ask the cause of Miss Larkin's helplessness, and learn more about her, but his mouth was stopped; and if Mr. Benson could have read the young man's mind at the close of their conversation as easily as he did at the beginning, he would have seen that his work had not been as successfully performed as he supposed. Clever intriguers are quite apt to overdo their business, especially when engaged upon those who are recognized as frank and unsuspicious. They are apt to forget that an unsophisticated instinct is quite as dangerous a detective as a trained and calculating selfishness. It was hard for Nicholas to realize that he had been carefully manipulated by one to whom he had been tempted to open his heart, but he did realize it, with a degree of indignation which made him profoundly unhappy.

He did not undertake to deny to himself that he was much interested in Miss Larkin. He could not think of her as an incurable invalid. Possibilities had opened themselves to him with an attractive aspect, which was at once eclipsed by the interposition of Mr. Benson's majestic figure. This strong, inflexible man had come by stealthy and well calculated steps between him and a strange, new light which had charmed him. He could not have chosen to do otherwise than mentally to resent what seemed a gratuitous and ungentlemanly intrusion.

Of all this revulsion of feeling in the mind of the young man, Mr. Benson was unconscious, and he parted with him as courteously and heartily as if he were his own son, with whom he had been enjoying the most free and loving communion.

Then Mr. Benson had other business to do. Nicholas was to be diverted. Up to this time, he had kept the young man to himself and his little party. He had not only not introduced him to others, but he had not told any one about him. So, on speaking to different groups that morning, he managed to introduce Nicholas as a topic of conversation. The young man's good character, his fine education, his fortune, his unoccupied home, which Mr. Benson had learned from his friend, Mrs. Fleming, was quite a palace—all these were presented to appropriate listeners. Mr. Benson knew just where the ladies were whom he wished to have presented to the acquaintance of his young friend, so soon as they should be released from their seasickness.

It was a touching sight which presented itself that day at the side of Miss Larkin. Elderly ladies, who had not paid her the slightest attention up to this point, presented

themselves, and inquired for her health. Sometimes there would be two or three young and pretty girls kneeling around her. It was something to be near the young woman whom Nicholas had carried downstairs! It was something, at least, to be at the center of what seemed the circle of interest that enchained him. The first day after it became generally understood that Nicholas was rich and fancy free, the current of sympathy and society enjoyed by Miss Larkin was remarkable. She was petted and read to; and she received so much gracious ministry that the work of Miss Bruce was quite taken out of her hands. Perhaps it was a coincidence. Perhaps they were unconscious of their own motives. At any rate they formed a pretty group, and quite shut Nicholas away from her during most of the day.

There are certain villages in Vermont and Maine in which a city gentleman never arrives at night without arousing the suspicion that he is looking for a horse. It is not even necessary that he should inquire of the landlord, in the most careless way, if he knows whether there is a good horse in town that is for sale. Every jockey is on the alert, and the next morning, without visiting a stable, he has only to take his seat upon the piazza, or look from his window, to see every horse in town driven or ridden by the house. High-stepping horses, rakish little mares, steady-going roadsters, amiable-looking family beasts, graceful saddle animals, go up and down, and he may take his pick of them all, or go on to the next village.

It may seem ungracious to say that Nicholas came soon to be regarded on the steamer in very much the same way by those who had young women on hand for disposal, as the horse-hunter is regarded in one of those villages, but truthfulness demands the statement. There was not a woman with a young lady in charge who did not intend that, in some way, that charge should have a chance. Mothers and chaperons and duennas were busy with their schemes of exhibition. They courted Mr. Benson, who understood the matter perfectly, and smiled graciously upon it. They courted Miss Larkin, who did not understand it at all. They even courted Miss Bruce, who was anything but gracious in the reception of their attentions.

There was Mrs. Ilmansee, with her pretty sister, Miss Pelton. Mrs. Ilmansee was as bold and prompt as a drum-major. She was young, fresh from the field of conquest herself, quick to seize advantage, and armed with personal attractions of her own, with which to carve her way. A calculating mother may be written down as nothing and nowhere by the side of an enterprising married sister. There was Mrs. Morgan, with her stately daughter, the latter bearing the promise of an amplitude that would match her altitude—sweet, monosyllabic and inane. There was Mrs. Coates, a pudgy little woman, dragging at her sharply sounding heels a reluctant girl, who was heartily ashamed of the maternal vulgarity, and who went into the enterprise of making the young man's acquaintance, or attracting his notice, with poorly concealed disgust. There was the fashionable, self-assured, gracious Mrs. McGregor, with diamond knobs in her ears, and a buxom little hoyden just out of school, who thought it all great fun. There were others who might, but need not be, mentioned; and every woman and every girl understood what every maneuver meant, and had the impression that neither Mr. Benson nor Nicholas comprehended it at all. All were interested in Miss Larkin, and all were appropriately unconscious of the presence of Nicholas at her side,—unconscious even of his being a passenger on the steamer.

It was two mornings after Mr. Benson's promenade and conversation with Nicholas that the former reached the culmination of his schemes. The recluses had all emerged from their hiding-places; and when he went upon deck, Miss Larkin had collected her disinterested adorers in a chattering, officious group. Nicholas was entirely shut away, and was pacing up and down the deck alone.

"My young friend, this will never do," said Mr. Benson, approaching Nicholas. "So much young beauty, and no young man to appreciate it, is all wrong. You must know these people."

Nicholas protested, but Mr. Benson quietly drew him toward the group.

"Ladies, here is a lonely young man," said he, "and I want you to help to make him at home."

Nicholas raised his hat, and, with a warm blush upon his face, went through the process of being presented. It was a long one, and his bows grew shorter and shorter, until the last, which was so short and impatient that they all laughed, and poured in their commiserations upon him.

"And now let us all have chairs," said Mr. Benson, with benignant emphasis; and then he and Nicholas nearly exhausted the

resources of the deck in securing seats for the party.

"The young with the young," said Mrs. Ilmansee, "and Mr. Minturn by me."

The elderly women raised their eyebrows, and exchanged glances with the young ladies. Mrs. Ilmansee had made herself pert and unpleasant from the beginning of the voyage; but Nicholas took the seat saved for him, and found himself ensconced between Mrs. Ilmansee and her pretty sister.

"I declare," said pudgy Mrs. Coates, "this is real good. It seems like a meetin'. Now, if Mr. Benson would only preach to us"—and she gave him a bland smile—"we could improve ourselves. I said to Mr. Coates before I started—says I, 'What is travel for, unless it's for improvement?' Didn't I, Jenny?"

The young lady appealed to was on the outside of the group, biting her lips, but, as all turned to her, she was obliged to reply:

"They will believe you, mother. They will recognize the need of it at least." The last in an undertone.

"Yes, that's just what I told him," she went on, unmindful of the irony. "'People who have been raised as we were need improving,' says I. 'We need to cultivate our minds, and embrace all our opportunities, and give our offspring the best advantages.' Haven't I said that to him, Jenny, often and often?"

Mrs. Coates was intent on keeping Jenny under notice, and that young lady, who was smarting in every sensitive fiber of her soul, said:

"Yes, mother. Please don't appeal to me."

The other mothers were disgusted, and started little conversations among themselves. The young ladies looked into each other's faces and tittered.

"People who haven't had advantages," continued Mrs. Coates, warming to her topic, "know what they've lost, and they naterally give them to their offspring. When Mr. Coates become forehanded, says I to him, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'whatever we do, let us give advantages to our offspring—the very best.' And we've done it. They say praise to the face is open disgrace, but I remember saying to him at one time, says I, 'Mr. Coates, look at Mr. Benson. See what he's done by improving his advantages and embracing his opportunities. He's a model man,' says I. Didn't I, Jenny?"

"I presume so," returned that annoyed young woman, in a tone that indicated that she presumed that her mother had said every foolish thing that could be said.

The other ladies had heard it all, and were quite willing that Mrs. Coates should make herself and her daughter as ridiculous as possible; but Mr. Benson did not care to have her made ridiculous at his expense; so he tried to change the conversation, and make it more general.

"We owe duties to our offspring, of course," said Mr. Benson, in his magnificent way, "and I presume that all of us recognize them; but our duties in this world are many."

"Oh, do talk!" said Mrs. Coates.

"Duty, you all know, perhaps," said Mr. Benson, quite willing to take the conversation out of Mrs. Coates's clumsy hands, "has been the watchword of my life."

"Isn't it grand!" interjected Mrs. Coates, smiling upon the group, as if they had been caught in a shower of pearls without umbrellas.

"Duty," Mr. Benson went on, "I have found, in a long and eventful life, to be the only efficient and safe guide and inspiration to action—duty founded in conscience and judgment."

"Conscience and judgment," whispered Mrs. Coates.

"Duty intelligently comprehended and conscientiously performed, to the utmost requirement, I regard as the only safe basis of action. The morning breeze"—Mr. Benson was on favorite and familiar ground, and delighted in his own eloquence—"The morning breeze is very sweet. It fans our temples, it stirs the trees, it drinks the dew" ("Isn't it lovely!" from Mrs. Coates, in a whisper), "but before the fervors of noon it dies. It is only the sun that keeps on, and on, performing its daily round of service for the earth and its millions. Impulse and duty, as motives of action, are much like these. Impulse is short-lived, fitful, incompetent for the long, strong tasks of life. Duty only carries the steady, efficient hand. Mrs. Coates has kindly alluded to me, and I may say that to the careful performance of duty, as I have apprehended it, I owe all my reputation, such as it is, and all my successes."

"I hate duty," Nicholas blurted out, with an impulse that covered his face with crimson.

The ladies looked at him in astonishment. Mrs. Coates was aghast and shook her head, with her eye on Jenny, who seemed strangely to enjoy the expression.

"The young hate a master," said Mr.

Benson, without the least perturbation, and with a tone of compassion in his voice. Duty is a master—stern, but kind. The young rebel, and find too late that they have missed the true secret of success."

"I hate success too," said Nicholas. "Some men make a god of it, and worship nothing else."

Miss Jenny Coates was getting interested. Miss Larkin and Miss Bruce exchanged smiling glances. The other young ladies were bored, while good Mrs. Coates could only murmur: "Oh!" and "How strange!"

Mr. Benson regarded the young man with a smile made up of benignity and superciliousness, and responded with the questions:

"*Why* do you hate duty, and *why* do you hate success?"

"I should like to know; wouldn't you, Jenny?" said Mrs. Coates.

Nicholas found himself in what he regarded as a tight place. He had launched upon a sea comparatively unknown to him, and he had never accustomed himself to discussion, particularly with the eyes of twenty ladies upon him. He had only intended, indeed, to make a personal confession. He had not intended controversy at all. He knew that he had no well-formed opinion upon the subject. He knew what he felt, and he believed that he saw the truth, but he was quite at a loss to construct his argument.

"Why do you hate duty, now?" Mr. Benson reiterated, as if he only waited for the answer to demolish it with a breath.

"Because it makes a sort of commercial thing of life," responded Nicholas, his color rising. "Because it is nothing but the paying of a debt. I can see how justice has relation to the paying of a debt, but I don't see how goodness has anything to do with it."

"All action is good or bad, young man," said Mr. Benson, with a tone of mild reproof in his voice. "All action is good or bad. In which category will you place the paying of a debt?"

"All things are sweet or sour," replied Nicholas, getting excited. "What are you going to do with cold water?"

It was becoming interesting. Even the bored young ladies were moved to admiration of this cunningness of fence, and the distant Miss Coates, her keen black eyes glowing with interest, moved nearer.

"That's right, Jenny, come up where you can hear what Mr. Benson says," said Mrs. Coates.

Mr. Benson was exceedingly annoyed. Nicholas had surprised him, but he kept his air of candor, toleration and easy superiority.

"I did not think my young friend would indulge in such a sophistry," he said.

"I did not mean it for a sophistry," responded Nicholas. "I did not, I assure you. I was thinking—if you'll excuse me for mentioning it—of my mother. I was thinking of what she did for me, and how she never dreamed of the word duty in all her sacrifices. From the time I was born, she did her duty to me, if you please, but it was only the natural expression of her love. And it seems to me that love is so much a higher motive than a sense of duty, that a sense of duty is a paltry thing by the side of it."

"Your filial gratitude and appreciation do you great credit," said Mr. Benson, patronizingly, "but feeling is very apt to mislead. The judgment and the instructed conscience, united with a sense of responsibility, are the only safe guides. A mother's fondness often makes her foolish. I have reason to believe that your mother was wise, which was a fortunate thing for you. A well-instructed sense of duty, however, might have induced her to do for you many things different from what she did. The fact is," and Mr. Benson lay back in his chair, and inserted his thumbs into the holes of his waistcoat—"the fact is, impulse has no hold upon wisdom, and without wisdom, conscientiously followed in all its dictates, man is like a ship, not only without a rudder, but without any steady and reliable propelling power."

"Did you hear that, Jenny?" inquired Mrs. Coates.

"Well, now I tell you how it seems to me," said Nicholas, excitedly. "A sense of duty is like a sailing vessel, that has to calculate which way the wind blows, and how to make the most of it; to tack constantly among contending forces, always getting out of the way by errors of judgment and miscalculation of currents, while love is like a steamer that goes by a sense of fire—goes through thick and thin by a force inside. That's the way it seems to me."

Mr. Benson was as well aware as the women around him, with the exception of the blindly admiring Mrs. Coates, that he was getting worsted. Not only this, but he was more uncomfortably conscious than he ever was before that there were weak places in his armor; but he simply responded:

"Sophistry again, sophistry again! The

young are prone to it. Experience is a better teacher than argument. It is a comfort to feel that a life as long as mine will conduct my young friend safely to my conclusions."

The conversation was not one to which much could be contributed by the company of comparative strangers. The older ones were interested in it, in some degree, especially as it gave them an opportunity to study Nicholas. Their hearts were, with the exception already made, entirely with the young man. His frank and affectionate allusion to his mother had touched them. The difficulty which he had evidently experienced in overcoming his bashfulness, so far as to be able to talk in their presence, engaged their sympathy. They saw him get into the discussion accidentally, and go through it triumphantly, and they were pleased. Mrs. Ilmansee whispered her congratulations into his ear.

Not the least interested in the group were Miss Larkin and Miss Bruce. They had often heard Mr. Benson expatiate upon his hobby *ad nauseam*. They had never undertaken to controvert his notions, because of his relations to them, and the proud tenacity with which he held them. For a dependent, or any one living under his official protection, to doubt him, would have been treason; yet Miss Larkin was moved to say, in the attempt to break an awkward pause:

"Mr. Benson, it seems to me that we haven't quite arrived at a comprehension of the difference between duty and love, as motives of action."

"Let us hear the wisdom of woman," said Mr. Benson, with a patronizing smile.

There was a spice of insult in the tone, and Miss Larkin felt it, and showed it in her coloring cheeks.

"It seems to me," she said, "that love gives outright what duty pays as a debt. One is a commonplace act, repeated over every tradesman's counter every hour in the day, while the other is glorified by its own grace."

Miss Coates clapped her hands so heartily that everybody laughed, including Mr. Benson, who saw his way out of his difficulty only by playfully declaring it all a conspiracy.

Miss Larkin, having found her voice, continued:

"Now, Mr. Benson, tell me where the world would be if it had missed the grand enthusiasms which the love of liberty, the love of humanity, and the love of God, have inspired?"

"That is a pertinent question," he responded, "and here is another. Where would the world be if, when love had died and enthusiasm expended itself, a sense of duty had not remained to complete their results? That is precisely the point. Why, our very churches are supported three-quarters of every year by a sense of duty. The love and enthusiasm are gone, and what but a sense of duty remains? Do love and enthusiasm carry on a government after some great war in which liberty has been won? Not at all—not at all. That is precisely the point."

Mr. Benson was comfortably sure that he had gained that point.

"Would it not be better if the love and enthusiasm should remain?" inquired Miss Larkin, meekly.

"I don't know about that. We are obliged to take human nature as we find it. The ephemeral and permanent forces of society are what they are. I do not feel in the least responsible for them."

"Then it seems to me that we are obliged to use the sense of duty for something that we feel to be better," responded Miss Larkin.

"Feeling a thing to be better, my child, doesn't make it better," said Mr. Benson. "Feeling is a very poor guide. It is no guide at all. It is a will-o'-the-wisp."

Miss Larkin was put down. It was Mr. Benson's policy always to put women down.

Miss Coates had been aching to talk. She had been intensely interested in the conversation. She had drawn nearer and nearer the speakers, until she was in the center of the group, very much to her mother's delight, who nudged her, and made little exclamations to her as the conversation progressed. Her black eyes flashed as she said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Benson, but I think—if a woman may be permitted to think—that I can tell you what is done, both in churches and governments, when love and enthusiasm die out, and done, too, from a sense of duty. The most horrible deeds the world has ever known were done from a sense of duty. The rack and the thumb-screw have been its instruments. Persecutions, tortures, murders,—these have all been perpetrated in obedience to a sense of duty. The sweetest Christians the world has ever known have been hunted down for heresy,—for using the liberty with which love endowed them to

think for themselves,—all from a sense of duty. It has blindly committed crimes from which love would have shrunk—deeds which love would have known were crimes. Of all the blind bats that ever fluttered through the darkness of this world, it seems to me the sense of duty is the blindest. It assumes so many forms, it calculates, and weighs, and computes so much; it has so many objects, so many conflicting claims; it is so divorced from every touch and quality of generosity, that I hate it, I believe, as much as Mr. Minturn does."

Miss Coates had evidently had "advantages," and had made the most of them. She had seen Miss Larkin put down, had gauged the spirit of her guardian, and had entered the lists for her sex. She was full of fight. There was nothing for Mr. Benson to do but to join battle or retreat.

"Why, Jenny! I believe you are crazy," said Mrs. Coates.

"I presume so," she responded.

"Mrs. McGregor," said Mr. Benson to the lady with the diamond knobs, "I think our conversation must have grown insufferably dull to you. Suppose we try a promenade upon the deck."

Miss Coates knew that the "insufferably dull" was intended to apply to her own remarks, and that his leaving the group was intended to put her down, by indicating that those remarks were considered unworthy of a reply.

"I'm afraid you have grieved Mr. Benson," said her mother.

Grieving Mr. Benson was, to Mrs. Coates, the commission of a sin.

"I hope so," said Miss Coates.

"Why, I thought his remarks were very improving," said the mother.

"Yes, they quite moved me."

"How could you talk so?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

Nicholas had found another girl who did not giggle. The mother was a pill hard to swallow, but the daughter was a sparkling draught. He had been attracted to her from the first by sympathy. He saw at once that she was a sufferer from her mother's gaucheries, and he pitied her. Her little speech, rattled off excitedly, moved his admiration. He saw her snubbed by Mr. Benson. He saw the disgusted look on the faces of the older ladies, who seemed to regard her, not only as off color socially on account of her vulgar mother, but as pert and unmaidenly. So, after Mr. Benson retired, and the little colloquy with her mother, which had been carried on in an undertone, was finished, he said:

"Miss Coates, I congratulate you."

"Thank you;" and she rose with her mother, gave a pleasant good-morning to Miss Larkin, and a bow to Nicholas, and went down-stairs.

"Let's walk," said Mrs. Ilmansee to Nicholas; and Nicholas could do no less than offer her his arm.

"Will you go too, darling?" she said to her sister over her shoulder.

"No, I thank you, dear."

"Do go!" said Nicholas.

"Of course, if you wish it," said Miss Pelton; and Nicholas moved off with a stunning figure almost affectionately leaning on each arm.

Miss Larkin saw the pretty operation, and smiled. She had already learned Nicholas too well to suspect that he could possibly care for either. Nicholas walked with them until they were tired, and then he captured the stately Miss Morgan, and succeeded in wearying her in a few minutes. Little Miss McGregor was quite lively enough for him, but she giggled incessantly, and he was glad to restore her to her seat. He looked for Miss Coates, and wondered at his disappointment when he ascertained that she had disappeared. He had shown no partiality, he had pleased them all; but he felt that he had rather a large job on hand. To be satisfactorily agreeable to half a dozen ladies within sight of each other, would have puzzled an older man than Nicholas; but he was sufficiently surprised with himself, and sufficiently conscious of rapid growth to look the future in the face without apprehension.

He had just turned away from Miss McGregor when it was announced that a strange steamer was in sight off the lee bow. In a moment, all was excitement, and everybody but Miss Larkin rushed leeward to get a view of her.

CHAPTER IV.

Companionship on the great sea is much like companionship in an adventurous and far-reaching life. Near the shore, there is plenty of it,—fishing-smacks, clumsy coasters, lumbering merchantmen, officious pilots offering to guide everybody safely into port for a consideration, tugs and tows, and showy little steamers, bright with paint, flaming with flags, and drawing much attention and little water. A thousand miles at sea, however, companionship is always a surprise and a pleasant novelty. A great

ship meets a great ship in mid-ocean as a great soul meets a great soul in life. Both are seeking distant ports through common dangers. Each has its individual force, and its individual law, so that they cannot remain long together. A courteous dipping of their colors, an ephemeral sense of society, and they part, perhaps forever. Great ships that make great voyages are always lonely ships. Great men that lead great lives have always lonely lives.

It is presumed that pudgy Mrs. Coates never thought of this. It is quite probable that the thought did not occur to her sensible and sensitive daughter. The passengers of a ship identify themselves with it in such a way that they cannot imagine a vessel lonely which has them on board. The lives that a great man attracts to him, or trails behind him, imagine that they furnish him with society, but he has no sense of it. It is only when another great man comes in sight, moved by the same ambitions and high purposes with himself, that he has a sense of grand companionship. He knows, however, that it cannot last long; but the mutual recognition is a help while it lasts, and lingers always as a pleasure in the memory.

The steamer discovered from the deck of the "Ariadne" was one of her own size, which had probably left port on the same day with her, and was bound for the same destination. She had sailed on a nearly parallel course, evidently, which was gradually approaching that of the "Ariadne." Her smoke lay in a long, dim line behind her, and, to the naked eye, she seemed like a pigmy; but her appearance threw all the passengers into a delightful excitement. The somewhat grave conversation of the morning was forgotten in the new object of interest; glasses were passed from hand to hand; the captain was consulted, speculations were indulged in, calculations were made as to whether she were gaining or losing in her race with the "Ariadne," and all the talk was made about her that could possibly be suggested in a company that had nothing else to do.

She hung upon the edge of the horizon all the morning and all the afternoon, keeping, apparently, an even beam with the "Ariadne," though very gradually approaching; but no one on board expected to see her again as he caught the last glimpse of her light streaming toward him when he retired to his bed. It was deemed remarkable that she should have remained in sight so long; but there was not a man or woman of them all who, on arising on the following morning, did not at once seek the deck to learn whether she were still in her place. Indeed, many of them rose earlier than usual, moved by curiosity with relation to her.

There, indeed, she was, just where they had left her, save that she was a little nearer to them. Her black hull stood higher out of the water; her smoke-stack was more plainly defined; her plume of smoke was blacker and larger. She sailed as if bound to the "Ariadne" by an invisible cable that shrank gradually, but perceptibly, from hour to hour.

Another incident had occurred on the voyage which had awakened a good deal of interest among the passengers. Forty-eight hours after leaving port, two birds had appeared by the side of the steamer, flying with it day and night, until it seemed as if they must die of fatigue. Some watched them with painful, pitying interest; others declared that it was a common thing, and that the birds enjoyed it, and knew what they were about. Very soon, however, they became a part of the voyage, and speculations were indulged in concerning their power to keep up the flight across the ocean. Those who had keen sight and sensitive apprehensions saw that the birds were tired and that an end must come. They made occasional feints of alighting upon the steamer, and then flew away, evidently afraid of the tempting resting-place.

On the day after the first appearance of the strange steamer, Mr. Benson sat alone upon the deck, occasionally raising his marine-glass to look at her. Others were not far off; but, at the time, no one was with him. Miss Larkin and Miss Bruce were on the other side of the deck in their usual place, and the other passengers were promenading, or grouped here and there in conversation.

As he withdrew his glass from his eyes, he saw one of the birds fall into the water. It was dead. The other circled once around it, then made for the steamer, and alighted at Mr. Benson's feet. Whether it was from a feeling that the bird was unclean and might harm him, or whether it was from a sense of sudden annoyance, or whether it was from a superstitious impulse, it is probable that Mr. Benson himself did not know; but he kicked the half-dead, helpless little creature away from him. Many had noticed the fall of the bird, and its violent and ungracious repulse, and the exclamation: "Oh, don't!" went up on every side.

Nicholas started from Miss Larkin's chair upon a run, reached the bird before half a dozen others who had started for it under the same impulse, lifted it tenderly in his hands, and bore it to Miss Larkin, who took it in her lap, covered it, and poured out upon it a flood of pitying and caressing words.

It is curious how superstition springs into life at sea. Of all the monsters that swim the deep or haunt the land, there is none so powerful as this, and none like this that is omnipresent. It can be fought or ignored upon the shore, but at sea it looks up from the green hollows of the waves, and lifts its ghostly hands from every white curl of their swiftly formed and swiftly falling summits. It is in the still atmosphere, in the howling wind, in the awful fires and silences of the stars, in the low clouds and the lightnings that shiver and try to hide themselves behind them. Reason retires before its baleful breath, and even faith grows fearful beneath its influence. It fills the imagination with a thousand indefinite forms of evil, and none are so strong as to be unconscious of its power.

Here were two steamers and two birds. One bird had sunk in the sea, the other was saved. The same thought flashed through a dozen minds at once, but no mind was quicker to seize the superstitious alarm than that of Mr. Benson. He cursed the bird in his thought. He was tempted to curse himself for having repulsed it. It was a bad omen. He felt, too, that the deed was unlike him—that he had compromised his character for kindness and steadiness of nerve with the passengers. He felt this so deeply that he apologized for it, on the ground of sudden fright, and went over to Miss Larkin and inquired kindly for the welfare of the little creature. He fought with his own unreasonable alarm. He put his strong will under his sinking heart and tried to lift it. He walked the deck, and threw his coat open to the cool wind, as if that might have the power to waft away the feeling that oppressed him, but the haunting shadow would not leave him.

His feeling was shared, in a degree, by the other passengers, and all mentally looked at him askance. He had been the author of the mischief, whatever it was. Was he a Jonah? Would the elements take revenge upon him for his cruelty? Were they to suffer for it, because caught in his company?

From that moment the strange steamer became more an object of interest than before. Somehow she had united herself to their fate. That which had seemed a pleasant companionship was changed to a haunting specter. The constant vision, the gradual approach, the even, unvarying progress, oppressed them like a nightmare. They wished that she would run away from them or fall behind. The lively promenading was stopped. The singing in the cabin was still. All amusements were set aside, as if by silent, common consent. There were no more groups engaged in lively conversation; but all day long men and women stood alone at the rail watching the companion vessel, that seemed less like a ship than the shadow of their own, only the shadow was shrunk in size and hung off in distance, as if afraid of the form of which it was born.

Mr. Benson retired into himself, and hardly spoke to any one during the day. It was reported among the passengers that the captain had said that he had never known such an instance of even sailing in an experience of thirty years, and this was fuel to the general superstitious feeling.

The bird, however, thrived. After a period of rest, it fed greedily from Miss Larkin's hand, and then tried to get away. It was restrained for a while, but at last it grew so uneasy that she released it. Contrary to the general expectations it did not leave the ship, but flew up into the rigging, where it sat looking out in the direction in which the steamer was sailing, or preening its feathers, or casting its little pink eyes down upon passengers and crew.

The long day wore away, and still the bird remained upon its perch, and still the steamer hung upon the horizon, looking larger than before. As the passengers, one after another, left the deck for their state-rooms, they went down with heavy hearts, dreaming of collisions, and wrecks, and strange birds, and filled with fears that they did not undertake to define. But the night passed away without disturbance, and when they went upon the deck the next morning, it was to find the steamer nearer to them than on the previous night. It was a wonder of wonders; and there was the bird still in the rigging! Why did not the bird fly away?

But the bird did not fly away. He found himself safe, and he was refreshing himself after his long flight, with rest. Food was elevated to him, and he ate, much to the delight of everybody. Toward night, however, it was seen that he was becoming

uneasy. He flew from perch to perch, and finally took up his position upon the top of the foremast. Here he rested for a few minutes, in a fixed lookout, and then spread his wings and flew away from the vessel, easily outstripping her in her own appointed track. As all eyes followed the retreating form, they saw in the distance, hull down, a full-rigged ship. The wind was on her quarter, all sails were set, and as she gradually rose, it was perceived that she was coming straight toward the steamer. The continued speed of the two vessels would bring them to a quick meeting and a quick parting. The bird had evidently seen the vessel, and, by its own instincts, had determined that it would be its guide to the land that it had so hopelessly left behind.

Mr. Benson was nervous. He looked behind him, and saw the ocean all aflame with the reflection of the reddest sun he had ever beheld. How could a pilot see in the face of such a fire? he questioned. He thought of the hundred stories he had read of mysterious wrecks from more mysterious blunders, and felt that he should be relieved when that vessel were once left behind.

The strange steamer was at once forgotten in the presence of a more immediate object of interest. Some of the gentlemen left their positions on the after-deck, and went forward, in order to rid themselves of the obstacles to close and constant vision which the upper-works of the steamer interposed. All watched her with a strange, silent interest, as her great black hull was lifted more and more into view, and her magnificent spread of canvas grew rosy in the rays of the descending sun. It was not until the sun hung but a few minutes above his setting that her bow showed itself plainly, parting the waves before it as if her bowsprit were a wand of enchantment.

She was a beautiful vision, and many were the exclamations of admiration that went up among the passengers, but all had a secret feeling that her course was too directly in the path of the steamer, and watched her, momentarily expecting her to change her course. The steamer blew a warning signal. Whether it was wrongly given, or misunderstood, nobody, in the absorbing excitement of the moment, could understand or remember; but both vessels turned in the same direction, and both were under a full spread of canvas. Collision seemed imminent. Every excited witness held his breath, and steeled his nerves to meet the impending consequences of the blunder. The steamer blew another warning signal. A terrible, insane confusion seemed to have seized the minds of those in control, for both vessels were again turned in the same direction. Then the steam was shut off, and for a moment that awful silence came which wakes the soundest sleeper at sea, when, after days of ceaseless crash and jar, and forward push and plunge, the great fiery heart of the steamer stands still. Then the screw was reversed, and slowly, at last, the huge bulk yielded to the new motion, but it was too late. A few seconds passed, during which three hundred aching hearts stood still, and then there came a crash so deafening, deadening, awful, that many swooned, and yells and screams and curses and prayers were mingled in a wild confusion that neither words can portray nor imagination conceive. The steamer was struck diagonally upon her bows. If she had been a living thing, and the ship had been a missile hurled at her, she might be spoken of as having received a wound in her breast.

The backward motion of the steamer and the recoil of both vessels from the cruel blow, dragged them apart, amid the crash of falling spars and the snapping of strained and tangled cordage; and then the ship, with the most of her sails still spread to the breeze, raked the steamer from stem to stern, and passed on. As she went by the little crowd of pale-faced, trembling men and women, grouped upon the after-deck, a dozen eyes caught a glimpse of the well-known bird, flying in the face of the ship's pilot, as if protesting against his carelessness, or as if it had foreseen the danger of the accident, and had left the steamer to avert it.

There was running to and fro, shouting, praying, confusion everywhere, on board the steamer. Steerage passengers came out of their hiding-places, and many of them were with difficulty restrained from throwing themselves into the sea. Stokers—begrimed, besooted, bathed in perspiration—climbed from their Plutonian depths, with ghastly eyes, like so many walking Deaths, and wildly gazed around them. The captain, smitten with confusion at first, was the first to gain self-control. His voice was heard above the din, and men tried to be calm, and to fasten their hopes upon him. He sent the carpenter and some of the officers below to examine into the nature and extent of the damage. A long, impatient, murmuring silence followed, and then the men returned. It was not needful to ask what they had found. It was imprinted upon their faces,

which seemed to have grown old and withered while they were gone.

Command was at once given to lower the boats from their davits. Then apprehension gave place to certainty, and all was confusion again, though here and there there were men and women who rose from their fear into a calmness, such as only comes to some in the presence of death.

It was Mr. Benson's trial hour. He was then to show exactly what he was worth. Thus far, his life had flowed on calmly and unperturbed. Armored all over with the pride of integrity, of self-sufficiency and self-control, he and all those who knew him were to learn whether his armor, like that of the steamer, was to be broken through, and he left to sink or float a hopeless wreck on the ocean of life. He realized this in such a degree as was possible to him under the circumstances; but even here his mind went to work automatically, as it were, to construct his duties. He owed his first duties to himself and the great army dependent upon him at home. It was for him to save his life. He could not forget Miss Larkin, however, if he would. There she sat in her helplessness—pale, anxious, looking at him with a mute appeal, but breathing not a word.

Mr. Benson's face was like that of a dead man. He started to go to Miss Larkin. Then he paused. Then he went over and wrung her hand.

"Poor child!" he said; but he did not say "I will try to save you."

He was watching the boats, as they were lowering to the water, and the frenzied crowd that were trying to get into them. Then, as if seized with a frantic impulse to save himself, he darted from her side, rushed into the thick of the struggling crowd, parted a way for himself with muscles that seemed hardened into iron, and, as the first boat touched the water, precipitated himself among the struggling, cursing men, who, wild like himself, had forgotten all the helplessness they had left behind them. The disgraceful flight and plunge had been effected within sight of Miss Larkin.

"Dear God!" she exclaimed. "How I pity that poor man!"

When Mr. Benson had righted himself, after his dangerous leap, and before the boat was entirely clear of the steamer, he came to himself, but it was too late. He looked up and saw Miss Larkin. From that moment of ineffable anguish and humiliation the Mr. Benson whom he had known and believed in, had honored and been proud of, was dead. He had lost himself. His long self-circumspection, his careful preservation of his integrity, his unconscious nursing of self-love, had culminated in a sudden, stunning act of dastardy. He saw, in one swift moment, as in a vision of God, Mr. Benjamin Benson as a loathsome, painted sepulcher. Swift into that foul inclosure, swarmed a thousand fiendish forms, against which he fought, until he ground his teeth and groaned in anguish. What if he should be saved? What if Miss Larkin should die? How could he manage to get the most out of her estate for himself? These thoughts were interjected between those which related to his own safety as if they had been darts fired at him from the damned. He could not quench or repel them. Wild, staring men were around him, struggling in the waters. The impulse came to cast himself among them, and share their impending fate, in the hope to hide himself from himself, in the depths that could so quickly quench his life; but the instinct of self-preservation was too strong for the impulse, and held him to his seat. He tried to believe that he had done his duty, but he was unsatisfied. The devil furnished him with a thousand apologies, that limped into his mind, and limped out again, as if ashamed of themselves, or disgusted with the place into which they had been sent.

He did not look at Miss Larkin again. The shame, the humiliation, the sense of immitigable disgrace, the discovery of his own hollowness, selfishness and cowardice, the realization of his loss of the estate of manhood, held down his head as if it had been transmuted into lead.

But strong men were at the oars, and, helped by the wind, the boat rounded the sinking prow of the steamer and disappeared from Miss Larkin's sight. She caught one glimpse of his white, despairing face, saw him wringing his impotent hands, and in her heart bade him an eternal farewell. She saw it all without a throb of resentment. She had read, through her instincts, what the wise and experienced world had never been able to see—what Mr. Benson himself had never seen until this moment—and she was not disappointed.

The boats were quite incompetent to hold all the life upon the steamer, and one was swamped in getting off. The excitement attending their launching was uncontrollable, and helplessness had no chance within its circle. Meantime, the captain, notwithstanding his inability to quell the frenzy that

reigned around him, had not only regained but kept his head. He had fired signals of distress. As the sun went down, he let off rockets that called for help. He had watched the ship that had collided with the steamer, and seen her rounding in the crimson track of the dying daylight, with the purpose of offering assistance. The companion steamer that had excited so many superstitious fears, had changed her course and was making for the wreck. All looked hopeful, and he went around, cheering the passengers with the intelligence. If the steamer would only keep afloat for half an hour, all would be saved. Courage sprang up on every hand. The boat in which Mr. Benson had embarked was seen going with the wind toward the approaching steamer, and its inmates would doubtless be picked up.

Nicholas was on the alert, and saw that the wreck was sinking forward. He was hopeful and cheerful, and found, in the pale and frightened group around him, his lady acquaintances. He provided them all with life-preservers, gave them such directions as he could, in preparation for the anticipated emergency, cheered them with brave words, and behaved, much to his own surprise, like a brave and self-poised man.

Mrs. Coates went over to him, as he knelt by Miss Larkin's side, and with lips livid and trembling said:

"Mr. Minturn, save Jenny. Don't mind me."

"Bless you, my good woman, for that. If I live, I shall always remember it. I'll do what I can to save you both."

The women around were tearfully shaking hands with one another, or embracing one another silently.

Nicholas turned to Miss Larkin, whom he would not leave, and said:

"Miss Larkin, can you die?"

"Yes, if God wills."

"Can you die, Miss Bruce?"

"Yes, if I must."

"So can I, and by these tokens we shall all live. The calmness that comes of resignation will help us to save ourselves, and I believe we shall have need of it."

At that moment the incoming water found the fires of the steamer, and a great volume of hot vapor shot up through every opening and enveloped the ship. Men rushed aft, as they saw the bow hopelessly settling, until the deck was covered with a motley crowd of steerage passengers, engineers, stokers and sailors. Among them came the captain. People seized upon chairs, settees, everything that would float. Some brought doors with them, that they had wrenched from their hinges. One wild man, black with the dust of coal, among which he had spent the voyage, found nothing on which to lay his hand for safety, and advancing to Miss Larkin, sought to wrench the chair from under her. Nicholas felled him to the deck with an impulsive blow. The wretch picked himself up, apparently unconscious of what had stunned him.

The scenes that accompanied the few which have been depicted were too painful and too confused for description. The struggle of helpless lives in the water; the men and women who stood apart, stunned by the imminent calamity, and prayed; the swooning forms that lay around upon the hard planks of the deck; the fierce eyes that tried for the first time to look death in the face; the selfish, brutal struggles for the means of safety; the tender farewells, given and received, formed a scene to linger forever a burden of distress in the memory, but one which the pen is impotent to portray.

Nicholas looked up and saw the captain.

"My good fellow," said the latter, "you are all right. I am going down near you, and we'll do what we can to save these women."

There was something very hearty and reassuring in his tone, and the ladies gathered around the pair. The captain saw plainly that help could not reach them before the final catastrophe, which seemed to be rapidly approaching.

To those who have spent many and happy days upon a steamer, she becomes, or seems, a living and sentient thing. Her steadily beating heart, her tireless arms, her ceaseless motion, her power to buffet the waves, her loyal obedience to orders, form so many analogies to life that the imagination readily crowns her with consciousness, and endows her with feeling. To those who watched the "Ariadne," as her bows settled hopelessly in the water, she seemed reluctant to leave the light of the stars, and take up her abode in the awful profound whose depths awaited her. In the sore pity of themselves was mingled a strange pity for her. No power was strong enough to save her, and they might be saved. It was like parting with a friend who had sheltered, fed and served them.

She paused for a minute as if holding her breath; then as if her breath were all expired in a moment, and hope had taken its flight, she went down, amid shrieks and

prayers and wild bewailings, that at one moment were at their highest, and at the next were as still as if every mouth had been struck by a common blow. In the sudden immersion in the cold element, many a heart ceased to beat forever, and many a life went out. Those who retained their consciousness felt themselves going down, down, among eddies that twisted their limbs, wrenched their bodies, tossed them against each other, bruising and benumbing them, until all was still, and they felt themselves rising, with a delicious sense of buoyancy and triumph.

They emerged, some of them wholly conscious, some half conscious, some unconscious, and without reason, but answering efficiently to the dictates of a blind instinct of self-preservation, each to appropriate the help of such pieces of drift as were within reach. The first voices heard were those of the captain and Nicholas, cheering the weak and struggling men and women around them. The first effect of the immersion soon wore away, and, under the awful stimulus of the moment, thought was active and expedient almost miraculous.

Miss Larkin had gone down just as she sat. Without concert or calculation, Nicholas and Miss Bruce had gone down on either side of her, and her chair, lighter than herself, had remained under her and buoyed her throughout the awful descent and the long passage to the surface. Nicholas found himself, on rising, with one hand grasping her chair, and the other her arm. The young woman and her companion were both alive, and both could speak.

A huge piece of drift came near Nicholas and he seized it. It was not only large enough for the three, it was large enough for a dozen. When the two immediately under his care had secured firm hold upon it, he and the captain gathered others to it. Nicholas was not a swimmer, but he swam. The emergency developed both power and skill. He had the unspeakable satisfaction of gathering to his buoy several of the ladies whom he knew. The action wearied him; but his long unused vitality stood him in good stead. He had resources that laboring men never possess in such emergencies. He assured them that the boats of the rescuers were close at hand, and all they needed for safety was to keep their heads above water. All grew wise and calm with every passing moment; and, in the common calamity, brave and mutually helpful. The selfish greed for safety disappeared. Twenty minutes—it seemed an age—passed, and then, while Nicholas and his group were deep down in the hollow of a wave, a boat appeared upon its crest above them. Oh! the fierce shout that rose, and the answering cheer! Soon the boat was near them, and strong arms were ready. It was difficult to lift in the poor women, amid the rise and fall of the waves, without bruises; but one after another was carefully raised from her hold, and placed in the boat, where they swooned or cowered together for warmth. Soon another boat appeared, and another, and another. Torches were flaming here and there. Re-assuring shouts went up on every hand. Both the steamer and the ship were represented among the rescuers, and not a single life that could hold itself above the surface was suffered to go down.

The captain was lifted into one of the steamer's boats, while Nicholas, and those immediately around him, were rescued by one of the boats from the ship. They went different ways, and were parted forever.

During the absence of the boats from the ship, she had drifted nearer to them, and sent up signals and hung out lights to guide the weary boatmen back to their vessel. The steamer's boats had the wind with them, and as she, too, had crept nearer, their shivering, half drowned freight of men and women had but a short passage from their benumbing bath to the light and warmth of the cabin, and the ministry of tender and efficient hands. The steamer was at once transformed into a hospital, in which extemporized physicians and volunteer nurses spent the night in the long and tedious work of resuscitation.

Among those who stood upon her deck, as one after another the boats came in, and the victims of the great catastrophe were lifted through the gangway, was Mr. Benson. He watched with awful interest every face and form; and when the last boat-load was discharged, he turned away with a pitiful groan, and laid his face in his hands and wept like a child. He had hoped she would come. He had hoped that she would help to save him from himself. Do what he would, however, his pecuniary interest in her constantly obtruded itself. He tried to get away from it and shut it out; but it would not leave him. After learning that the boats of the ship had rescued quite a number of the passengers, he wondered if Nicholas had saved her. If he had done so, and also saved himself, what would be the result? Then he found a curious enmity in his heart

springing up against Nicholas. All the forces, plans, purposes, prides of his life, were in wild confusion. Like a great god in marble, he saw the deity he had made of himself tumbled from its pedestal, and broken into a thousand fragments.

He would forget. He would win back his self-respect. In deeds of mercy, in acts of service, he would spend his life to atone for the past. Impulsively he sought the cabin, and there, with strong arms and tireless hands, he devoted himself to the sufferers. When others slept, he watched. When others were weary, he supplemented their feeble efforts with his own frenzied strength.

The steamer only paused to start her boats toward their davits, then the engineer's bell rang, the sails were hoisted, and the great creature went booming across the waves into the night, to complete her five hundred leagues before she should again stand still.

Nicholas and his party were lifted on board the ship, more dead than alive. They found rougher hands to tend them, among the emigrants that thronged her decks, but they were moved by hearts as warm as those that throbbed under finer vestures in the cabin of the steamer. Though chilled and bruised, not one of all the rescued number failed to respond to the means of recovery.

A few pieces of drift, scattering every moment, and lifting themselves upon the waves that swept the great solitude, were all that was left of the huge organism that so lately carved her way across the all-embracing element. She went down with all her cunning machinery, her gigantic power, her burden of wealth, to sleep a mile below the waves, and wait until some convulsion of reforming or dying nature shall lift her from her bed,—but not a soul was lost!

Not a soul was lost. There must be somewhere, some One, who looks upon what we call calamity with a different eye from ours. The life beyond must be so much brighter than this that those who suffer death find payment for all their pain, and terror is forgotten in an overwhelming joy. Many went down and their bodies never rose; but something rose. No one saw the meetings in the air. No one witnessed the transition from pain to pleasure, from slavery to freedom, from darkness to light; but he whose faith clings to the risen Master believes that because He lives, all these live also.

No pity for these, but pity for him who found in his selfish and cowardly experience a terrific meaning in the familiar text: "He that saveth his life shall lose it!"

(To be continued.)

MY FRIEND MOSES.

WHILE the late civil war was in progress I unwillingly gained an acquaintance who finally became my dearest friend, and from whom I parted with a regret which I cannot hope to outlive. His position was far too lowly for his deserts, yet he seemed always to be loyally content therewith. Although a tried and approved hero, Congress never tendered him a vote of thanks, nor was he ever the recipient of a dress-sword, a gold-mounted revolver, or a handsome set of accouterments from his native town or State. It was perhaps as well for all concerned, that my friend Moses had not been offered any of these evidences of the occasional fallacy of the rule regarding the ingratitude of republics, for so complete was his satisfaction with his customary surroundings that he would have regarded any conventional testimonial with good-natured wonder not unmixed with contempt. The privilege of action, and the consciousness of brave deeds dared and arduous toils accomplished, were to Moses the fullness of reward for all his successes. To camp vices he was an utter stranger; he never gambled, swore, drank, or used tobacco in any form. Upon property rights his mind was not always clear, but even here his transgressions were dictated only by the highest sentiments of self-preservation; he appropriated the property of others only so far as was necessary to the maintenance of life; and what in this individual case was called theft was that operation which when performed by a collective military body, was known as the permissible act of "foraging."

Loyal, intelligent, honest, industrious, enduring, handsome and brave, there was yet one fatal bar to the promotion of Moses

—he was a horse. Rumor hath it that members of a family closely allied to that of Moses, but exhibiting more generosity of ear, have been found within the uniforms of brigadiers, and even under the stars of major-generals; but the shortness and delicacy of Moses's organs of hearing made it impossible for him to hope for promotion through family influence. His nearest approach to preferment occurred when I, his temporary owner, added one stripe to the two which were already on my sleeve, and became by virtue of my position as second sergeant, the commander of a platoon of cavalry, with the right to ride upon the flank of the column. Moses seemed to grow a hand in stature when he realized that he was not thereafter to have his dainty nose switched by the tail of a file-leader, or his tender feet trodden on by a clumsy follower.

Like many others of the blessings of my life, Moses came not only unsought, but against my will. When the company to which I belonged had been in service a scant month, and before it possessed a horse or a fire-arm, the regiment was ordered out as a scouting party, and a hurried issue of horses and arms was made. As at this time the war had lasted but a year and a half, it was not wonderful that no ammunition could be had for the revolvers. The quartermaster had plenty of carbine cartridges, however, and the only three members of the company who had ever used loose ammunition in revolvers were detailed to break up the cartridges, remold the bullets, and charge the hundred pistols. I was one of the three. Between reluctant machinery in the weapons, and the trimming of some bullets which a warped mold left misshapen, the task lasted from the tattoo of one night until an hour or two after the reveille of the following morning. When, with aching eye, I sought the stables, the wonder of which I had heard of many times since the company had been aroused, the stable-orderly led me to a stall, pointed to its occupant, and remarked, "That's *your* hoss."

The animal, an angular, sorry-looking beast, laid his ears upon his neck and shot forth his heels, perhaps by way of introduction.

"I won't ride such a brute!" I roared, retreating upon the orderly's feet in my anxiety to escape the animal's flying hoofs.

"Won't, eh?" snarled the official, mumbling over some dreadful oaths, as he squeezed his bruised toes. "Then you'll have to walk, I guess, for he's the last hoss of the lot—all the rest is give out."

I had already been a soldier long enough to recognize at sight the inevitable; but the longer I gazed at my charger the more dismally my spirits drooped. I had long thought that the most desirable approach to danger would be to have a horse shot under me; the contemplation of this particular animal confirmed me in my impression, and caused me to hope for a speedy realization of my pet dream of glory. But contemplation was out of order at seven o'clock of a morning on which "boots and saddles" was to sound at 7.30; so I hastily attempted to become acquainted with my horse. The stables were open at the rear, but closed in front, and roofed with loose pine poles upon which brushwood had been thrown. Attempting to enter the stall, I was warned by the occupant's ears to desist, and my ejaculation in imperious tones of "Whoa, sir! stand over!" was received with silent contempt. There was but one hope left; so, followed by the jeers of the orderly, I climbed the frame of the stables, and let myself down through the roof. Compelled at last to grant me an interview, my new acquisition noticed that I held in one hand a piece of an army biscuit, upon which I had been breakfasting. This he sniffed at and appropriated, assuming slowly the eye of a gratified connoisseur. I immediately extracted another biscuit from my pocket and presented it, a morsel at a time, following up as rapidly as possible the favorable impression I had made. I stroked his nose, patted his withers, rubbed down his legs, and smoothed his flanks. When, finally, I gently scratched the underpart of his jaw (a service which no horse can perform for himself), he expressed his confidence by rubbing his nose on the breast of my jacket, and we parted, temporarily, with assurances of mutual understanding.

When, however, "boots and saddles" finally sounded, and I led my charger, duly caparisoned, to the company street, he hinted pretty strongly his disapprobation of the whole proceeding. "Prepare to mount! —mount!" shouted the captain. The instant I gained the saddle my horse shot from the line, galloped to the stables, and dashed into his stall, his master dropping over the animal's neck just in time to escape impalement on the poles which constituted the low-hanging eaves. Tightening his curb-chain, I again led the animal toward his

company, mounted him, and tried to ride into my place in line. But the noble steed preferred to select his society for himself. On the general parade-ground a group of mounted officers sat chatting, and toward these my horse moved sidewise, in spite of bit and spur. Edging his way into the group, he manifested his delight by a series of vigorous kicks. Numerous, and of scriptural derivation, were the remarks which this operation called forth, as by merciless spurring I urged the brute back to his own troop. Reaching the troop, he moved along its rear, kicking without intermission, and finally took position on the extreme left, where the captain was glad to leave him.

During our first expedition a Trinity (Dublin) man called my attention to the brands on my horse's shoulder. Above the U. S. which each army horse displayed was the letter of my own troop, M; beneath the Government brand, and not so distinct, was the letter A, which had been bestowed in earlier days. "M—U—S—A," quoth my Irish friend, "that's the Greek for Moses." A bad pun or two came from listeners, one to the effect that Moses was a *profit*—to the man who sold him—and that he seemed at home in *rushes*, such as that which he had made on the stables; then the troop decided, with my consent, that Moses was to be my horse's name.

From that day to the sad one which witnessed his untimely taking-off, Moses never failed to create entertainment and demand admiration. Under good treatment, and with the assistance of more oats than he was legally entitled to, his form soon lost all lines but such as were graceful. When occasion presented, he proved himself the fastest horse in the regiment. His watchful eye took in all details of camp and road, while his sleepless heels commanded the respect of his comrades. So skilled was he in the use of these natural weapons that when a contraband gravely suggested that Moses's early education had been conducted by a mule, the troop unhesitatingly accepted the theory. So gleefully and neatly were his kicks delivered, so regardless was Moses of the object which they might strike, that my comrades, excepting only those who had been kicked, regarded Moses's efforts with that admiration which Englishmen are wont to accord to skillful boxers. On our first battalion drill, as we wheeled from column of platoons into line, the successful completion of the movement was hailed by Moses with a joyous kick which broke the leg of the sergeant upon the flank of the platoon at my right; the sergeant, who was an old soldier, remained in hospital a year and a half with his fracture and its sequences, but upon his return to duty he never spoke reproachfully to or of Moses. It mattered not whose horse happened to be tied near him when the column halted temporarily; he injured a general's horse, once, because of a trifling disagreement about some oats belonging rightfully to the latter, and when, one lovely evening, the chaplain tied his horse near mine and retired to the forest and his devotions, the holy man's charger was so effectually lamed that his owner completed the expedition on the caisson of a mountain howitzer. During short halts, general and staff officers, looking around a well-occupied rail fence for a tying place, were often attracted by the vacant space which members of my own troop had learned to leave on each side of Moses; then it was that the weariest patriot in the regiment would cheerfully raise his head in anticipation of the excitement which was sure to follow, and men who lived not for themselves alone would steal silently among the unwary, rousing every one who slept, knowing well that the smothered curse would be mentally retracted the instant the sleeper learned why he had been awakened.

Moses was a consistent materialist. Of any source of strength other than that whose organic basis was in his own stomach he had no conception; his operations in provisions were therefore as guileless as the unlawful acts of a pagan. This concession was not always made as cheerfully as it should have been by those whom Moses despoiled of their property. He would quietly gnaw a hole in the grain-bag upon the saddle of some horse near him, and do it with such intelligence that only such oats as he himself removed would be lost. No one knew better than he the way of a haversack; could he find one of these carry-alls at a saddle-bow or upon a tree, he would open it with his teeth, and extract such vegetable diet as it contained, not excepting coffee and sugar. The familiarity born of true friendship was the apparent cause of my being occasionally relieved of three days' rations by Moses, who would deftly examine my haversack as I stood before him in that obliviousness which comes of interested conversation. Occasionally I wounded his feelings by rebuking him for his thoughtlessness, but when one day, Moses, with penitent countenance, offered back to me, with his teeth, the much chewed

bag which had held my coffee and sugar, I vowed that I would thereafter forestall by watchfulness the necessity for reproof.

Like most beings who are successful in appropriating the property of others, Moses was grandly generous when occasion demanded. In a large cavalry camp, permanently located, there are generally a few horses which are hopelessly worthless, and only await the formality of survey to gain admittance to the eternal shades by the way carefully marked out in the Army Regulations. These poor animals are frequently turned loose, and compelled to find material for their own sustenance, while the rations drawn for them are distributed among serviceable horses. On a cold winter morning, one of these poor veterans who had been denied admission everywhere else timidly approached Moses's stall. The alert ears pointed warningly, and an uplifting of the terrible heels seemed imminent, when Moses, who had looked around at the intruder, suddenly forbore all hostile demonstrations; he signified his sympathy, in some manner known only to horses, so promptly and unmistakably that a moment later the wayfarer was eating the oats which I had shortly before deposited for Moses, while the benefactor, first passing his nose gently along the stranger's neck, licked his shoulder, which was as near an approach to the human pat on the back as could be expected of a horse. Never before or afterward did I detect Moses in the act of going hungry for sweet charity's sake, but in subsequent days I never ceased to suspect him of gentle deeds, and I scorned to discuss the question with that wretched clique of philosophers who demanded proof in support of every moral theory.

When I was upon the back of Moses, I could easily divine the origin of the myth of the centaur. My own sentiment seemed always to communicate itself to my horse; after we had passed the first week of our acquaintanceship, I was never conscious of any effort to impart my will to Moses. So long as my hand touched the bridle rein, he knew my every mood, and even when the rein dropped he would not manifest serious doubt. Never was I startled but Moses's great heart began to thump violently under the saddle, the disturbance quieting only when my own mind became re-assured. In like manner, Moses's feelings were quickly impressed upon his rider. It was impossible for me to feel despondent when Moses was cheerful; good spirits always increased his dignity and grace, so that even out of shame I would reform my own spirits until they corresponded with his. Occasionally he would discover the superiority of his own intelligence, and then, instead of displaying the arrogance which is natural to beings of low birth and defective breeding, he would be simply firm and insist upon his supremacy. On the darkest night I ever knew, my regiment was in a strange neighborhood in Virginia, endeavoring to effect a surprise, but neither duty nor danger deterred me from dropping asleep in my saddle. I must have guided Moses unconsciously out of the road and halted him, for when I awoke, every thing about us was still. Our situation was unenviable, for before I had fallen asleep we were nearer Richmond than our own camp (at Williamsburg). Trying to find the road, an occasional encounter between a tree and one of my knees showed me that we were in a forest, and the evidence repeated itself too often to let me imagine that I had succeeded. At length I dropped the rein, despairing of finding the road before day-break, but no sooner had I abandoned the search than Moses took command; he threaded his way among the trees, found the road (which was excellent) and at once took a gait which I knew, without ocular demonstration, to be unusual. So much time was consumed on this solitary ride that I determined that Moses must be returning to camp, and I endeavored to check his speed, lest I might alarm the pickets and be favored with a shot for not having the countersign. But for once Moses was refractory; he rightly objected to divided responsibility in a case where it was evident that all the positive convictions were on one side. Gloomy forebodings of a trial by court-martial for abandonment of duty while in the face of the enemy, were suddenly arrested by a cry of, "Halt! Who comes there?" I pulled desperately at the bridle and shouted "Friend!" but Moses for the first time in our mutual career disregarded a summons which he understood as well as I did; he dashed furiously along, and I heard a familiar voice exclaiming, "Look out, boys!—it's H—— on that infernal kickin' plug of his!" Then I knew we were passing our own rear-guard; a moment later, though I could not discern even a shadow, the jubilant kicks which Moses launched, and the vigorous oaths which they elicited, showed me that I was again in my rightful position on the flank of my own troop.

On another occasion, Moses displayed his

intelligence in a manner more nearly human. He and I had been sent from the front to a post twenty miles away, to pilot an infantry regiment to the general rendezvous; we had therefore endured forty miles of extra duty between dusk and daylight. Utterly exhausted, I threw myself on the ground in an old corn-field where my company was in bivouac, and with Moses's bridle over my arm, and a corn-hill for a pillow, I dropped asleep. I was finally aroused by some one raising my feet alternately and then dropping them. My capabilities as a sound sleeper had made me the subject of many a similar trick, but that any one could so mistreat me on this particular morning seemed maliciously cruel. Feigning sleep, I slowly moved my hands over the ground in search of a clod with which to punish my tormentor; finding this, I sprang up hastily, to find that Moses was the offender, and that he was about to repeat the operation. An alarm had been sounded, the company was mounted and ready to go into action, and Moses had taken upon himself the responsibility of waking me, the whole troop smiling approval and greeting his success with three hearty cheers, to which he responded by some veritable horse-play.

Like all other beings of fine organization, Moses held death in utter horror. His first encounter with the destroyer nearly deprived him of my companionship, for at the sight of a dead horse he shied so violently that I nearly lost my seat. Then he approached the body; wistfully and wonderingly he looked it over with solemn earnestness, and then he turned his head and looked inquiringly at me, his great eyes taking a deep violet hue, and seeming to melt. I did all that I could to comfort him, but that which was a mystery to me I could not hope to explain to Moses, so for the remainder of the day he was subdued and pensive of mien.

I was one of three men who alone, out of the hundred recruited for my company, were politically in sympathy with the party in power; when, therefore, in the fall of 1863, the Government began to raise colored troops and officer them from the rank and file of the volunteers, my compatriots were untiring in their suggestions that I should join myself to individuals who, by half of my company, were styled my "dharlin naygurs." I was "passed" by the Examining Board which sat in Washington, but when I learned that no cavalry appointments were to be made, my heart sank within me. For what was to become of Moses? I had longed for a cavalry appointment, in which case I hoped, with the connivance of my old captain, to convey Moses to the department quartermaster, from whom I might purchase him at the Government valuation. Hope came from an unexpected source, however; the department commander, who was a favorite of the Administration, was organizing cavalry regiments from the contrabands within his line, and he offered me an appointment. With this in my pocket, in the same envelope with an order from Mr. Stanton to report for duty to the commandant of an infantry regiment organizing in New York, I set out one morning for department headquarters, forty miles away. During a preliminary ride of ten miles, on the back of Moses, my mind was so distressed by conflicting emotions, that I had no heart for rejoicing over the certainty of promotion from the ranks. For a cavalry sergeant to accept any infantry position which would compel him to march on foot seemed willful degradation; on the other hand, my family was in New York, and not even the pride of a trooper could stifle natural affection. I finally grew reasonably cheerful, under the hope that, on reporting for duty at department head-quarters, an earnest appeal might secure me a short furlough, in which case I could visit my family, roll my infantry appointment into cigar-lighters, and hurry back to Moses and duty. I did not communicate my plans to Moses; even could I have been sure of making him understand them, I trembled at the thought of the jealousy which might be his when he learned that he was not alone in my regard, and I dreaded to wound his pride by the suggestion that he could be bought at the price of an ordinary horse. But Moses seemed instinctively to gain a knowledge of the whole matter; he exercised that prophetic faculty which is peculiar to beings of exalted ideals and pure lives. Many times, in the course of this short ride, he turned his head suddenly to look at me; when, finally, I dismounted, and, determined not even to imagine a final good-bye, spoke cheerily to him as I handed his halter to the man who was to lead him back to camp, Moses cast upon me a look of sorrow not entirely unmixed with reproach. This was too much. I threw my arms about his neck, drew his head down, and told him the whole story. For a moment he seemed somewhat to doubt the sincerity

of my devotion, but at length he rubbed his nose in my bosom, and I felt that confidence between us was fully restored. To be prepared against the worst, I took a generous strand from his wavy mane and hid it in my breast-pocket, offering in return a piece of bread, which I rejoiced to think would become a part of Moses's very life. He intently watched my embarkation by steamer, and as the boat left her pier and I hurried aft and shouted "Good-bye, Moses!" the faithful fellow stopped suddenly on his homeward journey, and took that observing pose which is above all others intelligent. I never doubted that his eyes discovered the friend for whom they were seeking, for the royal switch which he gave with his tail was not prompted by any external irritation.

At department head-quarters I learned that the commandant was absent, and the New York steamer was just ready to depart; then it was that the fates strove successfully for my relatives and against Moses. When it became known in my old camp that the rider of Moses had departed, nine out of ten of the regimental officers and privates wanted the horse; my captain, however, who was the sole legal arbiter of Moses's fate, was a gentleman, and therefore able to sympathize with a bereaved horse. He consulted me and complied with my desire that my special two-footed friend should thereafter act as chief companion to Moses; as this soldier had long been Moses's faithful admirer, without ever manifesting a single sign of selfishness in his feelings, and had even stolen oats for Moses when I was sick, I felt that the arrangement would be consolatory and beneficial to my old charger, though I never once believed that Moses would forget his first love. I demanded and received frequent bulletins of Moses's health, and sent many affectionate messages to him, but I never allowed my jealous feelings to disturb the peace for which I was unable to substitute anything better.

Like many another hero of the war, Moses was not allowed to meet a hero's death. A stupid boor (who afterward became a deserter) one day felled a tree in such manner that it fell upon Moses and crushed him. An old friend of mine, controlling an impulse to shoot the murderer, made haste to put a merciful bullet into Moses's ear. No hole of earth received his remains, for the forest, taking fire soon after his death, afforded a funeral pyre of a magnitude somewhat in keeping with the virtues of the dead hero.

Since parting from Moses I have formed acquaintanceship with many estimable horses, whose mental and physical virtues I have never been reluctant to acknowledge; I have passed many a pleasant hour in studying the faces and forms of horses of fine family and faultless breeding; but no other horse has ever had the slightest success in attempts to step into that place in my heart which Moses vacated. The spur which occasionally—never with cause—had touched Moses's side is as dear to me as lady's glove ever was to lover, and no treasured curl in America can inspire more tenderly mournful reveries than does a braid of hair taken from the mane and tail of Moses. When I recall the friends of other days, Moses is among the first of those who respond; and sometimes, when in dreams of the night I imagine myself to have passed into that land for which even the worst doubters find themselves often hoping, and am surrounded by a welcoming group of dear old friends of every age and condition, among and between them is sure to steal, first a sensitive nose, then an honest brown face, two soft eyes, and a starred brow, over which waves a lock of coal-black hair.

WHAT OUR CHURCHES COST US.

At a time like the present, when prudent people are disposed to scrutinize expenditures with a view to retrench wherever practicable, it is well to look at what it costs to carry on our churches.

The question before us is simply this: whether the ordinary average cost of carrying on the churches of this country in proper efficiency will bear retrenchment. Whether retrenchment is desirable in spots,—whether extravagance has been rife in particular instances, is not the question. That in some localities too many churches have been built, and in others too costly churches,—that too much money has sometimes gone for high-flown music that was not worship, is not questioned. But that the financial balance-sheet of our churches—even of

city churches—as a whole exhibits any superfluous expense, is greatly to be doubted.*

Furthermore, our question is not to be confounded with a question that is sometimes regarded as equivalent, viz: the cost of going to church. This latter question is variably answered according as conscience and religion, and caprice or the love of show, and personal pride assert themselves in the decision. Many people go to city churches, and make a respectable appearance among the congregation, and obtain the benefit they seek, for an outlay upon attire and sittings that would be declared quite inadequate by people of more pretentious feelings in the same social grade. The same cause that makes the cook or chambermaid sometimes dress more stylishly than the mistress operates to keep some people from church on pretense of the expense of attending. And the money thus saved often goes to the circus, the theater, and the cigar shop.

The cost of carrying on our churches can be best appreciated when put comparatively beside the cost of other things. What some are wont to regard as the large expense of supporting those institutions of religion on which so much depends, shrinks into a much smaller item, when compared with the expense of a great many other institutions and things whose cost is little thought of. We are fully aware that such a comparison may at first seem inconclusive as to the point in question. It is admitted that retrenchment is demanded almost everywhere. It may be imperative in regard to churches, also, some may think, notwithstanding they have been less costly, less wasteful than most other things. And yet it cannot be denied that the comparison which has been suggested will at least show in what order the church should take its turn with or after other things in coming under the pruning-knife. And it is not unlikely that coming in last in that line of treatment is equivalent to not coming in at all.

The amount of capital already invested in churches is of no great importance to our present inquiry, except as it may afford suggestions with respect to future investments in that line. But the figures are sometimes stated in such a way as to hint that we have locked up too much money unproductively. A word, then, about this, before entering the main part of our subject.

The value of the churches in Suffolk County—of which Boston forms the larger part—is estimated at eleven and a quarter million dollars,—figures which look to some as if the churches were worth all they ought to be. In this amount, however, one hundred and eighty churches are represented. Of these, some are chiefly valuable for the land they stand on. But the valuation of these one hundred and eighty churches is equaled by that of only thirty of the buildings used in Boston for business purposes, and some of them very ordinary buildings in appearance.

In another comparative view of this matter, it appears that a single mile of equipped railway in Massachusetts costs on an average, according to the latest report of the State Commissioners, $64,584, and there are over 2,400 such miles in the State. Probably that is fifteen times the number of sixty-thousand-dollar churches; but a sixty-thousand-dollar church impresses the ordinary beholder as a much more costly thing than a mile of equipped railway. The total of railway property in Massachusetts is $165,624,136; but of church property only $24,488,285. A passenger train composed, say, besides engine and tender, of a baggage-car, smoking-car, drawing-room car, and four common saloon-cars, costs $40,000, a sum which makes much more of a show of expense when invested in a church. A chapel, comfortably and attractively providing for several hundred people, can be built in a suburban district for $10,000, or the cost of a single "palace car." A great many costly churches have been erected in cities during the last twenty years. But the valuation of church property, though it quadrupled during the period from 1850 to 1870, has not increased quite up to the ratio in which the whole valuation of the country increased in the same period. The total valuation of church property by the census of 1870 was three hundred and fifty-four millions. But this, divided by the total of twenty-one million sittings, shows a cost of only $16.85 for each sitting;—that is, taking the country through, every five hundred and ninety-three sittings cost only $10,000.

In other words, the church sittings and church property in this country are equiv-

*The three hundred and fifty churches of New York City are reported as paying for musical services in the aggregate over half a million dollars yearly—a sum which does not make an extravagant appearance when averaged. The New York "Tribune" of September 18th, 1875, contains an extended statement of the cost of musical service, item by item, in a large number of the churches of that city.

alent to a total of thirty-five thousand four hundred and forty-eight (35,448) churches, averaging five hundred and ninety-three (593) sittings each, at a cost of only $10,000 for each such church.

It may be added, that the total value of church property by the last census was less than twenty-five mills on the dollar to the total valuation of the country. This church property is the accumulation of the gifts which two and a half centuries have made for religious foundations. And its interest, at seven per cent. is $24,813,850; while the annual sum paid out as wages in the manufacture of liquors, tobacco, snuff and cigars, is reported as $23,315,404.

In estimating comparatively the cost of carrying on our churches, several points of view are open to us.

The point which a committee on retrenchment would probably consider first is the direct visible outgo for what may be called running expenses. The principal item in these is the support of a single family,—the pastor's. To this may be added the sums paid for musical and other services, which partially support those who render them. Dropping out of account, for simplification, the items of interest, insurance, repairs, etc., and estimating only the amount paid to subsist those who perform the necessary services, the average church costs the community less than the average business establishment, except in business of the pettiest kind.

For the field of comparison, we will take, first, a suburban city in Massachusetts of thirty thousand inhabitants, and then such a city as Brooklyn or New York. In the former, let us take an ordinary establishment in the grocery and provision business, employing, besides the proprietor, two men and a team. At the figures furnished by one acquainted with the business, the subsistence of the proprietor (that is, what he draws from the business for his expenses) must be reckoned at $20 per week, his two men at $15 each, and his team at $10; or, in all, $60 a week—a sum equal to two-thirds of the whole expense of the establishment. But, in the same city, the average salary of pastors is at the rate of only $40 a week, and other services not over an average of $10 a week; or, in all, only five-sixths the cost of the mere subsistence of the working force of the provision shop. While the whole number of churches is far less than that of establishments of the other kind.

In Brooklyn, according to the official figures, the total cost of the necessary service rendered in one of the larger churches in 1874 was not quite $10,000; of which sum the pastor received four-fifths. In New York, in a large commission house, what the four partners drew and the sixteen employés received amounted to $52,000 one year, and $53,500 the year before;—thus making that establishment over five times as expensive to the community as the large and flourishing church, in the mere matter of the expenses of the working force.

The facts above compared are fairly representative, not taken from extremes on either side. As to extremes, we might compare the newspaper statements, on one side, about that ecclesiastical opera-house where the music cost $35,000 a year, and, to offset that, the patent-medicine establishment which in one year spent on advertising $250,000, and divided profits of $600,000. In either point of view, however, whether looking at medium cases or extremes, the same result is reached, *viz.:* As regards the actual outlay upon the service essential to the carrying on of churches and of business establishments respectively, the church is the less expensive institution.

The next point of comparison is obviously connected with the preceding, and relates to the accumulations made by those who render service in churches and in business houses respectively. The comfortable and often luxuriant residences and equipage into which thrifty men of business put a portion of their profits, represent a part of the sum which it costs the community to support such business.

As we walk in admiration past the sumptuous mansion and spacious grounds, say of a sugar-refiner, and hear the musical play of fountains, and behold the sleek coats and plated harness of matched horses, it is simply true to say, this is part of what we pay for working a sugar-refinery. If this statement has a communistic sound, we protest that it is philanthropically made, and free from any communistic squint. But where are the accumulations derived from working a church? Some accumulations were made in the olden time. We have in mind a country minister, settled in New England in 1808, who, for most of his half century of service, received only an annual $300 in cash. Yet he brought up a family of six children, sunk something in worthless railroads, and left an estate of $10,000 at his death. But he was of that well-provided class called "the agricultural clergy," and at his ordination was endowed

by the town with what was termed "a settlement," consisting of a good farm, and a few hundred dollars in ready money. *Quæritur huic alius.* The breed is extinct. We need not stop to speak of the causes of the change, or try to commemorate it by any pillar of philosophical salt. The fact is indisputable, that church-work forms a marked exception to most other kinds of work, in respect to the accumulations ordinarily possible;—the aim of the community being, at most, to defray the bare expenses of the principal worker, without adding any margin for his savings. In cases where church pastors succeed in laying up anything, it is either from the income of "outside work" done at a perilous strain upon the active brain, or, more often, from the parings of the closest economy, in little sums like the savings of hand-workers.

The Fifth Annual Report of the Labor Statistics Bureau of Massachusetts contains returns from thirty-five per cent. of the clergymen actively engaged in their vocation in that State. The statement we have just made, that the community defrays simply the bare living expenses of the church-worker, is borne out by these returns, so far as they go. The average professional salary of five hundred and fifteen reporting clergymen, during the year 1874, was $1,567.88. The average cost of living of five hundred and twelve during the same year was $1,594.53. Accordingly the church carried on, as it is, at nothing above cost, is less expensive to the community than any business which is allowed, in addition to the actual cost of working, a margin for the accumulations of the workers.

Thus far we have taken into account what it costs the community to carry on a church and a secular business respectively. The next point to look at is the cost to individual "patrons," as here is where the shoe sometimes is felt to pinch. An economical family that pays the provision-dealer the very moderate sum of $300 yearly, pays, perhaps, $60 of that sum as the dealer's commission, a percentage of which, after all the dealer's actual living expenses are met, is available for investment as his savings. A family that spends $1,000 a year for dry goods and clothing divides, say, $250 between several tradesmen as their commission, and allows them in that, above all their expenses, a percentage for accumulation. Comparing thus the percentages that customers allow above all costs for the accumulations of those who supply them with daily staples with anything that the church can possibly "make" out of them, the ratio of that of a sum of several "significant figures" to zero. Of course, right-minded people do not express the comparative value of the church to them by the comparatively small expense to which it puts them. The importance of our water-supply is not estimated by the insignificance of our water-tax. But when retrenchment is discussed, it is well for economically disposed people, not only to bear in mind the small ratio in which their church expenses stand to their other necessary outgoes, but also to reflect that whatever the church costs them, more or less, is free from a considerable percentage that they allow in every branch of secular business. As things go, the $300 of commissions allowed in the course of a year to Messrs. A, B, and C, and covered up in the expense book under the items of provisions, clothing, etc., includes a percentage and a total sum for the savings of A, B, and C, that is hardly thought of. But the $25 or $50 that goes for pew-rent, however burdensome an impression it makes upon him who pays, is from a fifth to a third less than it would be, if regulated like all other things by the ordinary law of business profits.

The essential correctness of the foregoing comparisons is confirmed, and the churches demonstrated to be on the whole the most cheaply conducted of institutions, when we take next into our account the fact that they are carried on, in a great many cases, at less than cost. On this point, the writer borrows the statements given in a private letter to him by a New England pastor of large experience and unusual ability in business affairs. He states it as his opinion, that the ministers of his denomination (the Congregational), in the most thickly peopled county in New England outside of Boston, do not "receive enough for their support, in the way of salary, in the aggregate into $25,000 or $30,000 a year. The balance between salary paid, and what is *necessary* for support, varies from $100 to $500, while in some cases it must reach $1,000 per year, and is made up in each case by the minister's relatives, or is drawn from his own private funds, or the patrimony of his wife." He goes on to say: "There are those in this county who have used (from private resources) $500 per year, at the hazard of becoming penniless in a few years, when beyond ministerial service. And for the lack of private means some are *starving!*"

Here we make note of the figures given

by the Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Massachusetts, that one hundred and sixty-three (163), or thirty-one per cent., of the number of reporting clergymen, expended annually more than their entire professional income;—that the average salary of eighty-one per cent. was less than $1,500; and that the average salary of those who received less than $1,500 was $944.22. It is very probable that other parts of the country would report lower figures than Massachusetts.

The following statement, which the writer heard a veteran New England pastor of the same denomination make in a gathering of professional brethren, is also to the point in this connection. He was settled, he said, in a rural city, and belonged to an association of ministers, composed of the pastors of village churches round about. In the course of years it befell that all of those pastors, one after another, buried their wives. He was the only member of the association exempt from that affliction. He was naturally led to reflect upon such a fact, and he became fully convinced that an influential cause was the insufficient support provided by the churches. In the struggle to make, out of wholly inadequate means, that respectable social appearance, which a pastor's family is expected to make, and to do for children that which educated parents feel it worth many privations to do, health broke down, and the faithful, struggling helpmeet of the stinted pastor went, too early for her loved ones, to the saints' rest. "But," exclaimed the veteran, "though I too have felt, albeit in less degree than some other brethren, this pressure of 'chill penury' while in the most blessed of all callings, I feel as the old lady felt, who had been recounting through what hardships she had gone to rear a large family of boys, who rose to useful and honorable positions: '*I'd do it again*,' said she."

With such testimony may be coupled the remark recently made before his congregation by the Rev. Dr. Adams, upon his retiring from his pastorate in New York City. He said, in substance, "Doubtless I have paid more during my ministry with you for the privilege of preaching the Gospel than any one has for the privilege of hearing it."

Thus from the metropolis and the country alike,—from the supposed Ophir of first-class salaries, and from the humble distance where such large figures produce enchantment, and make simple folk imagine that "bloated bond-holders" want ministers to correspond, there comes the concurrent testimony that the Church costs the church-goers less than the actual cost of carrying it on. Is it possible to doubt, then, that of all institutions in which there is any semblance of an exchange of equivalent values, the Church is the most cheaply conducted? The only similar case is in semi-charitable institutions like our colleges, which are enabled by charitable founders to bestow an education at a fraction of its real cost.

The Church is in the same way a semi-charitable institution, for the rich as well as the poor. If we should make the very liberal estimate, that one-half of the population of the United States are to some extent contributors to the support of churches, and then take into account how small a number of those who enter church-doors in the course of the year contribute anything like a generous return for the privileges of the sanctuary, it will be evident that even in this Christian land the Christian Church is to far the larger part of the population a charitable, a missionary institution, conferring inestimable benefits gratuitously. This is confirmed by a table given in the Sixth Report of the Labor Statistics Bureau of Massachusetts (p. 435), stating that out of three hundred and ninety-seven families of "working-people" visited, only 34 per cent. were contributors to the support of religion.

When a distinguished preacher has caught the popular ear, and his church is crowded every Sunday, it is a well-known fact that a large number of those who flock to hear him contribute nothing toward the spreading of the table at which they are fed. When the Rev. Mr. Murray was at the height of his popularity in Park Street Church in Boston, and aisles as well as pews were full, a subscription at the year's end to balance a deficit of revenue—so it has been credibly stated to the writer—was not thereby prevented. In every popular church in the country, whatever may be the case in "aristocratic" churches, it is still true, as in the days of the Author of our faith, that "*to the poor* the Gospel is preached."

Closely connected with the foregoing, but deserving separate mention, is the insignificant pecuniary return derived from investments made in obtaining the education necessary to a church pastor. Considering, indeed, the inestimable personal advantages, moral, intellectual and spiritual, that such an education confers on its possessor, it almost does violence to his conscience to refer to the disproportion of the mere pecuniary

returns to the outlay. But as the purely economic aspects of the case are called up by a discussion about retrenchment, it is not out of place to remember, that no class of investments bring so little pecuniary return as those made in qualifying one's self to assume the pastorate of a church. According to the Fifth Report of the Labor Statistics Bureau of Massachusetts, the average time that five hundred and fifteen (515) reporting clergymen spent in preparation was about seven and a half years; the average sum spent by each in that time was $2,684.18. Add to this outlay the probable savings of seven and a half years devoted to labor or business instead of study, invest the total sum ordinarily well, and it yields a return that can hardly be detected at all in the income of the ordinary pastor. According to the statistics just referred to, the annual average remuneration of five hundred and thirty (530) reporting clergymen, during their whole term of service, averaging about seventeen years, was $1,066.65. And some of these were meanwhile struggling to live enough within that figure to repay gradually the debts incurred in securing the education that proves financially so unprofitable. If it be said that the education on which the occupant of the average pulpit spent so much, and receives so microscopic a dividend, came to him as in part a charity, through the benefit of funds benevolently given by college founders, the same is equally true of the lawyer, the physician, and the educated merchant in his congregation. The special beneficiary aid granted to some theological students makes so small an item in the whole account as hardly to change the general result.

Whether, then, as regards what is allowed the church pastor for his living in his laborious calling,—whose average daily draft, according to the returns already quoted from, is between nine and ten hours a day,—or as regards the percentage allowed him on the sum which he has invested in qualifying himself for his position; it is no exaggeration to say, that the community has the church and all its benefits ordinarily at less than cost.

Still another point of view for a comparison between the expensiveness of churches and of other institutions may be found in the contrast between pastors' salaries and other salaries. A railroad president in New England was recently receiving $20,000 a year, or five times the highest salary paid by any church in his city. In another New England city are manufacturing corporations whose chief managing officers receive four times the salary of any pastor there. Recently a wealthy church in New York has called the most gifted pulpit orator in the country to be its pastor at $12,000 a year. Some bank presidents in that city receive as much as $15,000 a year. A cutter in a tailoring establishment in a New England city was receiving recently a larger salary than any clergyman in the place. It is not to be forgotten, that teachers also, so far as they occupy salaried rather than independent positions, are similarly situated with clergymen in this respect. The head carver in the Parker House, Boston, receives, or, at least, was very recently receiving, a higher salary than the president of Harvard University. Indeed, none will dispute that the community pays less for the highest talent in the so-called "sacred calling" than in secular trusts.

Suppose we next compare the church with that other agency of popular instruction, which, in an external view, most nearly resembles it,—the lyceum. And, first, in regard to the aggregate cost to the community. In a suburban city of Massachusetts, a lyceum course of twelve nights—one of them a concert night—cost, in 1874, $2,200. The whole annual expense of a church in that city, including all salaries, heating and lighting, then averaged not over $2,700. One lecturer received $350,—a larger sum than the average pastor of that city received for two months' labor. A lyceum course of twelve nights—two of them concert nights—costs in Boston Music Hall $6,000, about what it costs to carry on a large church like the "Berkeley Street" for six months. A single lecturer received in 1874, $1,000 for one night's service, or more than the largest-salaried pastor in Boston received for seven weeks' service. The singular circumstance becomes apparent here, that the popular preacher, the moment he steps from the pulpit to the platform, whether it be stepping up or down, becomes, pecuniarily speaking, a much more costly, if not more valuable man. If the Rev. Mr. Murray received, as pastor of the Park Street Church in Boston, $7,000 a year, and if we can consistently with the facts assume in this case, as we usually do, that half of this sum represents the cost of pulpit labor and half represents the cost of pastoral labor, then, as a preacher he cost the society about $40 a sermon, while, as a lecturer, he cost the public from $100 to $150 a lecture, with unlimited privilege of repetition. The

celebrated lecture on "Deacons," repeated, as stated, at least two hundred times, and then published in book form, has been compensated by a generous and discriminating community with a sum sufficient to maintain the average Massachusetts pastor through more than a dozen years of service. A little calculation shows that Mr. Beecher's sermons in Plymouth Church are compensated at about $250 apiece—pastoral labor as distinct from that of the pulpit, not being taken into account. But his lecture in Boston brought $1,000. In these, and similar cases, the average pulpit performance is as good, if not as expensive, as the average platform performance. The pecuniary disproportion is due to the fact that a gifted public speaker and teacher serves the public more cheaply through the church than through any other medium.

Next, compare the church and the lyceum with respect to the cost to the individual attendant. The ordinary price of lecture tickets in Boston varies from 25 cents to $1. Now, in Rev. Mr. Murray's new society in Music Hall it was announced that fifteen hundred sittings were taken during the first few days, at an average of $10 per sitting. This, of course, included a large proportion of the highest-priced sittings. And this, for a "season" of ten months, from September to July, is only $1 a month per sitting. When it is taken into account what are the musical attractions in this case, in addition to the gifts of the distinguished preacher, it is evident that Music Hall presents no other "course" during the year that offers so much for so little as "the New England Church Society."

In the average church of New England cities, if a man pays $25 yearly for an average pew seating five persons, the average cost is *five cents* a sitting at each service. The experiment has been tried in some cities of "cheap" Sunday evening lectures on moral subjects by attractive speakers, with an admission fee of *ten cents*. It would seem as if the church had reached about the lowest working figure. But some think the five-cent church-sitting too expensive. A city pastor informed the writer that men in his congregation, occupying nice upholstered pews which cost them 25 cents a quarter for each sitting ($5 a year per pew), made stout opposition at the parish meeting to any increase in that burdensome rate of *one cent* a sitting at each public service, and, after the debate, proceeded to refresh their homeward walk with cigars,—quality not stated.

It is enough, in the next place, barely to suggest some comparison between what the churches cost the community in the aggregate, and their individual frequenters in particular, and what concerts, operas, theaters, and amusements in general cost. The inexpensiveness of the church becomes still more conspicuous.

The average sitting in a church of the largest size in a New England city of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants costs $7.25 per annum, or seven cents at each public service. In the same city, seventy-five cents is the ordinary price of a concert ticket, reserved seat (church seats are "reserved" in all but the "free" churches). The average sitting in one of the largest and most expensive Brooklyn churches is $13.84 per annum, or about fourteen cents at each public service. The price of a concert ticket, reserved seat, ranges in the same city from seventy-five cents to four dollars. The series of Philharmonic concerts in Brooklyn in 1874–75 cost $17,400,—a sum about equal to the total yearly expenses of the church just referred to, though the latter included an interest item of, say $3,500. When, however, we get up to operatic and theatrical entertainments, the expensiveness of churches shrinks to a trifle in comparison. It costs $20,000 to produce a single "spectacular" play.

The census reports the number of "clergymen" in the country as 43,874, of whom probably not over forty thousand are actually in the service of local churches. At the average of $500 each,—which is a fair estimate, considering the low-paid character of a large part of the service in the West and South,—(one Massachusetts clergyman reported a salary as low as $162),—these cost the churches of the country $20,000,000 a year, or about half a dollar to each inhabitant. Half of that sum, however, was spent during the year ending June, 1874, for imported ribbons, feathers, and artificial flowers. And that sum, *plus* half as much more, was spent in the same time for imported wines, spirits, and tobacco.

In a certain New England town, there were two hundred licensed dogs, whose licenses cost $2 apiece, besides, according to the selectmen's statement, "many more" unlicensed ones. Estimating, then, that there were two hundred and fifty dogs in the town, their annual cost was stated as $2,500 for subsistence, and $400 more for licenses,—a total of $2,900; while the salaries of all the ministers in that town amounted to only $2,800. Trivial as the

item is, it may be accepted here as a "straw" confirmatory of a statement which has gained some currency, that the country spends more on its dogs than on its clergy.

The question of the comparative cost of our religious institutions, as it has now been presented, may be set to advantage in the cross-lights of the experience of other countries and religions.

It cost the Jews much more to support their religion than it costs Christians to support theirs. The amount required of the Jews is variously estimated, but may safely be put at about two-tenths of their income. The Levites seem to have been better provided for than the Christian ministry. This consecrated tribe, considerably less than a thirtieth part of the population, received one-tenth of the whole produce of the land, besides other things of value. If it be said that the Levites were charged with a wider range of duty than the maintenance of religious service, that they acted as magistrates, judges, and teachers, a similar fact is true to a considerable extent of the pastors of our churches, not a few of whom can testify that it is their "outside duties," and work not directly connected with their pastoral charge, that press most heavily.

As to the heathen, we know that it costs them, in their comparative poverty, much more to support heathenism than we in our prosperity expend upon Christianity. The average annual expenditure in one of the pagodas of Travancore (Hindostan) is $450,000. The annual expenditure on one idol in the temple of Khundoba is $30,000. The Rev. Dr. Duff states that $2,500,000 has been expended in Hindostan on a single religious festival. As a specimen of the liberality of individuals in the maintenance of superstition, a single person at Benares gave at one time upward of $1,500,000. The support of the priesthood is to those heathen a heavy burden. The average number of priests attached to each temple in Bangkok, Siam, is one hundred. The people of Siam pay for the support of Buddhism an average of over $3 for each inhabitant of the kingdom. Taking into account the difference in the wages of day-laborers in Siam and the United States, a similar degree of liberality in this country would constitute for the support of Christianity $60 a year for each inhabitant, or nearly two and a half billions of dollars,—a greater sum than our whole national debt.

To sum up the results of our comparisons: We have found that it costs less to carry on the average church than the average business establishment; less for the subsistence of those who perform the necessary service, and less for their savings and accumulations; less to the community, and less to the individual patron. The church is worked more cheaply than any self-supporting business, because it is worked at no higher figure than the bare cost, and more often at less than actual cost, as a semi-charitable institution, and, to a large part of our population, a missionary society. As dispassionately and dryly as becomes the statement of statistical facts, we have shown that no such pecuniary return is made on investments in an education for the church as on investments regularly made in other lines; that no such compensation is granted by the wealthiest churches to the ablest pastors, as is commonly granted by large secular corporations to those at their head; that service in the lyceum is more highly paid than service in the church, even where the same individual serves in each; that concerts and theaters cost more than churches; that various articles of luxury, and even our very dogs, make a larger figure in our expenses than the subsistence of the ministers of the churches; and, finally, that it costs Christians less to support their religious institutions than it anciently cost the Jews to support theirs, and less than it now costs the heathen to support theirs. To have shown thus that the church is the *least* expensive of our institutions, is indeed not precisely the same, as we remarked at the outset, as showing that retrenchment in its expenses is uncalled for. But now that it is so evident *in what order* the church should take its turn along with or after other things in the process of retrenchment, how far does the situation differ from not taking its turn at all?

And now, furthermore, we have not fully seen what it costs to carry on a church, when we have answered the question mainly in the comparative. A part of the cost that ought, in a complete statement of the case, to be put absolutely, is the cost to the principal worker himself. In order that it may not cost a society more than the traditional amount which seems convenient to them, it frequently costs their minister an amount of self-denial, or a draft upon other resources, that he feels inconvenient. There are churches owing debts that could be paid, if the debtors pleased; but the debt is allowed to stand, year after year, and the minister's salary is made enough less to

meet the interest. There are churches that crave something "finer" than hearty congregational singing, and the minister's salary is made enough less to pay a trained quartette, without any extra tax on the devotees of artistic music. There are churches that think it essential for them to give largely to the heathen,—which is right,—but they make the minister's salary enough less to send their contributions for the foreign field up to what the treasurer of the missionary board regards as "a gratifying figure;" thus falling into that neglect of home interests which the Apostle rebukes as a heathenish inconsistency in Christians. Well-to-do churches are found in the cities and large towns of New England (where the cost of living is higher than in most parts of our country) that give their ministers $2,000, and spend $850 on music; or give him $2,500, and spend $1,500 for interest. One such in Eastern Massachusetts was recently expending $1,500 for interest, and $1,500 for pastor's salary. "The Congregationalist" recently mentioned churches who give their pastors $600, while sending $1,000 off in charities; or $1,000, while loving distant neighbors at the rate of $1,600. *It costs these ministers* just so many hundred dollars a year each to take care of the church debt, or to keep the quartette, or to send off the large donation to the missionary society. Not that the heathen ever get too much; but the total sum raised by such churches is stingy and ill-divided.

A great many churches also act on the principle of giving the pastor the least that he will consent to take, rather than what is clearly sufficient for an unstraitened living. "We got our new minister for $1,400, but we would have given $1,600 rather than have missed getting him." That New England church made $200 a year out of its pastor at the start. "A penny saved is a penny earned." But it cost *him* something in books, in domestic help, in various comforts. When in any cluster of churches a single one abandons this selfish principle for a more generous one, it is regarded with disfavor by the others, as disturbing a sort of "balance of power," and compelling them to do more. And "the custom of the churches in our county," is often used by large and flourishing churches as an effective argument for the continuance of the miserly policy.

Together with this, the instability of the pastoral relation must be admitted into the account. The average pastor may expect a removal every three or four years. In Massachusetts, the average duration of a pastorate in the Congregational denomination is five years. A recent writer in "The Watchman and Reflector" says of six-sevenths of the Baptist churches in the same State that "the average length of the pastorates reported is less than three years." In most denominations some unemployed time is the frequent result of these changes. And those cases are rare, where enough has been pared from the narrow margin of the income of the years of work, to carry the removing pastor over to another term without either some extra privations, or extra drafts on patrimonial or other resources.

And yet this very class of men, on whom the actual cost of carrying on our churches bears most heavily, are generally the largest givers (proportionately speaking) in the community. In the charities of the church also, the pastor is commonly the largest proportionate giver. In raising the "Woolsey Fund" for Yale College, the clergy gave, proportionately to their means, more liberally than any other class of graduates. In times of scarcity and distress they are not disposed to evade their share of the general burden. Both from city and country, cases frequently get reported of pastors requesting a reduction of salary, from regard to the diminished resources of the people. Frequently also it occurs, that the pastor who is invited to a larger church, and larger salary, declines the tempting inducement out of attachment to the smaller and less lucrative charge, and in this way becomes a virtual contributor to its current expenses of a larger annual sum than any of his prosperous parishioners.

It is the Christian pastor's glory, however, that by the grace of God he is the principal bearer of the burdens of that Gospel on which the most precious interests of mankind depend. If worthy of his high calling, he adopts the declaration of the great Apostle,—"I seek not yours but you," and counts even its privations a cross of honor, esteeming it "more blessed" to be the largest giver than the largest receiver.

The facts and comparisons of this paper are brought forward with no forgetfulness of the great burdens of the times; rather with a tender mindfulness of the reverses that have befallen the general prosperity. The storm, however is passing, and a period of reconstruction, with prudence and economy, is at hand. By all means let us now have economy every-

where,—in doing business, in the style of living, in government, and also in that institution where it would seem that we have a good deal of it already. It is the result of an improving civilization to reduce waste everywhere; and religion is as hostile to waste as civilization is. But that economy is the thriftiest which is the most intelligent, and an intelligent economy is distilled from facts. While we are talking about retrenching our "patronage" of this and that thing, it needs be understood that the community is the church's beneficiary rather than its patron. A storm-wrenched ship had better cast overboard a ton of cargo than a hundred-weight of provisions. Retrenchment is perilous that meddles with the necessities of life, especially of moral and religious life. Any economy is unwise that cheapens men's estimate of the importance of that institution which stands in our civilization as the bulwark of law, liberty, virtue, education and religion.

EMMANUEL.

Out from the depths of the ages,
Swells the yearning of mortals,—
Pain-burthened chorus of spirits,
    Watching the East for a ray.
Quickens humanity's heart-blood
With the expected redemption
Ages to ages traditioned—
    Day!—but how long ere the day!

Through the mythic and mystic
Visions of Brahma and Indra,
Where by great rivers the sages
    Ponder and watch through the night—
Breathe like a breath of the morning,
Legends of God made incarnate—
Haste to our hope, O Expected!
    Rise on the nations, O Light!

Out from hot deserts where nomads
Kneel to grim, featureless idols
Hewn from the rocks and the way-stones,
    Soft—what a melody ran!
Sweetly a whisper of angels,
Making a hush where it passes,
Steals through the wild chant of frenzy—
    Murmurs—a God shall be man!

Like an ethereal fragrance
Thrills the world's soul a strange rapture,
All the wild tribes and the nations
    Hither and thither they run—
Crying: "We hear the Evangel—
Hear the near rustling of pinions—
Who shall reveal us the wonder?
    Where is the deed God has done?"

In their dim stone-builded chamber
Rabbis are met and sanhedrim
Ponder perplexed—what forebodeth
    Portent and sign that we trace?
Fade from their grasp the pale phantoms
Princes and Pontiffs of Israel;
Low burn the lamps of the Temple;
    White light o'erfloodeth all space.

Lo!—for 'tis night in Judea;
Over the sheep-trodden pastures,
Hark! 'tis the angels are singing—
    Calm grow the night-hours to morn
Clasped in the arms of a mother,
Shepherds before him adoring,
Glory to God in the Highest!
    'Tis the God-babe that is born!

God-born and maid-born! Creator!
Savior, and making man Godlike!
Lives in the world its Redeemer—
    And the world knoweth Him not.
Down through the length of the ages
In the world ever shall live He,
Still the Almighty, the Savior—
    Still the denied or forgot.

Bursts forth and swells like a tempest
Tumult of false priests and prophets—
Looking afar for the morning,
    Saying—no morning doth come;
Guessing what God is and is not—
Guessing if God is or is not—
Preaching to crowds that loud babble,
    Asking of graves that lie dumb.

See! the star over the manger
Sunders the depths of the darkness,
Guides to the cradle the peoples
    Far from the east and the west;
Calmly the Babe rests in slumber—
Rises the day-dawn eternal—
Here let us kneel with the shepherds,
    Let us adore and find rest!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Chinese in California.

WE have all had our laugh over Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," and particularly over the passage which declares "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," and which also contains the record of Ah Sin's discomfiture at the hand of Bill Nye, for the crime of holding more aces in his sleeve than his antagonist. Bill Nye's course of reasoning, and the "remedial agency" which he so promptly adopted in the case cited, form the finest satire on the California enemies of the Chinaman that was ever uttered. We have all read, too, "Miss Malony on the Chinese Question," which, though given in characteristic prose, is not inferior in its way to Mr. Harte's poem. These two satirical and humorous productions have in them a vast amount of truth and common sense. In the latter, Mrs. Dodge touches the question of national prejudice, and in the former, Mr. Harte deals with the question of industrial and political economy.

A few months ago, we published two articles on the Chinese in California. One of them, written by a lady, was a record of personal experience in the employment of Chinese servants. The other treated of the general subject of Chinese immigration, in its social, industrial and political aspects. We have waited for a reply to these communications, because there are always two sides to every question; and we supposed that the Chinese would have friends enough who were willing to speak a just, if not a kind word for them. We have waited up to the time of writing this article in vain, and we propose to say a word for ourselves—such a word as a man may say on general principles, with perhaps an inadequate knowledge of facts.

The Irish immigrant—we mean only the ignorant and laboring Irish immigrant—has always hated any race and any nationality that has been brought into competition with him in common labor. The negro has always been the Irishman's *bête noir*, quite independently of his color. It seems to be natural for an Irishman to hate a negro, and the hatred comes entirely from the fact that he regards him as a competitor in common labor. Here, in New York, we have had a small specimen of the hatred of an Irishman for an Italian—not that the Italian has base blood in him, or is his enemy in matters of religion, for the Italian is his Catholic brother, and the fellow-countryman of his Pope. He is simply jealous of him as a laborer; and the Italians would only need to settle in New York in sufficiently large numbers to develop this jealousy into violent and disgraceful manifestations. We state these facts simply in illustration of the way in which the Irishman would naturally regard the importation of 150,000 Chinese laborers at San Francisco. With his nature, and his adoption of the idea, either that he has a right to all the common labor that is to be done, or that any other common laborer will interfere with his prosperity, it would be impossible for him to look upon Chinese immigration with anything but disfavor. This disfavor he would manifest in the way in which he manifests it toward the negro and the Italian. "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," he would say, and, therefore, he would "go for that heathen Chinee."

So, whatever of Irish opposition there may be in San Francisco to the importation of the Chinaman, and whatever of maltreatment the latter may suffer from Irish boots and Irish influence, are sufficiently explained. The Irishman would be most unlike himself if he failed to look upon the Chinaman precisely as he looks upon the African and the laboring Italian. He does not oppose him with brutal weapons because he is a heathen, for he would treat the Catholic Italian in the same way, under the same circumstances; but because he and the Chinaman have the same thing to dispose of, *viz.*: common labor.

There is still another influence which is naturally hostile to the Chinaman. This influence is not so powerful here as it would be in England. We allude to the influence of the trades unions. The members of these societies are, by their institutions and policy, necessarily the foes of any body of laborers who remain outside of their lines and beyond their control. It is not necessary that this body of laborers should be Chinese. It is only necessary that they should be laborers who choose to be independent of them. This fact is illustrated every day in the year in New York. All the persuasives are employed and all the penalties are imposed which can be used with safety to keep men from working in "wild shops," whose proprietors choose to manage their own business. The abuse of the tongue, social ostracism, and, in too many instances, violence, are resorted to, to bring and hold men within their own ranks. It is not the Irishman, the Italian, the Chinaman, or the negro, that the trades unions care for, as such, but it is the independent laborer, who works at whatever, and at whatever wages, he may choose. Now it is impossible that these organizations should regard with favor the importation of an alien population, possessing rare ingenuity and adaptiveness to a wide circle of industry, yet entirely outside of their possible control.

We are not upon the ground, and it is impossible for us to judge how much of the enmity to the Chinese that reigns at San Francisco is attributable to the two causes that have been mentioned. That enough of it to make these Chinese very uncomfortable and unsafe is to be traced to these causes, nobody can doubt, though he may live on the other side of the globe. If it were all wiped out, we fancy that the "heathen Chinee" would be very comfortable in California.

It is tossed in the teeth of the Chinaman that he is a heathen, that he is an opium-eater, that he sends his money home, that he does not bring his wife

and family with him, but does bring prostitutes; that he is filthy, that the quarters he inhabits are breeders of disease, that he is a gambler, etc. It is a fair question to ask, in the face of these charges, whether the treatment meted out to this heathen has been such that he sees a marked superiority of Christianity over heathenism. About how impressive is the Christian lesson imparted to a heathen by the unrebuked toe of a hoodlum's boot? What would a heathen naturally think of a Christianity that greets him with a howl on his landing, and follows him with discriminating laws and regulations, and public contempt, and private, unhindered abuse during all the time of his residence? The charge of heathenism is just a trifle absurd. And, again, if the Chinaman smokes opium, who drinks whisky? If he has prostitutes, whose unrebuked example does he follow? If he sends money home, it is precisely what the Irish have been doing, in the most filial, brotherly and praiseworthy way for the last century. If he comes to California without his wife, he does simply what tens of thousands of Californians have done since immigration into the State began. If he is a gambler, how long is it since gambling went out of fashion in California? If his quarters are filthy, why does not the health-board, or why do not the city authorities, attend to their duties?

We ask these questions not because we suppose they decide anything, but because, in our ignorance, we would like to know. In the East, the prejudice against our heathen brother John in California seems a little unreasonable, and we want more light. We have been in the habit of welcoming all other nationalities. We are strangely insensitive to the importation of thousands of criminals and scamps and scalawags from Europe, and we cannot yet feel sure that the importation of the Chinaman is not a better thing, on the whole. He certainly is industrious, he minds his own business, and, so far as we have seen him here, he does an honest day's work, which is more than can be said of a good many Christian laborers whom we have around us. Of one thing, at least, we are sure. No people can hold a large body of men in contempt, and regard them with hatred, and treat them like beasts, without demoralizing themselves. That thing has been tried, and tried in this country, too. The Californians cannot afford to have the Chinaman with them, unless they can treat him like a man. They must either do this, or the Chinaman must go. To hold a fellow-man in fixed contempt, to spit upon him unrebuked, simply because he is of another race, or is supposed, in the competitions of life, to interfere with one's prosperity, is simply to lapse from Christianity into barbarism. And that, in its own time, will produce results in which the Chinese will not be interested, except as observers.

The Moral Value of Physical Strength.

THE American scholar and thinker is by rule a dyspeptic. He is a razor-faced, lantern-jawed, thin, nervous man. This is partly the effect of climate, and partly that of diet and regimen. In the old days of bran bread, and prayers before daylight in the colleges, and long morning walks before breakfast, and suicidal, consumptive habits, it required a pretty tough man to live through his studies at all. We are now doing this thing better, but we have not yet reached the highest outcome of the change, and shall not reach it, probably, for several generations. But we have come to the recognition of the fact that it does not toughen a man to reduce his diet, to cut him short in sleep, to take long walks on an empty stomach, and to indulge in cold baths when there is no well-supported vitality to respond to them. We have come to the conviction that, for a useful public life, brains are of very little account if there are no muscles to do their bidding. In short, we have learned that without high physical vitality, the profoundest learning, the most charming talents, and the best accomplishments are of little use to a public man, in whatever field of professional life he may be engaged.

So, the men whom we used to starve, we feed. We bid them take all the sleep they desire. We assemble them daily in gymnasia, and train them to the development of every muscle of their frames. We encourage sports on the land and on the water. We try to raise a sound and powerful animal, in the place of the sickly and feeble one of former times, that the mind may have a source of vitality behind it, and the largest possible fund of executive power. This is all well, and it cannot fail to tell in good results sooner or later. We have still much to learn, but we are working in the right direction.

To the orator and public speaker, it seems as if a high physical vitality were the very first condition of success. The finest sermon that ever was preached will fall dead upon the average congregation, if it is not backed by a strong man. The voice that does not tire, but matches the thought it utters, however strong and high it may be; the action which is the outcome of what seems to be an exhaustless force; the magnetism of superabundant physical power,—these win their way, even if the brain and its culture be not superlative. Weak men and weaker women are attracted and moved in a way they do not understand by splendid health. They delight in the manifestations of physical strength. It relieves them of all drain upon their sympathies, and acts upon them with a stimulating charm. A thousand sermons, constructed by the finest brains the country possesses, and warmed all through with love and zeal, fall dead every Sunday, which, if they were preached by strong men, would work miracles of movement and transformation. Weak lungs and a shattered physique, drawn upon for power by the force of a struggling will, are always a tax upon the popular sympathy, while untiring spontaneity of physical power stimulates and refreshes. The practical difference between them is the difference between being filled and being exhausted Churches languish on every hand, with the noblest and best trained men in their pulpits, simply because those men are physically feeble. We may quarrel with the fact, and say that it is unreasonable, but the fact remains, and we are obliged to accept it. Mr.

Moody, with his iron physique, that seems to know no fatigue, can speak to and hold his tens of thousands daily, week after week, though he have but little culture, while his superiors in education and every direct exhibition of brain power, lacking his wonderful physical vitality, could neither attract his audiences nor hold them.

The two great men of the Brooklyn pulpit are splendid men physically, and they never could have been the powers they are had they been otherwise. Dr. Chapin and Robert Collyer, though fine and strong in intellectual fiber, are not so exceptionally remarkable in that particular as to account for their long, strong hold upon the public mind. The two Boston preachers who draw the largest crowds, Mr. Phillips Brooks and Mr. Murray, are men of entirely exceptional physique—hard to be matched anywhere in the world, for size and strength. It is an inspiration to look at them. Their presence is magnetic. They exercise a charm which can only come from complete manhood—the equipoise of thought and intent with voice and might. If we turn to our own city, and see where the crowds are, we shall find them at Dr. Hall's and Dr. Taylor's. Mr. Hepworth's church, too, is usually a crowded one. It is no dishonor to these men to say that the people do not flock to them because they preach the best sermons to be heard in New York. There are a dozen pulpits furnished with as good brains as these. The simple truth is that if they were called upon to preach with a slender physique and a weak voice, their crowds would leave them. They are large, strong, healthy men. America does not produce enough of these, and so we were obliged to import some of them. The Brick Church has called a pastor from London, and he is one of the same kind —strong enough not only to do an immense amount of pastoral work, but to preach without fatigue, perform the duties of a professorship, take charge of school matters in his own district, and carry through all the side work that comes to a man in his position. The church went for that man simply because it could not find him here. It is no dishonor to our theological institutions to go out of the country for such men, because America does not raise enough of them for her own use. When we produce them in sufficient numbers, we shall not be obliged to import them. And when we fully comprehend the fact that the body has quite as much to do with pulpit usefulness as the heart and the mind, and that one of the first conditions of that usefulness is high physical vitality, we shall give physical culture the attention that it demands, and ultimately raise our own preachers.

The Disease of Mendicancy.

AN English paper, in some recent utterance, reminded the American nation of the appearance of an unmistakable evidence that it is growing old. It possesses "the tramp." The war left with us, as war always leaves in every country, a great number of men utterly demoralized. The hard times have cut them loose from remunerative work, and they have become rovers, nominally looking for employment, but really looking for life without it. They have lost their self-respect if they ever had any, lost their love of steady industry, lost all desire for independence, lost their sense of manhood and of shame, and have imbibed the incurable disease of mendicancy. We mistake the nature of the case entirely, if we suppose that better times and fair wages for all, would cure these men, and relieve the country of their presence and their support. Leprosy is not more incurable than mendicancy. When the disease has once fastened itself upon a man,—when, through long months or years, he has willingly and gladly lived on the industry of others, and roamed around without a home,—he becomes a hopeless case, and nothing but the strong arm of the law can make him a self-supporting man.

The same is true of the dead-beat, who is only "the tramp" of the city. He is not so humble a man as the country tramp. He dresses better and supports himself by different methods. He is the man who wants to get to Boston or Baltimore, where he has friends. He is the man who has just arrived from the South, having run as far as New York to get away from the yellow fever, or whatever trouble may be in progress there at the date of his application. He is the man who wishes to get money to bury his wife or child. Or, he is about to receive funds, but is in a starving condition, and wants something to assist him in "bridging over." If you happen to have been born in Vermont, he comes to you as a Vermonter. Perhaps he comes to you because you and he happen to have the same name. There is no end to the lies he can tell, and does tell. We have some very genteel and high and mighty dead-beats in New York, who never stoop to beg, but rise to borrow, and forget to pay. We know of one woman here, claiming to be productively literary, who apparently lives well on the funds which a bright and sweet-faced daughter borrows for her. Now all these people are hopelessly diseased. They can never be restored to sound manhood and womanhood. What is worse than all the rest is that they perpetuate their mendicancy through their families. So we have the tramps and the dead-beats, and the regular old-fashioned paupers, and they are all alike, with some exceptions, perhaps, in favor of the regular old-fashioned paupers; for now and then there is one of these who, much against his will, has been forced by circumstances into pauperism.

What are we to do with these people? How is this disease to be treated? These questions demand an early answer, for the evils to which they relate are increasing with alarming rapidity. There is the general feeling that they will take care of themselves, so soon as prosperous times shall return; but, as we have already said, this is a mistake. The dead-beat will never reform. The tramp will be a tramp for life, shifting from country to city as his comforts may demand, and ready to be led into any mischief which will give him grub and grog. There ought to be, this very winter, in every State in the Union, such laws passed as will restrain the

wanderers, and force them to self-support in some public institution. A standing commission of vagrancy should be instituted in every large city, and every county in the land; and institutions of industry established for the purpos of making these men self-supporting, and of curing them of their wretched disease. We have lunatic asylums not only for the benefit of the lunatics, but for the relief of the community, and among the dead-beats and tramps we have an enormous number of men who are just as truly diseased as the maddest man in Utica, or at the Bloomingdale Asylum. Something must be done with them, and done at once, if we are to have any comfort by day or safety by night; for men who are so demoralized as to beg from choice, and lie by profession, have but to take a single step to land in ruffianism. Already they intimidate, and rob and murder, to get the means to support their useless lives.

It is only last year that we heard of a force of five hundred of them approaching a Western city, to the universal alarm of the inhabitants. The disclosures connected with the recent fraudulent registration in this city show how easy it is, under the lead of demagogues, to assemble them by tens of thousands at any point desired, and how readily they can be induced to perjure their souls for bread and beer. These facts menace both our homes and our liberties. It is not a tramp, here and there, such as we have at all times; but it is an army of tramps that can be brought together on the slightest occasion, for any deed of rascality and blood which it may please them to engage in. The evil has come upon us so noiselessly—so almost imperceptibly—that it is hard for us to realize that we are tolerating, and feeding for nothing, a huge brood of banditti, who will ultimately become as monstrous and as disgraceful to our country and to Christian civilization as the banditti of Greece or Southern Italy.

The one fact which we wish to impress upon the people, and upon legislators, in this article, is, that the evil which we are describing and commenting upon is not one that will cure itself,—is not one that will be cured by returning national prosperity,—is not one that will be cured by driving tramps from one State into another,—and is a hopelessly demoralizing mental disease. It must be taken hold of vigorously, and handled efficiently and wisely. There is not a month to be lost. Thus far in the history of the country we have been singularly free from any pauperism but that which we have imported from the great European repositories of pauperism. But matters have changed. The tramps are not all foreigners. They are, to a very considerable number, our own American flesh and blood, and unless we are willing to see the country drift into the condition of the older peoples of the world, where mendicancy has grown to be a gigantic burden and curse, and pauperism a thing of hopeless heredity, we must do something to check the evil, and do it at once.

THE OLD CABINET.

"CHARLOTTE BRONTË: A Monograph," is the title of a series of papers which appeared in the September, October, and November (1876) numbers of "Macmillan's Magazine." In these papers the story of Charlotte Brontë's life is retold with the assistance of the original letters written by Miss Brontë to some friend unknown to the public, and with the still more valuable assistance of the original letters to Charlotte's friend, "E.," of which Mrs. Gaskell made such large use in the biography. The writer in "Macmillan" speaks of the parts now printed of the latter correspondence as hitherto unpublished, overlooking the fact that copies of some three hundred of the letters to "E." (Miss E. N., of Yorkshire, England) were placed by that lady in the hands of Mr. John Bigelow, for the purpose of publication in America; and that a selection from unpublished portions appeared in four monthly parts of "Hours at Home" (the predecessor of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY) for the year 1870, namely, in the numbers for June, July, August and September of that year; so that while some of the letters, and parts of letters to "E." now printed in "Macmillan" have, in fact, never been in print before, a great many of them were read in this country six years ago. The motive which led to this publication was stated by "E." in the introduction to her "Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë," a very interesting illustrated paper which appeared in SCRIBNER for May, 1871. This motive was the desire to defend her friend's memory from "the oft-made charge of irreligion." She hoped that the publication would "not fail to show with deep truth that her religion, though it did not manifest itself in phraseology and shibboleth, yet existed in a higher and better sense, finding its expression in the thought and action which spring from trustful, obedient faith." As the actual labor of selecting the unpublished letters for "Hours at Home" was performed by the present writer, the statement will not be considered invidious that the letters are read to much greater advantage in the biographical setting given them by the writer in "Macmillan." T. Wemyss Reid has not only made use of the original letters, and of Mrs. Gaskell's book, but has apparently had the benefit of acquaintance with intimate friends of the sisters. We should be glad if, hereafter, no edition of the Gaskell biography should be permitted to appear without this monograph as an appendix; and the addition also of "E.'s" "Reminiscences," above referred to, would be an advantage.

We might wonder at the extraordinary misunder-

standing of the character of Charlotte Brontë on the part of persons of cultivation in England, had we not so fresh an instance of a somewhat similar misunderstanding of our own Hawthorne in his own country. It was said of her that she was odd, that she was morbid, and, most astonishing of all, that she was coarse. Even Mrs. Gaskell, who ought to have known better, did not deny "the existence of coarseness in her works." It is pleasant to see that the writer in "Macmillan" not only takes a clearer view of the subject, but does not flinch from publishing the following expression of opinion by Charlotte herself—an expression which is carefully omitted from one of the letters as printed by Mrs. Gaskell, and which, we believe, does not appear anywhere in the biography:

"I was aware * * * that some persons thought proper to take exceptions at 'Jane Eyre,' and that for their own sakes I was sorry, as I invariably found them individuals in whom the animal largely predominated over the intellectual—persons by nature coarse, by inclination sensual, whatever they might be by education and principle."

Most of his readers, we think, will dissent from what appears to be Mr. Reid's opinion of George Eliot, as expressed on page 17 of the November "Macmillan," but will agree very heartily with his closing remark, that "by her life, even more than by her labors, the author of 'Jane Eyre' must always teach us those lessons of courage, self-sacrifice, and patient endurance of which our poor humanity stands in such pressing and constant need."

IN HIS SKETCH of John Burroughs, Mr. Benton quotes as applicable to the later author what Lowell says of White's "Natural History of Selborne"—"Open the book where you will, it takes you out-of-doors." There is, in fact, a good deal in common between the last-century English writer on out-door subjects and the writings of the young American. Imagine the quaint and delightful White brought up on Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman, and set to writing "articles" for American magazines, instead of letters to Thomas Pennant, Esq., and the Honorable Daines Barrington,—and you have your John Burroughs.

Burroughs says, in his "Touches of Nature," that he suspects that, "after all, it makes but little difference to which school you go, whether to the woods or to the city. A sincere man learns pretty much the same thing in both places." Certainly there is a great deal of savage life in the city. It is notorious that the higher animal traits, as well as the baser, show themselves in men and women. It is often said of persons that they remind one of a fox, or a lion, or a donkey, or a hen with one chicken. We have heard a certain young man's conversational habit happily described by comparison with a hare. "At first he peeps out of the brush, looks around, gets scared, and runs back. Then he peeps forth again, and as quickly disappears. By and by he runs out and frisks around with perfect confidence." Boyesen says that Tourguéneff makes you think of a splendid horse. Emerson's side-face certainly reminds you of an eagle; and in public speaking his sharp sentences come from him in such a way that one might say that he strikes with his beak. Picture a countenance which combines the ferret's sharpness and persistency with the dignity and charm of genius, and you will have in your mind's eye a face like Essipoff's.

A WRITER in "The New York Times" calls Mr. Walter Fisher to account for the remark that to "London every writer in the United States, on subjects not local, looks for his final patent of literary nobility." The "Times" writer says that this notion has for years ceased to have any truth whatever. "A genuine literary man," he says, "will always write the thoughts which are the results of his life, and he will always write them to the people among whom he has lived. The impression abroad appears to be that an American poet chalks up his lines in the air, to be read over the heads of his own countrymen through the lorgnettes of Englishmen. On the contrary, he writes as he speaks, to his friends, to the people he knows. If those beyond the sea hearken likewise, it is a matter of considerable, though of decidedly secondary, importance; if they do not hear him, he ought to be, indeed he certainly is, very well content with his own great and proper audience near at hand." A recent example, if any were needed, of American independence of English literary judgment, is the reception accorded to the poem "Deirdrè." While the cheerful statement of the advertisement, that it was "pronounced by one and all the greatest poem of modern times," may not have been strictly accurate; and while the newspaper rumor that a famous professor had made a similar remark is also to be taken with a grain of salt—still it is very certain that there was no waiting on the part of the critical chorus for some one on the other side of the Atlantic to set the pitch. The book has been judged upon its merits. It is a good book, and so has been praised highly and with discrimination.

What is true with regard to American authors is more particularly true with regard to American painters—by American painters we mean now the painters who live and work at home, and not those who have become, by residence, Englishmen, or Italians, or Frenchmen. The home reputation of our home painters is entirely home-made. The names of but few of them (and these, nearly without exception, not the best) are familiar to English critics. If you should give an English critic the catalogue of an Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, of New York, he would be completely at a loss to determine merely from the list of names the relative standing of the different painters, either in the estimation of the public or in the estimation of the cultured few.

A GREAT deal has been said about the extraordinary interest shown by the public in the Art Department of the Great Exhibition, as well as in the Loan Collections on view in New York. The fact that Memorial Hall, and its annex, and the Academy, and the Fourteenth street Museum, have proved such "popular attractions" during the Centennial

summer, has been regarded as a most encouraging augury for "American Art." It certainly is a good and hopeful sign. It shows, perhaps, among other things, that "the public" understands when it is handsomely dealt by—when it is likely to get its money's worth and its time's worth.

But there are other reflections that will occur to the thoughtful. It is evidently one thing to interest people in an exhibition of pictures, and another, and a slower process, to educate their taste in art. As a critic has already remarked, the picture which attracted most attention in Memorial Hall was Frith's "Marriage of the Prince of Wales." It was more difficult to get near this picture than any other in the building,—it was the great "card" of the show,—and yet, as a work of art, it is quite valueless. And not only was it evident that the great majority of the jostling crowd of wonder-seekers were attracted not by the best, but by the most showy and striking works, but it was equally evident, after the gentlemen of the committee had gone around with their cardboards, that these very gentlemen, selected to sit in judgment on account of their supposed exceptional education and accurate knowledge, were but little more gifted with good taste and discrimination than the uncultured multitude. How often, indeed, is the distribution of medals or prizes for art work anything but a farce! (We believe there were two committees at work in Philadelphia, the first of which is said to have had more discrimination than the second; but we speak of the general result as shown by the notices displayed upon the frames, in the last days of the Exhibition.)

No; it is a long and subtile process this of educating the taste either of the individual or of the public in art. It is like the building up of character in the man; the quickening of spiritual instincts; the "growth in grace," about which the Methodists talk so much. And it is the same in all the arts. You can teach the knowledge of art by rote (some of the most pitiable art critics we ever knew had enjoyed extraordinary advantages of home and foreign instruction), but you cannot convey the skill in comparison, the insight, the taste—at which the teacher himself has arrived through a life-time of experience and study added to fortunate natural sympathies and capacities.

On our desk lies a little volume about "English Literature," one of Macmillan's shilling primers. On the first page we find the following intelligent statement:

> "By literature we mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way which will give pleasure to the reader."

Now that is a formula which you can teach to a class of young people. But John Arbuckle defines the same word as follows:

> "Literature is the confession of a vast number of interesting persons."

There are a great many intelligent men and women who have read a great many excellent books with not a little pleasure, and yet they might repeat this last definition by rote till doomsday and not know what under the sun it meant. There are others who would know what it meant on the thirtieth or fortieth repetition, and a few who would understand it at once.

Essipoff.

I.

WHAT is her playing like?
I ask—while dreaming here beneath her music's power.
'Tis like the leaves of some sweet flower
Which grows on a strong tree whose roots, oh deep they sink,
Deep in the ground, that flower's sweet life to drink.

II.

What is her playing like?
'Tis like a bird
Who sings in a wild wood, and never knows
That its lone melody is heard
By wandering mortal, who forgets his heavy woes.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to a Young Mother: III.

THE QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE.

MY DEAR ———: "How *tempus* does *fugit*," as the college boys used to say! To think your last letter has lain unanswered so long, and that baby is almost two years old! And besides, after all my long delay, I shall have to be so ungracious as to give you the bitter tonic of a little scolding,—I told you you'd repent asking my advice,—for, from the tone of your last letter, I am afraid you're making one of the commonest mistakes of young mothers. You say you get almost discouraged; your little boy has such a naughty temper, and it is so hard to make him obey you; you never would have believed that a child so young could be so self-willed and passionate. Will you think me very cruel if I tell you that I'm afraid you're as much to blame as he is, and that the root of the difficulty is too much sewing-machine and too little fresh air! You sit down in your nursery with the baby playing about on the floor, and take care of him and sew all day, going out but seldom,—isn't that so? I can hear your answer already,—"Yes; but how can I help it? I can't leave him much with the girl; the kitchen floor isn't a fit place for him, and she's too busy to take proper care of him. If I go out I must take him, and to stop and dress him and myself uses up so much time out of the very best part of the day, that I don't seem to accomplish anything with my sewing. Besides, I am making him some of the sweetest little dresses, with such cunning little tucks, that I can't bear to leave them."

And so you sew on, impatient at every interruption. Your very interest in your work making you "hurry to see how it is going to look," the atmosphere of the nursery growing more and more

charged with mental electricity and bad air, till finally the little fellow makes some request more unreasonable than any previous one, but which, if you were in your best estate, you would refuse so pleasantly or substitute something equally good so readily that he would be quite satisfied. Instead, you are provoked that he should ask anything more when you are half-killing yourself (as you think) for him now, and you give him an angry denial. Then comes a storm of angry crying; your irritated nerves respond with an equally angry (shall I say it? Oh! poor human nature, it's true!) shake or even slap. He answers back saucily, or refuses to obey you, perhaps even strikes at you with his puny little hand, and then you *must* punish him. But in what state of mind or body is either of you for that most difficult and delicate task,—a *just* and *fair* punishment. The affair degenerates into an angry quarrel between a strong person and a very weak one. Well for you if, before the thing is over, the little fellow doesn't say between his sobs, as I heard a child say once, "Mamma, I didn't mean to be naughty; but you *beginned* it, mamma!"

With what a sinking heart and reproachful conscience you look back after your passion has cooled off, and very likely, unless you are a good deal wiser than most of us, feeling your injustice, you undo what little good your discipline may have done, by injudicious indulgence afterward. And—what has become of your sewing? Now, suppose you philosophically say, I might as well take care of this child out-of-doors as in the house; and so you and he go out for a walk, leaving your nursery windows open meanwhile. How changed everything is when you return! How much better he behaves! you say; and I doubt not if he could speak, he would say the same thing of you. "But the dress isn't finished that day." No, but "as the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment," so are red cheeks better than white dresses, and a happy heart than a ruffle.

Then on long hot summer afternoons there is a deal of moral suasion in a good bath, and fresh clothing, even if he has had his regular "wash" in the morning. I have seen three or four children behaving like a troop of snarling little savages, transformed by a course of cold water, hair brushes and a few clean clothes, into a company of pleasant, well-behaved, civilized little Christians. If children's clothes are uncomfortable, either too tight or too loose, they will sometimes be cross from that alone. Think of the miseries children endure from tight skirt-bindings, loose under-waists that drag down on their shoulders, stockings that wont stay up, and hats that continually slip off!

There will come times, too, when the child makes a direct issue against your authority. Such a moment is a very serious one, and no mother ought to enter upon the conflict without lifting-up of the heart to the source of all wisdom for guidance and discretion.

You must remember that in this matter of government you are aiming to teach your child not merely to mind you now, but how to govern himself when he grows up; for he will not always have you to teach him. You are to instruct him to have command over his passions, and appetites, and will, and inclinations, just as in learning to walk he learns how to control and use his muscles and sinews. Not to "break his will," not to put him in subjection, but to teach him to control his will by his reason. To do this he must learn to obey you because it is right he should; because you are set over him as an authority for him till he is old enough to be an authority for himself; not because you have whipped him into a fear of you. I will not say that a child brought up on this principle will always spring at your bidding like a well-whipped hound; but I do think he can be trusted to obey you when you are away as well as when you are in sight, and will be competent to see the right from the wrong in any ordinary emergency of temptation.

It is very important not to allow your punishment to be cumulative,—that is, not to heap one thing on top of another. Because a child has done wrong and been punished, to refuse him his good-night kiss, or something like that, is to a sensitive nature sometimes sheer cruelty. Remember that the child has not forfeited your love; you are not angry with him, but with his offense, and may combine the strongest indignation against that, with the most loving tenderness and yearning over him. The punishment over, and the child repentant, consider the matter settled, and never allow any one to taunt him with it afterward.

Another important thing is to give the child time enough to understand what you do want, and to see the reasonableness of your commands. Don't spring at him in a highwayman, your-money-or-your-life fashion: "Mind me instantly, or I'll thrash you." Many a child has been fairly startled into disobedience, by the suddenness of his parent's commands, which aroused his natural resistance before he fairly comprehended what was wanted. Of course a parent must sometimes require instant and unhesitating obedience; but when children are accustomed to see that you have good reasons for your commands generally, they will obey without reasons when it is necessary they should. On this account punishments which give them time to think over matters are better than those which simply inflict pain. For instance, if a child meddles mischievously, and you wish to teach him to let things alone,—tie up the offending hands, and make him sit still half an hour. You don't *hurt* him physically at all, as a "smart whipping" would; but the restraint teaches him the lesson without pain. If he runs away,—tie up his feet.

Perhaps I can explain myself more clearly by telling you a little incident which happened in my own family only a few days ago. You know what a quick-tempered, impetuous little whirlwind Mary was. She has wonderfully improved in self-control, and we haven't had any "tantrums," as she calls them, for some time. Just before dinner is always a bad time for discipline, for the best-tempered child is apt to be cross when hungry; therefore, avoid the occasion as carefully as you would a conflict with your servant girl on Monday. It was at that unlucky hour that I, unawares, and in the most innocent man-

ner, raised the demon of temper. Mary passed in front of me as I sat sewing. It is a bad habit of hers, and I pleasantly told her to go back and go behind my chair. To my amazement she flew into a passion, and though she threw herself angrily back into her place by the window, she absolutely refused to pass out behind my chair as I wished. What should I do? Here was direct disobedience. She must obey me for her own good; but how should I make her do it? Punish her till she did? or appeal to her sense of right in the matter? In the calmest voice I could command in my surprise, I said to her: "Mary, you know that it is perfectly right for mamma to ask you to do this. If you do it pleasantly, it wont take you a minute; but if you are cross and ugly about it, you will grow crosser and uglier every minute, until by and by mamma will have to punish you severely in some way." Reaching over and kissing her forehead, I added, "Mamma doesn't want to punish you, but you *must* do as I say; now how much better to do it of your own accord." But there was no response to this: nothing but angry defiance in look and tone. I spoke more sternly this time—"Now, Mary, you must do as mamma asks you to, because it is right you should. Neither mamma nor you can go down to dinner till you come out behind the chair properly; you are making us both very unhappy because you are determined not to do right." Still there was no relenting. I arose and made preparations for dinner, showing that I expected she would do what was right,—a great help in itself sometimes,—then quietly seated myself again and waited. She was still angrily twisting herself about, and thumping on the window-sill. "Mary," said I very sadly, "are you going to oblige me to *make* you mind me, by punishing you? Can't you obey me because you love me and know what is right? There is a very naughty spirit in your little heart now. That same naughty spirit makes grown-up people do very, *very* wicked things; are you going to let it have its own way now? If you do, by and by it will be a great deal stronger than you are."

"Why don't you *make* me mind you?" she said sullenly.

"Because you know yourself just what you ought to do, and I want to give you a little chance to do right yourself. But I can't wait a very great while. If you don't do it of yourself, I shall *have* to make you do it, because, my dear child, God has given you to me that I may teach you how to grow up to be a good woman, and if I don't make you obey me, I shan't be obeying Him."

I waited a few minutes in silence. Suddenly she flounced out and rushed across the room, passing behind the chair. "There, I did it," she said angrily, "but not because *you* wanted me to."

"Well then," said I, "you ought to go back and do it, because I wanted you to." Somewhat to my surprise, she walked back and stood sullenly there.

"Now," said I very pleasantly, "will you not come out as you ought to?"

I had arisen from my chair, in response to some call from one of the younger children, and reached my hand toward her. She came directly forward, took my hand and burst into tears, completely subdued. I took her in my lap a few minutes, bathed her hot face and eyes, and said a few soothing words to her. The dinner bell rang, and we went down to dinner. I said nothing more about the matter then, diverting her mind by some pleasant stories and cheerful conversation, and giving time for her nervous agitation to subside. After dinner, when I saw that she was quite calm, I took her to my own room, and taking her in my lap, had a long talk, telling her why it was we must obey,—everybody had to obey something; she would have obeyed the naughty spirit if she hadn't obeyed me. Ever since she has been old enough to understand it, we have always, after any naughtiness of hers, had a quiet talk about it, followed by kneeling down together and asking help from God to keep her from doing wrong again; so I was not surprised when she whispered in my ear, "Mamma, hadn't we better tell Jesus about it?" And when I heard her penitent voice broken by sobs, saying, "Dear Jesus, I am sorry I didn't want to mind mamma; please forgive me and make me always mind her and you too," I felt she had learned a lesson in true obedience which she would never forget.

"Well," you say, "this is all very well; but how shall I begin with my two-year little tot? I can't go through such a course of reasoning with him." Of course not; but suppose a case, where you appeal to what little reason he has. You know all about the reckless indiscriminate way such babies have of seizing everything they can reach,—your work-basket, table ornaments, and such things. The mother's first impulse is to put everything out of the way, and I have been in rooms where the baby's entrance was the signal for a grand stampede of everything movable and breakable. Now, a better way, I think, is to allow things to remain,—unless it is something very fragile and choice,—and when his lordship "grabs" at it, to take hold of his hand, shake your head and say "No, no," in a very decided tone. He will probably make a brave fight to get it; but if he sees the "No, no," means No, he'll soon learn there are some things which have rights which even he is bound to respect. There is a great difference in children about it; but with time and patience I believe they can all be taught (and sooner than most people think) that there are certain things they mustn't touch—and here is a beginning in self-control.

If you once have a clear idea of just what you want to do, you will be able to find ways to do it from day to day. You will be surprised how easily and naturally the little fellow will learn, and how one day's teaching will prepare the way for the next day's opportunity. It is "here a little and there—*a good deal.*" With patience, care and common sense, you'll find your boy at six years neither a cringing, mean-spirited little sneak, nor an uproarious tyrant, but a manly, happy, obedient child. Try it and see.

With many wishes for your success in this most arduous part of a mother's work,

Yours very affectionately,

MARY BLAKE.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Weeks's "Twenty Poems."*

We are not hopeful of the immediate future of American poetry, for no young poet among the number who continually present themselves has yet proved that he is worthy to succeed any of our elder poets when they shall be called from the scene. Accomplished versifiers come and go, but the coming poet cometh not. He might, and perhaps would, have come at last in the person of Robert Kelley Weeks, whose eyes opened on another morn than ours, when the roses of June were last blowing. He died at the age of thirty-six, leaving three small volumes of poetry, the last being the posthumous one now before us. We remember his modest advent ten years since, and the hope and fear with which we regarded his work and his career. That he was a poet was as certain to our minds as that a violet was a violet. The indefinable something which distinguishes poetry from verse, and which is best indicated by the word *quality*, was evident in his productions. His conceptions were airy and tender, and his execution was restrained and graceful. There was no trick in his art, and no mannerism; and it was noticeably free from imitation. Interpenetrated by pensive sentiment, it was not in the least sentimental; and its occasional sadness was not the sadness of one whom Melancholy had marked for her own. It was at most the shadow of a serious mood. What separated it from other juvenile verse of the period was that the writer had nothing to unlearn. His sense of power was correct, and his knowledge of measures mature. Such were the impressions which we derived from his first venture, and which augured well for his second. What we apprehended was that the second, when it came, might not show that he had grown as he should have done, in view of his fine natural gifts and his careful scholarship: in other words, that it might be a promise rather than a performance. It came four years later, and dissipated our apprehension. The touch of the poet—at first a little faint and uncertain—had grown clear and firm, and the one test which so few poets can stand—the ability to write blank verse—had been met and overcome. Mr. Weeks's blank verse was masterly and original. Another test which few poets can stand—the ability to write sonnets—had also been met and overcome. There could be no doubt of his proficiency in the technicalities of the poetic art. This of itself was a great merit, but not so great a merit as the gift which accompanied it—the art of hiding art. The growth of Mr. Weeks was positive, and in the right direction. He had grown out of himself and his own fancies into the world of objective art, for he had learned to tell a story. His sympathies had enlarged from Greek to Christian and mediæval art; from Protesilaus and Paris to a nameless martyr who figures in the pages of Hippolytus, and to the love of Sir Gawaine. There was a feeling of tenderness in his poems of a personal character, which were remarkable for delicacy and purity. They were a great departure from the personal poetry of the period, as manifested in the erotic sonnets of Rossetti and Marston, but they could not be said to touch any deep chord of emotion. One could not say with certainty whether their pleasures and pains were those of hope or memory. Their key-note was struck in this exquisite couplet:

> "Had I not loved you quite so much,
> You might have loved me more."

Of the twenty poems in the present collection only three are strictly objective poems, the remainder being more or less tinged by the personality of their writer. It differs considerably, however, from the personality of his earlier volumes, and chiefly in regard to his sensitive perception and appreciation of nature. We have not to read far before we say to ourselves: this man has looked upon nature through his own eyes, and not through the spectacles of books. He has walked by the woods and waters, and they have given up their secrets to him. He has watched the clouds, and they have painted themselves in his mind. He pays as much attention to detail as a poet should, but no more, for poetry is not natural history, though a naturalist may be a poet. Mr. Bryant is both in one, as was also, in a less degree, Mr. Weeks. Not to multiply critical words, let us quote two or three little stanzas from "A Midsummer Night's Dream:"

> "There like a wintry blossom
> The yellow bud goes by,
> There floats in dreamy silence
> The mystic butterfly;
>
> "There like a gliding shadow
> The squirrel skims the rail,
> There sounds the saucy whistle
> Of the tantalizing quail;
>
> "And self-absorbed the crickets
> There everywhere approve
> The seeming-conscious quiet
> Through which the horses move."

Mr. Weeks has made an addition to recent poetry by "Andromeda's Escape." Whether the English-reading world of to-day wants any more—or, indeed, wants any—Greek poetry may be doubted. We must not moot that, however, but take things as they are, and things poetic as the poets would have us take them. We need not read their classical poems unless we choose, but, reading them, we must be just in spite of our predilections, if we have any, for later, living, human work. Simply as art, then, "Andromeda's Escape" is a good poem; not so good as "Atalanta in Calydon," but better, we think, than "The Masque of Pandora." Mr. Weeks, like Mr. Longfellow, makes no attempt to imitate the Greek tragedy. He states his intention clearly.

* Twenty Poems. By R. K. Weeks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

"There is a chorus, there is dialogue, and there is narrative—all this to give me a chance to tell the story in a mixed form of lyric, dramatic and descriptive verse. But all this (used in the freest way, without regard to any of the peculiarities of the ancient chorus, and without an attempt to represent either ancient ways of life or ancient forms of art) has been to me only so much outermost shell-work, into which, as convenient to my purpose, I have poured my own anachromatic composition, preferring to try the experiment of filling up with that cloudy mixture to making believe, often laborious repining, with something clearer perhaps, and perhaps only thinner." For just what it was intended to be, the poem is a success. The characters are sharply sketched, the dialogue is spirited, and the choruses interpret and reflect the action. The first chorus is an excellent model of what a modern Greek chorus should be. It is as clean-cut as a cameo. The most imaginative lines are put into the mouth of Perseus. Here is his description of the abode of Medusa:

> "An awful place, unhuman and alone;
> There the sun shines not, and the moon is gone,
> The white stars dwindle, and a something moans;
> For 'tis not utter darkness, utter cold,
> Not dark enough to quite put out the eyes,
> Not cold enough to quite benumb the heart,
> Darkness that broods upon, and cold that aches;
> Nor is it life, nor is it death, but still
> Something between them that may live or die."

"How Rowland blew the Horn" and "Godrun" are spirited romantic ballads. They are more carelessly written than the rest of the volume, and are therefore less satisfactory as literature. The last of Mr. Weeks's "Twenty Poems"—a brief little ballad entitled "Lexington"—is the one that we should select as the truest measure of what his powers would perhaps have been if he had not been cut off in his early prime. If any battle-field of Revolutionary fame has given rise to better writing than that, we have yet to see it. That, if nothing else, has placed Mr. Weeks permanently among the poets of America.

Léon Cahun's "Adventures of Captain Mago."*

JULES VERNE is one of the leaders among a set of clever writers who have found in science a fertile country for literary explorations. Natural history, physics, mechanics, are levied upon with startling results, while travel and adventure lend the fiction that movement which such popular narrative readily assumes. The author now before us belongs in the same family with Jules Verne, but his species is a different one. Instead of science, it is history which furnishes him with a wide selection of subjects. The more remote the history and the fewer the actual historical data, the wider the range for such imaginative occurrences as might possibly take place in prehistoric ages. Léon Cahun takes up the thread of a narrative in an age glowing with color, and a people famous since the dawn of history for the colonies they sent out and the adventures their hardy mariners underwent. What, indeed, could be happier than to describe the adventures of a Phœnician? Troy is assumed to be as yet in clear remembrance; Homer is living; the Latins are a growing tribe at Alba; the Iberians are inland savages, alternately at peace or war with Phœnician colonists on the sea-coast of Spain; the Greeks are hardy hill-tribes, which have pushed down through Greece and penetrated half-way across the island of Crete. King David is supposed to be resting from his victories at Jerusalem, while the Assyrian power is still flourishing on the rich plains of Mesopotamia.

With such a rich and varied field before him, it was merely a question with Léon Cahun what he should choose. Being well read on the antiquities of various Semitic nations, and, to all appearances, a student of their languages, his lively imagination has created the character of Mago, the Phœnician sea-captain and traveler, and his excellent taste and judgment have preserved him from putting his heroes in impossible or very absurd relations. The ship's company is composed of various distinct individuals, some of whom are of different nationalities; nor is there wanting an ape to enliven the voyages with the pranks of a sailor's pet.

A book something in the same vein as the "Adventures of Captain Mago" is Becker's "Charicles;" but the audience it addresses being a different one, different methods are pursued. Where Becker gives chapter and verse of the Greek classics to support every step of his characters, their every thought, and each article they wear or eat, the more popular and perhaps more juvenile purpose of the present book allows much greater license. "Captain Mago" is not meant to be instructive in the first place, but to be amusing. The instruction is entirely a secondary matter, and only a few notes and citations are given to recall the fact that such things might very readily have taken place on the Mediterranean a thousand years before Christ. There is great plenty of naval engagements graphically told, wonders met with on shores that are now the best known in the world; perils by water and sea-fights stirring enough to satisfy the most bloody-minded boy. The interest does not flag. In venturing southward beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the bold Captain Mago visits the Guinea Coast, the Cape of Good Hope, and at length finds himself near the Red Sea, and makes a visit to the Queen of Sheba. There is a tradition among the Greeks that Phœnicians circumnavigated Africa.

The translation of "Captain Mago's Adventures" appears to be excellent, the translator having avoided the usual pitfall of French idioms. Type and illustrations are also remarkably good. It is a book which may readily command a wide range of readers; for who of us, at any stage of life, can quite outlive the feelings which make "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Robinson Crusoe" the pleasantest companions?

* The Adventures of Captain Mago. Léon Cahun. Translated from the French by Ellen E. Frewer. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." *

MARY A. HALLOCK's illustrations of "The Skeleton in Armor" have all the refinement and charm of this artist's work. What could be more bright and spirited than the taming of the gerfalcon!—this is a most happy composition, and the drawing is done with a firm and assured touch. In "Loud sang the minstrels all," hide the minstrels themselves with your hand and notice especially how graceful and dignified the central group of maidens. "Old Hildebrand," with his horsemen, may not be a strikingly original group; but, it is full of action and gives well the feeling of the poem; and the same may be said of the picture following verse xiv. The group of mother and child, in the picture next to the last, is one of the most charming pieces in the book.

The landscape in this series of pictures is almost invariably fresh and good. There are indications that the picture with verse vi. was very effective on the block; but it lacks something as engraved. Mr. Anthony's engraving is (as always) carefully and skillfully done; but we are inclined to think that the engraver sympathizes too much with the gentler and smoother qualities of the artist's drawing; and, therefore, gives undue stress to that side of it. But these are the very qualities which it must always be the most difficult to retain in their subtlety and individuality, while translating the picture from the delicate tints of the drawing on the block to the sharp lines of the engraving.

Of Mr. Ipsen's decorative designs, the best is the title-page, which makes a very appropriate and pleasing appearance. Mr. Abbey's full-page picture of the tower looks as if drawn from a photograph, and is quite below the standard of the book, as well as below his own.

When, fifty years or so from now, the critic reviews the history of art-publications in America, an honorable place will be given to the publishers and the engraver who prepared, at so much expense, and with so much zeal, the series of "gift books," of which "The Skeleton in Armor" is in some respects the best, as we should think it might be the most popular, example.

Noah Brooks's "Boy Emigrants."†

THE high tide of sensational literature for boys shows signs of subsiding. The monstrosities of improbable adventure, hair-breadth escapes, unheard-of luck, infinite intrigue and heavenly denouements, have at last awakened the indignation of parents and disgusted the healthier class of young readers. The later books for boys show a great improvement in tone, the new writers are more manly, more truthful, and in every way abler than those whom they displace. One of the best of the new school is Noah Brooks, the journalist, whose "Boy Emigrants" has been reprinted, in book form, from "St. Nicholas." A good "boys' book" must have incident in plenty, for a boy likes happenings. It must have adventure, for in the boy the animal element is large—he sympathizes with action. But in that struggle of the mental and moral to get the better of the brute, which is going on in the boy, literature ought to be on the right side. To write a book for boys full of fire, and yet to preserve a good style, and the repose of a literary artist is not easy; but Mr. Brooks is much nearer to the ideal in this regard than most other writers of the present school. His characters speak their native slang; there is no namby-pamby, but the atmosphere is always pure and wholesome.

Mr. Brooks writes of what he has seen—his book is full of truth; there is a perfect panorama of event and character on the overland trail. The hardships, the discontent, the murmurings, are duly mixed with the good luck, so that a boy will not be inclined to run away from home in consequence of reading this story. The mining results in only moderate "luck," and everywhere the action is kept well in bounds, though every page is full of sprightliness and adventure. We hardly know so good a picture of overland travel since Winthrop's "John Brent." They are all here—Yankees, Indians, pikes, Hoosiers, sage-brush, alkali, robbers, Mormons and what-nots.

New English Books.

LONDON, Nov. 4.

AFTER a long interval of dullness almost unexampled, while the publishing and book-selling trades were suffering from the general depression common to all branches of commerce, it is pleasant to be able to note any symptoms of recovery. Already new books are beginning to appear, and the lists of announcements put forth by publishers, in anticipation of their coming season, afford a gratifying proof that the stock of current literature will be nearly equal to that offered to the public in more prosperous times. There is nothing perhaps to be looked forward to with special expectation and eagerness: no two or three books that tower above their fellows: no "Macaulay's Life" or "Greville's Diary" to break the ordinary routine of publishing experience; but a fair supply of books of standard character, on all the great variety of subjects that now exercise the intelligence of cultivated minds in every country, may be counted on.

In illustrated literature, such as is looked for about this time of the year for the supply of the Christmas demand, there is less to notice than usual. This is naturally accounted for by the long preparation required by books of this class. It is worthily represented for the present season by that splendid folio volume "Italy from the Alps to Mount Ætna," a book that stands almost without a parallel for beauty of execution, interest of subject, and general good taste in all that renders a book desirable, either as a monument of art or a manual of information for the tourist, the connoisseur, or the antiquarian. The well-known familiarity of the editor, Mr. T. A. Trollope, with Italian subjects, is

*The Skeleton in Armor. By Henry W. Longfellow. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

†The Boy Emigrants. By Noah Brooks. With Illustrations by Thomas Moran and W. L. Shepard. New York Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

a guarantee for the accuracy of the work, and as long as Italy continues to form the great center of attraction for European travelers this book must maintain its value. Among other illustrated books promised is a record in very handsome shape of "The Tour of the Prince of Wales in India, and his Visits to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain and Portugal." Both the author, Dr. W. H. Russell of the "Times," and the artist, Sydney P. Hall, have here a subject that possesses very varied sources of interest, particularly for a loyal people like the English, and a successful book is anticipated from their joint efforts. "The Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England," illustrated on wood by A. Rimmer, and prefaced with an introduction by Dr. Howson, Dean of Chester, will be a book of quieter charm, appealing more to the home tastes of readers. A new book promised by Mrs. Oliphant on "The Makers of Florence—Dante, Giotto, Savonarola—and their City," shows how exhaustless is the classic soil of Italy, and in how many different shapes it claims the sympathies of mankind. An elegant quarto, "Men of Mark, a Gallery of Contemporary Portraits taken from Life of the most eminent Men of the Day, with Biographical Notices," is worthy of attention from its exhibiting the very highest step yet reached by the art of "permanent photography." Nothing can exceed the clearness and beauty of the heads, while their correctness is of course assured by the process employed in their production.

The literature of travel, whether of scientific exploration or romantic adventure, forms an important portion of the issues of the day. The return of the Arctic expedition, under the command of Captain Naires, has revived for the moment the old excitement on Polar topics. Some slight disappointment is felt that, with all the modern resources of applied science, scarcely any appreciable advance was gained over the latitude reached by Captain Parry just fifty years ago (1827), with comparatively very imperfect means at his command. But the story of perils dared and hardships nobly encountered almost to the extent of human endurance never fails to interest; and the work of Captain Markham, the second in command, who will probably be the historian of the expedition, will be eagerly looked for. Summer skies and more genial breezes fell to the lot of "The Challenger" in its natural history exploring expedition round the world, under the direction of Sir Wyville Thomson. Its results will be given in two divisions—"The Atlantic" and "The Pacific," each in two volumes, with all the wealth of illustration which the graphic art will admit of. Two or three other accounts of the voyage, less official but more popular, are already announced by officers or volunteers of the expedition, as "Log Letters from 'The Challenger,'" by Lord George Campbell; "Scenes in Many Lands and over Many Seas,—the Cruise of 'The Challenger,'" by Captain W. Spry, R.N., etc.

In the class of personal narration of adventure, none, perhaps, can surpass the success already achieved by the book of your countryman, Hon. Eugene Schuyler, on Central Asia, Turkistan, Bokhara, etc. The unanimous voice of the English press has asserted its value as the fullest and most trustworthy source of information ever produced on one of the least known portions of the globe. Three editions have been rapidly called for, and the book is so constantly quoted and appealed to in the course of current events in the East, that a continuance of the demand is certain. "Across Africa," by Commander Cameron, R.N., with nearly two hundred illustrations from the author's sketches, in two volumes, 8vo, will narrate the particulars of one of the most heroic achievements of modern times,—the single-handed journey from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, through the heart of the African continent, of the brave sailor, who, though too late to succor Livingston, has made for himself a name of equal renown. An extended visit to Egypt furnishes Miss Amelia B. Edwards the material for "A Journey of a Thousand Miles through Egypt and Nubia to the Second Cataract of the Nile,"—a volume enriched with ground-plans, fac-similes of inscriptions, maps and other illustrations, from the drawings of the authoress. "Greenland and its Inhabitants," with illustrations, and a map, is by Dr. Henry Rink, whose very curious book lately published on "The Traditions of the Eskimo" shows his familiarity with men and things within the Arctic Circle, acquired in his official capacity as inspector of South Greenland under the Danish Government. Many other promised books of travel might be mentioned, and a large crop is sure to be forthcoming on Servia, Montenegro, and the Danubian countries; but there are probably none among them calling yet for particular attention.

To prehistoric archæology, the only contribution of moment that is promised is a new and enlarged edition, including the results of the most recent researches, of Professor Keller's "Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other parts of Europe." This work naturally follows that extraordinary result of German scientific research, "The Primeval World of Switzerland," by Professor Oswald Herr, of Zurich, lately translated, in two volumes, 8vo. The two works may be said to bridge over the interval between the earliest epochs of geological time, almost to the era of historical record, in a way that has not been attempted for any other country.

In classical and oriental antiquity there is yet much to reward the investigator. You may soon expect from the architect, Mr. I. T. Wood, F.S.A., the record of nearly eleven years of laborious excavation and research devoted to "Discoveries at Ephesus, including the Site and Remains of the Great Temple of Diana," with 60 illustrations, 200 inscriptions found in the excavations, etc. On the soil of Greece itself, exploration is equally active. The indefatigable Dr. Schliemann, driven for the moment from Troy by the vexations of Turkish officials, is now excavating with great success at Mycenæ, the royal seat of Agamemnon, and though no actual treasure in the precious metals (as at Troy) has yet rewarded his exertions, the results attained are very important. Everywhere the spade

reveals to us what the pen has left unrecorded, and imagination almost fails to grasp the succession of races of men and eras unmistakably characterized by their existing remains. On the other side of the Peloponnesus, Professor Curtius, the historian of Greece, is, with the return of the healthy season, commencing his second year's exploration of the great temple of Jupiter, at the ancient Olympus. An illustrated German book has given the results of the first year's labors,—which were rewarded by great treasures of Grecian art and antiquity. Though the work is heavy, from the great accumulation of soil brought down by the River Alpheus, it is conducted with all the prestige of an international undertaking by the Greek and German governments. So completely had the site been deserted and left to nature and earthquakes, that the stones composing the whole range of columns along one side of the temple, were found *in situ* exactly as they had fallen, so that with little trouble they might be reconstructed in their original grandeur.

The progress of discovery in Palestine will appear in Captain Warren's new book—"Underground Jerusalem: an Account of some of the principal Difficulties encountered in its Explorations, and the Results obtained; with a Narrative of an Expedition through the Jordan Valley, and a Visit to the Samaritan. 8vo, with Illustrations." The lamented death of Mr. George Smith has prevented the completion of his expected account of his last expedition to the Euphrates. His papers, however, have arrived in England, and will be published under the editorship of Dr. Birch and other scholars, as soon as they can be brought into shape. The deciphering of Assyrian and Babylonian cuneiform inscriptions still goes on actively in various hands; the latest details of its progress will be found in the "Transactions of The Society of Biblical Archæology," and in the small volume of "Records of the Past." The seventh of this series is just out, and contains some remarkable parallelisms of the scripture narrative from the earliest Accadian and Babylonian inscribed remains. Nearer home, the researches of Mr. Parker have thrown new light on old Rome itself. His last published volume on the Coliseum is especially interesting, from the connection of its fabric with the traditions of Christian martyrdom, etc. The vast substructures disclosed by excavation in the arena offer an entirely new field for antiquarian discussion as to their uses and purpose.

Poetry and belles-lettres seem hardly to keep pace with scientific and archæological research. Mr. William Morris's poem on the Nibelung story, lately brought into prominence by Wagner's music, and a collected volume of Mr. Swinburne's fugitive pieces, are the chief books announced in this department. "Anthony Babington, a Drama," by Violet Fane, author of "Denzil Place," etc., will find readers in America, where her writings seem to have gained more notice than they have yet done in England. The writer characterizes her first play as "A mere slice of history," too "tragic a tragedy" for representation on the stage. As the name implies, it deals with "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," and the queens of England and Scotland are among the *dramatis personæ*. Some persons may be interested in knowing that "Violet Fane" is said to be the pseudonym of Mrs. Singleton, the wife of a country gentleman, described in the "Court Guide" as "H. S. Singleton, Esq. of Hazeley House, Winchfield, Hampshire, and Grosvenor Place, London." The language of compliment, either personal or intellectual, however well deserved, would be impertinent, not to say indelicate, in the case of a fair "incognita," so must not be looked for here. A new book, by Professor Blackie, "The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands" shows that literary veteran engaged, with all the acumen of a philologist, the patriotism of a Celt, and the imagination of a poet, in defense of his country's claims. So effective has been his eloquence that, mainly by his efforts, a sum of £10,000 has just been raised for the establishment of a professorship of Celtic languages and literature in the University of Edinburgh. Though the present age may not be very productive in the imaginative walks of literature, a laudable degree of care is given to the study and illustration of the writings of the past worthies of song. There are now in progress: the first library edition of "The Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley," printed from the original text, or manuscript sources, and forming four really beautifully executed octavo volumes, with portrait, fac-simile, etc., edited by H. Buxton Forman; an entirely new edition, revised and enlarged, of "The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Coleridge," undertaken by the son of his first publisher, William Pickering, giving the various readings of the author's successive editions, numerous forgotten and shorter poems, now first collected, with biographical introduction, etc., to form four volumes, small octavo; a new library edition of Robert Burns's "Poetical and Prose Works" (by far the most splendid, complete and critical impression ever published), in six volumes, large octavo, under the editorial care of Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, and Mr. William Scott Douglas. It will contain much new matter from original MSS., collations of the text, etc., made with all the care usually applied to ancient classics, landscape and portrait illustrations, etc. etc.;—and a new edition of Charles Lamb's works, complete in six volumes,—more comprehensive than any previous one,—carefully edited by Percy Fitzgerald.

French and German Books.

Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques par Ernest Renan. New York: Christern, 77 University Place.

THE "Dialogues" being simple vehicles for various extreme fancies of his brain, the author wishes it understood that none of the opinions expressed are of necessity his own; that he is not responsible for them; but that if they contain anything novel and striking which people here and there may accept as a truth, why, so much the better. His book

is, therefore, more than all things else, suggestive. The future is boldly inquired into by following out certain modern tendencies to their utmost, and alternately gloomy and cheerful ideas of the destiny of the world are freely mooted. The sad ones, it may as well be noted, were written for the most part during the gloomy years of war, foreign and domestic, while the happier lucubrations are due to the improved condition of France under the wise government of MacMahon's republic. But, whether gloomy or cheerful, they are all clever, brilliant, full to the brim with suggestiveness. There are almost too many of them. Theory follows theory in a manner to make one suspicious of so versatile a brain as that which fathered them. One feels very much as when a sketch by some modern painter is exhibited; here is originality, audacity, a fine artistic hand, but—is there not a want of grasp, a lack of ballast, of solidity, of slow growth? Yet, after all is said, if there be no real fault to find, the feeling amounts simply to a subtle compliment to M. Renan, for it means that the reader is overwhelmed with his brilliancy.

A fear is expressed by one speaker that the great increase of scientific knowledge in the world will cause, by its oppressive vastness, a degeneration of the human mind, because only a few brains can stand the strain. This reminds one, with a difference, of that deeper remark of Diderot on the limits of sciences like mathematics, for instance. He observes that a new science has such attractions on account of the glory to be attained by pursuing it, that great minds seize upon and practically exhaust it, so that what remains to be investigated is too small to entice minds of power; but none other than such men are able to cope with it, and follow thoroughly the track of the first great investigator.

The "Fragments Philosophiques" are Renan himself, not the different parts of his brain, as he calls the various speakers in the "Dialogues." Here he affirms that as to the real God of the human conscience, he is unattackable, and the assertion acts as a kind of summing up of the extreme views pro and con in the "Dialogues." In "La Métaphysique et son Avenir" he enters a protest against the teaching of metaphysics to young people, and asserts with admirable penetration that its only effect is to confuse young minds, or else fill them with an assurance as false as it is exaggerated. Nothing can be more wasteful of time and powers than occupying growing boys and girls with subjects that only robust, fully developed brains can handle. Fearless thinkers will do well to give this work of M. Renan a careful reading.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Recent Researches in Orchestration.

THE chief value of orchestral music is in the color or *timbre* of the different instruments. The strings, the wood and the brass, make the three grand divisions of tone-color, the acoustic spectra, and it is the mingling of these in various proportions that makes the charm and art of orchestration. Hitherto it has been held that any two or more instruments could be combined, provided their loudness or intensity was equal—that the violin could be heard with the horn, or the flute with the double bass, if they were properly balanced in point of power. Recent researches in this matter by Professor Alfred M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, point to an entirely new law tending to show that pitch is of more importance than intensity. These researches show that the obscuration or obliteration of one sound by another is not wholly a matter of loudness, but of relative pitch. That certain sounds are obscured or extinguished by others without regard to their intensity, may be often noticed in orchestral music. In a full chord some of the instruments will not be heard, some of the instruments appearing to be extinguished, and their tone-color is apparently rubbed out or obliterated. The same thing may be noticed in grouping the stops of an organ. If this obliteration of certain notes by others was a matter purely of intensity, some stops would always be heard, because they are excessively loud, the "mixture" stops being an instance, and their appearance or disappearance from the full organ would be more noticeable than it is. Professor Mayer's experiments in this direction may be stated to resolve into this law: First, that a low note will tend to obliterate a higher note sounding with it; second, that high notes will not obliterate lower notes, whatever their relative intensity. This law may be proved by a great number of experiments extending over a wide range of sounds. One of these may be readily tried by comparing the ticking of a high-sounding watch and a low-sounding clock. If the relative speed of the ticks of the watch and clock coincides at intervals, it will be observed that, when the ticks meet, the ticks of the watch will be obscured, while the tick of the clock will be distinctly heard at all times. Care must be taken in this experiment not to bring the watch too near to the ear, or their relative intensities will interfere, and a just comparison of the sounds cannot be made. This law also makes itself felt when one speaks near a deep-toned steam whistle. The note of the whistle, while it may not destroy the sound of the voice, eclipses the higher notes, blotting out a vowel here and there, and making all highly pitched words indistinct and obscure. The application of this interesting discovery cannot fail to be of value both in the manufacture and combination of orchestral instruments. The conductor, as he now stands, is too

near the highly pitched instruments; and while he may hear them, owing to their intensity, their notes may be quite lost to the audience, being eclipsed by the deeper notes of the other instruments. Not because the double bass is the loudest, but, according to this law, because it is the lowest it is heard the most distinctly. The discovery of this law also points to the analysis of composite sounds, and the examination of harmonic overtones, their relative pitch and the effect they have on one another in determining the character or tone-color of voices and instruments.

Knight's "American Mechanical Dictionary."*

THE American is the inventive and adapting mind, and nowhere can so many devices and appliances in mechanics be found as here. This new dictionary of tools and processes, therefore, seems particularly appropriate as an American publication, and makes one of the largest and most complete works of the kind ever printed. It is issued in three large volumes of nearly 3,000 pages, and is not only a full and exhaustive dictionary of all mechanical tools, processes and instruments, but is also a digest of mechanical appliances as used in pure and applied science. Every mechanical tool, process, method and result employed or obtained in industry, art, or science, is given with its correct pronunciation, its classification, uses and aims, and the history of its invention and introduction. Wherever needed, the descriptive matter is supplemented with illustrations in elevation, detail or plan. To show how liberally this is done we may notice, under the head of Sewing-Machines, sixty-eight engravings showing the different machine stitches, and sixty-five larger pictures showing different parts of the various patterns on which sewing-machines have been made in this and other countries. Concerning processes in which mechanical devices are employed, the book is invaluable both for reference and study, showing not only the tools and appliances used, but giving the methods by which the results are obtained. For the student and inventor the work will prove useful in showing the historical progress and present position of every branch of art and manufacture. The practical man will find it even more useful, as it readily points out the best methods of getting work accomplished with speed and economy.

Improved Ophthalmoscope.

THE refracting ophthalmoscope, as usually constructed, employs a refractor mounted on a standard, and a number of concave and convex lenses. These lenses are detached from the refractor, and in using the instrument, the operator affixes the lenses to the standard, or holder of the refractor, that the case demands. If, in experimenting with the ophthalmoscope, the lenses in use must be changed for a high or lower power, the lens on the standard must be detached, and another put in its place. In an improved instrument, exhibited by Dr. Burnett before the Ophthalmoscopic Congress in this city, this labor of changing the lenses is greatly reduced, by arranging the glasses in a circle about the edges of two flat disks. One of these disks is designed to hold the convex lenses, and the other carries the concave lenses, and the two disks are attached directly to the refracting mirror, and in such a manner as to bring the circles of glasses in line with the opening in the refractor. By revolving the disks, the two series of lenses may be made to pass in turn before the field of the instrument, either singly or together. The operator can by this device quickly bring any convex or concave lens of any power into position, or he may combine any grade of the one with the other. This gives not only great facility in changing the power of the instrument, but enables the operator to make the changes without disturbing the patient. To facilitate the operation of estimating the power of the lenses, they are numbered according to their power in the metrical system, and the calculations employed in estimating the powers of the different lenses are performed automatically by means of figures marked on the instrument. This ophthalmoscope is also fitted with other conveniences useful in both objective and subjective observations. Its chief mechanical merit, however, is found in the application of the revolving disks carrying the lenses, and thus saving the trouble of changing the glasses, as in the older instruments of this class.

Boiler for Stripping Bark from Timber.

THE use of steam to separate the bark used in tanning from the wood has been tried with success, but the expense of taking heavy boilers into the forest has always proved an objection. A portable boiler, intended to produce a low-pressure superheated steam, suitable for this purpose, has been recently recommended by the French Administration of Forestry. This boiler is quite small, and is of the upright tubular pattern. It is supplied with a feed water-heater of an annular pattern, and placed round the smoke-stack. Within the stack is a copper chamber, designed to take the steam from the boiler and to allow it to be superheated in the smoke and flame. By this device it is claimed that a dry steam of 338° Fahrenheit is obtained, that will quickly cause the liquids held in the wood to expand and loosen the bark as soon as the steam comes in contact with it. Four wooden, steam-tight tanks are placed in a circle around the boiler, and in these the wood is treated. With such an apparatus it is estimated that four men can strip off about 1500 kilos. of bark from the wood in one day, and at decided saving of material, as small sticks and crooked branches that would not pay for hand-stripping may be cleared of their bark by steaming.

Xylographic Decoration.

THE two methods commonly employed in decorating interior wood-work with paint are hand-painting and stencil-work. Printing from engraved

* Knight's American Mechanical Dictionary. By Edward H. Knight. New York: Hurd & Houghton, Publishers. 3 vols. Price, in cloth, $8 per vol.

blocks has been tried, but the chief objections to this class of work have been the weight of the blocks, and the difficulty of "justifying" the work so that the patterns or designs will appear true. Another system of xylographic printing that gives an embossed surface has been made the subject of recent experiment, and hopes are entertained that it may lead to an improved method of producing painted decorations on wood. This work is designed to be applied to wooden doors, panels, wainscots, etc., before they are placed in position. The foliage, arabesques, or other patterns to be printed on the wood, are first drawn on blocks, as if for making engravings, and after the block is cut, electro-plates are taken from it by the usual methods. The wood to be decorated is then prepared and placed in a powerful press. The coloring material, paints or inks, is spread by means of a printer's roller on the electro, and this is laid on the wood and submitted to heavy pressure in the press. The result is two-fold—an impression in color on the wood of the design and an embossed surface, the electro cutting into the wood, leaving the design sunken in it, and the unpainted parts in relief. When dry, the wood may be varnished and employed by the cabinet-maker or house-joiner in any way that seems best. It will be seen that this double process of printing and stamping leaves the color sunk in the wood and well protected from injury, while the embossed and unpainted portions serve to accent the design. If several colors are wanted, a number of electros must be used, one for each color, as in chromo-lithography. This method of incised printing, of course, has not the life and feeling of artistic hand-painting. Compared with stencil-work, it has advantages, however. It also avoids the "retouching" necessary to remove the trace of the stencil.

Filtration of Metals.

LAMPADIUS, of Freiburg, in investigating the composition of metals in a state of fusion, reported that the metallic impurities found in the more fusible metals—tin, etc.—tended, when at a low temperature of fusion, to combine and form crystalline compounds that would float in the molten mass. From this he suggested that such impurities—iron, arsenic, copper, etc.—might be removed by filtration. Experiments were first tried with such filters as the fused tin would not wet, and quartz sand and clay were employed; but the results were not wholly satisfactory. The filters did stop certain quantities of the impure compounds, but the tin that passed the filter was still loaded with impurities. Further experiments were tried by others on filters that, while they were wet by the fused tin, would not melt in it. Five hundred strips of sheet-iron, the thickness of paper, 16 millimeters ($\frac{5}{10}$ inch) long and 4 broad were set on edge, side by side, with small spaces between them, and then secured by iron wedges into an iron frame. This screen, or net-work, was then luted into an opening in the bottom of a graphite crucible. The tin to be filtered was melted in another crucible, and allowed to cool, till the impurities began to separate in the form of delicate crystals floating in the molten metal, when the tin was carefully poured into the filter. The pure tin, being still fluid, readily flowed through the screen, and the refuse lodged on it in a pasty mass. The filtered tin was found to be almost chemically pure, while the refuse gave iron, arsenic and copper. A filter of this pattern is reported to have cleared 2,500 kilos. of Bohemian tin without difficulty. New forms of filters are now under experiment, and it is suggested that the same system of filtration may prove a convenient method of removing lead from silver.

New Steering-Gear for Steamships.

THE three-cylinder engine, though it was introduced a comparatively short time ago, has already found many useful applications. Its compactness, ease of management and ready reversal, commend it as a motor in all work where a high speed is required, or where the direction of the motion needs to be changed quickly. The latest application of this engine is in the steering of steamships. For this work it is directly connected with a shaft that controls the rudder. Another cylinder is placed near the engine for the purpose of throwing the rudder out of gear, and the steersman, by pressing a foot-lever, may disconnect the engine and allow the rudder to swing freely, or, if thrown over to one side, to return to its normal position by the force of the water, independently of the engine. The apparatus is easily controlled by one man using a hand-wheel of the usual pattern.

Memoranda.

CAREFUL observations on the duration of railroad sleepers, used under the most favorable circumstances on several German roads, give a very large percentage in favor of oak sleepers, impregnated with chloride of zinc, or tar oil containing creosote. The amounts of renewals necessary after various terms of years are reported as follows:—pine sleepers impregnated with chloride of lime, after 21 years' use, required renewal to the extent of 31 per cent.; beech sleepers impregnated with creosote, after 22 years' use, 46 per cent.; oak sleepers impregnated with chloride of zinc, after 22 years' use, 20.7 per cent. On other lines, unimpregnated oak sleepers, after 12 years' use, required 74.48 per cent. renewal; oak sleepers charged with chloride of zinc, after 7 years, 3.29 per cent.; oak sleepers impregnated with tar oil containing creosote, after 6 years, 0.09 per cent., and pine sleepers impregnated with chloride of zinc, after 7 years, 4.46 per cent.

In electrotyping flowers, ferns, butterflies, and other insects for making ornaments, M. Cazeneuve recommends immersing the insect or other object in a solution of nitrate of silver in wood naphtha. When taken out and partially dried, it is treated with ammonia, the result giving a double salt that is readily reduced. After being well dried, the object is exposed to the vapor of mercury, when it becomes metallized, and may then be treated in the electrotyping bath in the usual manner.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

"FAREWELL! 'TIS LOVE'S LAST GREETING."

Norvern People.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

DEM folks in de Norf is de beatin'est lot!
Wid all de brass buttons an' fixin's dey got—
You needn't tole me!—dey all dresses in blue:
I seed 'em de time 'at Grant's army come froo.

Dey libs up de country, whar ellyphunts grows,
Somewhar 'bout de head ob de ribber, I s'pose;
Whar snow keeps a-drappin, Spring, Winter, an' Fall,
An' Summer-time don't nebber git dar at all.

Up dar in dey town dar's a mighty great hole
Dey dug for to git at de silber an' gol':
I reckon heah lately it mus' ha' cabed in—
I wish I c'u'd see a good two-bits ag'in!

Dey puts up Supplies for us Christuns to eat,—
De whisky, de flouah, de meal, an' de meat;
Dey's dreffle big-feelin', an' makes a great fuss,
But dey kaint git along widout workin' for us.

I wouldn't be dem, not for all you c'u'd gib:
Dey nebber tas'e possum as long as dey lib!
Dey w'u'dn't know gumbo, ef put in dey mouf—
Why don't dey all sell out an' come to de Souf?

But lawsy! dey's ign'ant as ign'ant kin be;
An' aint got de presence ob min' for to see
Dat ol' Marsissippi's jes' ober de fence
Dat runs aroun' Hebben's sarcumferymence!

Now, us dat is fabored wid wisdom an' grace,
An' had de fus' pick for a 'sirable place,
We ought for to 'member de duty we owes,
To sheer wid our brudders as fur as it goes.

So sometime in chu'ch I's a-gwine to serjes'
Dat some-un be sent what kin talk to 'em bes'—
(An' mebbe dat's *me*) for to open deir eyes,
Recomstruc' de pore critters, an' help 'em to rise.

We'll fotch 'em down heah, de las' one ob de batch,
An' treat 'em like gemmen, an' rent 'em a patch—
Why dat's de Merlennium! Dat's what it am;
An' us is de lion, an' dey is de lamb!

A Study of Evangeline.

MR. EDITOR, *Dear Sir:* Some very pleasant and interesting statements have lately been made in regard to the place in Philadelphia where Mr. Longfellow's Evangeline found her lover Gabriel. But it seems very clear to me that in this case the honor has been given to the wrong house. In an article on "Old Landmarks in Philadelphia," in the June number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, it is stated the old Quaker alms-house at Walnut and Third streets was the spot where Evangeline found her lover. It is even said that an old woman living there remarked: "Yes, this is the old alms-house, and it was in this room that Evangeline found Gabriel."

Now, sir, I very much fear that this old woman was so carried away by her enthusiasm that she told a very great fib.

There is no reason whatever for supposing that Mr. Longfellow referred in his poem to the Quaker alms-house, which was, in its prime, a collection of very small houses, in a large garden. A year or two ago, there was only one of these remaining. I remember very well visiting the place when a boy.

The "Old Philadelphia Alms-house," vacated about 1835, and the predecessor of the present extensive buildings at Blockley, West Philadelphia, stood, at the time of Evangeline's visit, on Spruce street, between Tenth and Eleventh. It consisted of a large three-story center building with a wing, two stories high on each side. In front was a lawn with fine old trees, and back of the house was a great garden reaching to Pine street.

"Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands."

Now, let us look for a moment at Mr. Longfellow's poem, and judge for ourselves which of these houses he may be supposed to refer to, when he speaks of the scene of the meeting between Evangeline and Gabriel.

"It came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,"

and Evangeline, then a Sister of Mercy, wended her way on a quite Sabbath morn to the alms-house. She stopped for a moment in the garden to gather some flowers, then

"Mounted the stairs to the corridors."

Now, there were no "corridors" in the little Quaker alms-houses, but, in the "Old Alms-house" (as Philadelphians called the house on Spruce street), there were spacious corridors and broad stairs leading to them.

Evangeline then

"Entered the chambers of sickness,"

Moving from pallet to pallet where

"Many a languid head upraised.'

There were no rows of beds in the Quaker alms-house, nor any room for them. It was not a hospital, and "many" languid heads could not find place there. But, in the "Old Alms-house" were such rows of beds, occupied in days of pestilence,

A GOOD SIGN.

"Eh golly! bizness must be pickin' up when folks kin chuck away chunks of cigar like this. A real Henry Clay too!"

by many patients. These were nursed by "assiduous careful attendants," often Sisters of Charity, who were never, I believe, admitted or needed in the little houses where the Quaker poor found a home.

"Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time.
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers."

Such successions of patients, such alternations of sick, dying and dead could never have occurred in the Quaker alms-house, even if we could imagine so many poor and sick Quakers. But scenes of the kind were not uncommon in the Old Alms-house. Many Philadelphians remember the cholera of 1832, when a dozen or more Sisters of Charity came from a distant town (Emmettsburg), to attend the overflowing sick wards of the Old Alms-house.

I think we need go no further into this matter. It was simply impossible that Evangeline could have found her lover in any of the little buildings which constituted the Quaker alms-house, and there is every reason to suppose that the "Old Alms-house," on Spruce street, the only *public* establishment of the kind in the city, was the house which Mr. Longfellow has made famous.

S.

The Hole in the Floor.

In the primitive days of our grandfathers' time,
When the fire-place, genial and bright,
Its cavernous recesses glowing with flame,
Filled the old-fashioned kitchen with light;
They used often to gather at close of the day,
Round the hearth-stone, that altar of yore,
But men of this modern and glorified age,
Collect round—a hole in the floor.

The grandfather sat in the chimney nook,
In an old-fashioned splint-bottomed chair,
And solemnly read from the blessed old Book,
Then knelt with the household in prayer;
Their altar the time-honored hearth-stone with gleams
Of the fire-light flickering o'er.
We moderns all worship 'neath fresco and gas,
Our altar—a hole in the floor.

When from the old hearth-stone the children went forth
To join in the soul-thrilling strife
And win themselves laurels or valiantly brave
The buffeting surges of life.
Then with world-wearied hearts yearning sadly for rest,
They would seek the old hearth-stone once more;
But we, when aweary with toil and oppressed,
Return to—the hole in the floor.

When the tumult of war overshadowed our land
And our forefathers rushed to the fray,
To repel the invaders that threatened their homes,
Leaving mothers and daughters to pray—
The thoughts of their hearth-stones gave strength to their arms
And thrilled their brave hearts to the core,
But our heroes when called on their homes to defend,
Must fight for—a hole in the floor.

Then let us rejoice that we live in an age
When instead of the hearth-stone's bright glow,
Or the cavernous fire-place cheery with flames,
We have "modern improvements," you know.
And when we converse of those primitive times,
And the jolly old customs of yore,
We will laugh as we think of their old-fashioned ways,
As we sit round—the hole in the floor.

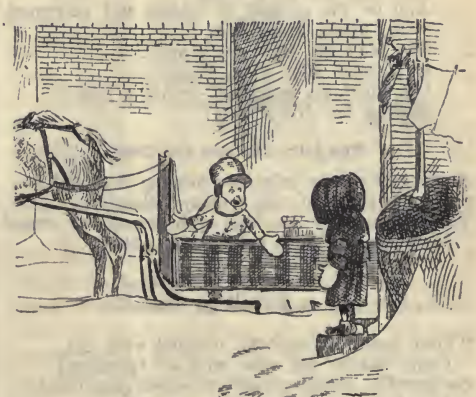
LIZZIE CLARK HARDY.

Indignant Polly Wog.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

A TREE-TOAD, dressed in apple-green,
Sat on a mossy log
Beside a pond, and shrilly sang,
"Come forth, my Polly Wog,—
My Pol—my Ly—my Wog,
My pretty Polly Wog;
I've something very sweet to say,
My slender Polly Wog!

"The air is moist—the moon is hid
Behind a heavy fog,
No stars are out to wink and blink
At you, my Polly Wog,—
My Pol—my Ly—my Wog,
My graceful Polly Wog;
Oh, tarry not, beloved one!
My precious Polly Wog!"



"COME, FLY WITH ME AND BE MY BRIDE."

"Oh golly! wish I had my gun."

"Oh golly! wish I c'u'd see a ole har'.'

'TWAS EVER THUS.

Just then away went clouds, and there
A-sitting on the log—
The other end, I mean—the moon
Showed angry Polly Wog.

Her small eyes flashed—she swelled until
She looked almost a frog;
"How dare you call me, sir," she asked,
"Your precious *Polly* Wog?"

"Why, one would think your life was spent
In some low muddy bog;
I'd have you know, to strange young toads
My name's Miss *Mary* Wog."

One wild, wild laugh that tree-toad gave
And tumbled off the log,
And on the ground he kicked and screamed,
"Oh, Mary, Mary Wog!
Oh, Ma! oh, Ry! oh, Wog!
Oh, proud Miss Mary Wog!
Oh, goodness gracious!—what a joke!
Hurrah for *Mary* Wog!"

The Jelly-fish and the Crab.

A LOVELY young jelly-fish, nearing the land
By the shore of the mighty Atlantic,
Was charmed by a soldier-crab pacing the strand
With bearing both gallant and antic.
She floated quite near,
And she murmured, "My dear,
Oh, love me, or I shall go frantic!

"Your beautiful uniform, mottled with red,
Quite dazzles my eyes with its splendor;
So grandly, commandingly sidewise you tread,
Due homage must every one render;
Much more then must I,"
And she heaved a deep sigh,
"For my heart is dissolvingly tender."

Right gallantly then did he turn him about,
Until at his ease he could view her,
And answered, in tones somewhat creaky, no doubt,
As with grace he saluted unto her:
"Can it be, can it be
A fair jelly like thee
Will deign to permit me to woo her?

"Though crabbed I may be, as some would declare,
Yet none have I ever admired
So much as the soft and impressible fair,—
Such a bride have I always desired,—
And you, with that blush,
And that form soft as mush,
Have deepest devotion inspired."

With rapturous movements he scuttled along
To mount by her side on the ledges,
While, floating about (for the current was strong)
Went she, fondly flapping her edges;
And both, all the time,
In the loveliest rhyme,
Exchanging the tenderest pledges.

And now, if at evening you walk by the shore
When the moon in the sky is parading,
And hear a small sound like the creak of a door,
Now swelling, now suddenly fading,
You'll please understand
'Tis the crab on the strand,
His jelly-fish love serenading.

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TROUT-FISHING IN THE RANGELEY LAKES.

TELLING FISH STORIES.

THERE can be no better text for a paper upon the big trout of the Rangeley Lakes than the representation of one drawn upon birch bark, an accurate engraving of which is given on the next page. The fish here reproduced, be it understood, is a genuine specimen of the speckled brook trout, or, to put it scientifically, of the *Salmo fontinalis*, and weighed *eight and a half pounds* when taken from the water by its captor, R. G. Allerton, of New York City. It had all the recognized peculiarities of brook trout,—the square tail, small head, mouth black inside (instead of white, as is the case with lake trout), and finally the bright vermilion spots which distinguish brook trout from all other species. This particular fish was captured June 5, 1869, in Lake Mooselucmaguntic. It was taken on a trolling line after a contest lasting forty-nine minutes. When landed it was entirely uninjured, and several days after when killed it was laid upon a piece of birch bark, and its outline traced, and then filled in by an amateur artist. The engraving has been made from this original drawing, which is reduced nearly five-sixths,—or, in other words, the figure here given is a little over one-sixth life size. In length this trout measured 25 inches, and at the thickest part its girth was 17 inches. There is nothing like accuracy in a "fish story," and as this

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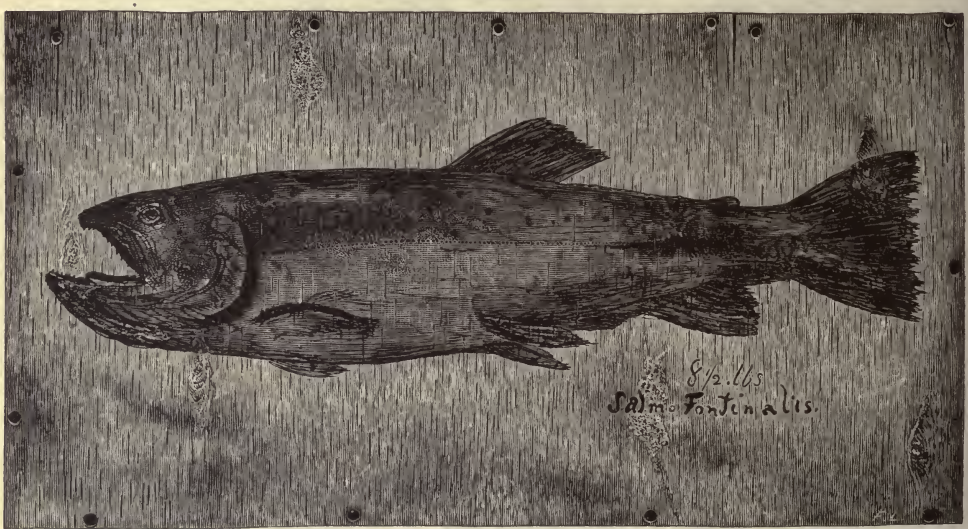
trout is by no means the largest which has been captured in the Rangeley Lakes, and is one of thousands of this species ranging from half a pound to ten pounds which have been taken in these waters, it only remains to add that the legend this drawing bears—*hic jacet*—refers entirely to the fish whose obituary is here written, and not at all to the statements about his fellow-denizens of the Rangeley Lakes, some information about which it is the purpose of this paper to present.



HIC JACET.

Mooselucmaguntic, Molechunkemunk, Welokenebacook, Cupsuptuc, and Rangeley, are the names carried by the individual members of a group of lakes which are yet destined to be as familiar in the literature of the American sportsman as the salmon rivers of Canada or the trout streams of the Adirondacks. These lakes lie in the western part of Maine, near the New Hampshire boundary line. The White Mountains are some thirty miles distant, a little to the west of south, and Moosehead Lake is about sixty or seventy miles to the north-east. It may be absolute incredulity as to the fish stories which are told of these lakes,—it is hard for one who has not seen a speckled trout weighing ten, eight, or even six pounds, to have faith in the existence of a fish of this size and species,—or it may be despair of defining his destination when the sportsman reads the unpronounceable names which these lakes bear; but whatever the cause, the number of visitors to this region has thus far been comparatively small. Thoreau, to be sure, described it in a general way years ago, and so did Theodore Winthrop, but their accounts made it appear like a *terra incognita*, full of difficulties when it was once reached. Now, however, the railroad excursion fiend has fixed his fangs upon the district. Excursion tickets from Boston to the Rangeley lakes and return by various routes are sold by the different railroads; photographers have been through the Lakes taking views of the various camps and of picturesque localities in general; at least one guide-book has been issued, and since the last barrier to the exclusiveness of the district has thus been broken down, there can be no breach of trust in giving to the readers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY an accurate account of one of the most picturesque and attractive regions east of the Rocky Mountains.

Maine is so profusely dotted over with lakes as to suggest the thought that the State has not yet been well drained or that a slight tilting of the continent might depress the general level of this region so as to submerge it in the Atlantic. But the fact is that the lakes which have just been named are between fourteen and fifteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and are embosomed in mountains, some of which reach a height of two, three, and even four thousand feet. Approaching from the south-east by way of Farmington and Phillips (see map, page 436), you first strike Rangeley Lake at its extreme eastern end, and here the entire group is generally spoken of as the Range-

UPPER DAM. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY C. A. J. FARRAR, BOSTON.)

ley Lakes. Coming from the other direction, by way of Andover, Welokenebacook is first reached, and in this region one hears the group spoken of as the Richardson Lakes, although this name is properly applicable only to Welokenebacook and Molechunkemunk. But the tourist and the fisherman will appreciate the advantage of explicit directions regarding the precise routes which it is desirable to follow in reaching the Lakes.

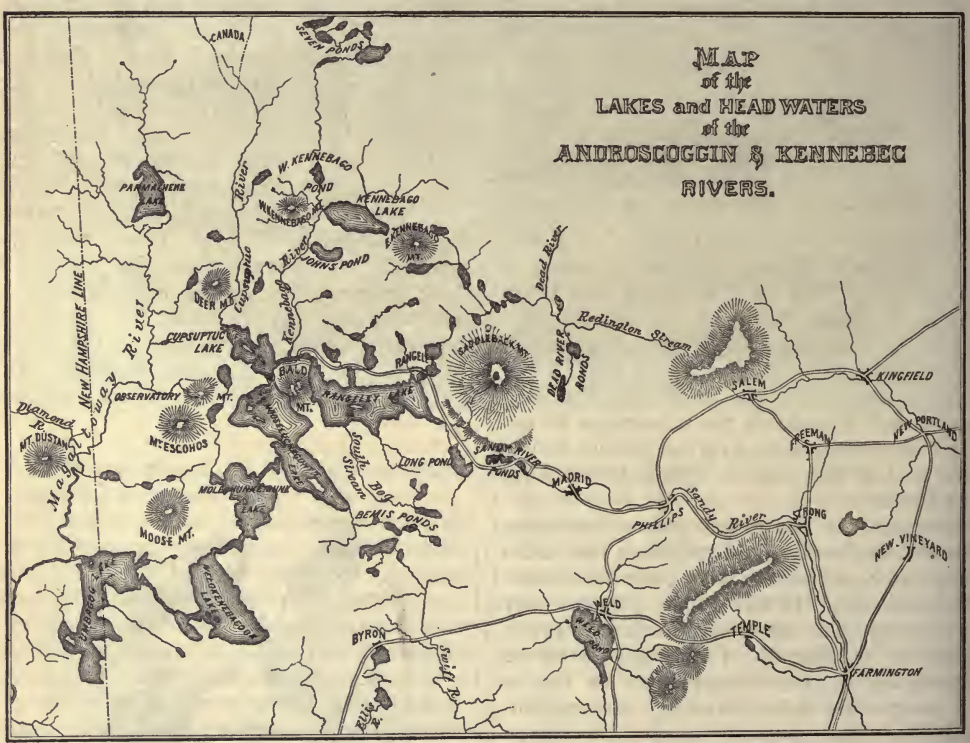
Portland is the point where one must decide whether he shall approach the Lakes from their southern or from their north-eastern extremity. If he wishes to go by way of Umbagog, he must take the Grand Trunk Railroad to Bethel. Taking supper at the Bethel House, the traveler goes to Upton by stage the same evening, accomplishing the distance — 26 miles — by eleven o'clock. The next morning the little steamer "Diamond" will take you through Lake Umbagog to the "Inlet," a distance of twelve miles. Leaving the "Diamond" at this point, a row-boat conveys you to the "Rapids," a mile and a half further. Here is a "carry" of four and a half miles, over which the luggage is hauled by a team, while the fisherman foots it, and you are at the Middle Camp Dam, which is about the middle of the western shore of Welokenebacook, whence access is easy to Molechunkemunk and Mooselucmaguntic.

Or a shorter, and in other respects a preferable route, is to stop at Bryant's Pond, whence stages run three times a week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday —to Andover, eighteen miles distant. There at the Greig House you will find in "Charley" Cushman a "guide, philosopher and friend," who will not only give all necessary information as to the accommodations for fishermen upon the lower lakes, but in an emergency, as I can bear most cheerful witness, will see you safely to your destination, and make it certain that you are well provided for. To reach the "Arm" a twelve-mile ride on a buckboard over a difficult road must be undergone, and thence by a small steamer the Middle or Upper Dam may be reached. Communication by either of these routes, however, is not so regular, sure or easy as by way of Farmington and Phillips, and as this is the direct route to the camp of the Oquossoc Angling Association, which is by far the best

"GLAD TO SEE YOU, UNCLE JOHN!"

managed organization of its kind in this region, the tourist or sportsman will generally give it the preference. Leaving Portland a

little after one o'clock, you arrive at Farmington about six. There "Uncle John" Pickens takes charge of all your "traps," and stows them with conscientious care in the boot of his capacious Concord coach. A supper at the Forest House fortifies you for an eighteen-mile ride to Phillips, and this is materially shortened by Uncle John's famous "bear story" and other characteristic narratives. Stopping overnight at the Barden House, or at the Elmwood House, kept by Mr. Prescott, you take an early start the next morning, and after a stage ride of twenty miles reach Kimball's



Hotel, at the head of Rangeley Lake, by noon. Taking dinner here, and after it the "Molly-chunk-e-munk," one of the little steamers which have recently invaded the sanctity of these lakes, you are in an hour and a half landed at the foot of Rangeley. Here there has just been erected a hotel known as the Mountain View House, which is open to all comers, and near it is the private camp of Theodore L. Page,—Lake Point Cottage.

In comparison with the unpronounceable Indian names which the contiguous lakes bear, that of Rangeley appears singularly commonplace and civilized, but formerly it was quite as well off as its neighbors. Originally it was known as Oquossoc Lake, but about fifty years ago a wealthy English squire, Rangeley by name, having wearied of the civilized tameness of his Virginia estate, decided to settle in this northern wilderness. He cleared a broad tract at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, built a dam across the stream, erected extensive saw and grist mills, and expended large sums of money in other improvements. His supplies of all kinds were transported from Phillips or Farmington, a distance of thirty to fifty miles, and he was compelled to haul his lumber a hundred miles to find a market. For twenty years Squire Rangeley lived here, pushing his business enterprises with great energy and more or less success, and enjoying the field sports, of which he was passionately fond. Moose, caribou, deer, bears and wolves were his constant neighbors; ducks, geese, partridge and smaller game were so abundant that shooting them could hardly be called sport; and brook trout weighing six, seven, eight or nine pounds could be taken by the score from the stream which ran past his front door

When Squire Rangeley, for reasons which tradition does not record, gave up the enterprise which he had pushed for a time with so much energy, his mills and buildings were all abandoned, and the clearings which he had made were rapidly seeded down by the hand of nature; pines, spruces, juniper and fir springing up everywhere in place of the ancient monarchs of the primeval forest which he had cleared away at the cost of so much labor. Ten years ago, the frame and roof of the massive old mill were still standing, but in 1866 these were pulled down and the solid pine timbers of the structure were incorporated in the new dam which was then built for the purpose of floating logs through the outlet in the early spring. Of the old homestead, which occupied a commanding site on a beautiful knoll, only the decayed foundation timbers remain. Enough of the "Potash" building still stands to give a passable shelter to the benighted angler. With these exceptions, Squire Rangeley's "improvements" have all disappeared. The township which he once owned, however, still bears his name. Nearly all of the lake lies within its limits. The town of Rangeley—or the "city," as the natives call it—is half a mile back from the extreme eastern end of the lake. Most of the male inhabitants of the village devote themselves to "guiding" throughout the entire fishing season, and spruce gum in its native state is one of its chief exports. Apart from these "industries" there is little that is noteworthy about the town, and the sportsman misses nothing which he has cause to regret in the fact that his route does not take him to the "city."

Until two years ago the trip through Rangeley Lake to its outlet was made either in Captain Crosby's sail-boat or in row-boats. Rangeley Lake, by the way, is 1,511 feet above tide water. Its breadth is three miles and its length nine miles, and few more picturesque scenes can be imagined than a fleet of six or seven of these row-boats, each with a small United States flag floating from its bow, rapidly moving down the lake, carrying one or two sportsmen on the way to the head-quarters of the famous Oquossoc Angling Association.

CAMP KENNEBAGO. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY C. A. J. FARRAR, BOSTON.)

Leaving the steamer "Molly-chunk-e-munk,"—the name of which has thus gallantly been metamorphosed and Anglicized from the Indian appellation of Lake Mole-chunk-e-munk,—members of the angling association named or visitors to their camp cross a two-mile carry from the foot of Rangeley Lake to the junction of Kennebago Stream with Rangeley Stream, where is Camp Kennebago. A wagon takes the baggage, while the sportsmen themselves walk across through an excellent wood road, which, however, is marshy enough in spots to make very careful stepping or very thick boots indispensable. Indian Rock—a locality famous even in the aboriginal annals of Maine, as its name indicates—is on the left bank of the stream, directly facing Camp

Kennebago. Tradition relates that this spot was a favorite haunt of the Indian long before the white man ventured so far into the forest, and that as late as 1855 they made visits here from Canada each season.

The lakes of the Rangeley group are so located with respect to one another that it is extremely difficult for the visitor to get a clear idea of their relative positions. Nothing does this so effectively as an ascent of Bald Mountain, which is one of the most prominent objects in this whole landscape, since it rises seventeen hundred feet above the level of the lake. The ascent may be made with comparative ease by any one at all accustomed to mountain climbing, and there are several paths to the summit. Bald Mountain is in reality a peninsula. Its base is washed by Rangeley Lake, Rangeley Stream, Cupsuptuc Lake and Mooselucmaguntic. A narrow strip of land on the south connects it with the main-land. Once on the summit, looking eastward, you see the Rangeley, its graceful form deeply outlined, and every indentation plainly marked. Old Saddleback, rock-ribbed and bare, and rising four thousand feet, faces you. Still further east are the twin Bigelows, Mount Abraham, and the East and West Kennebago Mountains. That thread of silver in the immediate foreground is the wide and rapid Rangeley outlet, which falls twenty-five feet in the two miles intervening between the point where it leaves the lake and its junction with the calmer and deeper waters of the Kennebago. At this point can be clearly distinguished the grounds and buildings of Camp Kennebago, with the stars and stripes waving from the tall flag-staff. Something more than words is necessary to do full justice to the exquisitely varied panorama of lake and mountain, the beauty of which could be hardly more than indicated by the catalogue of names necessary to identify them. Few finer views can be found in the English lakes, among the Trossachs, or even in Switzerland, than this from the summit of Bald Mountain.

MEETING OF THE WATERS—JUNCTION OF RANGELEY AND KENNEBAGO.

Before describing Camp Kennebago in detail, it may be as well to give in brief a sketch of the history of the Oquossoc Angling Association, of which organization this camp is the head-quarters. So long as thirty years ago, a sportsman now and then worked his way through the wilderness to these lakes, but it is only within the last fifteen years that the Rangeley, Kennebago and Cupsuptuc Lakes, with the upper end of Mooselucmaguntic, have become at all well known to anglers. The Richardson Lakes—Welokenebacook and Molechunkemunk, with Umbagog, forming the lower lakes in the great chain whence the Androscoggin River derives its mighty power—have for the last thirty or forty years been frequented by a score or more of Boston and New York gentlemen. These sportsmen were invariably found at "Rich's" "Middle Dam," Mosquito Brook, or the "Upper Dam." Hundreds of spotted beauties, weighing from two to eight pounds, were captured by these anglers year after year, but they wisely kept their own counsel, and if an item occasionally found its way into the New York or Boston papers chronicling the arrival of a six or eight pound speckled trout, those who claimed to be best informed dismissed the paragraph with a sneer at the ignorance of editors who did not know the difference between brook trout and "lakers." In 1860, Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, now one of the efficient commissioners of fisheries for the State of Maine, organized an expedition to penetrate to the lakes from the upper end. Twenty years before, Mr. Stanley's father had made the survey of much of the lake country, and discovering the extraor-

dinary size of the trout, had frequently repeated his visits. The son now and then accompanied his father on these trips, and

GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE, PRESIDENT OF THE OQUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION.

with such a preceptor in the gentle art, and with such opportunities for its practice, it is not strange that Mr. Stanley should have achieved the distinction of being the champion fly-fisher of the world. His record of brook trout weighing from three to nine and a half pounds, all taken with the fly, reaches many hundred. The party which Mr. Stanley headed on the occasion alluded to made its way to the lake, *via* Dixfield, Carthage, Weld, Phillips, and Madrid, striking first the upper end of Rangeley. One of its members, Mr. George Shepard Page, of New York City, was so delighted with his experience upon this trip that in 1863 he made a second journey by the same route. He returned from this trip, bringing with him eight brook trout weighing respectively 8⅜, 8¼, 7¼, 6½, 6, 5½, 5, 5—total, 51⅞ lbs., or an average of nearly 6½ lbs. each. William Cullen Bryant, Henry J. Raymond and George Wilkes were presented with the three largest, and made acknowledgments duly in the "Evening Post," the "New York Times," and the "Spirit of the Times." Then there broke out an excitement among anglers altogether without precedent. Scores of letters were sent to the papers which had presumed to call these brook trout,—some of them interrogative, others denunciatory, others theoretical, and others flatly contradictory. The Adirondacks had never yielded a brook trout which weighed more than 5 lbs., and that, therefore, must be the standard of brook trout the world over. But Mr. Page had foreseen the violent scepticism which was sure to manifest itself, and had sent a seven-pounder to Professor Agassiz, who speedily replied that these monster trout were genuine specimens of the speckled or brook trout family, and that they were only found in large numbers in the lakes and streams at the head waters of the Androscoggin River, in North-western Maine. In 1864, several New York gentlemen visited Rangeley, among the number Messrs. Lewis B. Reed, R. G. Allerton, and L. T. Lazell. Upon their return, they fully corroborated the report made by Mr. Page the year previous, and brought back with them several trout which weighed from three to eight pounds. In 1867, Mr. Page again visited Rangeley in company with Mr. Stanley, and ten days' fishing by these two gentlemen and Mr. Fields, of Gorham, N. H., showed these extraordinary results:

No. of Trout.	Weight of each in lbs.	Total weight. lbs.
3	2	6
1	2¼	2¼
3	2½	7½
2	2¾	5½
5	3	15
5	3¼	16¼
3	3½	10½
2	3¾	7½
1	4	4
2	4½	9
1	4¾	4¾
3	5	15
1	5¼	5¼
1	5½	5½
2	5¾	11½
5	6	30
2	6¼	12½
1	6½	6½
1	7	7
3	7¼	21¾
3	7½	22½
2	7¾	15½
2	8	16
1	8¼	8¼
1	8½	8½
1	8¾	8¾
1	9½	9½
1	10	10
59		293

Average nearly 5 lbs.

In 1868, the number of anglers visiting the lakes had so rapidly increased that it was decided to organize an association for the purpose of leasing ground, erecting buildings, and purchasing boats. Messrs. Bowles, of Springfield, Mass., Lazell and Reed, of Brooklyn, N. Y., George Shepard Page and R. G. Allerton, of this city, Hon. W. P. Frye, of Lewiston, Me., W. S. Badger, of Augusta,

Me., and T. L. Page, of New Orleans, who were all in adjacent camps at the outlet of Rangeley Lake, formally organized the Oquossoc Angling Association by the election of Mr. G. S. Page as president and Mr. L. B. Reed, secretary. In the year following (1869), the association purchased the buildings, improvements and boats belonging to

INTERIOR OF CAMP KENNEBAGO—THE BIG FIRE-PLACE.

C. T. Richardson (now superintendent of the association) at the junction of the Rangeley and Kennebago, and immediately began the erection of Camp Kennebago. Meantime the membership rapidly increased, and in 1870 the association was formally incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine. The membership of the association is limited to seventy-five. There are now, however, a few vacancies. Shares are $200 each, and the capital stock is $10,700, which is invested in camp buildings, furniture, boats, etc., etc. The annual dues are $25. Camp charges are $2 per day for board, $1 for board of guide, and 50 cents per day for use of boats. The best guides receive $2 per day, making the total cost per day while in camp $5.50, unless two persons choose to fish from the same boat, when, of course, the expense of guide, board for guide and hire of boat may be shared. The fishing season extends from about May 25 to October 1, when the law prohibits the capture of trout save for scientific purposes by written permission of the fish commissioner. During the first month and the last three weeks of the fishing season, guests are only admitted upon the invitation of members, since the camp accommodations are then likely to be overtaxed, but between June 20 and September 10 the camp is open to all visitors upon the same terms as to members. Ladies and children are also admitted between the dates named. A roomy building with separate apartments is specially reserved for them, and as two or three female servants are constantly employed in the camp, they are sure to be quite as comfortable as in ordinary country hotels.

Without drawing any invidious comparisons, it may be stated in general, that there are few organizations of the kind in the country the *morale* of which has been so carefully guarded as has that of the Oquossoc Angling Association. The present board of trustees consists of George Shepard Page (president), J. W. Kimball, of Bath, Maine (vice-president), L. B. Reed, New York (secretary), J. A. Williamson, Jersey City (treasurer), L. T. Lazell, Brooklyn, Dr. F. N. Otis, New York, Hon. W. P. Frye, Lewiston,

Maine, and A. P. Whitehead, Newark, N. J. The names of these gentlemen are an emphatic guarantee of the prudence with

HIS HEAD.

which the affairs of the association are managed, and also of the fact that everything looking toward the dissipation which is likely to exist in camps where sportsmen congregate is rigidly prohibited. It would be difficult, and indeed impossible, to name a similar locality where the guides are so steady and so thoroughly respectable. Perhaps the Maine Liquor Law has had something to do with this result, for most of the guides have at one time or another acted as river-drivers; and it is not so very many years ago that in the lumbering-camps and on the "drive" a common proportion of supplies was a "barrel of rum to a barrel of beans." The Maine Liquor Law has certainly put an end to this *régime*, and with it have disappeared to a very great extent the drunkenness, profanity, and kindred vices which at one time degraded the brave men who season after season risked their lives by exposing themselves to the dangers of river-driving.

There are some peculiar features in the arrangement of the camp buildings which will be of interest to those who are not familiar with such institutions. The main camp is a substantial board structure 100 feet long by 30 feet wide. At its extreme westerly end is a well-equipped kitchen, and adjoining it is a dining-room. Then comes the main apartment, which is occupied as a sleeping and sitting room. This room takes the full width of the main building (30 feet), is about 60 feet in length, and from the floor to the gable is 30 feet in the clear, giving it a most spacious appearance and securing thorough ventilation. There are no partitions in this apartment, but twenty-five or thirty beds are ranged along its sides, and at its extreme easterly end is a large open fire-place, around which the weary anglers gather after their day's sport, and entertain each other with the rehearsal of their experiences and exploits. As one huge log after another blazes up,—for the nights are seldom so warm that a fire is oppressive,—story after story passes around. It rarely happens that some one of the circle has not captured a six or eight pound trout during the day, and the one who has been so fortunate is of course the hero of the hour. With what kind of fly the fish was captured, how long it took to land him, the narrow escape which the lucky angler had from losing his prize just as the guide was netting him, are points which must be rehearsed over and over again. Could one-tenth of the fish stories which have thus been rehearsed around this famous old fire-place in Camp Kennebago be put on record, they would make a book which would throw far into the shade any volume of piscatorial experience that has ever yet seen the light. Before eleven o'clock the weary anglers are all in their beds, and the camp sinks into a silence which is undisturbed save by some obstreporous snorer, at least until daylight the next morning, when some fisherman who has had poor luck the previous day starts out with a desperate determination to retrieve his fortunes by testing the virtue of early fishing.

A tour around the upper end of Lake

ALLERTON LODGE.

Mooselucmaguntic discovers a number of snugly constructed buildings, some owned by private parties and others by members of the Angling Association, who spend several weeks consecutively at the lake during the fishing season. Prominent among the latter are those of Hon. W. P. Frye at the Narrows, and that of R. G. Allerton at Bugle Cove, just at the foot of Bald Mountain. Allerton Lodge is a thoroughly built house, fully equipped with all the comforts of civilization. It is located upon a rocky bluff twenty feet or more above the level of the lake, and commands a magnificent view. Since Bugle Cove is one of the best fishing-grounds on the lake, its proprietor, who is one of the most enthusiastic and persevering of anglers, never fails to make up such a score during his visits in June as to excite the emulation of all other visitors during the rest of the season. Exactly what Mr. Allerton has accomplished during his eight successive annual visits to the lakes is summarized in the following table:

RECORD OF BROOK TROUT CAUGHT BY R. G. ALLERTON IN RANGELEY LAKES, MAINE, FROM 1869 TO 1876—SPRING SEASON.

1869..	247	Trout, weighing		234¼ lbs.
1870..	124	"	"	172½ "
1871..	218	"	"	135 "
1872..	130	"	"	285¾ "
1873 .	149	"	"	205½ "
1874..	175	"	"	231 "
1875 .	157	"	"	177½ "
1876..	136	"	"	182¼ "
Total..	1,336	"	"	1,623¾ "

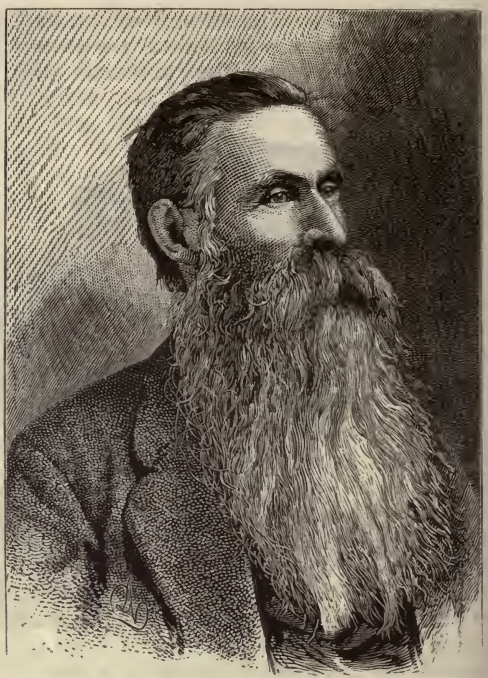
Averaging about 1 lb. 3½ oz. each.

WEIGHTS AND NUMBERS OF ABOVE OF TWO POUNDS AND UPWARD.

38	Trout of	2	lbs. ea.	3	Trout of	5¼	lbs. ea.
14	"	2¼	"	4	"	5½	"
33	"	2½	"	1	"	5¾	"
14	"	2¾	"	13	"	6	"
29	"	3	"	9	"	6½	"
1	"	3¼	"	2	"	6¾	"
17	"	3½	"	7	"	7	"
4	"	3¾	"	1	"	7¼	"
15	"	4	"	1	"	7½	"
1	"	4¼	"	4	"	8	"
14	"	4½	"	2	"	8½	"
13	"	5	"				

Making 240 trout, weighing 891¾ lbs.; averaging about 3 lbs. 11½ oz. each.

But it need not be imagined that it is only the practiced anglers who are successful in the Rangeley Lakes. There is in Camp Kennebago a record-book in which each visitor is expected to set down his score when he finishes his stay. This exhibits some catches nearly as remarkable as



C. T. RICHARDSON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE OQUOSSOC ANGLING ASSOCIATION.

that which has been set down above. In 1869, eleven members of the association in six days' fishing, besides a large number of smaller fish, captured 30 trout weighing as follows: three of 4 lbs. each; one 4¼ lbs.; two, 4¾ lbs. each; three 5 lbs. each; one 5¼ lbs.; four 5½ lbs. each; two 6 lbs. each; two 6¼ lbs. each; two 6¾ lbs. each; two 7 lbs. each; one 7¼ lbs; one 7½ lbs.; three 8 lbs. each; one 8½ lbs.; one 9 lbs.;—total, 181¾ lbs., averaging over 6 lbs. each. Then the ladies find the locality a wonderful one for great "catches"—of trout. Mrs. Theodore Page has taken several weighing between 6 and 9 lbs. each, and even the young folks are fortunate. Masters Harry and Allie Page, aged respectively 5½ and 3½ years, it appears from this record, during one visit caught 57 trout weighing 37 lbs. Ten averaged 1 lb. each, and one weighed 2 lbs. Lest these large catches should provoke remonstrance against such wholesale slaughter of this beautiful fish, it should be stated that it is the almost invariable rule to return to the water all uninjured trout weighing less than half a pound. Those hooked so deeply that they cannot live are kept for consumption at the camp. The larger fish as soon as caught are deposited in the car which each boat always has with it. Upon the return to camp at night, the living trout

are carefully transferred to a larger car,—which in this case is the name given to an ordinary dry-goods box with slats on the bottom and sides, admitting the free passage through of water,—and at the end of his stay each angler, if he desires to take a box of trout home with him, selects the largest and releases all the others, which speedily find their way to the deep waters of the lake again. Thus the actual destruction of fish is by no means so extensive as it would at first appear that it might be.

In general, the early spring fishing and the late fall fishing are decidedly the best and most enjoyable. The pestiferous black flies do not appear until June 10, but their attentions can be warded off by a liberal application to all exposed parts of the neck, face and hands of a mixture of tar and sweet oil in equal parts. Oil of pennyroyal in sufficient quantity to make its odor plainly perceptible is thought by many to render this preparation more effective. By September, with exemplary regularity, the black flies disappear, and with them goes the only hindrance to complete enjoyment of out-door life.

As regards methods of fishing, it need only be said that the high-toned angler will not tempt his intended victim with anything but a fly at any season. The best fly-fishing is to be had in the streams in the spring and in the lake in the fall. Those who go to the lakes in the spring and early summer determined to catch the biggest fish at all hazards must seek them with live minnows for bait, still-fishing, or by trolling in deep water. In either case, the law rules out all gang hooks. The "single baited hook" only is permitted, and any one infringing upon this wise restriction exposes himself to severe penalties. A larger hook, with a heavier leader than is used in ordinary brook trout fishing, is called for in these waters; but upon such points and with reference to the varieties of flies which are most available, advice may be had at any of the fishing-tackle stores. In general, however, give preference in making your selection to the more subdued colors, and do not permit yourself to be stocked up with an immense variety. Five or six kinds well selected will be more than enough to give the fish ample range for choice.

AN EXPERIMENT IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

As I have already stated, these big trout are caught either in the lake or in the streams which feed it, according to the season; and each kind of fishing has its peculiar incidents and surprises. Both Kennebago and Rangeley streams are too deep and swift to be waded in the orthodox style, although at certain seasons they are so shallow in places as to make their navigation even by boats of the lightest draft an undertaking of no little difficulty. Rangeley Stream, between the famous dam at the outlet of Rangeley Lake and Indian Rock, a distance of perhaps a mile and a half, abounds in pools which the big trout love to frequent. These particular waters have been so steadily and thoroughly fished, that the association, with a degree of self-sacrifice which speaks well for the true sportsman-like spirit in its members, lately secured the passage of a law by the Maine Legislature prohibiting any fishing there for a term of five years. When that time has elapsed, it will be worth a trip to Maine to cast a fly under "the dam" or in the "eddy." It is not unusual for the more enterprising fishermen to work their way up Kennebago Stream four, five, or even six miles. This trip involves hard labor by the guide in poling or in pulling the boat over the frequent shallows, and great caution is necessary to guard against such a mishap as the pencil of that enthusiastic and thoroughly

scientific sportsman, Dr. F. N. Otis, has reproduced, where an unexpected push by the guide's pole or the sudden striking of the

"THERE GOES MY ROD!"

boat's bow upon the pebbly bottom sends the surprised fisherman, heels over head, into the bottom of his boat, while his leader and flies are sure to become securely hooked in the loftiest overhanging branch within reach. Still, the discomforts of these excursions up the Kennebago or Cupsuptuc streams are sure to be rewarded with some rare sport.

Nor is the fishing in the open lake without its occasional surprises. I very well remember an incident which happened upon the occasion of my first visit to Camp Kennebago, when I was a tyro in trout-fishing, and had not been fully initiated in the use of the fly. My boat was at anchor some distance below "Stony Batter," and with humiliation I confess that I was angling with a minnow. For a half hour or more there had been no sign of a trout in my vicinity, and I had carelessly laid my pole across the boat, with the butt under the thwart. Suddenly there was a "strike." Before I could seize my pole, the trout had carried the line directly under the boat with such a rush as to snap the rod,—which I ought to say, in justice to the professional makers, was a cheap store rod,—into two or three pieces. The trout escaped, as he deserved to do, and for once I could not help confessing myself outgeneraled. This mishap, of course, put an end to my fishing for the day; but fortunately it occurred quite late in the afternoon, and thus left me at leisure to enjoy a scene which was in itself singularly beautiful, and which was an appropriate setting for a striking incident. As the sun was sinking behind the hills, close under which we were fishing, it threw their long shadows far out on the lake, while the waters on the eastern shore were still bright with the golden light of the gentle June evening. In the distance we descried three specks upon the water, which gradually grew in size as they steadily approached us, until we made out three batteaux laden with the "river-drivers," who were returning from their perilous and tedious journey down the Androscoggin with the great log-rafts,—the results of the previous winter's lumbering. The first sound which disturbed the Sabbath-like stillness of the lake, as the batteaux came nearer, was the steady thump, thump, thump of the sweeps in the rowlocks. Then we heard the sound of voices, but at first too indistinctly to determine whether it was the echo of boisterous talk, or some river-driver's song, with which the oarsmen were keeping time. But soon the sounds, as they became linked together, grew into that grand old tune "Coronation," and the words:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

came to us over the peaceful waters, sung with all the strength, steadiness, and fervor which might be expected in a congregation of religious worshipers. Nothing could have been in more perfect harmony with the scene, and yet nothing could have been a greater surprise than to hear this tune, and the words with which it is so inseparably connected coming with such zest from the throats of men who have gained an undeserved reputation for roughness, not to say profanity, of speech.

During the extremely warm weather, the trout naturally run deep in the lake, since there only can they find the cold water in which they thrive; but even then the streams afford good sport; so that the angler cannot spend a week at the lake during the fishing season without certainty of getting better sport, and more of it, than can be found in any other resort in the country. Another fact that adds greatly to the pleasure of fishing in the Rangeley Lakes is, that with the exception of the landlocked salmon lately introduced, they contain no other fish besides the trout and the smaller

fish upon which he feeds. Of the latter, there are three varieties,—the chub, the sucker, and the minnow or "red-fin," as they are locally termed. All these exist in countless numbers in the streams and at the outlets of these streams into the lake. There is still a fourth variety called by the natives the "blue-back" trout, the *Salmo Oquossa* (so named because it is peculiar to these waters), which is also generally supposed to furnish food to the monarchs of the lake. These are never seen before October 10, when they appear in the Rangeley Stream and in three or four other localities for the purpose of spawning. Then they come in an immense army, actually filling the streams here and there with a dense struggling mass, which the natives capture by the bushel and by the barrel in nets, buckets, and

CATCHING A FIVE-POUNDER IN THE LAKE. (FROM A SKETCH BY DR. F. N. OTIS.)

pails; even scooping them out by hand and throwing them on the bank. They are salted down and preserved in the same way as mackerel are cured. These blue-back trout have never been found more than nine inches in length, nor less than six inches. In flavor they are quite as rich and delicate when cooked as the brook trout. After spawning, they return to the lake just as suddenly as they appeared; and notwithstanding the numbers in which they are captured during their brief stay in the stream, they do not diminish in multitude year after year. It is inferred that their regular haunts must be in the deepest waters of the lake, since their capture by the enticements and appliances which prove irresistible to the speckled trout, is almost unknown.

Numerous experiments and continued observations, made under the auspices of some of the practical pisciculturists belonging to the association, have developed results full of interest and of much practical value. For instance, in reply to queries as to the probable age of the mammoth trout found in the Rangeley Lakes, Professor Agassiz emphatically declared that "no man living knew whether these six and eight pounders were ten or two hundred years old." To get some light upon this question, Mr. Page conceived an ingenious device, which he at once proceeded to put in execution. Platinum wire was obtained, cut into one and a half inch lengths, flattened at one end, and various numbers were stamped on the surface from ½ to 4, also the numbers 70, 71, 72, to denote the year. As trout were captured they were weighed, one of these tags was passed through the skin just under the adipose fin and securely twisted, and then the fish was liberated. In the course of the two or three years named a large number of these trout were thus labeled. Of course, the chances that any of them would be caught seemed infinitesimally small, yet in 1873 one of them reported. In June of that year, Mr. Thomas Moran, the artist, captured a fine, vigorous trout weighing 2¼ lbs. Upon taking him from the landing net the platinum tag flashed in the sunlight. Upon examination, the mark, "½—71," was discovered, thus establishing the curious fact that this particular fish had gained 1¾ lbs. in two years.

The entire influence of the association has uniformly been thrown in favor of a rigorous enactment of the laws protecting

the trout in the spawning season and regulating the mode of capture. More than this, it has taken the most active measures in the direction of increasing the supply of fish in the waters to which it has access. Land-locked salmon have been introduced (this is one of the very few species which co-exist with the trout), and a large number of the young of the sea salmon (*Salmo salar*) have also been put into the lakes. Last season, several land-locked salmon two years of age, and weighing half a pound, were captured. This year those of this same growth will probably have reached a pound, and in the course of two or three years these fish, which some anglers regard as even more "gamey" than the trout, must become very abundant.

Some of the earliest and most successful

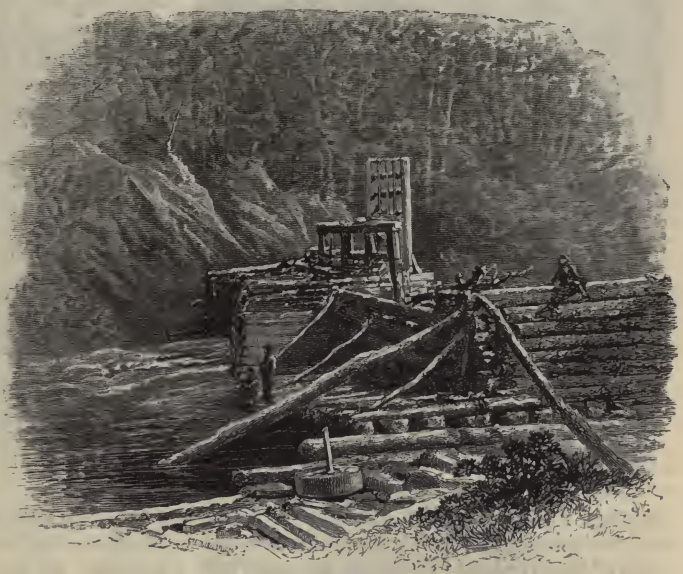
"STONY BATTER."

efforts in trout culture are connected with the annals of Rangeley. In October, 1867, Mr. Page transported two live trout—one a male weighing ten pounds, the other a female weighing eight and a half—from Rangeley to his home in Stanley, N. J., a distance of nearly five hundred miles. An oblong box of forty gallons' capacity, lined with sponge which was covered with muslin, and having an air pump attached so as to make constant renewal of the air easy, had been carefully prepared. This box was carried from the head of Rangeley on a spring wagon to Farmington, a distance of thirty-five miles, and thence by railroad to its destination in New Jersey. Three days were occupied in the journey, but by unremitting care night and day the magnificent fish, both alive, were deposited in the pond at Stanley. Unfortunately, the weather was unusually warm for the season of the year. The temperature of the pond could not be reduced below 65°, and the larger of the two trout lived only eight hours. The female survived six days longer. Thus the attempt to propagate Rangeley trout in New Jersey by natural means failed. The larger of these trout was unfortunately not weighed when first captured, but when dead balanced the steelyards at precisely ten pounds. It is a well-known fact that all fish lose in weight after capture, and Professor Spencer F. Baird and Professor Agassiz both gave it as their opinion that when taken this trout weighed at least eleven and a half pounds. He measured 30 inches in length and 18 inches in circumference. His tail spread 8 inches and his jaws 6½ inches. He was mounted by one of the most skillful taxidermists in the country, Mr. Dickinson, of Chatham, N. J., and has since occupied a prominent place in the private office of Mr. Page at 10 Warren street, New York. This is admitted to be the largest authenticated brook trout on record since the time of Izaak Walton, and as such it well deserved the place of honor which was assigned it in the department of Fish and Fisheries in the Centennial Exhibition.

About this time (1867), Mr. Seth Green's attempts to propagate trout artificially had begun to attract attention, and anticipating the possibility of failure in transporting the live trout so great a distance, Mr. Page, to make assurance doubly sure, had secured 30,000 trout eggs which had been impregnated by the milt of the male in the method now so well understood. These had been carefully packed between layers of moss, and immediately upon their arrival at Stanley were deposited in the hatching-houses. After the usual interval of six weeks, Mr. Page had the gratification of seeing the newly hatched trout. In due time they were fed, and when they had attained a suitable size were liberated to stock the stream below the hatching-houses. Thus we have the history of one of the earliest and perhaps the first attempt in this country to take eggs from wild fish, transport them 500 miles, and successfully hatch them.

The determination of the members of the Oquossoc Angling Association fully to maintain the superiority of their fishing-grounds is conclusively manifested by the arrangements for artificial propagation which were made on Bema Stream, at the extreme south-eastern extremity of Lake Mooselucmaguntic, under the direction of Messrs. Page and L. L. Crounse. Nearly three years ago, these gentlemen leased the beautiful

spot where this stream empties into the lake, and here they erected a series of private camps spacious enough for themselves and their families, including a large cooking and dining camp. The next step taken by Messrs. Page and Crounse was to secure the privilege of controlling the waters of the adjoining township for the propagation of trout. Three miles up Bema Stream, at the foot of a bold mountain, there bursts out from a rocky bed a series of remarkable springs, which in the spring and fall furnish much of the water that flows down the rapid stream to the lake. The water of these springs rarely falls below 45°, or rises above 49°, and is therefore peculiarly adapted to the propagation of trout. The smaller trout from the lake, weighing two pounds and under, make these springs and the stream in the vicinity their spawning-grounds, and in the month of October they crowd the waters in great numbers. Mr. Stanley, while securing fish for spawn, has actually dipped up as many as six trout of an average weight of a pound each at one scoop of his dip-net. As is their habit, the males always come up in advance and clear off the beds, and in a few days the female follows. So strong is the instinct which leads them to the spawning-beds, that the trout, like the salmon, will force themselves over shallows in the stream where there is not depth enough to permit them to swim. Just at the spawning-beds, and over the little branch which carries the water of the springs to the main stream, the gentlemen above named erected a hatching-house. In return for this privilege, they agreed to place in the waters each season from 50,000 to 100,000 young fry, recompensing themselves for their trouble, if they could, by taking out spawn for use in other waters. In the seasons of 1873 and 1874, they were able to deposit in the streams more than the maximum of spawn agreed on. In 1875 and 1876, Mr. Stanley's duties as fish commissioner prevented his giving this matter the necessary attention; but the young fry were so successfully hatched the first two seasons, that a sudden increase of small trout has been noted in the stream itself, and as far up as the Bema Ponds, four miles above the hatching-houses. Some of the spawn were successfully transferred to other waters,—the eggs had to be carried out in December, on the backs of men, nine miles through the woods,—and Mr. B. B. Porter, the pisciculturist of Crystal Springs, New Jersey, can now show Rangeley trout double the size of any other variety of trout of the same age.



THE DAM ON RANGELEY STREAM.

The method of capturing trout for their spawn was either to dip them up near the springs with an ordinary net, as they came up to deposit the spawn, or to take large trout in the lake chiefly with the fly in advance of their ripening, and to "car" them until they were stripped, when they were restored to the lake. At one time in the fall of 1874, Messrs. Stanley and Hayford, who were in charge of the operation, had in a large car at the mouth of Bema Stream over two hundred of these famous trout weighing from one pound to six pounds each,—a sight which could not be paralleled in any other waters in the world.

The camps at Bema look out over the broad expanse of the bay which opens toward the north-west and are very prettily situated. The very remoteness of the camp secures its freedom from the visits of miscellaneous tourists, while the beauty of its location and the excellent fishing to be found in its immediate neighborhood

"CLEFT ROCK" AT BEMA.

amply justify the wisdom shown in its selection by the gentlemen who control it. They and their immediate friends here enjoy a coveted seclusion and keep clear of intruders by a lease of three miles of the shore which covers the entire southern end of Bema Bay. Its position, however, exposes the bay in its front to the north-west gales which prevail to a greater or less extent through the whole season. Those who are accustomed to wait for the traditional "fly breeze," will receive with incredulity the statement that the largest trout have been taken in these waters when a north-west gale was driving the spray from the white-capped waves, and when the persevering angler found a seat in the bottom of his boat the most comfortable position from which to cast his fly, if, indeed, the fly can be said to be "cast" when the wind carries the line so straight from the rod that it is difficult to keep the fly on the surface of the water. Yet the keen-eyed trout, at this very time, rushes the most unwarily upon his imaginary prey. A sudden splash from which the spray flies in the face of the wind betrays the presence of one of these mammoth trout. If he misses the fly, a second cast almost invariably provokes the fated fish to a more eager rush. Rising through the topmost curl of the wave, his side, brilliant in purple and gold, gleams in the sunlight for an instant. But this time he is fast, and there is a thud as if a locomotive, under full headway, had been hooked. With a mad rush, he strikes for the depths of the lake, but the light rod yields like a thing of life. Whether the trout weigh one pound or eight, the lance-wood or split bamboo is faithful to the trust placed in it. With a pertinacity almost human it clings to the frantic fish, steadily drawing him to the surface until after a contest which may have lasted only ten minutes, or which may have been prolonged through two hours, the landing-net of the skillful guide deposits him in the boat.

Apart from the risk of losing your trout because of the difficulty of landing him while the boat is tossing on the waves, this fishing in rough water has its perils, which add to its excitement if they do not increase its pleasures. One bracing September morning I was industriously casting my fly from my boat, which was anchored three or four hundred yards from the sand-spit at the mouth of Bema Stream. The "Spirit of Mooselucmaguntic" (an effigy which the ingenuity of some of the campers had constructed from the gnarled roots which the waves had cast up on the beach and worn into incredibly fantastic shapes) looked upon the scene with a grin which foreboded some dire disaster. My guide, in despair at the determination which persisted in casting a fly in such a gale, was fishing from the bow of the boat with a drop line. A sudden exclamation from him,

A WATERSCAPE.

a start and a sharp twitch, indicated that he had hooked a large fish. I turned to see him pull a beautiful three-pounder over the thwart, which he had depressed to the level of the water to save the trouble of using the landing-net. But our triumph was of

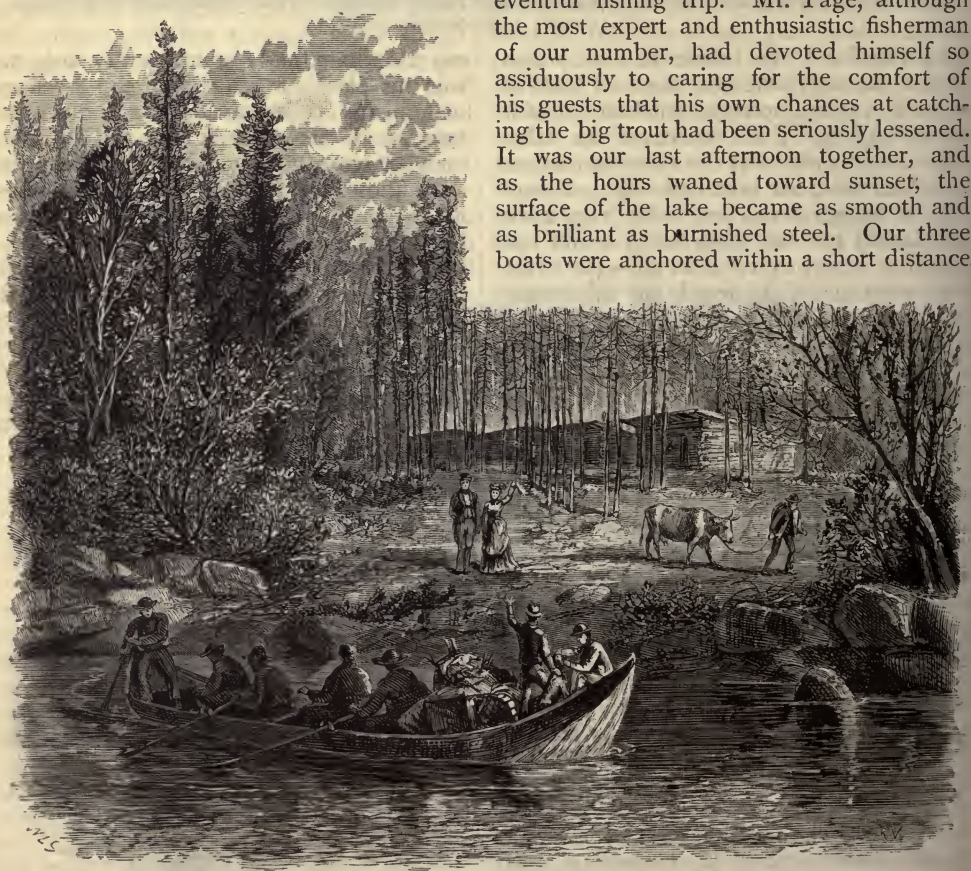
"MATCHING" A SEVEN-POUND TROUT.

short duration. No sooner had the victim been deposited in the boat than we both, in an instant, found ourselves pitched out of it and struggling in the water of the lake. Unnoticed by either of us in the excitement of the moment, our boat had swung around into the trough of the sea, and a huge wave had dashed in, completely filling it and tipping it so nearly over that as the water came in we went out. Confident in my own swimming powers, I called to my guide, as soon as I came to the surface and grasped hold of the boat, that I could take care of myself, and not to be alarmed on my account. But a desperate series of flounderings on his part indicated to me what I had never before suspected, that, notwithstanding the fact that he had been a guide upon these waters for thirty years, *he could not swim a stroke.* His frantic efforts to insure his own safety quickly tipped the boat bottom-side up, and again sent us both under. When I came to the surface he was seated astride of the bow in comparative safety while the second submersion had so water-logged my heavy winter clothing that I found it impossible to do more than hang on to whatever part of the slippery bottom of the boat I could best clutch. Then it began to look as if our strait was desperate. The anchor-rope held our boat with the same firmness upon which we had before congratulated ourselves, and I fear that it would never have occurred to either of us to cut it and let the boat drift ashore. Fortunately, however, another boat happened just at this crisis to be starting out upon the lake. By his vigorous yells my guide attracted the attention of those in the other boat, and in a few moments it was alongside. My guide easily stepped from his place of refuge into the rescuing boat, nearly upsetting that in his precipitancy, and then it came to my relief. But I could neither lift myself over its side nor could those who were in it pull me in without imminent risk of capsizing. There was no other way but to tow me ashore ingloriously. As soon as my feet struck bottom, I waded to the beach, and then for the first

THE SPIRIT OF MOOSELUCMAGUNTIC.

time realized how completely my strength was exhausted, and for how short a time, in all probability, I could have sustained myself in the perilous position from which I had so happily escaped. A blazing camp-fire and a dry suit of clothes quickly restored my equanimity, which was, however, completely destroyed again by the reflection, which in an instant burst upon me, that my three rods, including a new split bamboo, together with a carefully prepared box of fishing tackle, which contained my fly-books, were at the bottom of the lake and in water at least twelve feet deep. At first it seemed as if my sport for that trip at least had been completely and disastrously terminated. One of our guides, who was an expert swimmer, comforted me by the assurance that he could easily recover the more important articles by diving for them, and for a time it appeared as if this would be the only chance until it occurred to us that one of the most enterprising and ingenious of our party had a day or two before constructed a square box with a pane of glass in the end, with which, after the manner of the sponge and pearl divers, he had been studying the bottom of the lake to discover, if possible, the localities which the trout were the most likely to frequent. Taking this out with us the next day, we found that the contrivance worked to a charm. Thrusting below the ripple the end of the box which contained the glass and excluding the light as far as possible from the other end, every object on the bottom of the lake, at a depth of even fifteen or twenty feet, could be clearly discerned. A little patient labor with this and a large landing-net with a handle of sufficient length was finally rewarded with the recovery of every article of any value. The fly-books, however, were both destroyed and part of their contents were seriously damaged; still these were trifling offsets to my own fortunate escape and that of my guide.

An incident in strong contrast with this unfortunate beginning terminated this same eventful fishing trip. Mr. Page, although the most expert and enthusiastic fisherman of our number, had devoted himself so assiduously to caring for the comfort of his guests that his own chances at catching the big trout had been seriously lessened. It was our last afternoon together, and as the hours waned toward sunset, the surface of the lake became as smooth and as brilliant as burnished steel. Our three boats were anchored within a short distance.



BREAKING CAMP.

of each other, and we were condoling with our friend upon his lack of luck, when suddenly a few rods away there was a quick swirl and splash which told of the presence of a big fish. "That's my trout!" exclaimed Mr. Page, as he ordered his guide to haul anchor and scull him quietly over the spot where the fish had appeared. Two or three casts of the fly, and in an instant, with a ferocious rush, the trout had hooked himself so firmly that his final capture became only a question of time,—but of what a time! After two or three desperate struggles, during which he was met at every turn with the skill of a practiced fisherman, he settled sulkily at the bottom of the lake. Meanwhile a gentle east wind had sprung up with the setting sun, and Mr. Page's boat began to drift with it gently to the westward. Fifteen minutes, half an hour, three-quarters of an hour passed, and from our anchorage we could see that the trout showed no signs of yielding,—nor did Mr. Page. As it gradually grew too dark to "cast" with satisfaction, my companion in the other boat and myself decided to haul up anchor and "go to see the fun," which, at our distance from the scene of conflict, seemed to be growing decidedly monotonous. By this time Mr. Page had drifted fully half a mile to the westward, and not once had the trout given any sign of yielding. When we came up with Mr. Page it was quite dark, and the contest, which did not seem so very unequal after all,—for it was yet doubtful which would get the best of it,—had stretched out to a full hour and a quarter. Then at last the trout showed signs of exhaustion, and, yielding to the inevitable pressure of the elastic rod, was once brought near the surface, but not close enough to net. Settling again to the bottom, he had apparently made up his mind to stay there; but the gentle, steady persuasion of the faithful seven-ounce Murphy split bamboo fly rod again proved too much for him, and straining his tackle to the utmost, Mr. Page brought his victim gradually toward the surface. The three boats had now come so close together that the fish was shut in on all sides. But it had become so dark that it was difficult to discern objects with any distinctness, and to shed all the light we could upon the puzzling problem which was at last approaching solution, we got together all the matches we had with us, and made in each boat a miniature bonfire. Soon a commotion upon the surface of the water showed that the critical moment had arrived. There, with his back fin as erect as ever, was a magnificent trout, which was soon in the landing-net, and in a moment after in the boat, after precisely an hour and a half of as steady and persistent a fight as a fish ever made for life. But his capture was a full reward for all the time and trouble it had cost, since he weighed by the scales full seven pounds.

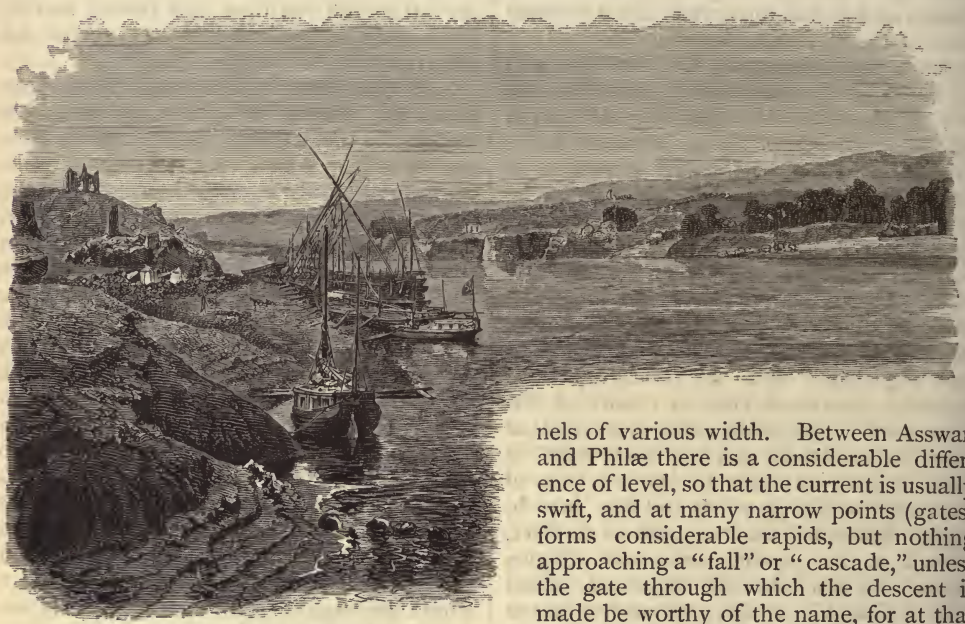
This trout, and one weighing eight pounds which had been taken by Mr. Crounse, were among the magnificent trophies which were carried away from Bema when we broke camp a day or two afterward. And the scene upon that memorable morning was one to which it is difficult to do justice with pen or pencil. There was the batteau laden with all the camp paraphernalia, including the pet dog Prince. As passengers, there were the two leaders of the party, Messrs. Page and Crounse, each with his two boys, while the guides pulled the oars. "Dan" Quimby, the faithful cook and profound philosopher, whose "corn dodgers" had been in steady demand and in unfailing supply during the whole time of our stay in camp, was starting off for a ten-mile tramp overland to Madrid, leading the cow which he had brought in with him by the same route a month before, and the "spirit of Mooselucmaguntic" stripped of its blanket seemed to be dancing in wild glee at the prospect of being left in undisturbed possession of his wild domain. Two or three of us remained behind to catch a few more trout, and in the hope of a less boisterous passage to the main camp. After a day or two we followed, taking with us delightful memories of the camp at Bema, and trout enough to excite the envy of the less successful anglers at the other end of the lake.

THE NET RESULT.

A WINTER ON THE NILE.

SECOND PAPER.

By George B. McClellan.



ASSWAN AND ISLE ELEPHANTINÉ.

Five weeks from the time we went on board our dahabeah at Cairo, we reached Asswan, near the foot of the First Cataract.

Thanks to the energy of Achmet, in less than two hours we had on board the Mamoor of Asswan, as well as the head sheik of the Cataract, and with a light wind started to make the ascent.

The terrors of the Cataract have been greatly exaggerated by many travelers. Although our boat was one of the largest that has ascended, we encountered no serious difficulty, and there was nothing either in the ascent or descent to alarm the most timid person possessed of common sense. It was exciting—especially the descent—but nothing more; and far from agreeing with the "Murray Book," which says "that no one who has gone through it once would willingly do so again," there is not a member of our party who would not rejoice in the opportunity of passing the Cataract once more. Not far below Asswan, granite replaces the sandstone on the river-banks, and from Asswan to Philæ the broad bed is broken up by countless rocks and islets, which divide it into a multitude of channels of various width. Between Asswan and Philæ there is a considerable difference of level, so that the current is usually swift, and at many narrow points (gates) forms considerable rapids, but nothing approaching a "fall" or "cascade," unless the gate through which the descent is made be worthy of the name, for at that point there is, at the ordinary January stage of water, a fall of some seven feet in about two hundred.

The route followed in the ascent is a succession of smooth stretches, with a swift current, and short rapids, with very abrupt changes of direction. The scenery is very wild and strange. The granite rocks on the banks, and forming the islets, are smoothly polished and jet black up to high water mark. The sand-hills and desert-slopes are quite yellow—almost orange—though not of so deep and brilliant a color as at Sabooa and Aboo Simbel; a few villages, with sparse groves of palms, enliven the scene, which is otherwise bleak enough, save for the rushing water. Altogether it is a very remarkable spectacle, never to be forgotten. When we left Asswan with one of our sister ships, there was nothing very unusual on board the "Nellie," except the presence of the Mamoor, and Mohammed Nooga, the head sheik, with four or five of his assistant sheiks, and perhaps a dozen or so of the Shellalee, or Cataract men. The Mamoor, who accompanied us during the ascent, was a remarkable specimen. He was tall and finely formed, quite black, with fine and regular features and

straight hair. Dressed in the "Constantinople" costume prescribed for officials, and with the easy manner of a gentleman, he was as presentable a person as you would find anywhere. For two successive days he lunched and dined with us, handled his knife and fork perfectly *comme il faut*, and enjoyed his champagne thoroughly. But, alas for human consistency! He lunched with us one day at Philæ, on our return, bringing with him an old Turkish major, who drank no wine, and, I regret to say, did not know what champagne was, and, upon its nature being explained, politely but positively refused to touch it. I have been told that, as a rule, a single Moslem will drink wine with you *ad libitum;* but if you bring two or three together, they become strict disciples of Father Matthew. So true is this, that foreigners resident in Egypt lay it down as a rule conducive to great economy in wines, that you should never invite less than two or three Mohammedans to dinner at the same time! Our Mamoor is said to claim descent from Moses through his Midianitish wife. I do not vouch for the accuracy of the pedigree, but give it for what it may be worth, only insisting that, although dark, he was a very gentlemanly and obliging person; so much so that I felt bound to say a good word for him in high quarters on our return to Cairo. The Shellalee, or men of the Cataract, are a peculiar race, whose fathers before them, for generations, have inhabited the borders of the Cataract, and held the monopoly of passing vessels through. For all I know to the contrary, their ancestors did the same for the ancients. They are a noisy and clamorous, but good-humored set of vagabonds, and do not always pull together; but they are indispensable, and you are glad to get them on board, but still more delighted to be rid of them. Mohammed Nooga, the head sheik, is a tall, thin, but wonderfully active creature; black as black can be, with a face not unlike that of our little Coco, but thoroughly master of his trade. Not many years ago he was a subordinate sheik—perhaps not even that—when a government boat, larger than any that had then attempted the ascent, arrived; the sheiks and all the wise men of the Shellalee pronounced the task impossible, and quietly squatted on the banks, waiting for the vessel to grow smaller, or the Cataract larger. But our shrewd Nooga, seeing a chance for a rise in the world, quietly measured the boat, and then the most difficult gate, and returning to the impatient government official, offered to take the boat up, or make his head a present to the authorities should he fail. The offer was promptly accepted, whereupon the sly Nooga took command of the motley regiment of Shellalee, and easily carried the vessel up to Philæ. The result was the disgrace of the old sheik, and the promotion of our friend, Nooga, to the head of the concern; severe bastinadoes for the outgoing official, and sundry shawls, and other things prized by the Shellalee *élite*, to the rising man. With him came in a new system, and boats such as the "Nellie," which formerly would never have passed Asswan, now easily ascend. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me, not vouching for its strict accuracy, not even sure, in fact, that there is a word of truth in it. But it can at least be safely said, that when you look at Nooga's ugly face, full of shrewdness and determination, and watch him at a difficult or dangerous point, when seconds are of infinite value, when he changes in an instant from sublime indifference to the very incarnation of vigor and skill, you feel that the story ought to be true. We left Asswan—Elephantiné, rather—about ten in the morning, and sailed with a light breeze to the little island of Sehayl, about three-quarters of a mile above Asswan, where the rapids begin. Here I may say that, by our sudden departure, I sadly interrupted sundry splendid bargains which the ladies of the party were busily making with native traders for ostrich feathers; much to the dissatisfaction of the ladies, for just then feathers were very cheap. I comforted them by the promise that we would tarry as long as they pleased on our return; but, melancholy to relate, when we came back, feathers were very scarce and very dear. I fear that I will never hear quite the last of that sudden departure from Elephantiné! At Sehayl we breasted the first rapid without outside aid; a couple of the Shellalee jumped overboard with a rope, attached it to a rock, and by the hauling of the crew and the aid of the wind, we promptly passed through, and sailed on perhaps another mile to the next and more formidable rapid.

Here we were delayed a couple of hours, awaiting more men, and now the trouble commenced, for the wind had left us, and we were to rely upon ropes and hauling. The decks were packed with Shellalee, who came no one knew whence or how, while crowds of others were on the shore ready for work.

At last a tall fellow, stripped to the skin,

darted overboard with the end of a rope between his teeth, and disappeared beneath the water. How he progressed I do not know, whether by crawling along the bottom, by swimming under water, or both; but at last he emerged on the proper rock, way of a mooring-stake, would have involved serious consequences, yet we passed the night most comfortably, lulled to sleep by the roaring of the waters around us. The shore, just here, is formed by granite masses, with little slopes and plateaus of sand, lodged there by

HEAD OF FIRST CATARACT FROM PHILÆ.

shining like polished ebony, and made his rope fast. At the same time others reached other rocks in the same way. Then the forces were marshaled, and the hauling began with a universal shrieking, howling, and cursing in choice Arabic, to which the vocal practice of Rhoderic Dhu's adherents must have been delightful harmony. The sheiks did their full share of yelling, jesticulating and grimacing. Such pulling was never seen in Anglo-Saxon lands. Not only did no two pull together, but no single man pulled in harmony with himself! Nevertheless—perhaps in spite of the pulling—the dahabeah moved steadily through, and gained the victory over the furious Nile. The same process was repeated many times, until at length, about five o'clock, after passing a very strong rapid, with a very sharp turn, we found ourselves at the last and most difficult rapid of the series. Here we found a Hungarian boat ahead of us, and as its master had become involved in a very complicated dispute with the Shellalee, the Mamoor was busy all the rest of the day in rectifying matters, so that we had to wait where we were until the next morning. This was a very striking spot. There was just room enough for three boats to moor, the leader with its nose at the foot of the great rapid, that in the rear with its rudder overhanging the rapid below; the breaking of a rope, the giving the waters. Close at hand, at the summit of a little ridge, there is a peculiar isolated granite rock, rising some six or seven feet above the ridge, and forming an admirable seat, from which one can most comfortably watch the passage of the upper rapid. All travelers must have noticed it, and it must have occurred to many of them, as it did to me next morning, when I sat there watching the Hungarian ascend the rapid, that from that same spot many an old Egyptian king had watched the slow progress of his fleets *en route* for war in Nubia and beyond. The rock is so marked, and its position so favorable, that it must have been so; and it is one of those silent, enduring, and unmistakable landmarks that turn the thoughts back toward the remote past, and forward to the unknown future. To us the rock, the passage of the Cataract, the surroundings of the hour, were matters of supreme importance; the wild scene had been arranged for us, and we were the centers around whom the oft-repeated play was once more enacted. Yet we could not but think of the endless procession that had passed in review by that quiet seat of rock from prehistoric time, and whose end is not yet:—the ancient Pharaohs, long before the time of Abraham, Rameses the Great, Moses himself,—if the tradition be true that in early life he was an Egyptian general and conqueror,—the de-

serters from Psammytichus, and the Greeks who pursued them, Roman generals, the French Desaix, recent explorers, modern tourists! And who may name the ones to come! What were we, lost in that mighty and endless throng?

But to return to our own little experiences. The Shellallee are not early risers; the mornings were cool just then, and not until the warm rays of the sun had thawed them out, could these children of the cataract be brought to their work. About nine o'clock they took the Hungarian in hand, and promptly passed him through; then came the "Nellie's" turn; and as she was a very large boat, the preparations were in keeping. Just where the Hungarian lay last night, literally at the foot of the great rapid, the channel turns square to the left, and the rapid comes surging down a narrow passage between rocks not much more than one hundred feet apart. As soon as the Hungarian was well under way, we were hauled along until our nose touched the rapid. Now, in place of ropes, the stoutest cables were brought into use; two long ones were carried ahead: one from the stern to the rock forming the outer boundary of the rapid; and one to the place where we lay. Some three or four hundred men were collected, of various ages and colors, and told off to the different cables. A new actor now appeared on the stage: a dark gentleman, with scanty wardrobe, a conspicuous flag, and a very genial expression. Upon inquiry, we learned that he was a "praying man," and that his office was to sing, dance, and wave his flag, with the double purpose of propitiating Allah, and of making the men haul together. He placed himself with the strong party in charge of the two bow cables. All being ready, and our party, including the ladies from the "Zarifa," all on board, our boat was cast off, and the stern hauled out, so that she soon stood in the thread of the current, with her bow fairly in the rapid. Now began in full chorus the Shellalee song, of which we had heard several specimens the day before:

"Yah Saiéd! Oh, yah Saiéd! Yoom bahmy! Allah yoom bahmy! Yok sainy! Allah yok sainy! Yah yoony, sahla ah rahmy!"

Our "praying man" danced, sang, waved his flag, bent almost double, leaped in the air, shouted frantically. The sheiks aided, the motley crew of men and boys pulled in every possible direction, and we fairly started up, slowly at first, then with a rush that brought the vessel clear, all but the stern; then a pause, as we hung there, and a little change in the direction of the cables; the "praying man" and sheiks recommenced with redoubled energy, and with a wild rush we were through. A few more pauses, some more changes of the cables, a few more frantic pulls, and we soon reached a position safely clear of the cataract. Now appears our reverend friend, ready to receive the congratulations and backsheesh so well earned; these were showered upon him to his heart's delight, and he promised to bestow the light of his countenance upon us on our downward trip, and see us safely through. We had no wind now, so we tracked and towed slowly all the way to Philæ, which we reached about four o'clock, the "Zarifa" following close after us. The two remaining boats of the fleet did not arrive until two days afterward.

Nubia is in every respect a different world from Egypt, and he who has not seen Nubia has not half seen the Nile. The climate is far superior,—dryer, and much more bracing; the scenery is entirely different, and the finer views of quite another style than those below. In Egypt, the cliffs are at first of limestone, afterward of sandstone; and it is only a little below Asswan that the granite appears, and changes the character of the scenery; while in Nubia, granite is often the prevailing rock in the lower part, with sandstone here and there, as at Kalabsheh, Gerf Hossein, Aboo Simbel, etc. Again, in Egypt, one or both banks are bordered by fertile plains, except, for example, at Silsilis, where the river breaks through a range of sandstone hills; while in Nubia, there is very little arable land, no wide plains, and frequently the desert comes down on both sides to the very river-bank, leaving nothing for cultivation save the steep mud-bank between high and low water. In Nubia, the villages are less numerous, and generally stand upon the desert, to save every foot of arable land; but they are neater and better built. Neither on the river, nor along the banks, is there so much life and movement, but the scenery is often bolder and more picturesque; so that, with the numerous old towns and temples, as well as from the delicious air, the Nubian voyage is on the whole even more enjoyable than that on the lower river. From Philæ to Kalabsheh, when the tropics are entered, the scenery is very beautiful; black granite hills (not bluffs as below), bordered by bright green

vegetation and palm-groves, with frequent "glaciers" of rich yellow sand pouring over the hills from the desert beyond, in charming contrast with the black rocks and rich vegetation. Before reaching Kalabsheh, near Tafah, there is a miniature cataract, where, for two or three miles, the river-bed is obstructed by bowlders and islands, causing a series of rapids; the passage is exceedingly picturesque, but with ordinary care not at all dangerous. Several small temples occur in this part of the river; that at Gertassie is very pretty.

The small rock-hewn temple of Bayt el Wellee at Kalabsheh contains well-preserved paintings, giving an excellent idea of the ancient Egyptian costumes. The great temple is the largest in Nubia. It is modern, having probably been commenced under the reign of Augustus, and never completely finished. The style is somewhat debased, and it is in a most singular state of ruin, but is impressive from its great extent, and forms a most picturesque object, especially by moonlight. The cause and date of its destruction are unknown, but from the traces of fire still visible in many parts, and the peculiar condition of the sandstone blocks, it seemed clear that the cause was not far to seek,—a conflagration; but whether accidental, or brought about by conquering barbarians, it is now impossible to decide.

From this point, the bends of the river are so frequent that we had a great deal of trouble from head-winds, and were obliged to track a great deal, often being obliged to tie up, because the wind was so violent that we could make no headway against it. One of these forced halting-places was Wady Amlah, near Sabooa, where there is a grove of palms, and a narrow strip of land irrigated by shedoofs, and supporting a small village. Here I strolled off for a couple of

NUBIAN HUT AND WOMEN.

miles over the desert hills, composed of sandstone of various colors and of yellow sand. Far out of sight of the river, not a blade of vegetation in sight, I was quietly smoking on the summit of a high hill commanding a superb view of the abomination of desolation,—richly colored withal,—when happening to look toward a wady of pure sand which descended from hills still further inland, a white spot appeared. Soon another came in sight, then others, until at length there came into view a caravan of more than an hundred camels, with their Arab

CAMELS AND ARABS AT WADY HALFAY.

attendants, moving straight for the base of my hill. They were from Khartoom, bound for Esneh, and formed the finest picture that I saw of desert life.

Our slow progress and frequent halts gave many opportunities for seeing Nubian villages. As I have already said, they are better built than those of the fellahin; some of the houses are of stone, all have roofs and stout wooden doors. It is evident that many of them are arranged with reference to defense. Near the houses are large jars of mud in which the grain is stored, and rough stone hand-mills. Many of the people, especially the women, present a very respectable appearance, and have a much more independent expression than the fellahin. The women wear large nose-rings, and plait the hair in fine tresses, which they—as well as the men—besmear far too liberally with castor oil. Many of the women were engaged upon a kind of embroidery.

At Korosko, the starting-point of the caravans for Berber and Khartoom, one sees many of the Ababdee, the "wild men of the desert," most curious-looking specimens, with long, plaited tresses.

It was only a little below Ibreem that we caught a favorable wind, and went on our way rejoicing to Wady Halfay. Ibreem is a very striking point; it is an old fortified town, on a high hill overlooking the river, absolutely deserted,—not a sign of life to be seen near it.

At Wady Halfay we found our friends, Colonels Purdy, Mason and Colston, *en route* for Darfoor, and we moored close to their camp. The large fleet of cangias that had brought them up from the Cataract gave an unwonted appearance of life to the river, while the tents—for they had some two hundred soldiers with them—quite effectively enlivened the dull desert on the banks. We decided to visit Aboo Seer in our little boats, as the least fatiguing way for the ladies; but the wind was so violent that we were obliged to postpone our trip for a couple of days. The interval was well spent in a "Dromedary Circus," for the animals intended for the Darfoor expedition were out for inspection and trial, and the desert was alive with dromedaries and soldiers rushing about in all directions; and frequent were the tumbles of the inexperienced soldiers over the heads of the ungainly beasts.

At last a more favorable day arrived, and, with the sheiks of the Cataract as pilots, we started in our sandals for Aboo Seer. Our route led us about half-way up the Cataract, and we found it a delightful trip. Countless black rocks of polished granite and basalt, islets of all sizes,—many covered with vegetation;—the sparkling water making

haste toward a more quiet resting-place, the high hills trending down on each side, —altogether a view quite unlike anything in our part of the world.

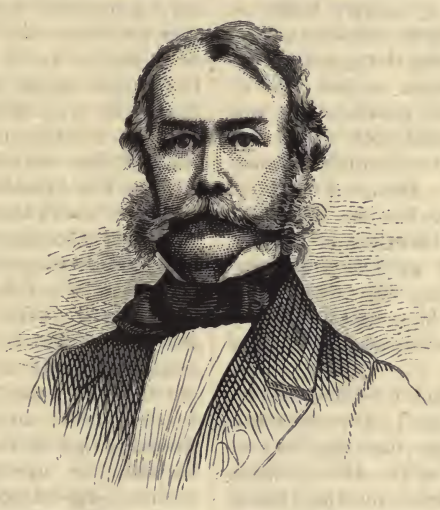
At length, after breasting many rapids and making numerous detours, we landed close under Aboo Seer;—a lofty hill of rock, quite precipitous to the south and east, which forms the final stage in the long journey of the Nile tourist. With little trouble we plodded up the sand-slopes, and soon found ourselves on the summit—a point commanding a noble view. From it the desert stretches far to the east and west; in the remote south are seen the twin hills that mark the site of distant Dongola; to the north, the eye follows for many a mile the Nile valley; while at your feet stretches the brilliant scene of the Second Cataract. A long, broad mass of black rocks, green islets, sandy shores, rocky cliffs, groves of palms and sont, through which the great river now dashes in fury, now glides smoothly along in its course from the unknown region of the south, toward the valley we know so well. It is a view well worth the journey we have made. Long we linger on the summit; now enjoying the charming view, now seeking to discover the names of friends among the long lists of those who have here inscribed their titles on the rocks around. At last we are warned that it is time to depart, and take a long, last look toward the sources of the mysterious river that has so long baffled the curiosity of the world. Near our boat, we find the carpets spread and lunch prepared; after a merry half hour, we enter the sandals, with no little reluctance turning our backs to the south, and committing ourselves to the mercy of the Nile, against whose stream we have so long contended. A delightful trip of an hour and a half brought us to the dahabeahs. All was now ready for the homeward journey; the great yard had been taken down and securely lashed, the large sail disposed of, the oars rigged, and our gallant ship transformed into a very commonplace and ungainly object, all ready to start. Purdy and Mason came on board to bid farewell, and, as we floated down the stream, the last objects we could distinguish were our two friends seated on the bank, watching our receding boat. One of them fought through the war in the Federal army, the other in that of the Confederates; yet, at last, there they were sitting side by side on the banks of Wady Halfay, having said good-bye to civilization and their fellow-countryman, and about to start upon a long and perilous voyage of discovery in the unknown depths of Africa!

So strong was the head-wind that we did not reach Aboo Simbel until nine at night of the following day. At Aboo Simbel are two temples excavated in the solid rock. Here the sandstone cliffs come close to the river-bank, and the temples are cut directly into the face of the cliff. The entrances are perhaps thirty feet above the water, and were, until some sixty years ago, completely concealed by the sand-banks drifted over the cliffs; at present they are but little disturbed, and the interiors entirely free. The smaller temple is about ninety feet deep, and has sculptures of historic interest. It is not so large as the similar temple of Gerf Hossein, but is in much better preservation. The larger temple is one of the wonders of the world, and, like the other, was built by Rameses the Great. The *façade*, about one hundred feet high and a good deal longer, is formed by smoothing the face of the cliff. In front, sit in calm repose, four colossal statues of Rameses, carved out of the same solid rock. Huge as these masterpieces are (although in a sitting posture, they are no less than sixty-six feet high, without the pedestals), they are admirably finished, and possess an expression of beauty and grandeur that can hardly be excelled by the most delicately fashioned works in marble. With the exception of one, whose head lies near his feet, they are quite well preserved. I can conceive of nothing grander in art than the sublime repose of these seated effigies. How wonderful is the Nubian climate which permits these sandstone figures, exposed in the open air for more than three thousand years, to preserve all the subtle power and charm of expression that the artist gave them so long ago! The great temple extends some two hundred feet into the rock. The walls are covered with sculptures and paintings representing scenes in the campaigns of Rameses. Many of them are full of life and spirit, and of the highest interest; one, of the king using a bow from his chariot, is wonderfully fine. Lights are necessary to inspect the wonders of these halls; and as the Egyptian bats are numerous here, and quite as easily unsettled by sudden light as those of other lands, the traveler must not be surprised if a few fly squarely in his face. On a re-entrant of the *façade* there is a curious and well-executed group of negro captives, with halters around their necks—slaves captured by Rameses in

one of his forays to the south. These sculptures, certainly three thousand years old, afford cold comfort to the disciples of Darwin, for they clearly show that the negro of that age was precisely like his descendant of to-day, and that the development theory has paused in its career, at least as far as that branch of creation is concerned. Aboo Simbel cannot be compared with Karnak, they are so unlike,—except with regard to the paintings and sculptures on the walls; each is incomparable of its kind, and both —as do the Pyramids—inspire the spectator with a profound sense of the boundless resources, the grand conceptions, and the mechanical skill of the men of ancient Egypt.

(To be continued.)

JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.



JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.

THE name of the late John Romeyn Brodhead is intimately associated in the minds of New Yorkers with the Dutch occupation of the State, of which he was a faithful and sympathetic historian, though, singularly, he was a lineal descendant of one of the English conquerors of New Amsterdam. Among the soldiers sent by Charles II., in 1664, to subdue the Hollanders in America was Captain Daniel Brodhead, a zealous royalist of Yorkshire, England, who came with his household, intending to settle in the province after its conquest. Upon the capitulation of the city he was stationed in command of the garrison at Esopus, where he remained until his death in 1667. He left three sons, from one of whom descended Charles W. Brodhead, who served as a captain in the Revolutionary war, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Charles's youngest son, Jacob, entered the ministry, and spent a long life in active and most useful service, having filled several prominent pulpits with very great acceptance. He died in 1855. He had several sons, but the only one who reached mature years was the subject of this sketch, named after his uncle, the Reverend Dr. John Brodhead Romeyn, a Presbyterian clergyman of great distinction in the early part of this century. John Romeyn Brodhead was born in 1814, in Philadelphia, where at that time his father was settled; but before he was twelve years old, the family returned to the city of New York, which was ever afterward his home.

His early education was received at the Albany Academy, an institution which obtained a high reputation under the care of the accomplished Dr. T. R. Beck. From here he was sent to Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., where he was graduated

with honor in 1831, being only seventeen years of age. At this time he gave great attention to literature, and became a constant reader and collector of books; but no productions of his pen indicated the eminence he was afterward to obtain. Being the son of a devout clergyman, he was educated in the strictest ideas of integrity and honor; but, clerical salaries being small in those days, his early years were passed in labor and self-denial. Turning his attention to law, he studied in the office of the late eminent Hugh Maxwell, Esq., and was duly admitted to the bar. His prospects of success were quite fair, when suddenly his father's health began to fail, and the family was compelled to retire to a country home at Saugerties, N. Y., whither Romeyn, now the only son, accompanied them, surrendering his professional hopes at the call of filial duty. While in this retirement, he was invited to become an attaché of one of our foreign legations,—an event which decided his whole future career. The post of *chargé d'affaires* at the Hague was at that time occupied by Harmanus Bleecker, of Albany, an eminent lawyer and a man of many and varied accomplishments, who was much attached to his relative, Mrs. Brodhead, and through her to her son, whom he now called to his side.

In 1839, with his father's concurrence, Romeyn set sail for Holland. Here he made good use of his advantages, dividing his time between study and society. His position brought him into contact with the refined and cultivated of many lands, and his mental development was greatly stimulated. He formed a strong attachment for the country, finding a quaint beauty in the old palaces, in the Binnenhof, in the Bosch, and even in the wild, lonely dunes which keep back the ever-encroaching sea. In the midst of these agreeable scenes, he was interrupted by the sad news of his mother's declining health, and although he returned to America in time to greet her again, it was for the last time.

In the spring of 1841, the Legislature of New York having passed an act to employ an agent to procure and transcribe documents in Europe relative to the colonial history of the State, Governor Seward, who was in hearty sympathy with the measure, appointed Mr. Brodhead to the position. He willingly accepted the trust, and was much disappointed in not being able to take passage in the steamship "President," which sailed for England about that time, and was never heard of afterward. He could not but recognize a kind Providence in the enforced delay which prevented him from being one of the ill-fated passengers. He crossed the ocean in safety, and at once entered upon a course of exhausting toil, both mental and manual; for the appropriations by the State were moderate, and it needed close economy and skillful management to make them adequate to the purpose. He pursued his researches with great diligence and success among the ancient archives at the Hague, in London, and in Paris, often obtaining access to records which had long been locked from the world's notice. He was one of the first in a long succession of scholarly men who visited the old world for a like purpose, but it is doubtful if any other brought home so rich a spoil as did he in 1844. Mr. Bancroft said of it: "The ship in which he came back was more richly freighted with new materials for American history than any that ever crossed the Atlantic."

Immediately after his arrival, Mr. Brodhead was invited to deliver the address at the fortieth anniversary of the New York Historical Society, of which he had for some time been a member. This was the first of several services rendered by him in the course of years at the call of this dignified and influential society, and in it he was able to give to the public an earnest of the abundant treasures garnered during his residence abroad. In the ensuing year he submitted to the Legislature his final report as their agent. The documents procured by him were subsequently printed in ten large quarto volumes, which remain a legacy of inestimable value to all historical inquirers.

When Mr. Bancroft was made minister to Great Britain by President Polk in 1846, Mr. Brodhead accompanied him as Secretary of Legation, his previous residence in London having well fitted him for that position. This was, perhaps, the most enjoyable portion of his life. The duties were somewhat burdensome and the salary was inconsiderable, but all such drawbacks were more than compensated by the social privileges to which he was admitted. He had some experience in this way in his former residence in London, when the late Edward Everett, then the American minister there, honored him with his friendship, facilitated the accomplishment of his mission, gave him needful advice and encouragement, and opened to him many hospitable doors. Now, however, as a member of the American Lega-

tion, he had frequent opportunities of meeting in society and elsewhere the most accomplished persons of the day. Among these he mentions in his letters Campbell and Rogers, Sydney Smith, Hallam and Macaulay, the Earl of Carlisle, Lady Morgan, Dr. Buckland, the Miss Berrys, and many others. But the secretary did not become a mere social butterfly. His habits of reading and study were resolutely maintained. He read with ease in several languages, having acquired French in his youth and Dutch during his stay in Holland. His college Greek was always retained, but Latin was more warmly cherished, and Horace became to him a charming and life-long companion. During his residence in London occurred the great Chartist demonstration of 1848, which filled the entire kingdom with apprehension and alarm. Together with many other gentlemen, he hastened to be sworn in as a special constable, and he often afterward spoke of his surprise at meeting on that occasion, the poor and unsuccessful Louis Napoleon, afterward Napoleon III., who had in like manner come to offer himself as a defender of law and order. In the next year, both Mr. Bancroft and himself returned to the United States.

Once more at home, he applied himself to the great work of his life, that for which he had been preparing for many years, "The History of the State of New York." He brought to this task many qualifications, —a good general education, large familiarity with men and things, a fine historical instinct, a deep interest in the subject, thorough acquaintance with the original sources and a conscientious zeal for the actual truth. The first volume, embracing the period 1609–1664, was published by the Harpers in 1853, and was extremely well received both by scholars and the general public. Its character is well set forth by Mr. Duyckinck in his "Cyclopedia of American Literature:" "The extensive stores of original material collected by the author enabled him to present many curious and important facts of picturesque and local interest for the first time, while the main progress of the work unfolded the peculiar commercial restrictive system of trading monopoly, the regulations of the West India Company, and the domestic institution of the patroonships, which, at first the protection, soon became an impediment to the fortunes of the colony. The various political and social influences of New Netherlands, presenting the earnest, liberal and popular elements of the home country, are exhibited with care and fidelity to the manuscript and other authorities which are constantly referred to, and passages of which are frequently embroidered in the text." The work took its place almost immediately as a standard, nor has the work of later laborers in the same field impaired its value. Years after its issue, Mr. Bancroft said of it: "It is so full, so accurate, so marked by research and an honest love for historic truth that we have only to bid him go on and finish what he has so worthily begun."

The prosecution of the history was somewhat impeded by the cares of official position; for in the autumn of the same year in which the first volume appeared, its author received from President Pierce the appointment of Naval Officer of the Port of New York. Since this office did not remove him from his home, he declined to relinquish it for the more lucrative post of Consul General of the United States for Japan, which was offered to him in 1855. It was not until the next year that he "gave hostages to fortune" by entering into married life—a delay somewhat singular in a man of his strong affections and warm domestic feelings. In November of that year he married Eugenia, eldest daughter of the late Simeon De Witt Bloodgood, and a great-granddaughter of Col. Van Schaick, of the Revolutionary Army. He then bought a house in this city, collected his library about him, and devoted himself to the prosecution of his literary labors. Of the N. Y. Historical Society he was an active and efficient member. Before this body, in 1864, he pronounced an oration commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the conquest of New Netherlands, of which the venerable Gulian C. Verplanck said that it contained much curious and instructive information, and was enriched throughout by a sagacious and clear-sighted historical philosophy. Two years later he read before the same body a well-digested paper on the government of Sir Edmund Andros over New England in 1688–9. He was a constant coadjutor of the eminent citizens who have for so many years labored in behalf of the Historical Society, and made it such an honor to the city. In 1867 he was appointed a Trustee of the Astor Library, in the success of which he had always taken a deep interest, and with whose first librarian, the lamented and learned Dr. Cogswell, he had been intimately associated. He resigned this position in 1871. As

might be expected, he was a zealous member of the St. Nicholas Society, and regularly participated in its observance of the red-letter days in the Dutch calendar. For Rutgers College, he always felt a deep concern, not only because it was his *alma mater*, but for its own sake, and for the sake of the Dutch church, of which it was the representative. In early life and after he had become a trustee, he was fruitful in plans for increasing its means and usefulness, one evidence of which still remains in the Brodhead Prize for proficiency in the classics, founded many years ago by his father and himself.

The breaking out of the civil war was to Mr. Brodhead a great surprise and grief. Like his own and his father's friend, the Rev. Dr. G. W. Bethune, he had always been a pronounced Democrat; but also, like that great and good man, he sank all the feelings of a partisan in those of an American, and no one in the land rejoiced more heartily over the success of the national cause.

Mr. Brodhead's later years were tinged with gloom. In 1866 he lost one of his oldest and best friends, a scholar whose constant and critical interest in his history had been a perpetual stimulus and help in his arduous labors, and by whose generous aid he hoped to be cheered to the last. His vigorous frame began to yield under the inroads of disease. Vacation failed to restore his flagging energies. Still he continued at his chosen employment, and in 1871 issued the second, and, as it proved, the last, volume of his "History of New York." It covers the period from the capitulation in 1664 to the execution of Leisler in 1691. The most interesting portion of the book is that which relates to Leisler's rebellion, about which various opinions had been entertained. There is but little doubt that this work has forever settled the question. Mr. Brodhead's ample acquaintance with authorities new and old, and his logical discrimination and fairness, enabled him to set the truth forth in a convincing light.

Two years after the issue of this volume, its author was seized with a severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia which ran its course in a few days. During the ravages of a painful disease and within the shadow of the grave, he was sustained by an unfaltering trust. Early the subject of deep religious impressions, he had in his mature years become a communicant in the Reformed Dutch Church, and cherished an intelligent and cordial appreciation of her symbols, order, and liturgy. He died on the 6th of May, 1873, and was interred in Trinity Cemetery.

Mr. Brodhead was somewhat above the average height, graceful in form, and attractive in manner. His countenance was mobile and expressive. His genial disposition, combined with his position and character, won for him troops of friends; and his stores of incident and anecdote, as well as his general culture, made him welcome wherever he was known. He was scrupulous and methodical to the last degree in all pecuniary transactions; anxious neither to do nor to suffer wrong; and cherishing that nice sense of honor which feels a stain like a wound. There was nothing in his official service at home or abroad which needed concealment or elaborate explanations. All was open as the day and above suspicion. His durable monument lies in his printed works. He was a worthy member of that school of historical writers who subordinate all other matters to exact truth, who always ascend to the sources if possible, and who cultivate the impartiality of the judicial ermine in determining controverted points. To write in this fashion, a man must "scorn delights and live laborious days." He must spare no pains in searching authorities, and allow no prejudice, political or religious or national, to bias his mind. He must learn to weigh evidence, to shun hasty conclusions, to hold an even poise between conflicting witnesses. Mr. Brodhead had a lofty ideal of an historian, and he had no mean success in realizing it. His volumes are models of candid and trustworthy narration. They are now, and are likely to remain, the standard history of the Empire State for the ninety years which they recount. Though the work is a fragment, it is a great satisfaction that these two volumes cover the most difficult and obscure part of the State's history. It was the more important that this should be done because of the unhappy influence of one of Washington Irving's early productions, "Knickerbocker's History of New York." The rich and genial humor of Mr. Irving amused multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic, but unfortunately left the impression that there was only a ludicrous side to the character of the old Dutch burghers. Mr. Brodhead showed the contrary with manly force and fervid eloquence, yet without exaggeration or prejudice. Gratefully recognizing the Providence which

ordered that Manhattan Island and the shores of the Hudson should be colonized by the Batavian race, he yet frankly acknowledged that it was best for all parties that the Dutch province should pass under the control of the English crown, for thus was secured its protection, its peaceful development, its comprehensive spirit, its cosmopolitan character. These things are far more generally and clearly understood now than they were forty years ago. And no one man has done more toward accomplishing this result than Mr. Brodhead. His work resembles, in character, if not in degree, what has been done by Motley for the Hollanders in their own country.

THE OUTCAST.

A LEGEND OF ARABIA.

ALONG the Oasis the slender palms
Stretched their clear shadows, till the fierce red sun
Dropped suddenly behind the shifting hills,
And all fell prostrate then, in silent prayer.

Now, busy preparations for the night—
Unburdening the gaunt, weird camels' load,
Pitching the flapping tents, while over all
Arose the oval moon ineffable.

Silent, with fragrant pipes, the circle sat
And listened to the story-teller's lore,
In the strange golden light, intense as flame,
That made another, and a deeper day.

There was a youth, he said, utterly base.
Ere he could speak, he tortured gentle beasts,
Deprived the patient camel of its food,
And made the children fear him in their play.

Wily as the hyena in his lies,
Untamable as lions of the waste,
He drew too many after him, as winds
Draw the long reaches of the desert sands.

As he grew older, speech could never tell
His vices; he became the village scourge,
The by-word,—every lip was curled at him,—
Disgust and fear looked on him as he passed.

Ere he became a man, he was accurst;
Till all the tribe met solemnly one day
To try the criminal; then drive him forth
From out their company, a wanderer.

They sat in grave judicial circle there,
Hushed for a while, and in the midst he stood,
To hear his sentence,—he, the vile, the lost,
From the revered assemblage of his kin.

Then rose an ancient and gray-bearded man,
Accusing him of despicable crimes;
Another followed, heaping on his head
Words of intolerable mockery.

Calm, low and bitter, then his brothers spake;
Each rose in turn, and told his black disgrace.
His father thundered forth his hideous shame
And all the elders of his family.

"Why, then," exclaimed the musical, deep voice
Of the old sheik, "shall we not drive him forth,
Into the desert, there to dwell alone
With brutes, whose brother he has learned to be?"

"Why not?" exclaimed a voice, and forward sprang
His mother, pale and passionate. "Why not?
He is my child! This horror shall not be!
There still is life, is hope, for he is young!

"It cannot be that I have borne a fiend,
And if a devil hath possessed my boy;
Love may yet drive it forth! a miracle
May yet be wrought for him! There yet is time!

"Will ye not wait? Will ye be patient yet
A little while? Have I not waited long,
And borne the torture and the misery,
Aye! the chief burden of this weight of grief?

"Hoping, still hoping, through the weary years,
Hoping, still hoping, even now, when ye
Would drive him forth, ye holy, from your sight,
Would scourge him to the desert, there to die.

"Wait! wait another year!—another month!—
Another day!—Your faces all are hard!
Your eyes are cruel! He shall not go forth!
Or if he goes, I go, and follow him!"

The boy, for he was little more, stood by,
His wild eyes on his mother, as she fell
Prone, supplicating, fainting in the dust,
While one dry sob burst from her burdened heart.

Then he too knelt, who never yet had knelt,
And humbly prayed for still one trial more.
His face was changed, his eyes were dim with
tears,
He took his mother's hand, and raised her up.

Deep grew the silence of that company—
They gave no sentence, but each man arose
And quietly stole forth, and left them there,
Alone in the tribunal, uncondemned.

And in that self-same hour was her reward;
Then came the miracle she waited for,
The strange new birth, the spirit's morning star;
Her faith had saved him, and the end was—peace.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"DO YOU SUPPOSE I DON'T KNOW THAT I AM A NUISANCE?"

CHAPTER V.

NICHOLAS and those who had been rescued with him learned, on the next morning after the disaster, that they were on board the ship "Jungfrau," from Bremen, bound for New York, with half a dozen cabin passengers and a large number of emigrants. The vessel was crowded, but everything was done that a sympathetic and helpful benevolence could devise to restore them from their nervous shock and their harsh exposure, and to make them comfortable. Nicholas and a few of the ladies found themselves suffering only from mental sadness and bodily lameness, while others, and among them Miss Larkin, rallied less readily, and were held to their berths by a low fever whose awful depressions, waking and sleeping, were haunted by dreams that made their lives a perpetual torture.

The captain of the "Jungfrau" found his vessel as sound in the hull, after her terrible collision, as she was before, and enough of her spars left standing and uninjured to insure a safe, if not a speedy passage into port. This information he was careful to impart to his new passengers, in such English as he could command. Those among them who had lost friends held to the hope that they should find them again among those who had been rescued by the boats of the two steamers; and it was curious to witness the reactions toward joyfulness and hopefulness which took place among them. In the midst of their fears and forebodings, there was many a merry laugh over the strange disguises with which their humble, borrowed clothing invested them. Mrs. McGregor, who went down with her diamond knobs in her ears, found those brilliants flashing above a rough emigrant's cloak, and laughed with the rest over the grotesque figure which she presented. A

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strange feeling of sisterly regard which, in some instances, rose into fondness, was developed among women who had hitherto looked upon each other with jealousy. A common calamity, a partnership in trial, brought proud hearts together in marvelous sympathy. A few minutes spent together in the presence of death wove bonds which only death could break.

It was curious, too, to witness the disposition of every woman of the rescued number to attribute her safety to Nicholas. The young, particularly, had all been saved by him,—a fact which they laid up in their memories, to be recounted in future life, and to furnish a foundation for romantic dreams. The young man found himself, very much to his embarrassment, a hero,—idolized, courted, petted, praised, thanked and overwhelmed with feminine devotion. They talked about him among themselves. They poured their acknowledgments into his impatient ear. They harassed and humiliated him with their gratitude. There were only two of the whole number who did not distress him with their praises, and they were the ones, of them all, whom he most sincerely respected.

Miss Coates, with her splendid vitality, rallied among the first, and became the ministering angel of all the sufferers of her sex. As Miss Bruce was almost equally disabled with her charge, Miss Coates became Miss Larkin's constant attendant. She was with her by day and by night, or always within call. She kept up the young woman's communications with Nicholas, and in this service, tenderly and earnestly rendered, endeavored to embody her thanks.

The weary days wore slowly away; the convalescents, one after another, sat up in the close cabin, or appeared upon the deck, and one morning Miss Coates went to Nicholas, and invited him into the cabin. Miss Larkin wished to see him. The young man went down with a throbbing heart, and found Miss Larkin reclining in a chair. They took each other's hands without a word. It was long before either of them could speak. At length Miss Larkin said:

"I am very glad for you. You have done a great deal of good."

"Don't speak of it."

"I am not going to tell you of my gratitude for my own safety. That is of small account; but, I am grateful that you have helped to save my faith in human nature. I thought I would like to tell you that."

"Thank you. You were surprised?"

"Not at all. I believed in you."

"Thank you again. The others have treated me as if they were surprised to find that I was a man."

"Don't blame them, after their surprise at finding other men cowards."

"But it is so humiliating to be flattered and fawned upon. It makes me wild."

"There is, at least, one woman who has not flattered you, or fawned upon you; yet you have no more hearty admirer upon the ship."

"Miss Coates?"

"Yes."

"She is a true woman, worth all the rest of them put together, old and young."

"Yes, and I cannot be too grateful for being brought into her company. The life before me all looks brighter in the prospect of her friendship. She is so helpful, so cheerful, so self-forgetful, so courageous, that I look upon her with constant admiration. Her presence is always an inspiration."

"Thank you," said Nicholas.

She looked questioningly into his face.

"Why do you thank me?"

Nicholas smiled in her upturned eyes, and said:

"Because the unstinted praise of one young woman by another, helps to save my faith in human nature."

Miss Larkin did not smile at his answer, for her heart was visited at the moment by an old pang that had come upon her many times during her recovery. She was thinking of Mr. Benson, and she sighed as if the pain were more than she could bear.

"I know what that sigh means," said Nicholas, "and where it came from."

She was startled, and said:

"Mr. Benson?"

"Yes."

"I cannot tell you how I pity him," she responded. "I'm sure he is alive. If I could only think of him as dead, I should be strangely comforted; yet until the accident, he was always very considerate of me. I know that he is forever humiliated, and that he can never come into my presence again without pain. He has received a lesson concerning himself that must demoralize him. His pride is fatally wounded. His character is overthrown. I'm afraid he will hate me, and hate you too; for generosity is as foreign to his nature and character as love or enthusiasm."

"Well, I'm not afraid of him, at least," Nicholas responded; "and, besides, I don't

pity him. Men and women must look upon such things differently. I like to see a conceited and pretentious man taken down, and placed exactly where he belongs. Let us hope that what has happened will make a better man of him."

"He will never build up again. He is too old;" and Miss Larkin shook her head.

Nicholas saw that it would be difficult for him to divert her thoughts from the unhappy channel into which they had fallen, and rose to bid her good-morning, and send Miss Coates to her. He took her hand, which he found to be cold, and, apologizing for staying so long, hurried to the deck, where Miss Coates was engaged in conversation with her mother. The former rose and left the deck at once, to attend her friend in the cabin.

Since the appeal of Mrs. Coates to Nicholas to save her daughter, even at the cost of her own life, the vulgar little woman had appeared to him most worthy of his respect. He greeted her cordially, and sat down beside her.

Nicholas had already learned that Mrs. Coates was a member of that somewhat widely scattered sisterhood that report conversations which have never taken place. She was without culture, and had nothing to talk about but personalities, of which she was the center; and she had acquired the art, or the habit, of attributing to others the sentiments and opinions which she wished either to controvert or approve. She was, in this way, enabled to give a dramatic quality to her conversation, and to find suggestions for continuing it *ad infinitum*. Not that she intended to lie. For the moment, she supposed that what she reported had actually taken place. Nicholas, however, had learned to separate the chaff from the wheat, and to detect the lie whenever it was broached. He knew the daughter, at least, well enough to know that certain conversations which the mother reported in detail were pure fiction. Otherwise, he would have refused to listen to them.

But Mrs. Coates was good-natured, and she adored her daughter. She intended, too, that she should have all the advantages that the maternal ingenuity could devise for getting a good position in the world. Her teachers had taken care of her education, and she had determined to look after the rest. Her maneuvers, however, were very clumsy. She had conceived the most "honorable intentions" in regard to Nicholas; but the poor, well-meaning little woman was obliged to use a poker in the place of the gilt-handled, glittering scimiter, wielded so deftly and delicately by the ladies around her. Insensitive, resting upon her wealth as a sure foundation, she never hesitated for a moment, in any society, to express her sentiments, or to absorb the conversation; and she never forgot the one great object of her life,—to push Jenny.

As Nicholas took a seat beside her, she said:

"Now this seems real good. I've been a-talking to Jenny about improving our examples. 'Wherever you see a shining example,' says I to Jenny, 'seize upon it. Now, there's that young man, Mr. Minturn,' says I. 'Who would have thought it was in him? But he has given us a shining example,' says I, 'and shining examples aint so thick now-days that we can afford to make light of 'em.' I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates, often and often. 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'embrace all your opportunities to watch shining examples. Wherever you can find one, lay hold of it,' says I, 'and bring it home.' Perhaps you've noticed that Jenny is an uncommon girl, Mr. Minturn?"

"Yes, I have," replied Nicholas, uneasily stroking his whiskers.

"That's just what I told her," said Mrs. Coates. "'He sees your worth,' says I. 'He's not much of a fool, to speak of,' says I. 'He knows who has had advantages, and who hasn't had them. Hold up your head,' says I to Jenny. 'Take your example in this case from your mother, and not from your father,' says I; 'for your father's head is not a shining example, unless it is for baldness, which comes of his forever wearing his hat against my wishes,' says I. I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates. 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'you're as good as the best of them. You've got a good house and a respectable wife, if I do say it; and you've been able to give the best advantages to your offspring, and there's no living reason why you shouldn't hold up your head.' But Mr. Coates he laughs, and says he isn't good for nothing but making money, and that I may hold up my head till it snaps off of my shoulders if I want to; and Jenny and he are as much alike as two peas. I get out of all patience with her."

Nicholas bit his lip, to hide his amusement, and said:

"It seems to me that you are a little rough on the young lady."

"Well, I don't mean to be rough," said

Mrs. Coates, as if the asperities of her character were a source of profound grief, but were, nevertheless, ineffaceable. "I don't mean to be rough on my own offspring, but I'm made so that I can't bear to see the opportunities of young girls slip by without being embraced. 'Here is Mr. Minturn,' says I to Jenny, 'apparently attached to a young woman afflicted with what isn't a speck better than numb-palsy, if it is as good. I'm sorry for him from the bottom of my heart,' says I, 'and I'm sorry for her too; but she's a shining example of patience and chirkness, and I want you to take that example and make the most of it. Wherever you see an example,' says I to Jenny, 'improve it. Let nothing be lost on the way.'"

If Nicholas had not entertained the sincerest respect for the young woman, and known how offensive this kind of talk would have been to her, he would have excused himself from further conversation, and retired in disgust; but the clumsy manager amused him, and Miss Coates was out of the way, and could not be pained by her mother's talk. So, as he had nothing else to do, he was willing to hear more.

"I says to Jenny," continued Mrs. Coates, after a moment of thoughtfulness, "'Jenny,' says I, 'do you remember what Mr. Minturn said about his mother?' 'Yes,' says she, 'I noticed it.' 'Mark my words, Jenny,' says I, 'mark my words: a good son is a good husband.' How often I've said the same thing to Mr. Coates! 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'our offspring are to be husbands and wives. Let us give them all the advantages we can, and make good children of them, and then they'll be good husbands and wives. I s'pose I try Jenny a good deal. I wasn't raised as girls are now-days, but she's been an obedient child. Whatever happens to her, I shall always remember that she's been a healthy child, too; and Mr. Coates and I have often said that if we were thankful for anything, it is that we've been able to give good constitutions to our offspring. Whatever is laid to Jenny's door, there's no numb-palsy about her."

Mrs. Coates laughed, as if she thought she had said a good thing. Nicholas laughed too, and then she was sure of it.

"'Yes,' says I to Jenny," Mrs. Coates reiterated, by way of lifting her climax, or enjoying it a little longer, "'whatever is laid to your door, numb-palsy isn't the name for it.'"

She felt now that she was making genuine progress, and went on:

"Jenny is unaccountable strange in some things. I own up that I don't see into it. I've said to her often since that night, you know,"—and a painful shiver ran through her fat little person,—"'Jenny,' says I, 'have you ever thanked Mr. Minturn for what he done for you? Let us be grateful for all our mercies,' says I; 'for if we forget 'em, they may be took away from us.' All I can do and say, the only thing I can get out of her is, 'Mother,' says she, 'I've thanked God on my knees for it; but Mr. Minturn is a sensible man, and he don't want no women purring around him."

"She's right," said Nicholas.

"I don't know about that," responded Mrs. Coates, shaking her head doubtfully. "You may think I'm a strange woman,"—and Mrs. Coates paused to give Nicholas a moment for the contemplation of the profound enigma before him,—"you may think I'm a strange woman, but *I* think there *is* such a thing as numb-palsy of the heart, and that it *may* be just as bad as numb-palsy of the feet. 'Whatever is laid to your door,' says I to Jenny, 'let it not be said that you have numb-palsy of the heart, for out of the heart the mouth speaketh,' says I; 'and perhaps that's the reason you don't speak to Mr. Minturn,' says I."

She would have gone on with her talk as long as Nicholas would have listened to it, for her resources were unlimited. What she had said to Mr. Coates and Jenny, and what Mr. Coates and Jenny had said to her, constituted a circle like that defined by the revolving horses at a country show. When her nag was in motion, those which bore her husband and daughter were in motion too; and she was always in a chase after them, and they after her.

But the machine was stopped by the approach of Mrs. Ilmansee and her pretty sister, who, notwithstanding their losses, had managed to keep up a fair appearance and a jaunty air.

"O Mr. Minturn!" broke in the young married lady, utterly ignoring the presence of Mrs. Coates, "I wanted to say to you that I shall expect you, on landing, to go directly to my house. You will need to stop in New York awhile to replenish your wardrobe, and you are to make my house your home as long as you will. Mr. Ilmansee will be delighted to see you, and to have an opportunity of thanking you for the great service you have rendered us all."

Mrs. Coates was taken aback. In her greediness to make the most of present op-

portunities, and to embrace the privileges of the moment, she had forgotten to offer her hospitalities; but she was equal to the emergency.

"Share and share alike," said she, interrupting Nicholas in his attempt to reply to the invitation. "How many times I've said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'whatever you are, don't let it be laid to your door that you are greedy, and take advantage of your fellow-men. Entertain angels unawares,' says I, 'whenever you get a chance. Whatever you are, be hospitable,' says I. 'You are not required to be extravagant, and spend so much money on luxuries that you can't give the best advantages to your offspring; but you *are* required to entertain angels unawares, and furnish them the best that the market affords.' Often and often Jenny has said to me, 'Mother, you entertain more angels unawares than any woman I know of, and you are wearing yourself all out.' 'Jenny,' says I, 'I shall keep on doing so until I drop in my tracks, and open the best room to them, too. Mr. Minturn will stay with us a part of the time, of course. Share and share alike is a good rule, with all them as mean to be fair and aboveboard.'"

Mrs. Ilmansee had stood and heard this long speech in ill-concealed disgust. There was no stopping it, and no getting away from it. Miss Pelton, her hand on her sister's arm, pressed that arm a good many times in her amusement, bit her rosy lips, and appeared strangely pleased with something she had discovered far off at sea. Poor Nicholas blushed, without knowing what to say.

"I suppose Mr. Minturn is at liberty to take his choice," said Mrs. Ilmansee, spitefully.

"Yes," said Mrs. Coates, blandly, "he can go to your house first, and then he can come to mine. Turn about is fair play. How often I've said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'stand by your own rights, but don't never let it be laid to your door that you deny the rights of others, for they have their feelings as well as you,' says I."

"Moving about from house to house is such a pleasant exercise!" said Miss Pelton, pertly.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Coates, "how often I used to say that to Mr. Coates before he got to be forehanded! Why, we used to move every first of May, as regular as the year come round; and them was my happiest days. I've often said to Jenny, 'Jenny,' says I, 'you'll miss one thing in your grand house that isn't subject to a dollar of mortgage; and that's ripping up, and carting off, and starting new.' Children that begin where their fathers and mothers leave off, lose some things;"—and Mrs. Coates sighed as if there came to her ear, across arid tracts of prosperity, the musical rumble and the refreshing vision of an overloaded furniture-wagon.

"Ah! And what is the absorbing topic of conversation this morning?"

It was the voice of Mrs. Morgan, who had entered the group with her tall and comely daughter.

If the curious reader should wonder just here, or has wondered before, why so many ladies should be together on a foreign voyage, without their acquired or natural protectors, let it not be supposed that those protectors had been separated from them by divorce or drowning. They were only journeying after the manner of many American ladies, when they undertake a European trip. It is a little bad for their husbands and homes, perhaps, but it is their pleasure. At this moment, those upon the deck of the "Jungfrau" were returning to them unexpectedly, to find their husbands at their business, probably,—possibly at the club,—possibly anywhere but where they ought to be. But that, in turn, is their husbands' pleasure, which preserves a pleasant balance in what are by courtesy denominated "the domestic relations."

Mrs. Morgan's stately inquiry was met with silence, which grew awkward at last, and then Nicholas told her that he had been kindly invited by the two ladies to be their guest while he remained in the city.

"Have you accepted their invitation?" inquired Mrs. Morgan.

"I can hardly accept them both," Nicholas replied, with a show of embarrassment.

"Then let me help you, by asking you to be my guest."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ilmansee, sharply. "I believe I have the first claim."

"Oh! you have a claim, have you? Excuse me! I really did not know that the matter had gone so far."

And Mrs. Morgan made a bow in mock humility.

Mrs. McGregor, who had been sitting on the opposite side of the deck, but beyond hearing of the conversation, saw an excitement kindling in the group. So she, with her buxom little daughter, came over to learn

what it was all about. The diamond knobs were still dancing in her ears, but the emigrant's cloak interfered somewhat with the elegance and impressiveness of her bearing.

"We are having claims here this morning!" said Mrs. Morgan, in a tone that was intended to be bitterly scornful.

"Why, you are not getting ill-natured?" said Mrs. McGregor, deprecatingly.

"Not in the least! Oh, not in the least!" responded pretty Mrs. Ilmansee, turning up her nose.

"What is it all about?" inquired Mrs. McGregor, looking doubtfully from one to another.

"Oh, nothing," replied Mrs. Morgan; "next to nothing at all. I invited Mr. Minturn to be my guest after our arrival in the city, and Mrs. Ilmansee says she has a claim upon him. It's nothing, nothing at all, I assure you."

"Well, if it comes to that," said Mrs. McGregor, whose arm had been suggestively pinched by Miss McGregor, "I think I can make him as comfortable as any one, and my house is quite at his disposal, now, or at any time when he may visit the city."

This was the highest bid that had been made, and the evident air of superiority with which it was made did not tend to allay the jealous feeling prevalent in the group.

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Morgan.

"I should like to know, ladies," said Mrs. Ilmansee, her black eyes sparkling with angry annoyance, "why I am treated with so little consideration? I gave the first invitation, and I think it would be proper to wait until I have my reply, before you give yours."

"I have no words to bandy with any one," sad Mrs. McGregor, with dignity; "but I see no reason for withdrawing my invitation."

Out of the best of kind feeling, the shower had risen quickly. It was nothing but a scud, that so often overspreads the sweetest sky, and Nicholas, getting his chance at last, and determined to stop the conversation, said:

"Ladies, you are all very kind, but you have embarrassed me, and given me no chance ——"

Mrs. Coates thought matters had gone far enough, and felt as if Nicholas would make them worse. So, in the goodness of her nature, she interrupted him, before he had completed what he had proposed to himself to say.

"Stop, I beg you," said she, laying her hand persuasively on the arm of the young man. "Stop, and let me pour some ile on these troubled waters. If there's any claims here this morning, I have one. Number two is my number, but I give it up cheerfully for the sake of peace. Mr. Coates has said to me, often and often, 'Mrs. Coates, you are the greatest woman for pouring ile on troubled waters I ever see.' Says I, 'Mr. Coates, I shall always do it. So long as the Lord lets me live, I shall make it a part of my business, whenever I see troubled waters, to pour ile on 'em. Blessed are the peace-makers,' says I, 'and that's just where I want to come in; and it does seem to me that for women who have just been snatched from the jaws of destruction, we are not improving our judgments as we ought to. I have often said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'let us improve our judgments as well as our privileges, for then,' says I, 'Mr. Coates, we shall stand some sort of a chance for more privileges than judgments. Never let it be laid to our door,' says I, 'that we quarreled in the midst of our judgments and our mercies.'"

There was no resisting this homely appeal, and the hearty laugh that followed broke the spell of ill-nature that had gathered upon the group. Of course, nobody had intended anything wrong. Of course, nobody was ill-natured, or had dreamed of any such thing. All were complaisant and self-sacrificing at once.

"I was just going to say," Nicholas resumed, "when Mrs. Coates interrupted me, that I am much obliged to you all, but I have a very dear friend in the city who would never forgive me if I were to accept an invitation which would take me away from him. I shall see you all many times, I hope."

The ladies knew that Nicholas was to be crowned a hero, and the younger ones particularly were desirous to have, as a guest in their houses, the young man who had saved them. He would be a nice man to talk about, and to show; but Nicholas had settled the matter, and they would be obliged to get along without him. It is possible that they were the more readily reconciled to the disappointment from the fact that the young man's friend might enlarge their circle of acquaintance. But who knows? Girls have many thoughts of which they are not more than half conscious themselves.

Just as the group was separating in the best of good humor, the captain approached, and, touching his cap, informed them that they were not more than a hundred and fifty miles from land, and that if the wind held they would find themselves in port the next day. This gave them a united opportunity to express their thanks to him, for the humane and gallant service he had rendered them, and they quite overwhelmed the rough old fellow with their thanks.

Then they all went below, under the impression that they had immense preparations to make for the landing, which consisted, when they arrived there, of a simultaneous attempt to impart the glad intelligence to those passengers who were still in confinement.

CHAPTER VI.

It is probable that no company of passengers ever approached the much longed-for land with more solemnity than that which oppressed the returning group upon the "Jungfrau." They realized, with a fresh impression, the dangers from which they had escaped. They dreaded to hear of the number who had not shared their own good fortune. They could not doubt that the steamer which had saved so many had already reported herself from the other side, and that they had all been the objects of the most painful and sickening anxiety. After the long strain upon their nerves, and their efforts to keep up their own and each other's courage, the reaction came; and weeping groups thronged the little deck all day, and few slept during the night which separated them from their homes.

Early on the following morning, the "Jungfrau" was boarded by a pilot, who brought with him a large bundle of papers. Already the land was in sight, and lay like a dim cloud on the edge of the horizon before them; but the passengers were too much absorbed in the news from home to give it more than a single glance. The rescuing steamer had arrived at Queenstown, three or four days before, and her sad news of the collision had been spread all over the country. New York was throbbing with excitement. The full list of passengers upon the "Ariadne" was published, side by side with the list of those who had been saved by the reporting steamer, and all hearts had turned to the strange vessel that had been the cause of the mischief and had assisted in the rescue. If she had been fatally damaged, it was supposed that she would hardly have thought of anything but taking care of herself. This fact, in the abounding speculation that the papers indulged in, was regarded as favorable to the safety of such of the passengers as she had picked up. But all was uncertainty, anxiety, and foreboding.

A single item of intelligence interested Nicholas profoundly, and he made haste to communicate it to Miss Larkin. A somewhat extended paragraph was devoted to Mr. Benson who, it was stated, became hopelessly separated from his ward, a helpless invalid, during the confusion which attended the collision. The boat in which he endeavored to secure safety for her was pushed off without her, and the probabilities were that she was lost. It was almost impossible that, in her circumstances, she could have been saved. As for Mr. Benson himself, he had been a ministering angel throughout the voyage to the sufferers, sparing neither labor nor sleep on their behalf. The English papers were full of his praise, and crowned him the hero of the whole affair. New York was proud of him, and promised him a befitting welcome whenever he should return. His self-sacrificing devotion to others, in this terrible emergency that had deprived him of one of the loved ones of his own household, had woven a becoming crown for a life of eminent integrity and conspicuous usefulness.

When Nicholas had read the paragraph to her which contained all this fulsome praise, Miss Larkin's eyes filled with tears.

"It is just as I told you," she said; "he has lied to cover his cowardice and treachery. The story of his separation from me came only from him, and was told under the belief that it could never be contradicted."

"What will you do about it?" inquired Nicholas.

"Nothing. I shall never betray his falsehood; but sometime he will know, not only that he forsook me before my conscious eyes, but that I know that he lied about it. There is no point now at which he can pause. No temptation will seduce him from rectitude at which he can hesitate. I believe I would have been willing to die to save him from his irreparable loss."

This one shadow darkened all the sky for Miss Larkin. A thousand times glad to get home to her multitude of friends, she looked forward to their minute inquiries with shrinking apprehension, and to her fu-

ture meeting with her guardian with unspeakable dread. Every grateful joy that sprang within her faded and fell before the breath of this monster grief. She could not lie to shield her legal protector. She must refuse to talk about him and the circumstances of her rescue. Even this thought was embittered by the belief that he had coolly calculated all the chances in the case, and had relied on her forbearance, in the improbable event of her rescue.

Winds were baffling and unsteady, and the progress toward the city was slow. It was not until mid-afternoon that the "Jungfrau" reached Quarantine. A dispatch for the city had already been prepared, announcing the arrival of the ship and the names of the rescued passengers whom she had on board. Half an hour only was necessary for the dispatch of a tug-boat, with a dozen enterprising reporters, bound for the vessel. Extras were at once issued, announcing the glad event, and the universal excitement of a few days before was renewed. The friends of the rescued passengers rushed to the dock to which the tug was expected to return, and waited there for long hours, their numbers constantly augmented by idlers and by sad men and women, who clung to their last hope that at least one name had been omitted by mistake from the list of the saved.

When the tug arrived at the vessel, the reporters sprang on board, note-books in hand, to glean every item from every lip that could be pressed or coaxed into conversation; and every reporter was overloaded with the praises of Nicholas. He had saved a great number of lives, and he was followed up, looked at, questioned in regard to his home, his age, his adventures and experiences, his height, his weight, his profession, and even his relations to the young ladies on board. They penetrated the cabin, borne on the wings of their fluttering little note-books, like bees into a parterre of flowers. Mrs. Coates had half a dozen about her at once, who became the readiest and most absorbent audience she had ever enjoyed. She assured them that Nicholas had proved himself to be a perfect windfall, which in her simple mind and scant vocabulary was equivalent to pronouncing him a providence; and she expressed a hope, with a warm thought of Jenny in her heart, that he would prove to be so in the future. Miss Larkin would say nothing, but they all took pen-portraits of her. It was a lively time for these professional news-hunters, and they made the most of their opportunities, according to their habit.

At last, it was concluded to send the "Ariadne's" passengers up to the city on the tug, as the formalities connected with the reception and dismissal of the immigrants promised to be tedious. They renewed their tearful thanks to the good-natured captain for all his humane service, not forgetting the sailors who had assisted in the rescue, and then, stepping on board the tug, bade farewell to the stanch craft which had borne them so safely and comfortably back to their homes.

The scene which followed their arrival at the dock was vividly represented in the papers of the following day. Women fainted in each other's arms. Husbands and fathers embraced wives and daughters in an indescribable delirium of joy, unmindful of the curious witnesses of their transports. Nicholas was pulled from one to another, to be introduced to home friends. He was covered with praises, and overwhelmed with thanks. He found it impossible to leave until every lady was dispatched. Carriages were in readiness from every house whose returning treasures were represented among the group, and with waving of hands and handkerchiefs, and tossing of kisses, and responses to invitations, Nicholas saw them all pass off, with sadness, and almost with envy in his heart.

During all this scene, which probably lasted half an hour, there were silent witnesses around, who, after anxiously scanning every face of the returning passengers, went away, one by one, in silence and bitter tears, to desolated homes. Among the members of this outside group, watching everything with keen and tearful eyes, there was a young man whom Nicholas had been too busy to see. As the latter, with a group of open-mouthed boys around him, started to leave the dock, his arm was quietly taken and pressed by some one who said in the quietest way:

"Hullo, old boy! Glad to see you!"

Nicholas stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot.

"Glezen!"

"Hush!" said Glezen. "We are observed. There is a reporter sitting on your head at this instant."

"But, Glezen!" exclaimed Nicholas, endeavoring to shake off his friend, in order to give him an appropriate greeting.

His friend would not be shaken off. He pressed his arm closer, and pulled him on.

He marched him straight up Cortlandt street into Broadway. He led him up Broadway to a clothing-house, and then passed him into the hands of a clerk, with directions to dress him according to his best ability. After this process had been satisfactorily accomplished, he took his arm again and conducted him to a restaurant, where Nicholas, with a huge appetite, ate the first good meal he had seen for many days. Then he took him to his office, and throwing himself into a theatrical attitude, said:

"Dearest Nicholas, come to my embrace!"

The performance was absurd enough, but it was hearty and characteristic.

"Now sit down," said Glezen, "and let me look at you, and talk to you. I'm not going to cry"—blowing his nose and wiping his eyes—"for I don't believe in it. I've been mercifully preserved from making an ass of myself, so far, and I shall go through all right; but I want to tell you that, as a father, I am proud of you. Your life is safe, and I am everlastingly glad. I'm glad, too, that you have been through all this, and found out something about yourself. I've heard all about it. You've nothing to tell. I hooked on to one of those reporters while you were seeing your friends off, and he told me everything. What are you going to do now?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Nicholas.

"Will you try another voyage?"

"No—certainly not, until I feel like it. I believe I am about done with traveling under advice and directions."

"That's right. Now you talk like a man; but what are you going to do?"

"I don't know; but something."

"Then you'll find something to do."

At this moment the latch of the office-door was raised, a head was thrust in whose features were instantly recognized, and the anticipated word "pop!" was uttered in a startling, guttural voice.

"Come in!" said Glezen.

The one-armed pop-corn man entered. He was dressed in shabby blue, wore on his head a military cap, and in his only hand bore the basket that contained his modest merchandise. He had never come to Glezen's office before, but he evidently remembered the two young men.

"Say!" said he, "I've seen you before."

"Yes," said Glezen, "I remember you."

"And one of you bought a paper, and the other said 'Get out,'" responded the pop-corn man; "and here, gentlemen, is the lost opportunity! Here you have it! Pop-corn just salt enough! Each and every individual kernel has a jewel and a drop of blood in it for you."

"Look here," said Glezen, "you've said that before. Give us something new."

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, is a balm for wounded hearts, a stimulant to virtuous endeavor, a sweetener of domestic life, and furnishes a silver lining——"

"Old, old, old!" exclaimed Glezen.

"It adds a charm to the cheek of beauty when applied upon the inside, cures heart-burn, tan, freckles, stammering, headache, corns, and makes barks to dogs. Five cents a paper, and just salt enough! How many papers will you have, gentlemen?"

"Look here," said Glezen, with a mirthful, quizzical look in his eyes, "did you ever suspect that you are a nuisance?"

"On the contrary," said the pop-corn man, "I happen to know that I am a balm and a blessing."

"And a bomb-shell and a cotton-mill," added Glezen.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever, gentlemen. Here's your picture,—a one-armed soldier with a basket of pop-corn. Look at it, gentlemen, and let it linger in your memory. How many papers did you say?"

"See here, my man," said Glezen, "do you know that you can do something a great deal better than selling pop-corn, and putting yourself into places where you are not wanted?"

"Open to conviction," said the pop-corn man.

"Sell yourself for old brass," said Glezen.

The man looked up to the ceiling, while an expression of pain crossed his features.

"I suppose," said he, "that I could tell you that there was evidently no market for that article here, and hold my own, playing the blackguard with you for the rest of the evening; but I don't feel up to it. May I sit down?"

"Certainly, if you wish to."

The man set his basket upon the floor, took off his cap, disclosing a handsome forehead, laid aside his professional air, and drew up and seated himself on a chair before the young men.

"Do you suppose," said he, his dark eyes gleaming with painful earnestness, "that I don't know that I am a nuisance?

Do you suppose that it is a pleasant thing for me to push my head into other people's doors, and disturb them in their work and their talk? Do you suppose I don't know and feel that it's an outrage? Do you suppose I make a clown of myself, among well-dressed gentlemen and dirty boys, because I like it?"

"I didn't mean to offend you," said Glezen.

"No, I don't think you did," said the peddler; "but once in a while I get tired with carrying my disgusting load, and then I want to be myself for a while. I don't know why it is, but you two fellows, sitting so cozily here together, and looking upon the poor peddler with such contempt, make me feel as if a little of your respect for the man whom necessity compels to play a part would be pleasant. I'm having a hard life. It's devilish hard to be alone,—not to have a man that I can shake hands with, unless it be some rascal whose touch is a disgrace."

The young men were thoroughly surprised. The changed bearing of the man before them, his well-chosen language, his evident deep feeling and sincerity, impressed them with respect.

"Do you mind telling us about yourself?" inquired Nicholas, whose sympathy had been touched.

"Oh, well, there's not much to tell,—not much that is new in the world. I was afflicted, a few years ago, with a disease called patriotism. It was very prevalent at the time, and I took it. When I got through with it, or it got through with me, I found an arm gone. I had served my country, but lost the means of taking care of myself, and providing for my wife and children. People rejoiced in the victory I had helped to win, but they forgot me. A one-armed soldier who needed help was a nuisance. I suppose I could have begged, but I had a prejudice against that way of getting a living. I suppose I might have borrowed or hired a hurdy-gurdy, and tormented people's ears, and hung out an empty sleeve as a plea for charity, but I didn't like that. So I took up that old basket, set my wife and children to popping corn, and went to peddling. I don't know exactly how I worked into it, but my tongue was ready, and I found that I had a new way of amusing the crowd. They bought my corn, and I have been able to keep the wolf from the door. The fact is, I saved something at first, while my trick was new, though I can't get that now. It's safe enough, I suppose, but I have sadly needed it."

"Where is it? Who has it?" inquired Glezen.

"Oh, a good man. I thought he was gone once, but they say he is all right. He was on the 'Ariadne.'"

"You don't mean Mr. Benson?" said Nicholas.

"Well, I do mean just that man."

"I suppose he is all right," said Glezen.

"Everybody says so," replied the peddler. "You know we poor people are all a little scarey about savings banks, and when we find a straight man who is willing to take our money and take care of it, we let him have it."

"But won't he pay it back to you?"

"He says it is invested for a term of years, and he can't get it."

"Does he pay the interest?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, he's a straight enough man, but I need the money. I'm going home now to a night of watching over two sick children, whose medicine I was trying to earn when I came in here. I am going home to an overworked wife and a disordered home. To-morrow I shall go out again and make fun for the boys and a nuisance of myself to such fellows as you. There is life for you, gentlemen: how do you like the looks of it?"

"Is there much of this sort of thing in New York?" inquired Nicholas.

"Much of it!" exclaimed the peddler. "Good Heaven, man! where have you lived? Why, I am a king. I have money with Benson, and the people know it. I'm so rich, compared with the miserable wretches around me, that I am afraid of being robbed."

"You may leave all your corn here," said Nicholas. "I shall borrow money of my friend here to pay for it, for I am just out of the sea myself."

"Did you just come in in the 'Jungfrau?' inquired the peddler.

"Yes."

"Is your name Minturn?"

"Yes."

The peddler's eyes filled with tears.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "I'm glad to have a chance to look at you. Do you know that you are the talk of the town?"

"I hope not."

"Well, you are. Will you let me shake hands with you?"

"Certainly," and Nicholas gave him his hand.

"You can't buy any pop-corn of me to-night," said the peddler. "It isn't for sale."

"Will you give me your name and address?" inquired Nicholas.

"My name is Timothy Spencer. People call me 'Talking Tim.' My address I'm ashamed to give you. If you ever want anything of me I'll contrive to see you, but I don't want you to see where and how I live."

Then turning to Glezen, he said:

"This is your place, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Do you want a boy?"

"No, I'm just starting, and haven't anything for him to do. I'm in the economical line just at present."

"I've got a boy," said the peddler, stroking his rough beard with his single hand, "who is going to the dogs. I can't take care of him. He's in the street all day. He's picking up bad companions and bad habits, and I want to put him somewhere. He's as smart as a steel-trap, but there isn't any more reverence in him than there is in a pair of tongs. What will become of poor Bob I don't know. I've got troubles enough, but that is the worst one. However, you've had enough of me for once. I thank you, gentlemen. Good evening."

The pop-corn man put on his cap, lifted his basket with a sigh, and bowed himself out. The two young men listened in silence as he descended the stairs, and then, as he walked off, they heard the shrill cry of "pop corn," followed by a huge laugh from a dozen voices. Each looked into the other's face inquiringly, and then Nicholas said:

"Is he genuine?"

"I don't know," Glezen answered. "I think he is."

"So do I," said Nicholas, "and I mean to see more of him. Do you know, Glezen," he went on after a moment of reflection, "that it seems to me that a young man, situated as I am, with nothing under heaven to do, can hardly find anything better in the way of employment than in helping such fellows as these? Where I live, everybody is at work, and everybody seems comfortable, but how a man can enjoy his luxuries and his idleness here, where people are half starving around him, I can't understand."

"Come down to New York, my boy. You'll have your hands full here," said Glezen, "but where you find one Talking Tim you'll find a thousand scamps. The lies told here in one day by beggars and deadbeats would swamp a hundred 'Ariadnes.' If you can preserve a spirit of charity here through a single season you will do better than I have done. I can look a beggar in the face now till I look him out of countenance."

"But you can't afford that, you know," said Nicholas.

"I can't afford anything else," said Glezen, laughing, "until the exchequer is a little better supplied."

Glezen closed his office and took Nicholas home to his room, where they passed the night. The next morning, Nicholas, taking Glezen with him, made hurried calls upon his acquaintances of the "Ariadne" and the "Jungfrau," and excusing himself from the invitations that met him and his friend everywhere, started for Ottercliff and his home, to receive the welcome and the congratulations of his household and his neighbors.

The three weeks of his absence seemed like a life-time. The new relations he had established, the new motives which had been born within him, the knowledge he had gained of himself, endowed his life and his future with a new significance.

CHAPTER VII.

It is a terrible thing for a man of great self-love and self-conceit, or of a pride of character which has been nursed through long years by public trust and public praise, to discover, either that before certain temptations he is hopelessly weak, or that the motives of his life, which he supposed were high and pure, are base and selfish. The consciousness of that one weak spot in his nature or character is at first a fearful pang, which he tries to forget and tries to hide. He naturally runs into new activities in the line of duty, reaches out for artificial aids, seeks for new indorsements, and strives to maintain his poise by busily building in other directions.

To be tried in a supreme emergency and found wanting, and thus to lose one's faith in one's self, is to suffer the greatest imaginable calamity. So long as a man believes himself worthy of the respect of others, that respect is a grateful help to him; but to know that he is most unworthy of it, and still, as a matter of policy, to be willing to receive and profit by it—to welcome the hands that paint the walls and scatter flowers upon the approaches of the sepulcher,

which he knows himself to be; to be willing and constantly desirous to be thought something better than he is, is to have taken a fatal step toward demoralization and darkness. The alternative is to go back and become a child. It is to pull down, and, laying better foundations, to begin to build anew. The trouble is that when the character falls, the pride is left. The frail walls may be licked clean to the dust by the consuming element that has assailed them, but the ghastly chimney around which they were built, and upon which they were dependent for light and warmth, still stands stark and unhumbled.

Mr. Benson's untiring and unsleeping devotion to the sufferers upon the rescuing steamer was something new to himself, and new to his friends. He had never been regarded as a sympathetic man. Indeed, he had, in a great measure, eschewed sympathy as a motive to action. He had not been considered a charitable man. He was known mainly as a just man, who discharged what he supposed to be his duty to those who came into business or social relations with him. What seemed to him to be his duties with regard to the instituted charities on whose lists of benefactors his name might appear with others, and in whose management he might have an official voice, he discharged with becoming self-sacrifice and appropriate dignity; but he never went out of his way, led by the hand of humanity, into any irregular benevolence. To endanger his health by watching with the sick, even of his own family, was never expected of him.

So, when his ministry to the rescued sufferers was reported to his fellow-citizens, they concluded that they had hitherto done him injustice, or had failed to render to him the full justice that was his due. It was a new and beautiful development of character. The just man—the man of dutiful punctilio and routine—had blossomed into a good man—a man of spontaneous and sympathetic self-sacrifice. The praises that were showered upon him pleased him, although he knew that he was only trying to forget himself, to atone for his selfish cowardice, and to build to his reputation new beauties and new defenses.

On landing at Queenstown, his first inquiry was for a returning steamer. Several days elapsed before one to which he was willing to intrust himself entered the port, but he was able to learn nothing of the party from which he had been separated in the rescue, and he sailed at last in uncertainty concerning the fate of his ward. At the moment of his embarkation, the "Jungfrau" was in sight of land, but of this he knew nothing. Day after day, and night after night, he scanned the possibilities and probabilities of the case, and was shocked into the keenest torture to find how easily he could be reconciled to the loss of a dozen lives, if, by that loss, his own treacherous cowardice could be forever hidden from the world. His mind was in a mad, remorseful turmoil, during every waking moment. He was angry, disgusted, shamed with himself. He tried to fly from his unworthy thoughts. Sometimes he would talk with every person he met. Then he would pace the deck for hours alone, trying to bring on weariness that would insure him forgetful sleep. Those who knew his story —and all soon became familiar with it— pitied him, and tried to comfort him. His grief and distress over the probable loss of one who was not bound to him by any tie of consanguinity, was set down to his credit; and then he was angry with himself because he was pleased with a misapprehension that enhanced his reputation for humanity.

Often when he realized what an unworthy sham of a man he was, the old superstitious fear of danger came back to him. A piece of drift floating upon the waves, a distant sail, an accompanying bird, brought back all the terrors of the wreck, and he wondered if some damning fate were pursuing him, and whether another precious freight of life were to be sacrificed on his account.

On the eleventh day, land was discovered, and just as the sun was setting, he placed his foot upon the solid ground. In the haste of embarkation, he had neglected to telegraph his coming, and no one met or definitely expected him. He took a carriage at once, and set off for his home. With a heart throbbing painfully, he rang the bell at his door. The servant screamed as she let him in, and his household was soon about him. His face was pale, and it seemed as if age had planted a hundred wrinkles upon it since he had gone forth from his home. He had not kissed his children for years, but then and there he kissed them all. They stood stunned and wondering around him, trying to comprehend the transformation that had taken place. Mrs. Benson sighed weakly and wept copiously, for she, poor woman, had caught a glimpse of liberty during his ab-

sence, and learned with self-condemnation that she could have been reconciled to the loss of the man who had now returned to her.

"Grace Larkin?" he whispered inquiringly, with white lips.

"She is here, safe and well," Mrs. Benson replied.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, and pushing by them all, he sought her room, and closed the door behind him; an act which all understood as a command.

Entering, he prostrated himself upon his knees by her side. He took both her hands in his, and covered them with kisses.

Miss Larkin was overcome.

"Don't, I beg you, Mr. Benson," she said. "You see that I am safe and well. Sometime I will tell you all about it. You are quite beside yourself. Please bring a chair and sit down by me."

"My good girl, I am not worthy to be in the room with you," he said, still groveling at her side, and kissing her hands.

Such abjectness of humiliation disgusted her, for she knew the unworthy source of it. He was afraid of her. Her hands were being licked by a fawning dog, and she pulled them away from him, and wiped them with her handkerchief, as if the slaver had polluted them. She half rose from her cushions, pointed to the chair, and said:

"Bring that chair here, and sit down in it, or leave the room until you can control yourself. This is not becoming to you or pleasant to me."

Mr. Benson rose, begged her pardon, brought the chair to her side, and took his seat as if he had been a whipped schoolboy.

"Miss Larkin," he said, "I am in your power. Your foot is on my neck. You can save or ruin my reputation. I assure you that I left you in a fit of terror, entirely beyond my control. I did not intend to do it. I have been filled with shame and remorse from that awful moment to this."

"And I have pitied you from the depths of my heart," she said; "but your reputation is no more in my hands now than it has been for months and years."

These last words were unpremeditated. They had fallen from her lips unbidden; but the man who had aroused her long indignation was before her, an humble suppliant for mercy, and the sudden determination came to make thorough work with him.

He looked at her in undisguised surprise.

"What can you mean?" he said.

"Mr. Benson, I have been for a long time a member of your family. Up to the moment when, in a fit of cowardice, you forsook me, you have treated me with as much consideration as I deserve, perhaps. I have no fault to find, at least so far as I am concerned. Yet I have learned you so well, that when you left me I was not disappointed."

Mr. Benson bit his lip, but remained silent.

"I have never intended," she went on, "to say what the circumstances of the moment have moved me to say; and if I could recall the words that make it necessary to justify myself, I would do so."

She saw the old pride kindling in his face. He had not entered the room to be lectured. He grew angry at finding himself in a position in which such a humiliation was possible; but he had received, as yet, no assurance of safety from Miss Larkin's lips, and he could not afford to resent the affront.

"Go on," he said. "You know that I must hear you."

"You are making it hard for me," she replied, "but you compel me to say that the domestic life of this house has been anything but an honor to you, and that if the friends you have in such numbers in the outside world should know that your wife has been for many years your slave, and that your children stand in constant fear of you, their admiration would be changed to contempt. That is simply what I meant in saying that your reputation is no more in my hands now than it has been for months and years. You have looked for your rewards and solaces outside of your home, and those who have hungered for the love that was theirs by right have been kept at a cold distance and starved. You have given them a comfortable home, I know; you have clothed and fed them; you have educated your children; you have done, I have no doubt, what seemed to be your duty, but you have denied them every grace of love and affectionate communion. They have had no opinions, no liberties, no sentiments. Your will has been over everything,—over me, indeed. We have had pleasant times together, but you have never mingled in them. If you could know how even I have longed for something more than your stately courtesies and the exact fulfillment of your official duties, you would at least know how it is possible for me to say what I have said

to you. If I had not possessed the best and sweetest friends God ever gave to a woman, I should long ago have been starved, myself."

Mr. Benson rose and walked the room. He had received through the eyes of a woman whom he knew to be pure and true another glimpse into himself, and into his life.

"My God!" he said, "am I so bad?"

A sense of danger had abased his pride, but a reproof had stimulated it into life again. It was something new for a model man to be found fault with, especially by a member of his own household. It maddened as well as humiliated him to be obliged, by what he deemed his necessities, to stand calmly and see his life picked in pieces.

"I think you are unjust, Miss Larkin," he said, at length. "My conscience does not accuse me. I have had no time for sentiment, and you have had no idea of the exhausting nature of my duties. You are sincere, doubtless, and mean well; but you are misled, and I forgive you. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, I have not harbored a thought of resentment against you."

"Thank you. Bless you, my girl," he responded.

Still he did not stir. There were others who had witnessed his cowardly desertion of his ward.

"Has this matter been talked about?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Minturn and myself."

"Will he betray me?"

"I cannot answer that, but I do not think he will pain me by doing so."

"Has any one else spoken of it?"

"The others have taken the statement published in the newspapers for the true explanation, I think, and I have made no efforts to undeceive them."

Mr. Benson's pale face flushed and then became crimson. The consciousness that he had originated the falsehood, and that the young woman before him knew it, prostrated his awakening pride in a moment. He sank into his chair, covered his face with his hands, and trembled in every fiber of his frame.

"I have been terribly tempted!" he gasped, "but I have no excuse to offer. I can only ask you to pity my weakness and spare me."

Miss Larkin was overcome by the strong man's humiliation, and wept.

"This is the worst of all," she said, "but I forgive you. The sin, however, was not against me."

"Miss Larkin," said Mr. Benson, rising, "I have disappointed you, and I have disappointed myself. I am not at all the man I supposed myself to be; but I hope to retrieve my character, even with you. Be my friend, and help me. I shall trust you."

"And I shall not betray you," she responded.

Mr. Benson had received the assurance that he wanted, and even as he bade her good-evening, and turned to leave her, she caught the gleam of triumph in his eyes. He had come with his one selfish object in his heart, and though he had been humbled for the moment, and grievously distressed, the selfish sense of safety sprang to life, and he left her strong and almost light-hearted. She remembered that he had not once asked her concerning the particulars of her rescue, or the effect of her exposure upon her health. He had been concerned only for his own reputation. The thought of himself had absorbed him wholly. And then the reflection came to her that she had tied her own hands, and that his faith in her word left him free to treat her and his dependents as he had always treated them. She had, with great sacrifice of feeling, tried to serve his family, but she had given the word that made her labor fruitless.

Mr. Benson went out, where he found his family awaiting him, in the accustomed silence. He took his hat and cane, and said to his wife:

"This is the night of our weekly prayer-meeting. I shall be late, but I must go."

"It seems as if you might stay with us this evening—after so long an absence—and such an escape for yourself—and such anxiety for us all," said Mrs. Benson, hesitatingly and pleadingly.

"My dear," said Mr. Benson, sternly, "if I ever owed a duty to the church, I owe it now. I could not take a moment of comfort at home, even to-night, with the consciousness that I was neglecting a duty."

And Mr. Benson was thoroughly sincere—or he thought he was, at least. His sense of duty was not at all that sense which springs from the love of doing right. It was just what Nicholas had once declared to be a commercial sense. He wanted prosperity. He wanted to save and to increase his good reputation. He would have

liked to place God and man under obligations to him, so that they should owe him a duty. He wanted, at least, to keep even with them, and now that he realized with painful and humiliating certainty that he was not even with them,—that he was almost hopelessly in debt,—he saw before him a life of painful, and, what seemed to him self-denying, service. At the moment, he determined to devote himself to duty, wherever he should find it, and at whatever cost. It seemed to him to be the only way in which he could regain his self-respect. He determined to atone for, and pay up, his terrible debt. He had been made dimly conscious that he owed a debt to his family, and had feebly determined to pay it by new privileges and greater benefactions. But that debt could wait.

When he appeared in the prayer-meeting, all eyes were raised, and the good pastor who presided poured out his honest heart in thanksgiving to God that one of his children, who had been exposed to the perils of the great deep, had been returned to them, safe and sound, to go in and out before his brethren, a shining example of integrity and beneficence, and an illustration of the merciful Providence that follows through every danger those who put their trust in its gracious power. At the conclusion of the prayer, Mr. Benson rose, and with broken words thanked the good pastor for it. The people had never seen him so humble. The man who went out from them so self-possessed, so calm, so strong, was broken down. He spoke of himself as a miserable offender—as most unworthy his escape from what proved to so many to be the gate of death, of his gladness to be once more in the place where prayer was wont to be made, looking again into the friendly faces of his brethren and sisters, and of his determination to devote himself to duty as he had never done before. He admonished them all to redeem their time, for, at longest, it would be short, and assured them that danger thronged every path, on the land as well as on the sea.

His words were very impressive. Many wept, and when the benediction was pronounced, all felt that they had been present at one of the most solemnly impressive gatherings of their lives. They pressed around Mr. Benson to shake his hand and congratulate him on his safety, not only, but to thank him for what he had said. They all felt that he had been down into a deep and fructifying experience, and that he whom they had deemed so cold and calm had been lifted into a warmer atmosphere of feeling, and had received a new impulse in the divine life.

Mr. Benson went home wonderfully uplifted and comforted. He had confessed his sins in great humility, and prayed that they might be forgiven. It is true that he had not called those sins by name, and told his pastor and his brethren that he appeared before them a convicted coward and liar; but he had confessed that he was a grievous sinner, and that had relieved him. He had earnestly prayed for pardon, and that had comforted him. He had exhorted others to a more vigilant and zealous Christian life, and he had won from this act the comfort of a duty performed. He had received the assurance of all whom he had met that he was still held not only in the most respectful esteem, but that the feeling of the church had ripened suddenly into a warm affection. Try to humiliate himself as he would, the old self-love and the old self-gratulation came back to him with their accustomed sense of sweetness. He tried to thrust back his returning pride, as if it had been Satan himself, but it would not away. He knew that his cure was not radical, but he intended in some way to make it so.

He found his family waiting for him, contrary to their wont. He was heartily sorry that they had not retired. The words of Miss Larkin were still sounding in his ears, and when he looked upon the silent, expectant group, and realized not only how repressive he had always been to them—how repressive he was to them at that moment—and how much they longed for his love and confidence, his heart relented. He sat down and looked at them.

"I am afraid," he said, "that we have not always lived as we ought to have lived. Children, you must not think me unkind if I have failed in affection to you. I have been a busy man. My mind and time have been very much absorbed. I have tried to do my duty to you, but we are all liable to mistakes. I think we will have family prayers to-night."

"Shall we not go into Miss Larkin's room?" inquired Mrs. Benson. "I am sure she would be glad to have us do so."

"No; to-night let us be by ourselves," said the husband and father. He knew that the form of this reply was a practical lie, and that prayer would have been impossible to him in Miss Larkin's presence.

Conscious that he had stumbled again, and half in despair, he took his Bible, and opened to the fifty-first Psalm. As he pronounced with a husky voice its passages of deep and overwhelming contrition, it seemed as if it had been written for him, and for that special occasion.

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

"For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. * * * *

"Hide thy face from my sins, * * * and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit.

"Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee. * * * *

"For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

Covering a falsehood in his heart, glad beyond all expression that his family could not see it, almost madly regretful, yet not contrite and broken-spirited, conscious that he did not possess "truth in the inward parts," and conscious, too, that the very means he had proposed to himself for recovery were swept out of his hands by the declaration that sacrifice was not what God wanted of him, he closed the book with a sigh, and knelt down. His prayer was brief and broken, but when he rose from his knees, there was not one of his family who had not conceived a tenderer regard for him, and was not more ready than ever before to approach him with an open proffer of affection. He kissed them, one after another, as he parted with them for the night, and then went to his library to look over a batch of long-unanswered letters.

Once alone in his accustomed room, where he had so long schemed and counted his gains, he came fully to himself. He was glad to be there again,—glad to be alone, and beyond observation. There, without distraction, he could lay his plans for his future life, that had been so cruelly interrupted in its flow of complacent prosperity.

Somehow, in the presence of his account-books, he found his moral purposes weakening. He questioned whether he had not made something of a fool of himself,—whether he had not aroused expectations, in his own home, at least, which would be a sort of slavery to him.

After long reflection, he came to the conclusion that he must be externally consistent with his old self. It would not do to lose his former self-assurance, his air of superiority, and, above all, his integrity. Whatever consciousness of weakness and unworthiness might harass him must be carefully covered from sight. His struggles should be between himself and his God. With this the public had no business, and of it, it should have no knowledge.

Almost automatically he reached up and took down his blotter. Then drawing out his note-book, he charged to Miss Larkin's estate every dollar he had expended during the absence undertaken on her behalf. Then he reckoned his time, and made what he regarded as a just charge for that. He raked his memory and his note-book all over for items of expenditure that could be justly placed in the same account, even reckoning his own lost clothing that had gone down in the "Ariadne." He did it all not only without the slightest compunction of conscience, but with a sense of duty performed, to himself and his family. No generous thought of sharing her loss in a common calamity so much as touched him by the brush of a garment. He felt better when the work was done.

Then he took up and read, letter after letter, the pile of missives before him. The last one of the number had been placed upon the table since his arrival, and purposely put at the bottom of the pile, so that it should in no way come between him and his business. It was in Miss Larkin's handwriting, and was written after the interview which has been described. He opened it, and read:

"DEAR MR. BENSON:—Some time, at your early convenience, I would like to see you alone again. There are matters of which I wish to talk with you, that concern my future and your relations with me. Do me the favor, and oblige your ward,

"GRACE."

Whatever Mr. Benson's thoughts were, there was something in them that moved him to take down his blotter again and look over the charges he had made. Then he put it back, walked his library for a while, and then, with uneasy forebodings, sought his room and his bed.

(To be continued.)

A MORNING WITH SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF WEBER, BEETHOVEN, AND PAGANINI.

In Manchester Square, London, there lives an eminent musician and composer whose conversation is as interesting in its way as Sir Richard Wallace's wonderful private museum, stored near by in Hertford House. Born in Stuttgart in 1804, Sir Julius Benedict has been intimately associated with every great musician of the nineteenth century. Coming to England in 1835, the clever German found so kind a foster-mother as to cause him to become naturalized; and in 1870, Queen Victoria rewarded his untiring efforts in behalf of music by conferring upon him the honor of knighthood. Seated in his little study, with pictures of celebrated artists looking down upon him, with an upright piano in one corner and a table covered with letters to be answered beside it, Sir Julius, with all his work—and he is as busy as a dozen bees—is one of the most "get-at-able" men in London. Musicians who are merely executants may be gifted in one respect and be fools in every other; but it takes brains to be a composer, and Sir Julius's brains are of a high order. The world's politics are as clearly grasped by him as the music of the past,—I will not say as the music of the future, for nobody pretends to grasp that, not even Wagner himself.

"Tell me, Sir Julius, about your acquaintance with Weber," said I, the other day, after we had been talking about live geniuses. "You were his pupil, were you not? What a privilege!"

"It was indeed a privilege," replied Sir Julius. "There was a musician for you! At the beginning of February, 1821, it was my happy lot to be accepted as Weber's pupil. I shall never forget my first impression of him. Ascending the by no means easy staircase which led to his modest home in the third story of an old house in the old market-place, I found Weber sitting at his desk, occupied with the piano arrangement of his 'Freischütz.' The dire disease which too soon was to carry him off, had already made its mark on his noble features. The projecting cheek-bones, the general emaciation, told their sad tale; but in his clear blue eye,—too often concealed by spectacles,—in his expansive forehead fringed with a few struggling locks, in the sweet expression of his mouth, in the very tone of his weak but melodious voice, there was a magic irresistible to all who approached him. Weber received me with the utmost kindness, and, though overwhelmed with double duties—as in Morlacchi's temporary absence he conducted both the German and Italian opera—he found time to give me daily lessons for a considerable period. Nothing can give an idea of the treasures of his rich mind. Nothing could exceed the affection that I, with so many others, felt for that great unhappy man, whose life and career were wrecked by the implacable persecution of his powerful adversaries. No prospect of court favor could make him swerve from his sense of honor, his appreciation of all that was grand and true, his contempt of all that was base and false. Though a mere stripling, it was my good fortune to be the first who was initiated in his immortal works. He spoke to me of his desire to employ the inexhaustible store of the beautiful old German legends in the creation of a national opera-house. After 'Freischütz,' he intended to complete 'Rütezahl,' begun twelve years previously; these were to be followed by 'Fortunatus' and his wishing-cap, by 'Tannhäuser,' and by 'Genoveva;' thus forestalling the ideas of Richard Wagner.

"Weber also gave me practical hints how best to acquire a sound knowledge of the art, telling me how to study with advantage the examples of such great masters as Handel and Bach, after the drudgery of a strict course of harmony, and warning me by his own example from attempting to build an ambitious structure before laying a solid foundation."

"Have you no letters from him? Did he never write to you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the old maestro. "I've a precious letter written just before I took leave of him,—one which has had no little effect upon my career. Let me see if I can find it."

Going to a leather box in the adjoining room, where valuable notes and manuscripts are kept, Sir Julius soon found the following letter, which does infinite credit to a noble, sympathetic nature, made more

and more beautiful by cruel fortune and intense physical suffering:

"My Dear Julius: I am anxious before we part to speak with you once more, and to repeat by written word the essential points which, in numberless instances, I tried to impress on your heart verbally and to the utmost of my power. I felt when you became my pupil that I had duties toward you besides teaching you my art, for I cannot separate art from man, who, living for and in it, should learn how to honor life through it. You know how I despise that so-called geniality which in the career of an artist is looked upon as a passport to reckless conduct and an abnegation of morality. Without a doubt it fosters fancy, and I know how hard it is not to carry into real life all an artist's brilliant dreams, and how pleasant it is to 'let one's self go!' But self-mastery becomes then indispensable to distinguish between freedom in a limited sphere, or unbridled license in the worship of false idols. Unremitting industry is the only magic wand which can destroy the influence of the craving demon. It is senseless folly to believe that serious study can cripple the artist spirit. * * * In parting from you I trust to Him who rules all for the best. In every life there is a turning-point which decides the future. Let it be the right one. Art demands abnegation. Make it a point of honor to be firm and independent, and your own conscience will compensate and reward you for every self-sacrifice. My heart goes with you on your life-path. Prove to me that all my fears are vain, and one day you will hold forth your hand to me from a proud eminence. May Heaven's best blessing rest on you is the sincerest wish of your friend."

"And have you always followed this good advice, Sir Julius?" I asked on returning the letter, written in close German text.

Sir Julius smiled and said:

"As closely as poor mortal can. Judge for yourself. If I were twenty years younger than I am, I'd do better work than I have yet done; but at my time of life, with family cares weighing upon me, I must leave composition to younger men."

"Why, Sir Julius, you are as young in brain as the youngest of them. Haven't you just written a jig for your opera of the 'Lily of Killarney' that is champagne set to music, and brings down the house every night?"

"Ah! it's very kind of you to like it, but a jig is not serious composition. By work I mean prolonged effort. I've still time for fugitive pieces. Write me some verses and I'll write you a song."

Such a proposition does not come every day, and was gladly accepted; and then we returned to Weber, as I was anxious to have Sir Julius tell me about the first night of "Der Freischütz," he having been present.

"You want to know about that masterpiece? You shall. Ah, how it takes me back!

"The first performance was fixed for the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. On the preceding morning the general rehearsal took place and was successful beyond expectation, but the accessories, machinery, etc., were still wofully deficient, principally in one of the most important scenes—the Wolf's Glen. Wonderful decorations had been furnished for the limited stage of the Berlin theater, which was not adapted to sensational effects. For example: the gigantic owl intended to flap its wings, and whose glowing eyes were supplied by two little oil lamps, met with an accident and flapped but one wing, while the threatening eyes of the night-bird resembled small street lanterns! The fiery carriage was so badly contrived that the fireworks never went off at all, and a common empty wheel, garnished with inoffensive crackers and rockets, ludicrously crossed the stage. The wild hunt, painted on canvas, could not be distinctly seen from the front, and owing to a cue too quickly given, the effect of the infernal chorus was destroyed. Several of Weber's stanchest friends shook their heads ominously, saying that the experiment of all these scenic clap-traps was dangerous and would compromise the success of the opera, as there was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Weber's faithful wife was therefore sent home with me after the rehearsal, and the *maestro*, snatching a hasty meal at the theater, remained more than three hours with the machinist to set things right. On returning late at night, he found his wife in a state of desperation. Officious and invidious friends had told her that a regular cabal had been organized by Spontini, whose 'Olympie' had not been well received, and who would move heaven and earth against his rival. Weber himself was calm and collected. He knew that he had done his best, and his soothing words and his wonderful cheerfulness did not fail to impress his anxious wife.

"The 18th of June came, and glorious as was the day, we felt an unspeakable oppression, which Weber, however, did not share. He had just finished his wonderful 'Concertstück,' which to-day maintains its rank as one of the most effective and original of piano-forte compositions. Later he was closeted with his friend Hellwig, the *régisseur* from Dresden, and he dismissed us that he might have a little nap after his frugal dinner. As early as four o'clock I joined the crowd besieging the theater, and when, two hours later, the doors were opened, I was literally carried into the pit by that surging

wave. The sterner sex prevailed. Students and iron crosses abounded. Madame Weber sat in a box with William Beer, brother of her husband's best friend, Meyerbeer. Among a host of literary and musical aspirants was little Felix Mendelssohn with his parents. The musicians gradually took their places, the din of the immense audience subsided, and every eye was fixed upon the orchestra. As the clock struck seven the *maestro* limped into his seat. Though small in stature, lame and ungainly, Weber had a great deal of dignity, and in his irregular face there was a mixture of intelligence, enthusiasm and sensibility, which caused all short-comings to be forgotten.

"The applause, which lasted several minutes, was deafening. The students cheered their favorite song-poet, and the general public was most favorably disposed toward Weber. Since Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' only feeble, unmeaning works had been produced in Germany, with the single exception of Spohr's 'Faust' and 'Zemire and Azor,' which, though replete with beauties, never achieved a popular success. The subject also of the new opera was well chosen for the reason that it was thoroughly German.

"To hear a more perfect execution of the overture than on that memorable evening would be difficult. Though he conducted with a very small baton, and seemed only to indicate the change of time or the lights and shades of his noble composition, Weber had nevertheless the most perfect control over the band. The marvelous effect of his scoring, the contrasts between the soothing calm of the introduction and the gloom and awe of the unearthly element which interrupts it, the fire of the *allegro*, the charm of that heavenly melody which once heard can never be forgotten, the irresistible climax at the end,—found worthy interpreters in the Berlin orchestra. The breathless silence which prevailed during the performance was followed by such a storm of applause as I have never heard since. It was useless to resist popular clamor, and the overture, on being repeated,—played even better than at first,—confirmed the success of this matchless composition. From that moment until the termination of the opera the attention of the audience was riveted, and the enthusiasm unbounded. What we felt when, crowned with his well-earned laurels, Weber entered the box, cannot be described. To think that, within five years, Weber should have died of a broken heart in a foreign country!"

"That is too often the fate of genius, Sir Julius. Brains mean martyrdom. And the poor fellow had to endure the denunciation of the critics."

"Yes. The profound and genuine enthusiasm of the public was not shared by the press of the day. Zelter, in writing to Goethe, treated the subject with derision, and finished by saying that out of a *small* nothing the composer had created a *colossal* nothing. Tieck spoke of the 'Freischütz' as the most unmusical uproar ever heard upon the stage. Spohr wrote: 'As I never had a great opinion of Weber's talents as a composer, I wanted to hear this opera to discover the secret of its wonderful success; but this riddle was by no means solved, and I can only explain it by the gift possessed by Weber to write for the general masses.' Weber resented the sting of those harsh and ungenerous criticisms very much. He had been working earnestly, enthusiastically, for what he considered a real advance in art, and it was painful to him in the extreme to be so entirely misunderstood, chiefly by those on whose sympathy and encouragement he had reckoned so much. He had observed, in his long career as conductor, that the form of operas sanctioned for so many years did not entirely answer the requirements of the age. Each piece in the lyric drama, belonging to the Italian *repertoire*, whether an aria, a duet, or a *morceau d'ensemble*, was perfect in itself as a musical composition, but cloyed by sameness. There was no attempt at individuality. Not so with Weber. His first aim was to endow each of his operatic works with a distinct color of nationality. For instance, the contrast between the simple 'Hunter's Bride,' with her surroundings, and 'Euryanthe' with the stately French court, could not be more striking. But he was not satisfied with this general result. He made each character stand out in bold relief. The foundation of the romantic school will always be associated with his memory. Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable' would not have been written but for 'Freischütz'; and Wagner's 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' can be traced to 'Euryanthe.' In his pianoforte sonatas, Weber comes nearest to Beethoven; in his masses he approaches Haydn; and his 'Concertstück' is, as it were, a pioneer of Mendelssohn's concertos. He may also, with Schubert, be called the father of the German Lied; and thus, in his short but glorious career, embracing almost every branch of music, he gave an impulse to his

art of which the beneficial consequences can never be overrated."

"Then you think, Sir Julius, that Weber is the father of Wagner?"

"I do most unquestionably. There is no doubting Wagner's genius, however adverse criticism may be; and every musician should be grateful to Wagner for having done for art what never has been done before. Think how great musicians have been humiliated in the past,—Weber, for example,—and then go to Bayreuth, as I did, and see crowned heads making a pilgrimage to the shrine of a composer! The Emperor of Germany, who goes to sleep over music, travels twenty-four hours to be present at the first night of the 'Trilogy!' It is an epoch in the history of music, and I, for one, rejoice at it. Look at Wagner, a king at Bayreuth, and then think of Beethoven!"

"Did you ever meet Beethoven, Sir Julius?"

"Yes, at Vienna. Everything had been done to foster a hostile feeling between him and Weber, but the mighty Ludwig was above small-talk and gossip. He had heard from Wilhelmine Schroeder,—afterward the celebrated Schroeder-Devrient,—with how much care, devotion, and energy Weber had produced 'Fidelio' in the summer of 1822, and how deep and lasting the impression of his masterpiece was on the Dresden public. He had been in active correspondence with the Saxon Capellmeister himself, and, to my great joy and surprise, when I met him one morning at his publisher's, Beethoven actually condescended to speak with me on the subject. I can see him before me now, with his grand brow and thick iron-gray hair encircling it in most picturesque disorder, with that square lion's nose, that broad chin and noble, soft mouth. Over his cheeks, seamed with scars of small-pox, there spread a high color. From under the bushy, closely compressed eyebrows flashed a pair of piercing eyes, and his thickset Cyclopean figure told of a powerful frame. He approached me with his inseparable tablet in hand, and began speaking with his usual brusqueness. 'You are Weber's pupil?' I gave an affirmative nod. 'Why doesn't he come to see me? Tell him to come to Baden with friend Haslinger,' pointing to his publisher's partner."

"Asking for the master's tablet, I wrote in it, 'May I come too?'"

"Beethoven replied, smiling, 'Yes, little saucy fellow.'

"So, having duly announced his visit, Weber, with Haslinger and myself, drove out on the 5th of October to Baden, near Vienna, where the old lion was wont, till late in the autumn, to have his den. We all felt strangely moved on entering the great man's poor, desolate-looking room. Everything was in appalling disorder,—music, money, clothing on the floor, the bed unmade, broken coffee-cups upon the table, the open piano-forte with scarcely any strings left, and covered with many coats of dust, while Beethoven himself was wrapped in a shabby old dressing-gown. He recognized Weber at once, and on embracing him energetically, shouted, 'There you are, you devil of a fellow!' Handing Weber the tablet, Beethoven pushed a heap of music from the old piano, threw himself upon it, and, during the conversation, commenced dressing to go out with us. He began with a string of complaints about his position,—the public, the theaters, the Italians, and especially about his ungrateful nephew.

"Touched by this tale of woe, Weber advised him to leave Vienna and go to Germany and England, where his works were so much appreciated. 'Too late!' cried Beethoven, pointing to his ear and shaking his head sadly; then he seized Weber's arm and dragged him away to the hotel where he used to take his meals. After a long and most interesting conversation referring to the highest questions of art, the time came for departure. Again and again Beethoven embraced Weber, and it was long before the latter would loose his thin, delicate hand from the grasp of a mighty fist. 'Success to your new opera! If I can, I will come on the first night,' were his last words. That memory is precious. And, do you know, I was a friend of Paganini's, another great genius, misunderstood by so many."

"Pray, where did you know him, Sir Julius?"

"In Italy. He was a wonderful fellow, and some called him the devil. He was even imprisoned and had his violin taken away from him because he was supposed to be such a dangerous character. One day, a great lady in Rome said to him, 'Signor Paganini, I understand that you can execute an air on one string of your violin.'

"'Madame, you have heard the truth,' replied the great virtuoso.

"'Will you allow me and my friends to hear you?'

"'Certainly.'

"So the great lady gave a reception, at which Paganini was invited to perform his

violin trick. After actually playing the prayer from Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt' on one string, Paganini was thanked by his hostess, who said, 'Now, Signor Paganini, as you do wonders on one string, can you perform on no string at all?'

"'Most assuredly,' answered Paganini.

"'Will you, for me?'

"'With pleasure.'

"A day was set, the great lady invited a number of friends to assist at the miracle, and when all were assembled, Paganini failed to appear. News came soon after that he had that day left Rome. This was his performance without any string, and his retort to the social queen who had treated him as a mountebank rather than as an artist. Poor fellow! he wasted away before death. In fact, the hundred steps he daily mounted to his palace at Genoa were enough to kill a man in his state of health. His body lay in the palace seven weeks after death, because the clergy refused to allow it Christian burial. In his last moments, Paganini had either refused to see a priest, or had not received absolution, and this was the punishment! I believe that eventually the body was taken out of Italy for burial."

"The world has grown more charitable since then, Sir Julius, and I really think the time is not far distant when to be a great artist will be as glorious a distinction as to be a great warrior or a great statesman."

"It ought to be so, my young friend; and certainly Wagner makes me believe a great social revolution possible; but it wont come in my time; perhaps it may come in yours."

And thus a charming visit ended.

UNAWARES.

When roses bloomed, I found a friend—
On sped the changing year:
The ripe leaves fluttered to their rest,
And fields stretched white and drear.
But when the blue-bird built its nest,
Spring whispered in my ear,
"Thy friend, O foolish heart! hath grown
Too dear—too dear."

FARMER BASSETT'S ROMANCE.

It began at a camp-meeting; and the odd thing was that John Bassett should have been at a camp-meeting at all. He had no more respect for such means of grace than Epictetus, or any other stoical pagan would have had. He had no antagonism toward the Methodists; nor, for that matter, toward any of the five so-called religious sects which had places of worship in his native town, Deerway. If the whole truth could have been known, it would have been seen that he classed them all together, and favored them alike with his heartiest but most good-natured contempt. Luckily he was a silent and reticent man, and his townsmen never suspected in what low esteem he held their sectarian bonds,—their spiritual ecstasies and depressions. They only thought that he was "queer," and some of the more zealous Christians among them feared he might be an infidel, or at best a pantheist, though as to what that latter manner of man might be, there were very vague ideas in Deerway. The truth was that John Bassett was a pagan,—a New England pagan. There are a few of these in every New England county. They are the offspring of the Westminster catechism. Apply enough of the Westminster catechism to a meditative, clear-witted, logical, phlegmatic boy in his youth; let him spend most of his days out on sunny hill-sides, thinking it over in silence, and asking nobody any questions, and the chances are that, when he is twenty-one, he will quit going to church, and be a high-minded pagan. He will have absorbed much that is grand and ennobling; but he will have thrown away, in his slow-growing

hatred of the cruel husk, part of the sweet kernel also, and will be a defrauded and robbed man all his days, for lack of true comprehension of the Gospel of Christ, which is loving, and of Christ's Father, who is love.

It is evident that a camp-meeting was the last place one would expect to see John Bassett in. If pools had been the fashion in Deerway, one might have made a fortune betting against the chance of John Bassett's hearing Bishop Worrell's sermon on the last day of the Middleburg camp-meeting. But he did hear it, every word of it.

He had been that day to Northboro', ten miles above Middleburg, to look at a pair of prize oxen he had heard of, and had a mind to buy. If those oxen had not been sold the day before, John Bassett would have bought them, and this story would never have been written; for if he had had the oxen to drive home, he would not have got down to Middleburg till late at night, and the camp-meeting would have been over. As it was, he got to Middleburg Crossing at three o'clock in the afternoon; and there he had to stop, for Jerry, his horse, had cast a shoe, and John Bassett would no more have driven Jerry ten miles with one foot unshod than he would have walked it barefoot himself; no, nor half as quick, for Tom and Jerry, the two beautiful bay horses that he had broken as colts, and trained into the best ten-year-old team in all Wenshire County, were the pride and the love of John Bassett's heart.

So, there is another little "if" which might have made a big difference to John Bassett, and all the difference between this story's being written and not. If Jerry had not cast his shoe, his master would never have heard Bishop Worrell's sermon.

There are only three houses at Middleburg Crossing; the town itself is four miles farther south. One of these houses is a sort of inn, and the master, Hiram Peet, is well known to be the best blacksmith for many a mile round. Here John stopped and fastened his horse at the door of the forge, which was black and still.

"Gone to that confounded camp-meeting!" he exclaimed, as he stood by the anvil and tapped it impatiently with his whip. "Hang it all. I wonder, if I could find him, whether he'd come out and shoe Jerry."

Every blind in the house was shut. The hens walked about with an expression which showed that the family was away from home, and the cat looked out uneasy and suspicious from a high loft over the corn-house.

John walked a few steps down the road and looked at the two other houses. Shut up also; not a trace of life about them. The two Thatcher brothers, who married sisters, lived in these houses. "Well, I don't know what the Thatcher folks have got to do over at camp-meeting," thought John. "They're all Baptists. They don't train in that crowd."

He had thought that he might while away the time by talking with Mrs. Susan Thatcher, who was a woman he had once almost thought he would like to marry. John was much vexed. He walked up and down the road and switched off the tops of golden rod and purple asters in a way that was really shameful. He was at his wit's ends: ten miles from home; Jerry waiting to be shod; not a human being to be found. But John Bassett's impatiences never lasted long. He was too good a pagan to fret and fume. He took Jerry out of his harness, led him into the barn, and gave him so delightful a rubbing down, that the creature arched his shining neck, and looked around at his master's hands, and would have purred if he could, he felt so comfortable. John patted him and talked to him as if he were a child.

"There, there, old fellow," he said, "eat your oats. You shall have four fine new shoes presently; and then we wont get caught this way again very soon."

Jerry whinnied back and did his best to be entertaining; but where was there ever a mortal man who did not weary of wordless affection? John began to be sadly bored. He looked over at the camp-meeting hill, where thin columns of smoke were curling up above the tops of the trees. The Middleburg camp-ground is one of the oldest in New England; it has been used as such for twenty years, and there are some eighty cottages in the "circle." People go there in June, and live in their cottages for two months or more before the camp-meeting week begins. John had often thought he would like to see what kind of a life it was that the Methodist people led on their religious picnics, as the worldly were in the habit of calling them. He began to consider within himself whether this were not a capital chance for doing it without any loss of self-respect on his part. He would go over and see if he could find Hiram Peet. This was not going to camp-meeting. Oh, no!

The camp-meeting grove was not more than a quarter of a mile from the forge. At John Bassett's goodly stride, this distance

was quickly walked; and almost before he fairly realized what he had made up his mind to do, John found himself in the throng of people pouring through the outer gate. He and his ways were well known in all this region,—everybody stared to see him coming to camp-meeting.

"Hollo, John! Ez this you?" exclaimed one.

"What's up?" said another.

"Glad to see you in the right way at last, John," called out a gray-haired deacon of the Methodist church in Deerway.

John did not like this. At first he made no reply, except a good-natured laugh; but presently, to a townsman who shouted out, across many heads,

"Why, John Bassett, what on airth's brought you here, I'd like to know," he answered in an equally loud tone,

"Not any of the tomfoolery that's brought you, I can tell you that. I'm looking after Hi Peet to shoe my horse, back here at the Crossing."

"Oh, Hi? Well, he's in there, in the seats, along o' his folks. But you wont get him to come out till after the sermon. The bishop's jest beginnin' now."

John walked on in silence. The scene was beginning to take a vivid hold on his imagination. From his earliest boyhood he had had a passionate love of the woods. There was not a wood within five miles of his father's house which he did not know as thoroughly as if he had been an Indian or a trapper. The young trees had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength; he often pushed his way through some thick wood, recollecting, step by step, along the path, how twenty years ago these stalwart trees had been saplings he could bend. No smallest leaf or fern was unknown to his eye; no flower, no berry; yet he had names for few. To see a great maple and ash and hickory grove swarming full of human beings, was at first as strange a sight to John Bassett as it would have been to a devout Roman Catholic to come suddenly upon his private chapel and find it crowded with strangers. John felt a mingled irritation and fascination in the sight. This noble army of trees seemed to lend something of their own sacred dignity to the motley multitude they were sheltering. There were three thousand people that day on the Middleburg camp-ground. As far as one could see, the vistas between the trees were filled by horses, wagons, carriages of all descriptions. These were outside what is called the "circle," a large space of many acres, fenced in, and to be entered only by gates; within this circle were the cottages, all picturesquely disposed among the trees; winding and irregular paths had been trodden from one to another, and there was almost the semblance of a street in some places. But still the trees were left undisturbed; the street or the path turned reverentially to the right or the left, as the tree might require. Hardly a tree had been cut down. In the center of the grove, a large space had been filled in with rough wooden benches in an amphitheater-like half circle. Even here stood the trees, thick and undisturbed, making of the circle of seats, a many-pillared temple, canopied with green and roofed with blue. Fronting this had been built an elevated platform for the elders and the preaching—and on this, at the moment John entered the circle, had just risen a corpulent, round-faced, sonorous-voiced man, Bishop Worrell, who was to preach that afternoon's sermon. John stopped, leaned against a young hickory tree, and looked carefully up and down the rows of seats in search of Hiram Peet. At last he saw him sitting between his wife and his wife's mother, in the very middle of the circle, and only five seats back from the platform.

"I suppose it would be as much as Hi's life was worth to get up and come out from there before all these people," thought John. "I might as well give it up."

Then he fell to laughing so immoderately at Hi's expression of face, that he had to turn suddenly away, lest he should shock the sensibilities of the grave and decorous congregation. As he turned, he suddenly caught a glimpse of the profile of a girl who sat in the same seat with Hiram Peet, but at the farther end of it. The sight of this profile arrested John Bassett's steps as suddenly as a strong hand laid on his shoulder could have done. He stood still; he stood stiller and stiller with his eyes fixed on the face. He did not say to himself, "How beautiful!" he did not even think whether the face were beautiful or not—it simply arrested him, that was all. Presently the girl changed her position so that he could no longer see her face, and with a pang like terror, he saw it suddenly vanish from his gaze, and become lost and merged in the great mass of bonnets and hats and faces. He tried to keep his eyes resolutely on the spot where it had disappeared, as one tries to keep his eyes fastened

on the spot where something has gone down at sea; but like the sea, the mass of faces seemed dancing and shifting under his look. At last he was rewarded. The girl turned her head again, so that for one brief moment he saw her profile, and also noted, with the eagerness of a detective, that she wore a black hat, with one single upright feather of bright scarlet in it.

Slowly, and with a bewildered wonder at himself all the time, John skirted the great semicircle of seats, pushed his way through and past knot after knot of men and women, and drew nearer and nearer the seat where the girl sat. As one after another saw him, noted his absorbed and grave look, exclamations and conjectures were whispered on all sides. There were many of the Deerway Methodists on the ground.

John Bassett stood no chance of being unobserved. Many a soul warmed with hope for his salvation on seeing him in this unwonted place. One good old Methodist woman who had nursed his mother through several illnesses, and who had come to love John very much, as all persons did who knew him intimately, plucked her neighbor suddenly by the sleeve, and exclaimed—

"My goodness, Sarah Beman, if there aint John—John Bassett, don't you know? Let's git right down on our knees here 'n' pray for his soul! Mebbe the Lord'll give him religion right now!" and the two women actually sank on the ground, and were rocking back and forth on their knees, wrestling in prayer on John's behalf, as he passed by them. Perhaps there was never a moment in his life in which he was more in need of prayers.

When he reached a point opposite the seat in which sat the girl with the black hat and scarlet feather, he turned, and slowly looked in her face. She did not see him. She was listening in rapt attention to the bishop's sermon. Yet it was not the attention of a credulous or an ecstatic devotee. Her face wore now the look of one who was striving to penetrate a mystery; to fathom a secret; there was an expression of something like disapprobation on her features. All this John Bassett saw at his first glance. At his second, he perceived that the girl was no country girl; he felt, rather than perceived, that her whole attire, bearing, and atmosphere were of the city: she was a stranger. The two elderly women who sat with her were richly clad, and their whole manner betokened listless weariness. Up to this moment, John Bassett could not have told, if he had been asked, whether this girl were fair or not; but now in the more assured composure of his new stand-point of observation, he began to study her features. They were of delicate mold, indicating sensibility rather than strength. Her hair was of so pale a yellow that only its great thickness saved it from looking dead. It was turned back from her low forehead in rippling waves which were too thick to lie flat. Her eyes were of a clear, bright dark blue, and in them shone a sort of restrained energy which gave to her face the strength which the delicate features would otherwise have lacked. It was not a beautiful face. It was very far from a pretty face. But it was a face to arrest one at first sight. As it had arrested John Bassett, it had arrested many a human being, man and woman, before. But it always came to pass that each human being thus arrested by Fanny Lane's face, very soon forgot all about her face, in a vivid consciousness of her personality Her individual magnetism was something not to be described, not to be defined. It was to some persons as powerfully repellant as it was to others attracting. There were men and women who had been heard to say that they simply could not stay in the same room with Fanny Lane, so disagreeable to them was her very presence, and there were men and women for whom simply her presence could transform the most cheerless room into a palace of joy; and for whom her love, if they were once sure of possessing it, seemed enough to brighten a whole life-time.

Bishop Worrell's sermon was one hour long. Until the very last word had been spoken, John Bassett stood without once unfolding his arms or once removing his eyes from Fanny Lane's face; but he stood in such a position that while he looked steadily at her, he seemed to those about him to be looking in the preacher's face, and the intent and grave expression of his countenance gave rise to great hopes in the hearts of many who saw him. After the benediction had been pronounced, there was a general movement in the audience, and all except those who were interested in the special services which were about to follow, withdrew. More than half of the seats were left empty. A little knot of some half a dozen persons had gathered around Fanny Lane, and were all talking eagerly.

"City boarders from some hotel hereabouts," thought John. "I don't suppose I shall ever set eyes on that girl again; and I'm sure I don't know why I want to."

But he lingered, and waited, and furtively watched to see what the next movements of her party would be.

It was evident that an animated discussion was going on. Fanny Lane said little, but each time she spoke, she shook her head with great decision, smiling as she did so with a smile which was to John Bassett's mind a very perplexing smile; there was so much radiance about it, and yet such an expression of immovable will; it seemed as much out of the ordinary course of human smiles as a cold sunbeam would out of the ordinary course of nature. At last the party divided, and the two old ladies, wearing very dissatisfied faces, walked slowly away with the majority, leaving Fanny Lane and one other young woman alone in the seats. As the discomfited elderly people passed the tier where John still stood, leaning with his arms folded, watching in feigned carelessness the whole scene, one said to the other:

"It's perfectly absurd, Maria, the way you spoil that girl."

A look of fretful impatience passed over Maria's face as she replied:

"It's all very fine to talk about spoiling, Jane. You know as well as I do, that if Fanny makes up her mind to do a thing, she's going to do it, come what will; and as for my saying 'must' or 'mus'n't' to her, I know better than to try that. She's just like her father."

"Well, I reckon she's your own child," answered Jane, "and my child should mind me. I know that much," and the party passed on.

John Bassett smiled. He liked the picture of the fair girl triumphing always. He felt already that it was her right. Before the smile had died off his face, the old ladies came hurrying back; they had noticed his grave, honest, clear-eyed face as they passed, and they had turned back to ask him one of those anxiously helpless questions which the average woman is perpetually asking.

"Can you tell us where Mr. Goodenow's wagon is?" they said.

It happened that John could. It had chanced that as he walked up the hill, he had observed young Luke Goodenow sitting in his big farm-wagon playing cards on the back seat with a stranger, whose whole appearance had seemed so suspicious (to John) that he had said to himself as he passed by, "I wonder if Luke Goodenow 'd ever be such a fool 's to play for money;" and "I wonder if that's the reason he fastened his team down in that hollow," was his second thought.

"Yes," said John. "I can. I will show you," and he led the way, thinking as he walked.

"So these folks are the Goodenows' boarders. Now I can find out all about them."

Luke little understood John Bassett's affable kindness in helping him put in his horses, and being so very careful in examining the harnesses, before they set off. John was listening with strained ears to what one of the elderly women was saying to Luke.

"Miss Lane and Miss Wheelwright are not coming now. They wish to stay till the end of the meeting. They have friends there from the hotel who will take care of them, and you are to drive back after them at nine o'clock to-night."

"Well, I swanny," was Luke's reply. "I donno what I'm goin' to do for hosses."

The city lady looked calmly in his face with the city lady's usual incredulity of anything being impossible in the country town where she is spending her summer, and said:

"Oh, it wont hurt these horses to come back"

Luke did not deign to argue this point, but answered reflectively:

"Mebbe I can git Smith's. Hisn warn't out when we come off, an' if I don't go for the girls, they can come home in the hotel coach; that warn't full."

"Oh no; I should much prefer that you should go for them," said the bland lady. "You can surely get horses somewhere."

"There aint any 'somewhere' in our town, mum," replied Luke, sententiously. "If yer don't know jest where a thing is, 'taint anywheres. But I'll see that Miss Fanny's got home somehow or another."

If Fanny Lane had heard Luke's reply, the unconscious and inimitable philosophy of its first clause would have given her a keen delight; but it was all thrown away on Aunt Jane, or if not thrown away entirely, passed for nothing more than the unintentional impudence of a farmer's lad. So that her orders were obeyed, as she would have called it, she was content and unobservant; and, luckily for her complacent peace of mind, wholly unaware how far from the thoughts of her landlord and his sons, was any comprehension of the idea of obedience as she understood it.

When John Bassett returned to his post of observation by the young hickory-tree,

he found the seat on which his attention had been so long concentrated, occupied by two elderly women from Deerway,—his own next door neighbors. With a smothered ejaculation of contempt at his own folly, he made a hasty retreat, not however before both the women had seen him, and had beckoned to him with eager gestures to come and sit by their side. He shook his head and walked rapidly away in the opposite direction, as if he were about to leave the grounds; each moment, however, his keen eyes were roving to the right and to the left in search of a scarlet feather. Scarlet feathers there were in plenty, and knots of scarlet ribbon, as he found to his cost, after he had been for half an hour lured vainly about, first in one direction then in another, by them. His scarlet feather was nowhere to be found. To look for one person, among three thousand people roaming about in a grove of several acres, is like searching for a needle in a hay-stack; and so John said to himself at last, and vowed he would look no longer. He had been asking all the time for "Hi Peet," and had several times narrowly escaped finding him. The truth was he did not now so much want to find "Hi Peet," but he liked to give himself the shelter of that ostensible errand, and so he kept on asking. At last some one said, in reply to his stereotyped question, "Why Hi?—Hi's up in the Franklin tent at a big prayer-meetin' they've got goin' on there. You might's well give up all idee of gettin' hold of Hi Peet to-night. You'll have to wait till morning. Hi'll keep you overnight fust rate; though I suppose they wont break up here till midnight."

This was previously what John Bassett had in his own mind determined to do, but he replied with a diplomacy worthy of a deeper game:

"Well, I call that pretty hard, to have to wait all night to get a horse shod, don't you?"

The man laughed, and answered:

"Well, yes I do. But you see, it's just your luck that makes it happen so. They don't have camp-meetin' but once a year; and they don't have but one last night to each camp-meetin'; an' you couldn't ha' ketched Hi away from hum, one o' the other three hundred an' sixty-four nights; so you see it's nothin' but your luck."

This curiously illogical logical speech made John laugh heartily, and a half shamed consciousness of the scarlet feather in his thoughts made him also flush a little as he replied:

"Well, I don't believe in anything's being luck." Just as he spoke these words, he heard a voice behind him, a voice of a quality such as he had never before heard. He did not turn his head. He listened, and it was an odd thing that as he listened, he said to himself,

"If that isn't her voice, I'm mistaken."

The voice said:

"Can I sit for a few moments in one of these chairs, till my friends return?"

The voice was so near that John walked away a few steps, before he turned to see who had spoken. He walked on and on for a rod or two, so sure was he that when he turned he should see the face of which he had been in search. He was not mistaken. There she sat,—the strange, vivid, yellow-haired, blue-eyed stranger,—alone in a chair on a raised platform; the platform was full of camp chairs of all sorts which had been brought there by an enterprising Middleburg tradesman, to sell to the camp-meeting pilgrims. The tradesman had gone away for the afternoon and left the business in the charge of his wife, a brisk, bustling, dapper little body with a voice like a jew's-harp, and eyes whose sharp shrewdness was saved from being disagreeable only by their kindly twinkle, and lines of good-natured wrinkles at their outer corners. She was holding forth to two friends volubly and loudly on the subject of her grievances in the matter of the chairs.

"Folks seems to think we've brought 'em over here just for them to set in," said she. "I've tried every way I could think of; we turned 'em bottom side up some days, but the chairs don't show so well that way, an' it don't make much difference: they turn 'em right over an' flop down, and there they sit 's long 's they please, 'n' when I say, 'These chairs is for sale,' they say, 'Oh, I don't want to buy, I only want to rest awhile,' 'n' I do declare I'm so mad sometimes I tell Eben he'd better take the chairs home before they're all worn out. There's some on 'em now that looks just like second-hand. I fixed some folks yesterday, though," and she gave a hearty peal of unrestrained laughter at the thought: "they come along, a whole party—three on 'em, a man and two women, 'n' down they sot without so much 's a word; 'n' I steps forward 'n' sez I, 'We charge for these chairs bein' sot in, a cent a minnit!' You'd better believe they jumped up 's quick 's if the chairs had been red hot, and one o' the wimmin she said, 'Well, I never!' 'n' sez I, 'Well, I never,

nuther,' 'n' I laughed an' I laughed till I thought I should ha' died to see 'em goin' off 's mad 's if the chairs had been theirn 'n' not mine."

John watched Fanny Lane's face during the whole of this long speech, which she could not have failed to hear. He had come slowly nearer and nearer until he stood within a few feet of her chair, but so much behind her that she could not see his face unless she turned her head. Various shades of amusement and sympathy flitted over her expressive face as she listened to good Mrs. Cross's troubles; but she was evidently now absorbed in watching the faces of all who passed by. She scanned each one intently, closely, as if she were looking for a face she knew; her face wore the same expression of mingled perplexity and disapprobation which it had worn during the sermon. The longer John looked at her, the surer he felt that he understood the mental processes through which she was going.

"She's fighting this thing out for herself, just as I did ten years ago," he thought. "She can't swallow it all down, and yet it bothers her to let it go. She'll come out all right, though,—no fear about a woman with such eyes in her head as those."

It was half an hour before Miss Lane's friends returned. They came up laughing and chattering, and gathering around her, exclaimed—

"Oh, Fanny! it was too bad to leave you so long. We got off farther in the woods than we meant to. Have you been awfully bored, dear, waiting?"

"Bored!" exclaimed Fanny Lane. "I was never farther from it in my life. This is one of the most interesting sights I ever saw. I can't in the least make it out."

"Make it out! What do you mean, Miss Lane?" cried young Herbert Wheelwright. "Does it strike you as a conundrum? I think it is a confounded bore myself, except for having you girls to take care of."

"Be quiet, Herbert," interrupted his sister; "don't be so rude to Fanny; you don't understand her."

Herbert shrugged his shoulders and walked to the side of another young girl in the party who was not likely to oppress him with any psychological perplexities. As the group moved on, Fanny Lane turned back, and holding out a piece of silver to the proprietress of the chairs, said in the same low vibrant voice which had so stirred John Bassett's nerves at his first hearing of it.

"You must let me pay you for the use of your chair. You were quite right in saying that it ought to be paid for."

The woman stretched out her hand to take the money, but her husband, who had returned and stood by her side, pushed down her hand impatiently, and exclaimed—

"No, no, Miss. We'd be happy to have you set here 's long 's you like. You aint the kind we meant."

Fanny smiled, but still held out the money.

"I'm very heavy," she said roguishly, "and should hurt the chair quite as much as anybody. Please take the money and buy something for your pretty little boy," and she pointed to a bright-eyed chubby fellow, some four or five years old, who was clinging to his mother's skirts, half in and half out of the folds, after the manner of shy country children. Thus conciliated on the side of his paternal affection, the man took the money, saying with a clumsy but well-meant attempt at respectfulness:

"Much obliged to you, Miss, much obliged to you, I'm sure, if it's a present to Sammy. Thank the lady, Sammy."

But Sammy only burrowed the deeper in his mother's skirts, and evinced no gratitude whatever; as, indeed, why should he, since the chances were so small that he could have any hand in the spending of that half dollar!

As Miss Lane and her friends walked away, John Bassett turned suddenly in the opposite direction, and plunged into the woods. He was conscious of a sudden unwillingness to see this girl put off the face she wore when she was thinking, and alone, and put on the face she wore when she was talking. Already he had perceived that she was like a chameleon in her change of expression; and of the expressions he had thus far seen, the only one which did not jar and perplex him was the one she wore when she was silent and undisturbed by antagonistic or interrupting magnetisms. He roamed on till he reached the outer edge of the wood, where all was as still and peaceful as if it were a wilderness. Here he threw himself on the ground, and surrendered himself to his reveries. He was not much given to analyzing his own emotions; he had always been too healthy and too busy, and, moreover, had had very few emotions. He was affectionate and loyal in the relations in which he had found himself placed; but beyond one or two strong friendships for men who had been his playmates at school, he had not added to his list of affections since he was a little boy. He had never

been in love, though he had often thought very sensibly about being married, and had done his share of taking the Deerway girls on sleigh-rides, and home from singing-schools in the winter; but he did it partly as one of the duties of a good citizen of the town, and partly from a quiet sort of good-fellowship, which would have walked or ridden almost as contentedly with a young man as with a young woman, if so the customs of young people had decreed. He was not without his preferences among the Deerway young women, but he had also his preferences among the Deerway young men; and he could have given as clear and satisfactory reasons for them in the one case as in the other, unless, perhaps, in the case of a little girl named Molly Wilder, whose mother was a widow, and took summer boarders in Deerway. They were very poor, and had lived on one of the Bassett farms ever since John could remember; and one of the earliest things he recollected was hearing his father say to his mother—

"Well, Sam Wilder 'll never earn his salt in this world, but I sha'n't turn him out o' that farm 's long 's Molly lives. She's no kind of a woman to be left without a house over her head."

At last, Sam Wilder died of a disease so lingering and vacillating in its nature, that one of his neighbors was heard to say one day:

"It don't seem 's if Sam Wilder could even die like other folks. He's just a shilly-shallyin' along with that, 's he has with everything else he's ever undertook."

The day after the funeral, poor Mrs. Wilder sent for her landlord, and told him the simple truth, that she had not a cent of money in the world, and no property except the little stock which they had put in the farm.

"Never you mind," said John Bassett's father; "you shall stay on this farm 's long 's you like. I'll take the hay off the meadow land, and we'll call that the rent. If you can manage to make a living for you and the girl somehow, you're welcome to the house and the rest of the farm."

Ezekiel Bassett could well afford this, for the "Bassett farms," as they were called, were many and large, and comprised the greater portion of the best lands in Wenshire County. Nevertheless, it was a very generous thing for Ezekiel Bassett to do; and from that day, the Wilders seemed to be a sort of outlying colony of the Bassett house. All the odds and ends of clothes and of food which the Bassetts could spare and the Wilders could use, found their way to the little gray house down in the meadows; by the time John Bassett was ten years old, it seemed to him as natural to take blueberries to Mrs. Wilder as to his mother; he knew no distinction in the rights of the two houses. And when little Molly was old enough to go to school, John led her in summer and drew her on his sled in winter, as if she had been his sister. Nothing else —nothing less would have seemed possible. When he was twenty and Molly was fifteen, occasions were less frequent for him to take care of her, for she was hard at work all day at her home, and he was hard at work all day at his, but he never lost the sense of responsibility for her; and if nobody else took her to the quilting, or the sleigh-ride, or the singing-school, he did. If he found that some one else was intending to ask her, he was content; so that Molly had the good time, he was satisfied. She never became a burden to him, for no girl in all Deerway had a sweeter face or more winning ways, or more admirers among the young farmers of the region. But all that John Bassett had ever yet thought about Molly, as in distinction from the other young girls he knew was, that somehow he always had a better time when he took her than when he took anybody else. He thought it was because he was so used to her. What Molly thought is neither here nor there in this story as yet.

Every summer, Mrs. Wilder's little house was filled with summer boarders; and a hard time she and Molly had of it from June till October. Not the least hard part of it to Molly was that for all these months John hardly came near her. John disliked the very sight of a "summer boarder." He disliked their clothes, their ways, their general bearing. He disliked the annual invasion of the quiet of the town; the assumption which so many of them showed only too plainly, that they felt that the Deerway farms and farmers were created chiefly for the purpose of making summer comfortable to city people who must leave home. So John never crossed the threshold of Mrs. Wilder's house if he could help it, while there was a single summer boarder left; and this had been the source of many a half quarrel between him and Molly, who, gentle as she was, could not help resenting and misinterpreting his absence.

And here was John Bassett, at the Middleburg camp-meeting, absolutely spending a whole afternoon and evening in

watching a "summer boarder," following her about, looking at her face and studying it, as he never studied a woman's face before!

"All for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

John's reverie did not last long. It passed by quick and easy stages into a sound sleep. When he waked, it was almost dark. He sprang to his feet in bewildered wonder, but soon recalled the whole situation of his affairs. Sentiment and excitement had yielded in him, by this time, to fatigue and heat and hunger; and it must be acknowledged that as he walked briskly back toward the center of the grove, his thoughts of himself and his behavior were not complimentary. He was as nearly surly as it was in his nature to be; and, by a curious sort of moral metonymy, all his impatience centered on the thought of Hi Peet. So when he found himself face to face with Hi, in one of the restaurant tents, he spoke to him with a gruff displeasure, which was, to say the least of it, uncalled for, and made Hi laugh heartily.

"Why, man alive," he said, "you didn't suppose I was bound to stay to hum year in and year out, on the chance of a man's wantin' his horse shod, did you? 'Taint more 'n once a week or so that I git a job o' shoein', anyhow. 'Twas jest your luck, you see, a-comin' to-day."

"Well, you're the second man that's said that very thing to me," replied John, "so I suppose it must be true." And as he was by this time much rested, and no longer hungry, agreeable reminiscences of the scarlet feather floated at once into his mind, and arrested on his very lips the last clause of his reply, which was about to be as before. "But you see I don't believe in any such thing as luck."

The people were already crowding into the seats in front of the platform. The elders and the preachers sat with their hands over their eyes, engaged in silent prayer. This was the last night of the camp-meeting, and most earnestly did they long for some especial signs and tokens of the Lord's presence before they should separate.

Again, John walked slowly around the circle, scanning each seat attentively in search of Fanny Lane. This time he was more successful; in a very few moments he found her. She and her friends were sitting where Hi Peet had been in the afternoon, only five seats back from the pulpit, and near the central aisle. Fanny herself sat in the outside seat, with her face turned away from the platform, and her eyes bent earnestly down the long vistas of twinkling lights between the trees. It was a beautiful and impressive spectacle. Lanterns were hung upon many of the trees, and their light brought out the foliage above them, in a marvelous gold and black tracery; in every direction long shadowy aisles seemed to stretch away, with alternating intervals of gloom and radiance; and overhead was a clear, dark sky blazing with stars. No wonder that in such a scene as this hearts are newly wrought upon by memories and appeals.

The sermon was not a long one. At its close, the usual invitation was given to all those who wished the prayers of the congregation to come forward into the seats reserved for them. Many went forward. Then rose the sweet wild hymns—

"Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!
Come to Jesus just now."

The tender plaintive cadences seemed to float up among the trees, and to be prolonged there, in the upper air, as if the echoes were entangled in the leaves; then came prayers,—earnest, wrestling prayers by men who believed with their whole souls that for many of the men and women sitting there, that night would be the only chance of salvation. Nothing in this life can be more solemn than such a moment to those who hold the Methodist belief. Tears flowed down the cheeks of strong men. Women sobbed hysterically; here and there could be seen a mother pleading with a child, a wife with a husband. The elders walked up and down in the aisles, urging and encouraging the timid and the hesitating; every few moments the presiding elder on the platform would strike up a new strain of song,—tender, plaintive, and subduing beyond all power of words. With each stanza there came forward more and more, till the seats were nearly full.

"Bless the Lord, here is another soul that's going to be saved," the ministers would cry, as each person came forward. Heartfelt "Amens" and "Glorys" rose from the whole congregation. The cool evening wind rustled at intervals through the trees; and it needed no faith in the Methodist creed, no excitement of spiritual ecstasy, to make one thrill all through with the consciousness that the leaves rustled as if invisible hosts were passing by. What-

ever be one's religious belief, however he may disapprove of all this class of abnormal influences, he cannot witness such a scene unmoved, unless he be of a hard and scoffing nature. John Bassett was astonished. He was too sincere and earnest himself, not to recognize earnestness and sincerity wherever he saw them. He had regarded the Methodist methods as akin to the methods of mountebanks and jugglers. He felt tonight, in every nerve of his being, that he had been wrong. He was affected in spite of himself—so powerfully that more than once he felt tears spring in his eyes.

He hardly dared look at Fanny Lane, so intense was her expression; her cheeks were flushed, her lips were parted; she bent forward unconsciously and looked up into the face of each person who passed her to take a seat among those who were "anxious." Whenever the singing broke forth, her lips trembled, and she fixed her eyes on the ground. John had taken his seat just opposite her—only the narrow, grassy aisle separated them. He could have reached her with his hand; and he felt again and again an impulse to do so, when he saw her excitement increasing.

At last, she rose slowly, and turning toward her friends, said in a low voice, which John heard distinctly:

"Don't say anything, I am going down into that seat to sit with those people."

And before her mortified and alarmed companions could utter a remonstrance, Fanny Lane had glided quietly three steps forward, and had seated herself by the side of an old woman, who was bent over nearly double with her face buried in her hands, sobbing.

John Bassett felt a strange, irrational rage at this sight, then a still stranger and more irrational desire to go and sit by her side. He gazed at her with a sort of terror, wondering what she would do next. He had not long to wonder. One of the elders approached her, and began to put to her the usual questions. She waved him gently aside, and said in a low, clear voice:

"Thank you, I am not in the least unhappy. I did not come down here for that. I thought I should like to have all these people praying for me—that is all."

Solemn as was the scene, and profoundly as John was feeling at that moment, he had to pass his hand quickly over his face to hide a smile, at the sudden and utter bewilderment of the discomfited elder. There was evident, at first, a quick, angry suspicion, that this finely clad city lady had taken her seat there out of pure irreverence; but one look into the steadfast blue eyes slew that suspicion; and with a grave "May the Lord bless your soul, my sister," the elder passed on.

When it was evident that no more persons would come forward to be prayed for, the whole congregation kneeled down, and the prayers began. Prayer after prayer—some quaint, simple and touching; some incongruous and distasteful; but all earnest and impassioned. Fanny Lane sat still as a statue, her fair head unbowed, her eyes fixed steadily on each one who prayed. So strange, so foreign, so inexplicable a sight was never before seen on a camp-ground. More than one good Methodist man had his attention diverted and his devotion jeoparded by that startling face. And as for the good Methodist women, there was but one opinion among them, of poor Fanny's conduct.

"Never see anything so brazen in my life."

"I wonder that Elder Swift didn't put her out."

"Shouldn't wonder ef he thought she was crazy, an' there might be a row that ud break up the meeting," were some of the indignant whispers at Fanny's expense.

Before the prayers ended, John stole softly away. He was uncomfortable. He had a vague instinct of flight from the place,—of flight from this girl whose atmosphere affected him so strangely. He found it no longer agreeable. His feeling toward her was fast becoming something like fear. Midway down the aisle, he stopped, turned, took one more look at her, and met her eyes, steadily, unmistakably fixed upon him. With a sense of something still more like fear in his heart, he turned abruptly and walked on.

When Hi and Hi's folks reached home, considerably past midnight, they found to their great surprise, John Bassett fast asleep on the kitchen settee.

Hi shook him awake by degrees, exclaiming:

"Why, John, how in airth 'd ye get in?"

"Through the buttery window," laughed John. "I stood it over at your camp-meeting as long as I could, and then I came out. If I'd have dreamed that you'd left a window open in all your house you wouldn't have caught me over there at all, I can tell you."

It was arranged that Hi should shoe

Jerry as soon as it was light in the morning. And John would be off for Deerway by six o'clock, for there was mowing to be done that day which could not be put off. Then John went to bed, and as he settled himself to sleep, he said:

"Well, that's the end of that."

But the end was not yet.

Two weeks later, as John was driving Tom and Jerry leisurely along the road past the Goodenows' farm-house, just at sunset one night, he heard his name called loudly from the piazza, and saw Luke Goodenow running down the pathway toward him. John felt, rather than saw, that the piazza was filled with people. He never passed the house without having a secret conscious wonder whether the blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl would be in sight; but he had never seen her since the night of the camp-meeting. Now he felt sure that she was on the piazza, for the whole family had gathered there, to look at the sunset, which was one rippling wave of fiery gold, from the western horizon nearly to the zenith. John did not turn his head, but reined up his horses and sat waiting for Luke.

With true New England circumlocution, Luke opened his communication thus:

"Aint very busy now, John, are you?"

Taken unawares, John said, frankly:

"No; did the last of my haying yesterday. Why?"

"Well, father 'n' I was a wonderin' if you wouldn't do a job o' drivin' for us. Ef yer would, 't ud be an awful help to us. We're jest about drove out o' our senses. You see we haint got hosses enough for all our folks; yer can't calkillate on boarders no how; one year there wont nobody want to ride at all, 'n' yer hosses 'll eat their heads off; an the next year, ye'll cut down on hosses, and then everybody 'll want to drive from mornin' till night, and not make a mite of allowance for you nuther. Now, Kate, she's gone lame; a feller here raced her up meetin'us hill last week, and pretty nigh killed her—I'd like to break his darned neck for him; an' that breaks up our best team; and you see there's some o' our folks we'd agreed to take regular every afternoon, and they're just upsot about it, an' I'm afraid they'll go off if they can't have their rides,—it's about all they do. I wish such folks 'd bring up their own hosses. Now, couldn't you jest take 'em for us? they wont be here more 'n a month. They'll pay ye first rate, they're rich, they don't care what they pay for anything."

John laughed out.

"Why, Luke," he exclaimed, "I'd do 'most anything to oblige you, but I can't really turn hack-driver. I'm sorry."

Luke's face fell.

"I don't suppose ye'd let anybody else drive Tom and Jerry, would you? Father 'd always go himself if ye'd let us have 'em," he said in desperation, for this was really Luke's last hope.

"You'd better believe I wouldn't," said John Bassett, a little proudly. "I'm real sorry for ye, Luke. Well, summer boarders are nothing but a pest anyhow."

"Well, some on 'em is, an' some on 'em isn't," replied the sententious Luke. "There's folks in our house I'd jist as lieves disappoint as not, and a little lieveser; but I do hate to disappoint Miss Fanny an' her ma, the worst kind."

"Oh, it's women folks, is it?" said dishonest John Bassett, with a bound at his guilty heart; "if it's only women folks, I might take 'em, perhaps; but I'll be hanged if I'll drive any o' these city fellows round."

Luke jumped eagerly at this suggestion.

"No, indeed," he said; "there aint no man in the party; jist the two old women and Miss Fanny, an' they're jist the nicest folks we've ever had in our house, I tell you. Miss Fanny, she's a smart one. The old aunt, she's some stuck-up, but she's no account, anyhow. It's Miss Fanny's ma that pays all the bills. You jist come right up here, and make your bargain with 'em now," urged Luke, anxious to strike while the iron was hot.

"Bargain!" shouted John Bassett, with a look of indignation which nearly paralyzed Luke. "I'm not going to make any bargain. You can tell 'em that a friend of yours is going to do it for you. I don't want any of their money."

"But, John," began Luke, "Father wont take it."

"Settle it among you as you like," cried John; "I sha'n't take any money. Let me know when you want me to come," and he gave Tom so sharp a stroke with the whip that Tom reared and plunged forward at a pace that whirled the wagon out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

"Well, I swanny!" ejaculated Luke as he walked up the hill, "John Bassett is a queer one. I wonder how we'll fix it!"

"I swanny" does such universal duty as an oath throughout New England that the expression merits some attention as a philological curiosity. No one can sojourn among

rural New Englanders for any length of time without being driven to speculate as to the origin of the phrase. Could it have come down through ages of gradual elimination from some highly respectable Pagan formula, such as, "I will swear by any of the gods," for instance? This seems a not wholly incredible supposition, and lifts the seeming vulgarism at once to the level of a "condensed classic."

No perplexing considerations of the question of pay hindered the elder Goodenow from grasping gratefully at John Bassett's help in the matter of driving.

"They can pay us all the same," he said to Luke; "an' ef John Bassett's such a fool 's not to take the money, he can go without it, that's all. I sha'n't sue him to make him take it, I reckon."

And so it came to pass that on the next day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, John Bassett sat in his big strong wagon with Tom and Jerry shining like satin, and prancing in their harness before the Goodenow's gate, waiting to take three "summer boarders" to drive. He felt uncomfortable. He was sorry he had said he would do it, but he would not withdraw now; neither was he sure that he wanted to withdraw. In fact, just at present, John Bassett was not sure of anything. Minute after minute passed. Tom and Jerry pranced more and more.

"Look here, Luke," said John, "if this 's the way your folks keep horses standing, they can't drive with me. I'll take a turn and come back,—it fidgets Tom so to stand,"—and he drove down the road at a rapid rate.

"What does the man mean?" exclaimed Aunt Jane, who had just appeared at the door, and was leisurely wrapping herself up. Fanny Lane also looked impatiently after the swift-going horses, and exclaimed, "How very queer!"

Luke hastened to explain.

"Ye see, Miss Fanny," he said, "John Bassett's horses aint like ourn. They wont stand a minute."

"What, aren't these horses quiet?" screamed Aunt Jane. "I sha'n't go a step. Maria, this man's brought skittish horses; we'll have our necks broken, and these country people never do know anything about driving."

Luke could not bear this.

"Well, mum," he said, "if you say that after you've driven with John Bassett, I'll eat my head. There aint no circus man can do any more with horses than John can. His horse plays hide-and-seek with him in the yard, just like a boy,—you'd oughter see it."

Fanny Lane listened with delight.

"Oh, how charming!" she said, with one of her bewildering smiles bent full on Luke. "What good luck it was, Luke, that you found such a nice driver for us, and such nice horses! How did it happen that he was not engaged?"

The truth was very near escaping from Luke's lips in spite of himself; he was so tickled at the idea of John's being "engaged" as a "driver;" but he prudently choked both his laughter and the truth together and answered diplomatically:

"Oh, he wouldn't drive for everybody, John wouldn't,"—which was certainly true, though it served Luke's purpose as well as a lie.

When Luke, with some confusion and mixing up of genders and pronouns, had succeeded in introducing John Bassett to the three women whom he was to take charge of for the afternoon, Fanny Lane looked full in John Bassett's face, and said:

"I have seen you before, Mr. Bassett —I saw you at the camp-meeting. You went out in the middle of the last prayer,—and I thought it was so very wrong of you."

John was dumbfounded. All the old bewilderment of senses and emotions which he had felt at his first sight of this girl, rushed back upon him now,—also something of the old terror. How could he be sure that she had not seen him during the whole time he had spent in watching her? How could he be sure that she had not read his thoughts and feelings in his face? How could he be sure that she was not at this very moment reading clearly all his discomforts and perplexity? Heartily, John wished himself and his horses safely back on the Bassett farm.

But all that Miss Lane saw of this mental perturbation was a slight hesitancy and slowness of speech, which she set down to the natural shyness of a rural man—unaccustomed to be at ease with city women; and she found something very quaint and amusing in John's concise reply:

"I do not think any one heard me go out. No one looked up that I saw."

As Miss Lane's eyes were probably the only eyes in that whole congregation which were not devoutly closed at the moment when John stole away so noiselessly on the grass, John had the best of this little opening passage at arms,—how much the best

he did not dream, and would have been astonished if he had known that his companion was saying to herself at that moment: "How clever of him! Of course I should never have known that he had gone out if I had not been gazing about at everything," and Fanny Lane looked with a new interest at John Bassett's face. It was a face that a sensitive and timid woman might fear; but one that a high-spirited and independent woman might welcome with a quick and hearty sense of comradeship and trust. Very calm, very strong, very straightforward was the expression of the face in repose; the eyes were dark blue-gray; the eyebrows and lashes jet black; his smooth-shaved chin was too long and too heavily molded, and his lips were thin rather than full, though the outline of his mouth when closed was rarely fine, and when he smiled it was beautiful. Still, the face was on the whole a stern one, and oftener repelled than won advances from strangers; it compelled confidence, but did not invite familiarity. The more Miss Lane looked at her escort, the more she took satisfaction in his appearance.

"Really," she thought, "this is a god-send; such horses as these, and a man who is not in the least stupid if he is a farmer! We shall have a lovely time on our drives."

And she settled herself back in the broad front seat with a content and pleasurable anticipation which radiated from every feature, and made itself felt like sunshine

"Isn't this lovely, mamma?" she exclaimed. "What a lucky thing that old Kate went lame! These horses are a thousand times better than Mr. Goodenow's. In fact," she added, "that's no way to speak of them; they would be superb horses anywhere; they're not to be spoken of as the same sort of animal as Mr. Goodenow's."

"No," said John quietly.

The tone of the monosyllable meant so much that Fanny Lane exclaimed—

"You love your horses very much, Mr. Bassett, do you not?"

"They are my only brothers," replied John. "I have taken care of them since the day they were born."

"Oh, how perfectly delightful!" cried Fanny. "That's the very thing I have always thought I should like to do,—have a colt for my own in the very beginning when I could play with it as I would with a kitten."

"Yes, that's the only way to have the real comfort of a horse," said John. "They are more intelligent than dogs, and much more loving, if they ever had a chance to show it. You ought to see Tom play hide-and-seek with me; he will hunt the whole place over and never give up till he finds me; and he knows just as quick in the morning if there's a little difference in my tone of speaking to him; if I don't happen to feel quite first-rate myself, he'll poke his nose into my hand, and whinny uneasily, till I speak in a chirker voice to him. I don't really need any reins to guide them. See here," and John suddenly said in a low tone—"Whoa, Tom! Whoa, Jerry!" The horses were trotting at a rapid rate down a little hill. So suddenly that they fell almost on their haunches, the beautifully trained animals came to a full stop, and stood still with their necks arched, their heads down, snorting a little in impatience. The sudden stop had given a severe jar to the wagon, and unfortunately had jolted Aunt Jane forward from her seat.

(To be continued.)

SLUMBER SONG.

FAR away on drowsy pools reposing,
Folded lilies touch the water's edge;
There with hush and shadow, night is closing;
Brown birds nestle low within the sedge.
Here the sea-waves moan and sob,
Snow-flakes whirl, and wind-gusts throb,
But my babe lies closely to me prest:
Sleep, my baby; ah, my baby, rest;
Sweet, my baby, rest.

Far away in inland forests dusky,
Nuts fall stilly on the mossy sod;
Ripened berries breathe out fragrance musky;
Dreaming squirrels idly wink and nod;
Here the crested breakers dash,
Sea-birds scream and storm-winds clash,
But my babe lies warm upon my breast:
Sleep, my baby; ah, my baby, rest;
Sweet, my baby, rest.

WHITE, OF SELBORNE.

GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR BELL.

GILBERT WHITE, the father of English Natural History, and the most charming writer upon the subject which the language has produced, was born in 1720, and died in 1793. He was curate (not vicar, as has been said) of the parish of Selborne, in Hampshire. Here he lived the life of a scholar and of a country parson. Selborne was a somewhat secluded spot, little visited by the fashion and fame of the time. The naturalist and poet had therefore all the more leisure to observe the arrivals of the birds and to note the peculiarities of vegetable, animal, and even human life existing in the little realm of Selborne. White was a great naturalist, but it is chiefly on account of his delightful, almost unequaled, gift of description that he is read now, and will doubtless always be read. He will describe the cackling of fowls in a barn-yard in such a way that chickens become most novel and wonderful creatures. In describing an idiot boy he had known twenty years before, who was fond of honey, and was a skillful bee-catcher, he seems to give his gentle prose almost a buzzing or humming sound. This boy, in the winter, dozed away his time by the fireside in his father's house, but in the summer he was alert and in quest of his game in the fields and on sunny banks. White says:—"Honey-bees, humble-bees and wasps were his prey wherever he found them; he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with a number of these captives; and sometimes he would confine them in bottles. He was a very *Merops apiaster*, or bee-bird; and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to

overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. When metheglin was making he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. As he ran about he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. The lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and except in his favorite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding." The literary excellence of this is wonderful, yet White never appeared to wish to be literary; in some of his happiest passages he seems to be only transcribing a fact in the plainest and simplest language. He does not dilute his pictures with thin reflections which the reader should be allowed to make for himself. Thus when he speaks of the coins of Marcus Aurelius and the Empress Faustina, found at the bottom of Wolmer Pond, where they had been left by the Romans, and which finally came into circulation at Selborne, he says:—"The owners at first held their commodity at a high price, but finding that they were not likely to meet with dealers at such a rate, they soon lowered their terms and sold the fairest as they could. The coins that were rejected became current and passed for farthings at the petty shops." A modern essayist would not have lost the chance to point the humorous and poetical suggestions of the incident. But White, being full of such facts, passes on to the next. Gilbert White took a life-time to make his "Selborne." He has given to it the calmness, the benevolence, the content of his long life. It shows him as a man of culture and books, as well as of the fields. He was of a gentle yet independent mind, giving to other subjects the same clearness of vision with which he looked upon the external world. His quiet, orderly and delicate nature is impressed upon every page of his work. He performs his parish duties. He talks with the farmers and villagers about the bird and plant life which he is studying. He takes his walks. He rises in the morning to look at his sun-dial, or to record the fall of the rain. The book is full of the spirit of a man whose main joy is in the discovery of some long-concealed mystery of the life of birds, whose most poignant regret is to find that the honey-dew has defaced his honeysuckles. "My honeysuckles," he says of the sultry season of 1783, "which were one week ago the most sweet and lovely objects which the eye could behold, became the next the most loathsome; being enveloped in a viscous substance and loaded with black *aphides*, or smother-flies."

White was born in Selborne, as we have said, in 1720. He received his earlier education at Basingstoke, under the Rev. Thomas Warton, vicar of that town, and the father of two distinguished men, Dr. Joseph Warton, Master of Winchester School, and Mr. Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He entered Oriel College, Oxford, and took his degree in 1743. In 1744, he was elected a fellow of his college. He was evidently an excellent scholar, but having no ambition either for collegiate or priestly honors, he retired to his native village of Selborne, and lived there or in its vicinity till the time of his death. As he never married, he retained the income of his fellowship, and appears to have had, besides, a small property of his own. He was, during a good part of his life, a clergyman without a cure. It was not until late in life that he became curate of Selborne. The house in which he lived, and of which we have such charming pictures, was not the vicarage, but was his own. It is strange that so little of personal knowledge concerning him should have come down to us. There is no picture of him. The neglect into which his fame has fallen in Selborne was probably due, in part, to his having been unmarried, for nephews are by no means as good custodians of the fame of a great man as wives, sons, and daughters. We learn from an admirer who went to Selborne fifty years ago to get some account of White, that he was then even able to discover very little. He saw an old dame who had nursed several of his family, and who told him of White, that "he was a still, quiet body, and that there wasn't a bit of harm in him. I'll assure ye, sir, there wasn't a bit." But the inquirer could not have been industrious, for a man by the name of Hale, who died in 1855, had often taken tea with White. Mr. Frank Buckland, the editor of the most recent edition of White's great work,* went very recently to Selborne to acquaint himself with the localities of the parish, and to learn if anything in the way of personal reminiscence might yet remain of the au-

* "Natural History of Selborne," by Gilbert White. With Notes, by Frank Buckland. A chapter on Antiquities, by Lord Selborne. Macmillan: London and New York. The engravings which we present are from this edition, with the exception of the one on page 499, which is a corner of the frontispiece of the edition of 1813.

thor. Selborne, Mr. Buckland found a very pretty place,—a model of English woodland scenery and country life. The village he thinks but little changed since White's day, except that some of the shops have glass windows, which would astonish White considerably if he could see them. Professor Bell, who resides in White's house, and has had for many years an edition of White in preparation, showed Mr. Buckland the house. On entering, the visitor found himself in an antehall with a very low roof and whitewashed ceiling. White's study was a plain room, admirably adapted for quiet writing and thought. His book-case, in which his books were formerly kept, is still in the study, and is a simple wooden case, with a brass wire netting. The books have been dispersed, it is not known where. At one end of the case is fastened the thermometer by means of which White took his observations. Professor Bell pointed out a portrait of White's grandfather, whose face Mr. Buckland describes as strong and intelligent, and certainly that of a well-marked character. White's walking-stick was in one corner of the room; it is a pale Malacca cane; on the top is a silver plate bearing the figure of an heraldic creature, meant for a parrot. The naturalist probably wore a clerical wig, knee-breeches, and buckles. In the edition of 1813, there is a general view of Selborne; the figure standing on the brow of the hill, supposed to be White himself, is in the old-fashioned costume of

CORNER OF FRONTISPIECE TO AN OLD EDITION OF WHITE.

White's time. From the same edition, we have borrowed a picture of the old naturalist in small-clothes, poking a snake with his cane. Of personal reminiscence, Mr. Buckland, after such a lapse of time, was, of course, able to gather very little. One villager told him that "White was thought very little of till he was dead and gone, and then he was thought a great deal of." The villager referred him to a Mrs. Small, who was ninety-three years old. Mrs. Small was born in 1782, and was consequently eleven years old at the time of White's death. She could not recollect much about him, except that "he was a quiet old gentleman with very old-fashioned sayings," and that there was in White's time "a butcher shop opposite his door, and a butcher shop is there now." She said:—"Mr. White used to give a number of poor people a goose every Christmas. He was very kind in giving presents to the poor. He used to keep a *locust*, which crawled about in the garden." Mr. Buckland, remembering White's tortoise "Timothy," suggested "tortoise." She said:—"Ah, that's what I mean." She said that one old Dame Perry knew all about White, but that old Dame Perry had been dead fifty years. Professor Bell's gardener told Mr. Buckland that he knew an old man named James Cobb, who was nearly ninety, and who was eight years old when White died. When Cobb saw Mr. White coming he used to run and put stones into the ruts and fill them up. Mr. White used to give him a penny, and say, "Good boy, good boy." The old Mr. Hale, whom we have referred to as being sixteen years old when White died, and who had often taken tea with him, described White to Professor Bell's gardener as a "little, thin, prim, upright man."

Mr. Buckland also saw a number of White's manuscripts, and he discovered from them the way in which his observations came to be so disconnected. When White returned home, his habit was to take a sheet of paper and enter down the observations of the day. These manuscripts, including the correspondence with Linnæus, are to be used in Professor Bell's edition, which is to be one for scholars rather than for general readers. Professor Bell has lived at Selborne thirty-three years, and cherishes White's memory with reverence. The professor took Mr. Buckland into the garden and showed him White's sun-dial still standing. Mr. Buckland tells us that the professor's venerable appearance and the surroundings of his house could not but make him fancy that he was talking to the great Gilbert himself. The picture (page 497), no doubt,

shows the front of the house just as it was, for it has been very little altered in many years. Through this lattice gate Gilbert White passed to and fro into the village highway. The *Plestor* (or playing-place, as the word means), Mr. Buckland says, is the Charing Cross of the village. The oak which White mentions as having stood there before his time is now represented by a sycamore.

It was odd that Mr. Buckland should have seen an idiot boy in Selborne. He was the second villager whom he met. But this idiot had not the liking and the talents for bee-hunting which White's idiot boy had. He gets his living by needle-work with his mother, but toward night-fall he is in the habit of prowling about the place and catching hedgehogs. Mr. Buckland visited most of the village localities, some of them already famous before White's time, with White's book in his hand. While looking at Wolmer Pond, a great portion of which has now become a mass of different kinds of mosses, he had just read this passage from White: "This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowl which not only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in summer"—when up rose nine wild ducks. Mr. Buckland found that the children were quite as many as in White's time. "The parish swarms with children," White wrote, nearly a hundred years ago. The parish still swarms with children, but they are not the children which White saw. The children which he saw are now Mrs. Sewall and old James Cobb.

From some other sources we have been able to gather a little about Gilbert White. There was published in 1840, in "Blackwood's Magazine," a charming account of a visit to Selborne, made in the spring of that year. The writer is a warm-hearted enthusiast, who, though he says he is no naturalist, is evidently a genuine and a worthy admirer of White. The young man has read and re-read the book many times; his fancy is full of Selborne, and he is determined that he shall see it. Young limbs, a warm heart, fresh sympathies, a good appetite, and any quantity of sentiment, make this gentleman's outfit for his visit to the home of White. The visitor came with a friend by the railway to Alton, and the two walked over to Selborne. The landlord of The Royal Arms, suspecting the attraction that made his secluded village classic ground to the stranger, bought two editions of White's book, and promised to search among the village elders for one who could gratify their curiosity concerning White from personal knowledge. In the morning, they visited the neat vicarage in which the naturalist was born. As we have said, the house in which he afterward lived was not the vicarage, but was the private property of his family. It was the only house in the village except the vicarage and one occupied by a farmer, which would have been a fit habitation for a gentleman. Selborne was singularly unprovided with local pretenders to gentility. The Whites were evidently *the* family of the town, and this fact may have in part accounted for the attachment with which Mr. White clung to his native village. It is pleasant to have one place in the world where there is nobody to dispute one's claim to consideration. The writer in "Blackwood's" and his friend visited Wolmer Forest, and sat upon the bank from which Queen Anne saw the herd of five hundred deer driven past. The writer was permitted to enter White's house,—then empty,—to walk into the very garden which held the sundial, and to look at the fruit wall against which the astute tortoise Timotheus used to tilt himself to get the benefit of the sun. Of information concerning White, however, the writer did not carry away much. An old man who attended them at the inn, and who recollected White perfectly well, described him as a man of pleasing countenance, of ordinary stature, of affable and unobtrusive manners, and of a retiring disposition,—much attached to his native village and seldom missed from it for any great length of time,—his establishment consisting of but three servants, and his mode of living strictly economical and gentleman-like. "The only details," says the writer, "which we could expect from our old man, who, though sufficiently garrulous, was far from being lucid, or satisfactory in his description of the philosopher, was that Mr. White had a remarkably handsome foot and leg. Upon this trait of manly beauty in the philosopher, our village Nestor dwelt with peculiar complacency and satisfaction."

It should be said, on the authority of one of his nephews, that Gilbert White's habits were very temperate, and his temper cheerful and social. He was often surrounded by his nephews and nieces, and was on very good terms with the gentry of his neighborhood. As long as his health allowed him, he always attended the annual election of Fellows at Oriel College, Oxford. On this occasion, the gentlemen commoners (these

were the aristocratic undergraduates) were allowed the use of the common room after dinner. They rarely availed themselves of this liberty, except on the occasion of Mr. White's visits. He had such a happy and inimitable manner of relating an anecdote, that the room was always full when he was there.

VIEW OF SELBORNE FROM THE HANGER.

The picture above shows us the view of Selborne from the Hanger. The Hanger is the wood upon the hill which looks down on the village. Does not this picture invite the reader's fancy to Selborne? Would he not wish to go there? Would he not like, on some bright morning, to leave the pleasant inn below, and to climb this hill with White's book in his hand? It will be very easy for him to do so when he next goes to England. Selborne is just on the way from Southampton to London, lying only four miles from the railway.

The parish of Selborne is a large one. It lies on the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex, and not far from the county of Surrey. It is about fifty miles

south-west of London (a great way in White's time), and about fifteen miles due north from the English Channel. The parish is of very irregular shape, being about five miles in breadth from east to west, and having a mean breadth from north to south of perhaps two miles. The Hanger is on a chalk hill, which is south-west of the village, and is about three hundred feet high. The wood of the Hanger is altogether of beech. At the foot of the hill lies the village, which consists of a single shopping street, three-quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale, and running parallel with the Hanger. At each end of the village, which runs from south-east to north-west, there arises a small rivulet. "That at the north-west end," says White, "frequently fails; but the other is a fine perennial spring, called Well-head, little influenced by drought or wet seasons, inasmuch as it produced, on the 14th of September, 1781, after a severe hot summer and a preceding dry spring and winter, nine gallons of water in a minute, at a time when many of the wells failed, and all the ponds in the vales were dry." The church, with its great yew-tree, of which White writes a great deal, is in the center of the village. Near it is a square surrounded by houses, and called the Plestor. Here stood in old times an oak, which perished years before White's birth, but of which he might easily have heard from contemporaries of his own who had seen it. It is described in one of his best known passages: "In the midst of this spot (the Plestor) stood in old times a vast oak with a short, squat body and huge horizontal arms, extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings; where the former sate in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them. Long might it have stood, had not the amazing tempest in 1703 overturned it at once, to the infinite regret of the inhabitants and the vicar, who bestowed several pounds in setting it in its place again; but all his care could not avail; the tree sprouted for a time, then withered and died. This oak I mention to show to what bulk planted oaks also may arrive; and planted this tree must certainly have been, as appears from what is known concerning the antiquities of the village." The church, which is near the Plestor, Gilbert White tells us, has no great pretensions to antiquity, not dating farther back than the beginning of the reign of Henry VII. The pillars, however, are older, being of that low, thick order called Saxon; they no doubt upheld the roof of the former church. He tells us that he remembers himself the beams of the middle aisle hung with garlands in honor of young women of the parish, reputed to have died virgins; and recollects to have seen the clerk's wife cutting, in white paper, the resemblances of gloves and ribbons to be twisted into knots and roses to decorate these memorials of chastity. In the next parish of Faringdon, garlands of this kind were to be seen at the time that White wrote his "Antiquities." White tells a pretty story about one of the bells in the tower of Selborne Church. The old bells, three in number, loud and out of tune, were taken down in 1735, and cast into four. Sir Simeon Stuart, a magnate of the neighborhood, added a fifth at his own ex-

THE WELL-HEAD.

pense, and bestowed upon it the name of his favorite daughter, Mary. He caused the following motto to be cast round it:

> "Clara puella dedit, dixitque mihi esto Maria:
> Illius et laudes nomen ad astra sono;"

which, being freely translated, means: "A distinguished young lady gave me, and said that my name should be Mary: I sound to the stars her name and praises." The day of the arrival of the bells at the village was observed as a high festival, and made more joyous by an order from the giver that the treble bell should be fixed bottom upward in the ground and filled with punch, of which all present were to partake.

The Knights Templars, who had considerable property in Selborne, and who had a preceptory about a mile from the village, are, some of them, buried in Selborne church; at least, White believed that some of the coffins he examined were those of Knights Templars. The order was distinguished by a red cross on the left shoulder of their cloak and by this symbol in their hand. White found their symbols on some of the coffin lids. If these bones were those of Knights Templars, they must have lain there for many centuries, and the church must have been very old, since the order came to England in King Stephen's reign in 1113, and was dissolved in the time of Edward II., in 1312. The church-yard, for so large a church, is extremely small. Gilbert White's grave is marked only by a simple stone bearing his initials, he having asked in his will that no monument was to be erected to him, "not desiring to have his name recorded save in the book of life." Gilbert White is buried on the east of the church. But he tells us that in his own time "all wish to be buried on the south side, which is become such a mass of mortality that no person can be there interred without disturbing or displacing the bones of his ancestors." In the church-yard was, and still is, a magnificent yew-tree, which White tells us was twenty-three feet in girth, but which Mr. Buckland says to be twenty-five feet. White mentions the tree often in his "Antiquities," and discourses upon it after his manner. The yew-tree in the church-yard was a male, as were most of the trees in the neighborhood. But he mentions a common-sized female tree in the village which bore a great crop of berries. These berries were blown down into the road, where the hogs and cows ate them. The hogs suffered no inconvenience from the repast, but milch cows often died after eating the berries. White found also that the twigs and leaves of yew, though eaten in very small quantity, were certain and speedy death to horses and cows. He mentions cases of horses tied to a yew hedge, or to a faggot stack of dead yew, being found dead by their owners. White tells of one of his friends who, in the island of Ely, had the mortification to see nine young steers or bullocks of his own lying dead in a heap from browsing on a hedge of yew.

Two of the celebrated localities of Selborne were the priory and Wolmer Forest. The priory of Selborne was founded by Peter de la Roche, an accomplished young French soldier, who in King John's time had come to England and had got access to the English court. John appointed him, in 1205, bishop of Winchester. After his return from Palestine he founded, in 1232, the priory of Selborne. White's "Antiquities" is mainly taken up with the history of this priory. The priory appears to have been a rather disorderly and irreligious place.

THE PLESTOR.

At any rate, Pope Innocent VIII., by a bull, in 1486, suppressed the convent, and ordered that its revenues should be turned over to Magdalen College, Oxford. The immense buildings had entirely disappeared in White's time. Time and avarice had borne their part in the demolition of the vast structure. Wantonness, no doubt, had of doing some mischief gave a zest to the enterprise. As Dryden says upon another occasion—

"'It look'd so like a sin it pleased the more.'"

The priory was south of the village; Wolmer Forest is east of it. Wolmer Forest is a tract of country which has a history of

ANOTHER VIEW OF GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE.

a share in the work, for, says White, in his quaint and serious manner: "Boys love to destroy what men venerate and admire." As is his wont, he gives a reminiscence of one of his own young escapades:—"A remarkable instance of this propensity the writer can give from his own knowledge. When a school-boy, more than fifty years ago, he was eye-witness, perhaps a party concerned, in the undermining a portion of that fine old ruin at the north end of Basingstoke Town, well known by the name of Holy Ghost Chapel. Very providentially, the vast fabric, which these thoughtless little engineers endeavored to sap, did not give way so soon as might have been expected; but it fell the night following with such violence that it shook the very ground, and awakening the inhabitants of the neighboring cottages, made them start up from their beds as if they had felt an earthquake. The motive for this dangerous attempt does not so readily appear; perhaps the more danger the more honor, thought the boys; the notion its own. In White's time it was seven miles in length, by two in breadth. It was covered entirely with heath and fern, and had not one standing tree in its whole extent.* Kings have not disdained to hunt in this domain. That weak Prince, Edward II., was once hunting there when Morris Ken, of the kitchen, fell from his horse a number of times. The King found himself laughing so immoderately, that he declared him a very amusing fellow; and when the hunt was over, ordered him a gift of twenty shillings,—an enormous sum for those times. The tumbles of Morris Ken had, of course, been intentional. In White's day quantities of partridges were bred in the forest, and black game was only just extinct. Toward the beginning of the last century some five hundred red deer were still kept in the forest. White says that the keeper had assured him that his father had

* "Forest" was the name given to a domain, wooded or unwooded, which was the property of the crown.

often told him that Queen Anne, as she was journeying in this region, did not think Wolmer Forest beneath her royal regard. She reposed herself upon a bank, smoothed for that purpose, and still called Queen's Bank, and saw the whole of a flock of deer, consisting of about five hundred head, brought by the keepers along the vale before her—"a sight," says Mr. White, "worthy of the attention of the greatest sovereign." But the herd rapidly decreased after this, owing to the depredations of the Waltham blacks, as they were called.

About the beginning of the last century, the whole of the neighborhood of Selborne

THE YEW-TREE IN SELBORNE CHURCH-YARD.

was wild about deer-stealing. No young person was admitted to have manhood and gallantry unless he could kidnap a deer. The deer disappeared so rapidly, and the effect of the poaching was so bad upon public morals, that in 1737, the Duke of Cumberland sent down a herdsman and six yeoman-prickers in scarlet jackets laced with gold, attended by stag hounds; they were ordered to capture every deer in the forest alive, and conveyed them to Windsor. White tells us that even in his old age, the race of deer-stealers were hardly yet extinct. It was but a little while before that he used to hear them recount, over their ale, the exploits of their youth, such as watching the pregnant hind to her lair, and when the calf was dropped, paring its feet to the quick to prevent its escape till it was large and fat enough to be killed; the mistaking a neighbor for a deer in the moonlight and shooting at him; or the losing a dog by having a stag spring with his four feet together upon his back and break it. The latter singular story is told by a recent writer upon hunting, as having happened within his experience.

"The Natural History of Selborne" is in the form of letters to two distinguished men of the time,—one, Thomas Pennant, an active and well-known scientific inquirer, and the other, the Hon. Daines Barrington, who was a lawyer, and afterward, we believe, a Welsh judge. Some sixteen or more editions have been published of the work. The volumes have usually contained, besides the "Natural History of Selborne," a shorter work called "The Antiquities of Selborne," and a series of observations. The book was not published till very late in the life of its author, who had no disposition to publish at all, and had, besides, a great horror of reviewers. Mr. White would not have printed his work, had he not been urged to it by his brother Thomas, a Fellow of the Royal

Society. It was not to be expected that it would make any great stir at first. Yet not long after the publication of "Selborne," a striking prophecy was made concerning the future of the book by Dr. Scrope Beardmore, at that time Warden of Merton College, to a nephew of Mr. White's. "Your uncle," the Warden said, "has sent into the world a publication with nothing to call attention to it but an advertisement or two in the newspapers; but, depend upon it, the time will come when very few who buy books will be without it."

That Gilbert White was an elegant scholar, his pages attest plainly. He had a wide range of knowledge, he was the master of a good Latin style, and he knew the literature of his country well, having an extensive acquaintance with it, and a keen perception of its spirit. It is very pleasant when the old naturalist stops to point a reflection with a line from the Latin or the British poets. He wrote some good verses himself, of which, perhaps, the lines called "The Invitation to Selborne" are the most interesting. The reader now knows enough of Selborne to identify the localities referred to.

"See, Selborne spreads her boldest beauties round,
The vary'd valley, and the mountain-ground
Wildly majestic; what is all the pride
Of flats, with loads of ornament supply'd?
Unpleasing, tasteless, impotent expense,
Compar'd with Nature's rude magnificence?

"Oft on some evening, sunny, soft, and still,
The Muse shall hand thee to the beech-grown hill,
To spend in tea the cool, refreshful hour,
Where nods in air the pensile, nest-like bower:
Or where the Hermit hangs his straw-clad cell,
Emerging gently from the leafy dell:
Romantic spot! from whence in prospect lies
Whate'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes;
The pointed spire, the hall, the pasture-plain,
The russet fallow and the golden grain;
The breezy lake that sheds a gleaming light,
'Til all the fading picture fails the sight.

* * * * *

Hark! while below the village bells ring round,
Echo, sweet Nymph, returns the soften'd sound:
But if gusts rise, the rushing forests roar
Like the tide tumbling on the pebbly shore.

"Adown the vale in lone sequester'd nook,
Where skirting woods imbrown the dimpling brook,
The ruin'd Abbey lies: here wont to dwell
The lazy monk within his cloister'd cell;
While papal darkness brooded o'er the land;
Ere Reformation made her glorious stand:
Still oft at eve belated shepherd-swains
See the cowl'd specter skim the folded plains.

* * * * *

"Nor be the Parsonage by the Muse forgot:
The partial bard admires his native spot; *
Smit with its beauties lov'd, as yet a child,
Unconscious why, its 'scapes grotesque and wild:
High on a mound th' exalted gardens stand;
Beneath, deep vallies scoop'd by Nature's hand.

* * * * *

"Me, far above the rest, Selbornian scenes,
The pendent forest and the mountain-greens,
Strike with delight * * * there speeds the distant view
That gradual fades 'til sunk in misty blue:
Here Nature hangs her slopy woods to sight,
Rills purl between and dart a wavy light.

"When deep'ning shades obscure the face of day
To yonder bench leaf-sheltered let us stray,
To hear the drowsy dor come brushing by
With buzzing wing; or the field-cricket cry;
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood;
Or catch the distant falling of the flood;
While high in air, and poised upon his wings,
Unseen the soft enamored wood-lark sings; †
These, Nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing, melancholy joy:
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek and thrills the creeping vein!

"Each rural sight, each sound, each smell combine;
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze;
Or cottage-chimney smoking through the trees.

"The chilling night-dews fall * * * away, retire,
What time the glow-worm lights her amorous fire." ‡

This poem was written by the naturalist to his nephew. The letter which accompanied it is printed for the first time in Mr. Buckland's edition. It begins modestly: "Dear Sam, when I sat down to write to you in verse, my whole design was to show you how easy a thing it might be, with a little care, for a Nephew to excel his Uncle in the business of versification: but as you have fully answered that intent by your late excellent lines; you must for the future excuse my replying in the same way, and make some allowance for the difference of our ages." There are in this letter some critical remarks on poetry which strike us as very just and felicitous. He says of Dryden's use of a third line: "Another beauty should not be passed over, and that is, the use of throwing the sense and pause into the third line. Dryden introduced this practice, and carried it to great perfection; but his successor, Pope, by his overexactness, cor-

* The vicarage, White's birthplace.
† In hot summer nights in England, wood-larks soar to a prodigious height, and hang singing in the air.
‡ The light of the glow-worm is a signal to her paramour, —a dusky, slender scarab.

rected away that noble liberty, and almost reduced every sentence within the narrow bounds of a couplet." He says about rhymes: "I need not add, that you should be careful to seem not to take any pains about your rhimes; they should fall in, as it were, of themselves. Our old poets labored as much to lug in two chiming words, as a butcher does to drag an ox to be slaughtered; but Mr. Pope has set such a pattern of ease in that way, that few composers now are faulty in the business of rhiming."

White introduces his natural history into his poetry. Thus in "The Naturalist's Summer Evening Walk," he puts in verse the inquiry, often expressed in his prose, concerning the winter quarters of the swallow:

"Amusive birds! say where your hid retreat
When the frost rages and the tempests beat;
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When Spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The God of Nature is your secret guide."

This was the day in which a writer of acceptable verse was styled a "performer." If the reader wishes to see how an author whose poetry is not much better than most other people's may write prose which can no more be imitated than Homer, which can no more be duplicated than the exquisite mind it expresses, he should read White's "Selborne."

With the exception of the accounts of the tortoise and the bee-hunting idiot boy, there is, perhaps, nowhere in White's book a more remarkable piece of description than his chapter upon the voices of wild birds and domestic fowls. The woodpecker, he tells us, sets up "a sort of loud and hearty laugh," while the fern-owl or goat-sucker, from dusk till daybreak, "serenades his mate with the clattering of castenets." The reader who has not already made White's acquaintance may judge from the following passage upon poultry how inimitable his power is:

"No inhabitants of the yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression and so copious a language as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately sieze its prey with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or bee, at once its note becomes harsh and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, she intimates the event by a joyous, soft and easy note. Of all the occurrences of their life, that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as the hen becomes a mother, her new relation demands a new language; she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated, as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary; if he finds food, he calls a favorite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phases and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing; by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum, as the watchman that pro-

THE GRAVE OF GILBERT WHITE.

claims the divisions of the night. Thus the poet elegantly styles him—

"* * * the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours."

In this chapter Gilbert White tells a most dramatic story of a neighbor who had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a faggot pile and the end of his house, to the place where his coops stood. The owner, vexed to see his flock diminishing, hung a net between the pile and the house, into which the bird dashed and was entangled. The gentleman's resentment suggested a fit retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. "Imagination," says Mr. White, "cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage and revenge inspired were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before; the exasperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they insulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in a hundred pieces."

Timothy, the tortoise, is first mentioned in the letter of October, 1770. As White endowed this animal with an unusual degree of affection and humor, and as the tortoise has attained a fame such as falls to the lot of comparatively few men, its history may be given with some particularity. The tortoise had been living some thirty years in the garden of a house in Sussex, which White was visiting. He wrote:—"A land tortoise, which has been kept for thirty years in a little walled court, belonging to the house where I am now visiting, retires underground about the middle of November, and comes forth again about the middle of April. When it first appears in the spring, it discovers very little inclination towards food, but in the height of summer grows voracious; and then, as the summer declines, its appetite declines also, so that for the last six weeks in autumn it hardly eats at all. Milky plants, such as lettuces, dandelions, sow-whistles, are its favorite dish. In a neighboring village one was kept till, by tradition, it was supposed to be a hundred years old,—an instance of vast longevity in such a poor reptile."

Two years afterward, Gilbert White again speaks of his Sussex tortoise. He then notes two of the creature's characteristics,—its dislike of rain and its sagacity. The extreme dislike of rain seemed strange in an animal whose shell would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart. "Yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinkling, and running its head up in a corner." It showed its sagacity in discerning those who were kind to it; for as soon as the good old lady came in sight who had waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbled toward her with awkward alacrity; but it took no notice of strangers. In 1780 White wrote to Mr. Barrington that the old Sussex tortoise had become his property. When he took it out of its winter dormitory it was sufficiently awakened to express its resentment by hissing; but when let out into his own garden it soon got underground. A mild and moist afternoon in spring brought it forth, and also a quantity of shell-snails. The old naturalist is delighted with this "curious coincidence," with this "amusing occurrence," is astonished at "such a similarity of feeling between two φερσοίκοί." (Φερσοίκοί is the Greek for "house-bearers," for so the Greeks called both the shell-snail and the tortoise: the word had a curious secondary meaning; the Greeks applied it to young women who brought dowries to their husbands, and who might well be considered as bringing their houses on their backs.) White found his tortoise very clever, and describes a number of his traits in order to show that he is not the abject reptile he is thought. Though he loves hot weather, he avoids the hot sun, because his thick shell, when once heated, would scald his back. "He therefore," says White, "spends the more sultry hours under the umbrella of a large cabbage leaf, or midst the waving forests of an asparagus-bed." But as he avoids heat in the summer, so in the decline ot the year he improves the faint autumnal beams by getting within the reflection of a fruit wall, and "though he has never read that planes inclining to the horizon receive a greater share of warmth," he inclines his shell by tilting it against the wall, to collect and admit every feeble ray. Notwithstanding his customary torpor, the naturalist relates that there is a season of the year (usually the beginning of June) when his exertions are remarkable. "He then walks on tiptoe, and is stirring by five in the morning; and, traversing the garden, examines every wicket and interstice in the fences, through which he will escape if possible; and often has eluded the care of the gardener, and wandered to some distant

field. The motives that impel him to undertake these rambles seem to be of the amorous kind; his fancy then becomes intent on sexual attachments, which transport him beyond his usual gravity, and induce him to forget for a while his ordinary solemn deportment."

It was this tortoise for whom Gilbert White wrote a letter to Miss Mulso, the sister of his intimate friend. The letter is

THE SWALLOW.

signed "Timothy," and gives a humorous account of the history of the supposed author. He tells his correspondent that he is an American, that he was born in the province of Virginia in the year 1734, and that he remembers the death, at the age of 160, of his great-great-grandfather, though funerals are rare occasions among tortoises. Some ship-boy wandering about happened to see him, and whipping him into his wallet, carried him aboard his vessel. He was thus brought to Chichester, in England, where he was sold to a country gentleman for a half-crown. This old gentleman, naming him Timothy, handed him over to the care of his wife, a benevolent and humane lady, of whom he became very fond. From her he passed to her nephew, who was a naturalist, and who made him the subject of many whimsical experiments. Timothy objects to the ridicule which he receives on all sides, saying: "Sometimes my master repeats with much seeming triumph the following lines, which occasion a loud laugh:

"'Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre.'

"For my part I see no wit in the application, nor know whence the verses are quoted." But such grievances, he says, are very trifling by the side of his greatest misfortune, the absence of his kind. He concludes: "Suppose you were to be kidnapped away tomorrow in the bloom of your life to a land of tortoises, and were never again to see a human face for fifty years!!! Think on this, dear lady, and pity your sorrowful reptile, Timothy."

An old bachelor who attains literary distinction, is frequently said to have been attached to a lady who became Mrs. Somebody Else. It is hinted that there was some partial feeling on White's part to this Miss Mulso, who became Mrs. Chapone. An interesting and amusing series of letters passed between them. White's letters, unfortunately, were destroyed.

As an observer, White aimed always to be exact, and, like every genuine man of science, believed in the necessity of absolute candor. Thus he says, concerning the ousel, in writing to Mr. Pennant: "You put a very shrewd question when you ask me how I know that their autumnal migration is southward. Were not candor and openness the very soul of natural history, I should pass over this query just as a sly commentator does over a crabbed passage in a classic." A question upon which White is evidently very curious is as to the hibernation of swallows. To this he returns again and again. He knew that most swallows migrate, but some few were seen so late in the autumn, and so early in the spring, that it was certain they did not leave England; and as they were nowhere to be seen during the winter months, the conclusion was that they hibernated. The opinion of recent inquirers is against White's notion.

What is fortunate and peculiar in Gilbert White's treatment of the natural facts concerning which he is curious, is that he touches little or nothing which is not interesting to the least educated and least attentive mind, or which he does not contrive to make so. His eye is always open to the simple wonders he sees about him, and he appears to be by nature attracted most to those facts which make the best stories. Perhaps it is a cat whose kittens have been destroyed, who comes purring up the garden walk with a little rabbit she was suckling. (It is very hard to refer to one of these stories without transcribing a sentence of White's exquisite description.) This incident, he says, supports him in his belief of some of the marvels of history:—"For it is not one whit more marvelous that Romulus and Remus, in their infant state, should have been nursed by a she-wolf than that a poor little suckling leveret should be fostered and cherished by a bloody grimalkin." But even such subjects as the weather and the fall of the rain become extremely attractive in White's hands. He talks quaintly of the wet season of 1764, of the fierce heats of 1781, and of the great snow-storm of 1776, in a way which brings the man and the time very distinctly before us. The oldest inhabitant was then just as much puzzled at these anomalies as we know him to be at similar ones to-day. In the great snow-storm of 1776, he went to London "through a sort of Laplandian scene, very wild and grotesque indeed. But the metropolis exhibited a still more singular appearance than the country; for being bedded deep in snow, the pavement of the streets could not be touched by the wheels or the horses' feet, so that the carriages ran about without the least noise. Such an exemption from din and clatter was strange, but not pleasant; it seemed to convey an uncomfortable idea of desolation:

"'* * * * ipsa silentia terrent.'"

It would be interesting to know something of the character of Gilbert White as a clergyman. But a single sermon of his has come down to us. This sermon I have seen at the New York Society Library, the only library in which I was able to find a copy. It was printed in the "Journal of Sacred Literature" for 1863, to which it was sent by Mr. White's grand-nephew. The sermon was written in 1748, when the author was about twenty-eight, and preached for the last time in 1792, about eight months before his death. The author's spelling and punctuation are retained. It is a good sermon. It has been said of the preaching of the middle of the last century that "it consisted of a dry morality from which every distinctively Christian element was struck out for the sake of a barren philosophy." This sermon of White's certainly does not bear out this view. What is most remarkable about it is, that though written when its author was a very young man, it presents him much as we have known him later. The gentle ideal of life which his completed career furnishes us was evidently before his eyes in youth. He appears to have changed but little. An equal temper, a mind little moved by passion, and always ready to answer the call of reason, a love toward God and man,—these are the sentiments of his youth, and are the characteristics of his old age. The text is from the First Epistle of John, iv. 20. "He that says he loves God, but hateth his brother, is a Lyar; for if he loves not his Brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Mr. White begins by remarking that the statement made in the text might seem untrue. Though God does not exhibit himself to human view, yet his wisdom, power and goodness are so visible in his works, as to allure any one who considers them to the love of so excellent a being. But human nature is so depraved and wicked that barely to know it is to be under a kind of necessity of hating it. And, therefore, why may we not—persons who reason thus would say—love God, whom we have not seen, better than our brother whom we have seen. But however specious this argument may appear, continues the preacher, the assertion of the text must be true, because it is the declaration of the Scriptures. If we duly weigh the reasons on which it is based, moreover, we shall be convinced by them. First of all, supposing brother to mean "brother in the faith," the preacher asks: "And who can hate his Brother? Such an amiable and engaging person, who hath all the charms of Sobriety, Righteousness and Holiness, who lives like an Angel or Son of God here on Earth," and who, moreover, is helpful to all mankind to the utmost of his power? But we must love our brother also in the sense that we must love every descendant of Adam, and for this he gives the following excellent reasons: None of the considerations whereby people urge that they cannot love their brethren ever hinder them from loving themselves. Again: are we not all the time loving, from motives of feeling merely, unworthy

persons? Do we not connive at the vices of those for whom we have by nature a kindness, and love them never the worse? Is it not usual for men to bear with the ill-humors and vices of those from whom they have worldly expectations and a prospect of temporal advantages? This, continues the preacher, "shows the *possibility* of putting the duty of general Love in practice notwithstanding the forementioned objections of the Impracticability of it, upon the Score of the Immorality and Odiousness of the greatest part of mankind." Finally, men are liars who make a show of loving God without loving their brethren; because the love of God is a higher and more difficult duty than the love of men. The love of God is only attainable by practicing the love of man, which is preparative to it. If people will not follow nature in her most urgent affections and importunate requests, how should they ever expect to arrive at the higher attainments of grace and spiritual perfection? "If such motives [these are the preacher's closing words] cannot work in us Tenderness and Commiseration, 'tis not at all credible that God, who dwells far above out of our sight and whom we cannot approach unto, should ever come within our inquiry or be any way regarded by us; but, on the contrary, be as far out of our Minds and Affections as he is out of our Sight."

OLD SUN-DIAL, IN WHITE'S GARDEN.

A VALENTINE.

I'm not in love, my love, oh, no!
'Tis thou, as I can prove;
For thou art folded closely in
And sheltered with my love.

It hovers o'er thee all the time;
It follows all thy ways;
It folds thee, sweet, where'er thou art,
And compasses thy days.

I'm not in love, my love, oh, no!
But *thou* art held there, tight.
Send me (the poor outsider) dear,
One little ray of light.

Bid me approach, and enter in,
So, both our lives may shine,
That *I* may also be in love
Like thee, my Valentine.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

"SHE DREW THE CURLY HEAD DOWN UPON HER LAP."

CHAPTER XXI.

DERRICK had had a great deal to think about of late. Affairs at the mines had been troublesome, as usual, and he had been often irritated by adverse circumstances, and the stupidity of the men who were in authority over him. He began to feel, moreover, that an almost impalpable barrier had sprung up between himself and his nearest friend. When he came to face the matter, he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that there were things he had kept from Grace, though it had been without any positive intention of concealment. And, perhaps, being the sensitive fellow he had called him, Grace had felt that there was something behind his occasional abstraction and silence, and had shrunk within himself, feeling a trifle hurt at Derrick's want of frankness and confidence.

Hardly a day passed in which he did not spend some short time in the society of his Pythias. He rarely passed his lodgings without dropping in, and, to-night, he turned in on his way from the office, and fell upon Grace hard at work over a volume of theology.

"Lay your book aside," he said to him. "I want to gossip this evening, old fellow."

Grace closed his book and came to his usual seat, smiling affectionately. There was a suggestion of feminine affectionateness in his bearing toward his friend.

"Gossip," he remarked. "The word gossip ——"

"Oh," put in Derrick, "it is a woman's word; but I am in a womanish sort of humor. I am going to be—I suppose, one might say—confidential."

The Reverend Paul reddened a little; but as Derrick rather avoided looking at him he did not observe the fact.

"Grace," he said, after a silence, "I have a sort of confession to make. I am in a difficulty, and I rather blame myself for not having come to you before."

"Don't blame yourself," said the curate, faintly. "You—you are not to blame."

Then Derrick glanced up at him quickly. This sounded so significant of some previous knowledge of his trouble, that he was taken aback. He could not quite account for it.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that you have guessed it already?"

"I have thought so—sometimes I have thought so—though I feel as if I ought almost to ask your pardon for going so far."

Grace had but one thought as he spoke. His friend's trouble meant his friend's honor and regard for himself. It was for his sake that Derrick was hesitating on the brink of a happy love—unselfishly fearing for him. He knew the young man's impetuous generosity, and saw how, under the circumstances, it might involve him. Loving Anice Barholm with the full strength of a strong nature, Derrick was generous enough still to shrink from his prospect of success with the woman his friend had failed to win.

Derrick flung himself back in his chair with a sigh. He was thinking with secret irritation, that he must have felt even more than he had acknowledged to himself, since he had in all unconsciousness confessed so much.

"You have saved me the trouble of putting into words a feeling I have not words to explain," he said. "Perhaps that is the reason why I have not spoken openly before, Grace,"—abruptly,—"I have fancied there was a cloud between us."

"Between us!" said Grace, eagerly and warmly. "No, no! That was a poor fancy indeed; I could not bear that."

"Nor I," impetuously. "Don't let me fear that. But I cannot be explicit even now, Grace—even my thoughts are not explicit. I have been bewildered and—yes, amazed—amazed at finding that I had gone so far without knowing it. Surely there never was a passion—if it is really a passion—that had so little to feed upon."

"So little!" echoed Grace.

Derrick got up and began to walk across the floor.

"I have nothing—nothing, and I am beset on every side."

There is something extraordinary in the blindness of a man with an absorbing passion. Absorbed by his passion for one woman, Grace was blind to the greatest of inconsistencies in his friend's speech and manner. Absorbed in his passion for another woman, Derrick forgot for the hour everything concerning his friend's love for Anice Barholm.

Suddenly he paused in his career across the room.

"Grace," he said, "I cannot trust myself; but I can trust you. I cannot be unselfish in this—you can. Tell me what I am to do—answer me this question, though God knows, it would be a hard one for any man to answer. Perhaps I ought not to ask it—perhaps I ought to have decision enough to answer it myself without troubling you. But how can I? And you, who are so true to yourself and to me in other things, will be true in this, I know. This feeling is stronger than all else—so strong that I have feared and failed to comprehend it. I had not even thought of it until it came upon me with fearful force, and I am conscious that it has not reached its height yet. It is not an ignoble passion, I know. How could a passion for such a creature be ignoble? And yet again, there have been times when I have felt that perhaps it was best to struggle against it. I am beset on every side, as I have said, and I appeal to you. Ought love to be stronger than all else? I used to tell myself so, before it came upon me—and now I can only wonder at myself and tremble to find that I have grown weak."

God knows it was a hard question he had asked of the man who loved him; but this man did not hesitate to answer it as freely as if he had had no thought that he was signing the death-warrant of all hopes for himself. Grace went to him and laid a hand upon his broad shoulder.

"Come and sit down and I will tell you," he said, with a pallid face.

Derrick obeyed his gentle touch with a faint smile.

"I am too fiery and tempestuous, and you want to cool me," he said. "You are as gentle as a woman, Grace."

The curate standing up before him, a slight, not at all heroic figure in his well-worn, almost threadbare garments, smiled in return.

"I want to answer your question," he said, "and my answer is this: When a man loves a woman wholly, truly, purely, and to her highest honor,—such love is the highest and noblest thing in this world, and nothing should lead to its sacrifice,—no ambition, no hope, no friendship."

CHAPTER XXII.

"I DUNNOT know what to mak' on her," Joan said to Anice, speaking of Liz. "Sometimes she is i' sich spirrits that she's fairly flighty, an' then again, she's aw fretted an' crossed with ivverything. Th' choild seems to worrit her to death."

"That lass o' Lowrie's has made a bad bargain, i' takin' up wi' that wench," said a

townswoman to Grace. "She's noan one o' th' soart as 'll keep straight. She's as shallow as a brook i' midsummer. What's she doin' leavin' th' young un to Joan, and gaddin' about wi' ribbins i' her bonnet? Some lasses would na ha' th' heart to show theirsens."

The truth was that the poor weak child was struggling feebly in deep waters again. She had not thought of danger. She had only been tired of the monotony of her existence, and had longed for a change. If she had seen the end she would have shrunk from it before she had taken her first step. She wanted no more trouble and shame, she only wanted variety and excitement.

She was going down a by-lane leading to the Maxeys' cottage, and was hurrying through the twilight, when she brushed against a man who was lounging carelessly along the path, smoking a cigar, and evidently enjoying the balmy coolness of the summer evening. It was just light enough for her to see that this person was a gentleman, well-dressed, and young, and with a certain lazily graceful way of moving, and it was just light enough for this person to see that the half-frightened face she lifted was pretty and youthful. But, having seen this much, he must surely have recognized more, for he made a quick backward step.

"Liz!" he said. "Why, Liz, my girl!"

And Liz stood still. She stood still, because, for the moment, she lost the power of motion. Her heart gave a great wild leap, and, in a minute more, she was trembling all over with a strange, dreadful emotion. It seemed as if long, terrible months were blotted out, and she was looking into her cruel lover's face, as she had looked at it last. It was the man who had brought her to her greatest happiness and her deepest pain and misery. She could not speak at first; but soon she broke into a passion of tears. It evidently made the young man uncomfortable—perhaps it touched him a little. Ralph Landsell's nature was not unlike Liz's own. He was invariably swayed by the passing circumstances,—only, perhaps he was a trifle more easily moved by an evil impulse than a good one. The beauty of the girl's tearful face, too, overbalanced his first feeling of irritation at seeing her and finding that he was in a difficult position. Then he did not want her to run away and perhaps betray him in her agitation, so he put out his hand and laid it on her shoulder.

"Hush," he said. "Don't cry. What a poor little goose you are. Somebody will hear you."

The girl made an effort to free herself from his detaining hand, but it was useless. Light as his grasp was, it held her.

"Let me a-be," she cried, sobbing in a petulant way. "Yo' ha' no reet to hold me. Yo' wur ready enow to let me go when—when I wur i' trouble."

"Trouble!" he repeated after her. "Wasn't I in trouble, too? You don't mean to say you did not know what a mess I was in? I'll own it looked rather shabby, Liz, but I was obliged to bolt as I did. I hadn't time to stay and explain. The governor was down on us, and there would have been an awful row. Don't be hard on a fellow, Lizzie. You're—you're too nice a little girl to be hard on a fellow."

But Liz would not listen.

"Yo' went away an' left me wi'out a word," she said; "yo' went away an' left me to tak' care o' mysen when I could na do it, an' had na strength to howd up agen th' world. I wur turned out o' house an' home, an' if it had na been fur th' hospytal, I might ha' deed i' th' street. Let me go. I dunnot want to ha' awt to do wi' yo'. I nivver wanted to see yore face again. Leave me a-be. It's ower now, an' I dunnot want to get into trouble again."

He drew his hand away, biting his lip and frowning boyishly. He had been as fond of Liz as such a man could be. But she had been a trouble to him in the end, and he had barely escaped, through his cowardly flight, from being openly disgraced and visited by his father's wrath.

"If you had not gone away in such a hurry, you would have found that I did not mean to treat you so badly after all," he said. "I wrote to you and sent you money, and told you why I was obliged to leave you for the time, but you were gone, and the letter was returned to me. I was not so much to blame."

"Th' blame did na fa' on yo'," said Liz. "I tell yo' I wur turnt out, but—it—it does na matter now," with a sob.

Now that she was out of his reach, he discovered that she had not lost all her old attractions for him. She was prettier than ever,—the shawl had slipped from her curly hair, the tears in her eyes made them look large and soft, and gave her face an expression of most pathetic helplessness,—and he really felt that he would like to defend, if not clear himself. So, when she made a

movement as if to leave him, he felt positively anxious to detain her.

"You are not going," he said. "You wont leave a fellow in this way, Lizzie."

The old tone, half caressing, half reproachful, was harder for the girl to withstand than a stronger will could comprehend. It brought back so much to her,—those first bright days, her poor, brief little reign, her childish pleasures, his professed love for her, all her lost delight. If she had been deliberately bad, she would have given way that instant, knowing that she was trifling on the brink of sin once more. But she was not bad, only emotional, weak and wavering. The tone held her one moment and then she burst into fresh tears, passionate, and unrestrained.

"I wunnot listen to yo'," she cried. "I wunnot listen to yo'. I wunnot—I wunnot," and before he had time to utter another word, she had turned and fled down the lane back toward Joan's cottage, like some hunted creature fleeing for life.

Joan, sitting alone, rose in alarm, when she burst open the door and rushed in. She was quivering from head to foot, panting for breath, and the tears were wet upon her cheeks.

"What is it?" cried Joan. "Lizzie, my lass, what ails yo'?"

She threw herself down upon the floor and hid her face in the folds of Joan's dress.

"I—ha'—I ha' seed a ghost, or—summat," she panted and whimpered. "I—I met summat as feart me."

"Let me go and look what it wur," said Joan. "Was it i' th' lane? Tha art tremblin' aw o'er, Lizzie."

But Liz only clung to her more closely.

"Nay—nay," she protested. "Tha shall na go. I'm feart to be left—an'—an' I dunnot want yo' to go. Dunnot go, Joan, dunnot."

And Joan was fain to remain.

She did not go out into the village for several days after this, Joan observed. She stayed at home and did not even leave the cottage. She was not like herself, either. Up to that time she had seemed to be forgetting her trouble, and gradually slipping back into the enjoyments she had known before she had gone away. Now a cloud seemed to be upon her. She was restless and nervous, or listless and unhappy. She was easily startled, and now and then Joan fancied that she was expecting something unusual to happen. She lost color and appetite, and the child's presence troubled her more than usual. Once, when it set up a sudden cry, she started, and the next moment burst into tears.

"Why, Liz!" said Joan, almost tenderly. "Yo' mun be ailin', or yo' hannot getten o'er yore fright yet. Yo're not yoresen at aw. What a simple little lass yo' are to be feart by a boggart i' that way."

"I dunnot know what's the matter wi' me," said Liz, "I dunnot feel reet, somehow. Happen I shall get o'er it i' toime."

But though she recovered herself somewhat, she was not the same girl again. And this change in her it was that made Joan open her heart to Anice. She saw that something was wrong, and noted a new influence at work, even after the girl began to go out again and resume her visits to her acquaintances. Then, alternating with fretful listlessness, came tremulous high spirits and feverish fits of gayety.

There came a day, however, when Joan gained a clue to the meaning of this alteration, though never from her first recognition of it, until the end came, did she comprehend it fully. Perhaps she was wholly unconscious of what narrower natures experience. At least her unconsciousness was a noble one. Then, too, she had little opportunity for hearing gossip. She had no visitors, and she was kept much at home with the child, who was not healthy, and who during the summer months was constantly feeble and ailing. Grace, hearing nothing more after the first hint of suspicion, was so far relieved that he thought it best to spare Joan the pain of being stung by it. But there came a piece of news to Joan that troubled her.

"There's a young sprig o' one o' th' managers stayin' at th' 'Queen's Arms,'" remarked a pit woman one morning. "He's a foine young chap, too—dresses up loike a tailor's dummy, an' looks as if he'd stepped reet square out o' a bandbox. He's a son o' owd Landsell's."

Joan stopped a moment at her work.

"Are yo' sure o' that?" she asked, anxiously.

"Sure he's Mester Landsell's son? Aye, to be sure it's him. My mester towd me hissen."

This was Liz's trouble, then.

At noon Joan went home full of self-reproach because sometimes her patience had failed her. Liz looked up with traces of tears in her eyes, when Joan came in. Joan did not hesitate. She only thought of giv-

ing her comfort. She went and sat down in a chair near by—she drew the curly head down upon her lap, and laid her hand on it caressingly.

"Lizzie, lass," she said; "yo' need na ha' been afeard to tell me."

There was a quick little pant from Liz, and then a stillness.

"I heard about it to-day," Joan went on, "an' I did na wonder as yo' wur full o' trouble. It brings it back, Liz, I dare say."

The pant became a sob—the sob broke into a low cry.

"Oh, Joan! Joan! dunnot blame me—dunnot. It wur na my fault as he coom, an'—an' I canna bear it."

Even then Joan had no suspicion. To her mind it was quite natural that such a cry of pain should be wrung from the weak heart. Her hand lost its steadiness as she touched the soft, tangled hair more tenderly than before.

"He wur th' ghost as yo' seed i' th' lane," she said. "Wur na he?"

"Aye," wept Liz, "he wur, an' I dare na tell yo'. It seemit loike it tuk away my breath, an' aw my heart owt o' me. Nivver yo' blame me, Joan—nivver yo' be hard on me—ivverything else is hard enow. I thowt I wur safe wi' yo'—I did fur sure."

"An' yo' *are* safe," Joan answered. "Dost tho' think I would turn agen thee? Nay, lass; tha'rt as safe as th' choild is, when I hold it i' my breast. Th' world is so full o' pain, I'd loike to help heal some on it, Liz. I ha' a pain o' my own, Liz, as'll nivver heal, an' I'd loike to know as I'd held out my hond to them as theer is healin' fur. I'd thank God fur th' chance—poor lass—poor lass—poor lass!". And she bent down and kissed her again and again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE night school gained ground steadily. The number of scholars was constantly on the increase, so much so, indeed, that Grace had his hands inconveniently full.

"They have dull natures, these people," said the Reverend Harold; "and in the rare cases where they are not dull, they are stubborn. Absolutely, I find it quite trying to face them at times, and it is not my fortune to find it difficult to reach people as a rule. They seem to have made up their minds beforehand to resent what I am going to say. It is most unpleasant. Grace has been working among them so long that, I suppose, they are used to his methods; he has learned to place himself on a level with them, so to speak. I notice they listen to, and seem to understand him. The fact is, I have an idea that sort of thing is Grace's forte. He is not a brilliant fellow, and will never make any particular mark, but he has an odd perseverance which carries him along with a certain class. Riggan suits him, I think. He has dropped into the right groove."

Jud Bates and "th' best tarrier i' Riggan" were among the most faithful attendants. The lad's fancy for Anice had extended to Grace. Grace's friendly toleration of Nib had done much for him. Nib always appeared with his master, and his manner was as composed and decorous as if rats were subjects foreign to his meditations. His part it was to lie at Jud's feet, his nose between his paws, his eyes twinkling sagaciously behind his shaggy eyebrows, while occasionally, as a token of approval, he wagged his tail. Once or twice, during a fitful and not untroubled slumber, he had been known to give vent to his feelings in a sharp bark, but he never failed to awaken immediately, with every appearance of the deepest abasement and confusion at the unconscious transgression.

During a visit to the rectory one day, Jud's eyes fell upon a book which lay on Anice's table. It was full of pictures—illustrations depicting the adventures and vicissitudes of a fortunate unfortunate, whose desert island has been the paradise of thousands; whose goat-skin habiliments have been more worthy of envy than kingly purple; whose hairy cap has been more significant of monarchy than any crown. For the man who wore these savage garments has reigned supreme in realms of romance, known only in their first beauty to boyhood's ecstatic belief.

Jud put out his hand, and drawing the gold and crimson snare toward him, opened it. When Anice came into the room she found him poring over it. His ragged cap lay with Nib, at his feet, his face was in a glow, his hair was pushed straight up on his head, both elbows were resting on the table. He was spelling his way laboriously, but excitedly, through the story of the foot-print on the sand. Anice waited a moment, and then spoke:

"Jud," she said, "when you can read I will give you 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

In less than six months she was called upon to redeem her promise.

This occurred a few weeks after Craddock had been established at the lodge at the Haviland gates. The day Anice gave Jud his well-earned reward, she had a package to send to Mrs. Craddock, and when the boy came for the book, she employed him as a messenger to the Park.

"If you will take these things to Mrs. Craddock, Jud, I shall be much obliged," she said; "and please tell her that I will drive out to see her to-morrow."

Jud accepted the mission readily. With Nib at his heels, and "Robinson Crusoe" under his arm, three miles were a trivial matter. He trudged off, whistling with keen delight. As he went along he could fortify himself with an occasional glance at the hero and his man Friday. What would he not have sacrificed at the prospect of being cast with Nib upon a desert island?

"Owd Sammy" sat near the chimney-corner smoking his pipe, and making severe mental comments upon the conduct of Parliament, then in session, of whose erratic proceedings he was reading an account in a small but highly seasoned newspaper. Sammy shook his head ominously over the peppery reports, but feeling it as well to reserve his opinions for a select audience at The Crown, allowed Mrs. Craddock to perform her household tasks unmolested.

Hearing Jud at the door, he turned his head.

"It's yo', is it?" he said. "Tha con coom in. What's browten?"

"Summat fur th' missis fro' th' rectory," Jud answered, producing his parcel; "Miss Anice sent me wi' it."

"Tak' it to th' owd lass, then," said Sammy. "Tak' it to her. Tha'lt find her in th' back kitchen."

Having done as he was bidden, Jud came back again to the front room. Mrs. Craddock had hospitably provided him with a huge sandwich of bread and cheese, and Nib followed him with expectant eyes.

"Sit thee down, lad," said Sammy, condescendingly. "Sit thee down, tha'st getten a walk both afore and behind thee. What book 'st getten under thy arm?"

Jud regarded the volume with evident pride and exultation.

"It's Robyson Crusoe, that theer is," he answered.

Sammy shook his head dubiously.

"Dunnot know as I ivver heard on him. He's noan scripter, is he?"

"No," said Jud, repelling the insinuation stoutly; "he is na."

"Hond him over, an' lets ha' a look at him."

Jud advanced.

"Theer's picters in it," he commented eagerly. "Theer's one at th' front. That theer un," pointing to the frontispiece, "that theer's him."

Sammy gave it a sharp glance, then another, and then held the book at arm's length, regarding Robinson's goat-skin habiliments over the rims of his spectacles.

"Wall, I'm domd," he exclaimed. "I'm domd, if I would na loike to see that chap i' Riggan! What's th' felly getten on?"

"He's dressed i' goat-skins. He wur cast upon a desert island, an' had na owt else to wear."

"I thowt he must ha' been reduced i' circumstances, or he'd nivver ha' turnt out i' that rig 'less he thowt more o' comfort than appearances. What wur he doin' a-casting hissen on a desert island? Wur he reet i' th' upper story?"

"He wur shipwrecked," triumphantly. "Th' sea drifted him to th' shore, an' he built hissen a hut, an' gettin' goats an birds, an'—an' aw soarts—an'—it's the graideliest book tha iver seed. Miss Anice gave it me."

"Has she read it hersen?"

"Aye, it wur her as tellt me most on it."

Sammy turned the volume over, and looked at the back of it, at the edges of the leaves, at the gilt-lettered title.

"I would na be surprised," he observed with oracular amiability. "I would na be surprised—if that's th' case—as theer's summat in it."

"That as I've towd thee is nowt to th' rest on it," answered Jud in enthusiasm. "Theer's a mon ca'd Friday, an' a lot o' fellys as eats each other—cannybles they ca' 'em ——"

"Look tha here," interposed Craddock, his curiosity and interest getting the better of him. "Sit thee down and read a bit. That's something as I nivver heard on—cannybles an' th' loike. Pick thee th' place, an' let's hear summat about th' cannybles if tha has na th' toime to do no more."

Jud needed no second invitation. Sharing the general opinion that "Owd Sammy" was a man of mark, he could not help feeling that Crusoe was complimented by his attention. He picked out his place, as his hearer had advised him, and plunged into the details of the cannibal feast with pride and determination. Though his elocution may have been of a style peculiar to boyhood, and his pronunciation occasionally startling in its

originality, still Sammy gathered the gist of the story. He puffed at his pipe so furiously that the foreign gentleman's turbaned head was emptied with amazing rapidity, and it was necessary to refill it two or three times; he rubbed his corduroy knees with both hands, occasionally he slapped one of them in the intensity of his interest, and when Jud stopped, he could only express himself in his usual emphatic formula—

"Well, I *am* domd. An' tha says, as th' chap's name wur Robyson?"

"Aye, Robyson Crusoe."

"Well, I mun say, as I'd ha' loike to ha' knowed him. I *did* know a mon by th' name o' Robyson onct, but it could na ha' been him, fur he wur na mich o' a chap. If he'd a bin cast o' a desert island, he would na ha had th' gumption to do aw that theer—Jem Robyson could na. It could na ha' been him—an' besides, he could na ha' writ it out, as that theer felly's done."

There was a pause, in which Craddock held his pipe in his hand reflectively—shaking his head once more.

"Cannybles an' th' loike too," he said. "Theer's a soight o' things as a mon does na hear on. Why, *I* nivver heard o' cannybles mysen, an' I am na considert ignorant by th' most o' foak." Then, as Jud rose to go, "Art tha fur goin'?" he asked. "Well, I mun say as I'd loike to hear summat more about Robyson; but, if tha mun go, tha mun, I suppose. Sithee here, could tha coom again an' bring him wi' thee?"

"I mowt; I dunna moind the walk."

"Then thee do it," getting up to accompany him to the gates. "An' I'll gie thee a copper now an' then to pay thee. Theer's summat i' a book o' that soart. Coom thee again as soon as tha con, an' we'll go on wi' the cannybles."

"What's th' lad been readin' to thee, Sammy?" asked Mrs Craddock entering the room, after Jud had taken his departure.

"A bit o' litterytoor. I dunnot know as tha'd know what th' book wur, if I towd thee. Tha nivver wur mich o' a hand at litterytoor. He wur readin' Robyson Crusoe."

"Not a tract, sure-ly?"

"Nay, that it wur na! It wur th' dairy o' a mon who wur cast upo' a desert island i' th' midst o' cannybles."

"The dairy?"

"Nay, lass, nay," testily, "not i' th' sense yo' mean. Th' dairy wur o' th' litterairy soart. He wur a litterairy mon."

"Cannybles an' th' like," Sammy said to himself several times during the evening. "Cannybles an' th' loike. Theer's a power o' things i' th' universe."

He took his pipe after supper and went out for a stroll. Mental activity made him restless. The night was a bright one. A yellow harvest moon was rising slowly above the tree-tops, and casting a mellow light upon the road stretching out before him. He passed through the gates and down the road at a leisurely pace, and had walked a hundred yards or so, when he caught sight of two figures approaching him—a girl and a man, so absorbed that they evidently had not noticed him. The girl was of light and youthful figure, and the little old red shawl she wore over her head was pushed aside, and showed curly hair lying upon her brow. It was plain that she was uneasy or frightened, for, as soon as she was near enough, her voice reached him in a tone of frightened protest.

"Oh, dunnot!" she was saying, "I canna bear it. I dunnot want to hear yo', an'—an' I will na. Yo' moight ha' let me be. I dunnot believe yo'. Let me go whoam. I'll nivver coom again," and then she broke out crying.

Craddock looked after them, as they passed from sight.

"Theer's trouble there," he said eagerly. "A working lass, an' a mon i' gentleman's cloas. Dom sich loike chops, say I. What would they think if workin' men ud coom meddlin' wi' theer lasses. I wish I'd had more toime to see th' wench's face."

CHAPTER XXIV.

NOT a pleasant road to travel at any time—the high road to Riggan. It was certainly at its worst to-night.

Between twelve and one o'clock, the rain which had been pouring down steadily with true English pertinacity for two days was gradually passing into a drizzle still more unpleasant,—a drizzle that soaked into the already soaked clay, that made the mud more slippery, that penetrated a man's clothing, and beat softly but irritatingly against his face, and dripped from his hair and hat down upon his neck, however well he might imagine himself protected by his outside wrappings. But, if he was a common traveler—a rough tramp or laborer, who was not protected from it at all, it could not fail to annoy him still more, and consequently to affect his temper.

At the hour I have named, such a trav-

eler was making his way through the mire and drizzle toward Riggan,—a tramp in mud-splashed corduroy, and with the regulation handkerchief bundle tied to the thick stick which he carried over his shoulder.

"Dom th' rain," he said, "dom th' mud, dom th' road, dom ivverything!"

It was not alone the state of the weather that put him out of humor.

"Th' lass," he went on. "Dom her handsome face. Goin' agin a chap—workin' agin him, an' settin' hersen i' his road. Blast me," grinding his teeth—"Blast me, if I dunnot ha' it out wi' her!"

So cursing, and alternating his curses with raging silence, he trudged on his way until four o'clock, when he was in sight of the cottage upon the Knoll Road—the cottage where Joan and Liz lay asleep upon their poor bed, with the child between them.

Joan had not been asleep long. The child had been unusually fretful, and had kept her awake. So she was the more easily awakened from her first light and uneasy slumber by a knock on the door. Hearing it, she started up and listened.

"Who is it?" she asked in a voice too low to disturb the sleepers, but distinct enough to reach Lowrie's hearing.

"Get thee up an' oppen the door," was the answer. "I want thee."

She knew there was something wrong. She had not responded to his summons for so many years without learning what each tone meant. But she did not hesitate.

When she had hastily thrown on some clothing, she opened the door and stood before him.

"I did not expect to see yo' to-neet," she said, quietly.

"Happen not," he replied. "Coom out here. I ha' summat to say to yo'."

"Yo' wunnot come in?" she asked.

"Nay. What I ha' to say mowt waken th' young un."

She stepped out without another word, and closed the door silently behind her.

There was the faintest possible light in the sky, the first tint of dawn, and it showed even to his brutal eyes all the beauty of her face and figure as she stood motionless, the dripping rain falling upon her; there was so little suggestion of fear about her that he was roused to fresh anger.

"Dom yo'!" he broke forth. "Do yo' know as I've fun yo' out?"

She did not profess not to understand him, but she did not stir an inch.

"I did na know before," was her reply.

"Yo' thowt as I wur to be stopped, did yo'. Yo' thowt as yo' could keep quiet an' stond i' my way, an' hond me back till I'd forgetten. Yo're a brave wench! Nivver moind how I fun yo' out, an' seed how it wur—I've done it, that's enow fur yo'; an' now I've coom to ha' a few words wi' yo' and settle matters. I coom here to-neet a purpose, an' this is what I've getten to say. Yo're stubborn enow, but yo' conna stop me. That's one thing I ha' to yell yo', an here's another. Yo're hard enow, an' yo're wise enow, but yo're noan so wise as yo' think fur, if yo' fancy as a hundred years ud mak' me forget what I ha' made up my moind to, an' yo're noan so wise as yo' think fur, if yo' put yoursen in my road. An' here's another yet,[1] clinching his fist. "If it wur murder, as I wur goin' to do—not as I say it is—but if it wur murder itsen an' yo' wur i' my way, theer mowt be two blows struck i'stead o' one—theer mowt be two murders done—añ' I wunnot say which ud coom first—fur I'll do what I've set my moind to, if I'm domd to hell fur it!"

She did not move nor speak. Perhaps because of her immobility he broke out again.

"What!" he cried. "*Yo'* hangin' on to gentlemen, an' doggin' 'em, an' draggin' yorsen thro' th' dark an' mire to save 'em fro' havin' theer prutty faces hurt, an' getten theer dues! *Yo'* creepin' behind a mon as cares no more for yo' than he does fur th' dirt at his feet, an' as laughs, ten to one, to know as yo're ready to be picked up or throwed down at his pleasure! *Yo'* watchin' i' th' shade o' trees an' stoppin' a mon by neet as would na stop to speak to yo' by day. Dom yo'! theer were na a mon i' Riggan as dare touch yo' wi' a yard-stick until this chap coom."

"I've listened to yo'," she said. "Will yo' listen to me?"

He replied with another oath, and she continued as if it had been an assent.

"Theer's a few o' them words as yo've spoken as is na true, but theer's others as is.

"It's true as I ha' set mysen to watch, an' it's true as I mean to do it again. If it's nowt but simple harm yo' mean, yo' shanna do it; if it's murder yo' mean—an' I dunnot trust yo' as it is na—if it's murder yo' mean, theer's yo' an' me for it before it's done; an' if theer's deathly blows struck, the first shall fa' on *me*. Theer!" and she struck herself upon her breast. "If I wur ivver afeard o' yo' i' my life—if I ivver feared yo' as choild or woman, dunnot believe me now."

"Yo' mean that?" he said.

"Yo' know whether I mean it or not," she answered.

"Aye!" he said. "I'm domd if yo' dunnot, yo' she devil, an' bein' as that's what's ailin' thee, I'm dom'd if I dunnot mean summat too," and he raised his hand and gave her a blow that felled her to the ground; then he turned away, cursing as he went.

She had uttered no cry of appeal or dread, and Liz and the child slept on inside, as quietly as before. It was the light-falling rain and the cool morning air that roused her. She came to herself at last, feeling sick and dizzy, and conscious of a fierce pain in her bruised temple. She managed to rise to her feet and stand, leaning against the rough gate-post. She had borne such blows before, but she had never felt her humiliation so bitterly as she did this moment. She laid her brow upon her hand, which rested on the gate, and broke into heavy sobs.

"I shall bear th' mark for mony a day," she said. "I mun hide mysen away," she said. "I could na bear fur *him* to see it. even tho' I getten it fur his sake."

(To be continued.)

IN THE UNIVERSITY TOWER.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1863.

Is it the wind, the many-tongued, the weird
  That cries in sharp distress about the eaves?
Is it the wind whose gathering shout is heard
  With voice of peoples myriad like the leaves?
Is it the wind? Fly to the casement, quick,
And when the roar comes thick
    Fling wide the sash,
    Await the crash!

Nothing. Some various solitary cries,
  Some sauntering woman's short hard laugh,
Or honester, a dog's bark—these arise
  From lamplit street up to this free flagstaff.
Nothing remains of that low threatening sound:
The wind raves not the eaves around;
    Clap casement to,
    You heard not true.

Hark there again! a roar that holds a shriek!
  But not without, no, from below it comes:
What pulses up from solid earth to wreak
  A vengeful word on towers and lofty domes?
What angry booming doth the trembling ear,
Glued to the stone wall, hear—
    So deep, no air
    Its weight can bear?

Grieve! 'Tis the voice of ignorance and vice,
  The rage of slaves who fancy they are free,
Men who would keep men slaves at any price,
  Too blind their own black manacles to see.
Grieve! 'Tis that grisly specter with a torch,
Riot—that bloodies every porch,
    Hurls justice down
    And burns the town.

"HOW DO I KNOW WHAT IS THE BIBLE?"

I.

THIS question is one of literary, as well as theological concern; of interest alike to the scholar, the man of business, and the Christian. For the Book is so interwoven with our civil, social and literary, as well as religious life, that the inquiry is of moment and interest to all.

In the very form in which it stands at the head of this article, it was recently put to the writer by a sensible business man, who, as he remarked, had no time for thorough research and study. "The Bible," he said, "is found in all our dwellings. Our children are taught it in the family and the Sunday-school; we listen to its instructions in our churches; it is connected with everything in our life as a people. We are accustomed to speak of it as given, by Divine inspiration, to be the only and all-sufficient rule of our faith and practice. But how am I to know exactly what is the Bible? To ministers and students, who are accustomed to study and research, it may be entirely plain. But how is a business man like myself to know just what books make up the Bible? How can I tell what to exclude, and what to receive, as in reality the Divine word?"

Now this is not only a fair, but it is a very important question, as already said, in its literary as well as in its religious aspects; for not only should the believer be able to give a reason for his faith in the volume, but every scholar, and every man of sense, and every citizen of a Christian nation, should be able to say why he receives certain books as properly belonging to the Bible, while he rejects others as not belonging to it.

In general, it is commonly said, that the truth of the Bible is proved by miracles, and by prophecy, and by the historical argument from its power over the hearts and lives of men. And the Christian may say, as thousands and thousands have said, "Just as I know there is a sun in the heavens, because I see its light and feel its heat, so, from my own experience, I know the truth of the book we call the Word of God."

But the question still comes back, "What is that Word?"—of what books does that volume properly consist? Does the "Apocrypha" belong to it? Why are the "spurious gospels" rejected? Why is the "Jewish Oral Law" not a part of its proper explanation? Has any part of it been lost? In a word what *is* and what is *not* the Bible? And it does not satisfy the thoughtful mind, to receive the Book just as it has come down to us, without inquiry or investigation, taking for granted that all is of course right. This is to believe, not on evidence, but because others have believed before us. And how do we know what was the ground of their belief? And, besides, how can we know, without examination, that spurious books may not have crept in by mistake, or been foisted by design into the book of our faith? This we know is the case with the Books or Bibles received by the Greek and Romish churches; they do contain books in the Old Testament which are not in the original Hebrew, and which have no just claim to be regarded as parts of the Bible. So that the inquiry, "What is the Bible?" is not one of mere curiosity, or even of choice, but one which is, in the highest degree, practical, and which forces itself on every inquiring and candid mind.

There is both a literary and a moral obligation to ascertain what books really belong to the Bible, and why they belong to it; for to reject and deny any part of divine truth or revelation, is to dishonor its high source and to injure ourselves; and to receive any spurious book as of Divine origin, is to adulterate and poison the very fountain of personal and public morals, as well as of spiritual life, and to subject the conscience to the dictates of man as though they were the will of God.

In its theological aspects, the question has long ago, and again and again, been discussed and settled on the firmest foundations by writers like Buddeus, and Hottinger, and Prideaux, and Lardner, and Jones, and Horne, and Alexander, and others. But their works are too extended and elaborate for the mass of readers, and for the most part inaccessible to them. So that it is well to gather up, and condense, and present, as in a focus, some of the light so freely poured upon it by them, for the benefit of the thousands who have not access to their works, or time to study them. In attempting this, we lay no claim to originality of thought or expression. The aim is to give the subject a popular aspect, and to make it plain to every reader. The very fact that there is light enough, is one reason why it should be seen. The

fact that so many would like a plain and satisfying answer to the question, "What is the Bible?" is a good reason why it should be given.

Confining the inquiry in this article to the Old Testament, four questions are to be considered, if we would cover the entire ground, viz.: What books constitute the Old Testament? Has any book properly belonging to it ever been lost? What are we to think of the Apocrypha? And what of the Jewish Oral Law?

I.—What books properly belong to and constitute the Old Testament?

From a very early period the Old Testament was carefully distinguished from all human writings, and was regarded as the only authoritative or safe rule of truth or duty; and as the word "canon" signifies a rule, the books that were held to be inspired, or of Divine origin, were called canonical, to distinguish them from those that were spurious. As to the present Protestant canon of the Old Testament, all agree that it is to be traced to the prophet Ezra. Soon after the Babylonish captivity, he collected all the books of Divine origin, or the inspired books, and arranged them as they now stand in the Hebrew Bible, as received by the Jews. This we know, just as we know that Gibbon or Bancroft wrote the histories that bear their names. That is, we know it from the uniform testimony and traditions of the Jews themselves. From them we learn that Ezra and Malachi were the same person (Ezra being his proper name, and Malachi, or "messenger," being added, because he was sent to superintend the religious concerns of the Jews), and that he gathered the books and completed the volume of the Old Testament, and that after him there arose no other prophet who added anything to the sacred volume as known to the Jews. Originally, all these books were arranged in three volumes, known as "The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, or the Hagiographa," including what we call the Psalms, and several other books. And this division is expressly recognized by our Savior, in the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, and is also mentioned by Josephus, and was well known and always recognized by the Jews, who, with one consent, refer its authorship to Ezra.

We are left, then, in no doubt as to the books which properly constitute the Old Testament, because—

1. All the books which the Jews received as the Scriptures, and which were included in the threefold division just mentioned, received the express sanction of Christ and his Apostles. Christ often reproved the Jews for disobeying and misinterpreting their Scriptures, and for adding to them their own traditions; but he never charged them with unfaithfulness or negligence in preserving the sacred books. On the contrary, he often spoke of the Scriptures—that is of the Scriptures as then known and received by the Jews—as an infallible rule which could not be broken, and from which not one jot or tittle should pass away. To these Scriptures he often refers, as the inspired and unerring word of God. And so Paul, alluding chiefly, if not wholly, to the Old Testament writings, says, that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God;" and again he speaks of them as "the oracles of God," and "the word of God," etc. And the testimony of all the New Testament writers is equally plain and explicit. There are, in the New Testament, more than two hundred direct quotations from the Old, and some three hundred and fifty allusions and references to its teachings, all of which, either directly or indirectly, recognize its divine origin as the word of God. The prophecy of Isaiah, for example, is sixty-one times thus referred to in the New Testament; the Book of Psalms, eighty-six times; the Book of Genesis, ninety-six times. One all-important fact, then, is established with the utmost certainty, viz: that the volume of Scripture which was received by the Jews in the time of Christ and his Apostles, was uncorrupted by the presence of any spurious books, and that the whole of it was recognized by them as the inspired and infallible word of God.

The question, then, becomes a mere question of fact and history: "What was this word, or volume, and what were the particular books composing it?" For if we can ascertain, beyond doubt or controversy, what were the particular books at that time received and known by the Jews as "the Scriptures," then we shall know, with absolute certainty, what books now properly belong to the Old Testament, and constitute what is known as its inspired canon. Now if Christ and his Apostles had given us the names of every one of these books, the question would at once be settled. This, however, they have not done. They have, as already said, distinctly quoted from many of these books, and so far the evidence is complete. But more than this, they have recognized, as inspired, all the books known to, and received by, the Jews of their day

as the Scriptures, and still more particularly as the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms. But all this, even, is not of itself sufficient to inform us whether the Old Testament then contained precisely the same books that it now does, and no others. So that the question still returns: What were the books which all the Jews of that day received as included in their Scriptures—in the threefold division just mentioned? To ascertain this point we should naturally resort, if possible, to the testimony of some Jew then living, just as we should go to some English annalist living at the time of Alfred the Great, to know when that monarch reigned in England, or as the inquirer of some future age might look back to the pages of the last year's newspapers to know who was the President of the United States. Now in Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, who was contemporary with the Apostles, we have the very witness, and find the very evidence and information we desire. In his first book against Apion, he says: "We have only twenty-two books which we hold to be of Divine origin, and which we are bound to believe. Of these, five are the Books of Moses, which treat of the creation of the world, etc. From the death of Moses to the reign of Artaxerxes, King of Persia, the prophets who succeeded Moses, have written thirteen books. And the remaining four books contain Divine poems or hymns to God, and moral precepts, or rules of life, for the use of man."

Now the five books of Moses are universally admitted to be Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. The thirteen books of the prophets will include Joshua, Judges with Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Isaiah, Jeremiah with Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, the twelve minor prophets, Job and Ezra, with Nehemiah and Esther. The four remaining books will be, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon, making the whole number twenty-two, all of which Josephus declares were received by the Jewish nation as Divinely inspired; so that the books of the Old Testament, as it was then known and received, are proved to be the very same that we now have.

But it may be asked, How can this be, when it is well known that instead of twenty-two, we now have thirty-nine different books in our English version of the Old Testament? The answer is obvious and satisfactory. It is this: Josephus used the word book as synonymous with the word volume; as if he had said, they divided their sacred writings into twenty-two volumes. Now, according to the method formerly in use among the Jews, the number of books or volumes, into which their Bible, or the Old Testament was divided, was regulated by the number of the letters in the Hebrew alphabet, which consists of only twenty-two letters. And to make their arrangement of the sacred books correspond with this division, they always added Ruth to Judges (of which it seems to be the continuation), and the Lamentations of Jeremiah to his Prophecy, as they are both by the same author. Ezra and Nehemiah they always regarded as one book. The arbitrary division of Samuel, Kings and Chronicles, into the first and second books, which is found in our English Bibles, was unknown to the Hebrew; and each was reckoned as only a single work. And the twelve minor prophets, which in our version make twelve separate books, were anciently always counted as one volume or book, and so they are considered in every ancient catalogue, and in all the quotations made from them by the old writers. Thus we see that the twenty-two books mentioned by Josephus, though now divided and numbered differently, are, in fact, precisely the same as those of the Old Testament as now received by us. The Jews of modern times separate Ruth from Judges, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah from his Prophecy, and so count twenty-four instead of twenty-two books. But in all these cases—in the twenty-two books of Josephus and the Jews of his day, and in the twenty-four books of the modern Jews, and in the thirty-nine books of our English version—the matter of the books is precisely the same, and the only difference is in the arrangement and numbering. Shakspere, or "Blackstone's Commentaries," is the same work, whether in one or four volumes; and so is the Old Testament, whether arranged in twenty-two or thirty-nine divisions. The New Testament either directly quotes from, or indirectly refers to, every one of our thirty-nine books, thus showing that they were included in the twenty-two of Josephus. In a word, then, the argument is this: Christ and his apostles expressly and repeatedly declared that the Scriptures, as received by the Jews of their day, were the inspired word of God. Jewish history, written at that very time, informs us just what books were then contained in the Jewish Scriptures. These books, though now differently arranged and numbered, are found, on ex-

amination, to be the very same which are now contained in our English version of the Old Testament. Therefore the Old Testament, as we now have it, is expressly sanctioned by Christ and his apostles, and its divine authority is fully established. And of every one of its books, particularly, and so of the whole, collectively, we may say,—intelligently and truthfully say,—we know it is part of the Bible. But further:

2. The point so clearly established by the testimony of Josephus is abundantly confirmed by the testimony of the early ages of Christianity. Some of the early fathers, when they were converted from paganism to Christianity, went carefully and deeply into the question of the canonical authority of the Old Testament; and the results of the investigation of many of them still remain to instruct and satisfy every honest inquirer after the truth. Melito, bishop of Sardis, traveled into Judea for the express purpose of satisfying himself on this point, which he did; and from the catalogue he has left of the books of the Old Testament, it appears that the very same books were then received as canonical which are now found in our Bible; and this was within less than a hundred years of the time of Josephus. Soon after Melito, Origen gives us a catalogue of the books then received as being the Old Testament, which, again, were the very same that we now receive. And after Origen, we have catalogues, in succession, by Athanasius, Cyril, Augustine, Jerome, and Rufinus, —all men of the highest authority in the church,—and also by the Councils of Laodicea and of Carthage, each consisting of a large number of bishops or ministers; and all these catalogues are precisely the same as our own. Now, when we consider that all these catalogues, for such a series of ages, correspond exactly and entirely to our present canon of the Old Testament, the evidence, to every impartial mind, must appear complete, that the question is fully settled on the strongest historical grounds, on a foundation that cannot be shaken. But even if all this testimony had been wanting, there is still another source of evidence which is, in itself, conclusive, and on which we may rest with entire confidence. For,—

3. It is the fact, that ever since the time of Christ and his apostles, these books have been in the possession and keeping of both Jews and Christians. The Jews and Christians have always been arrayed against each other in their religious opinions; and they have been as jealous watchmen over each other, so that it has ever been utterly impossible that either party should or could have made any change in the sacred volume without having been detected and exposed by the other at once. And the conclusive evidence that no such change ever has been made is, that those two opposing parties, from the time of Christ to the present day, have always been perfectly agreed as to what books constitute the Old Testament. Differing as they do about everything else, on this point the Jew and the Christian are entirely harmonious; and on neither side is there any complaint of adding to, or taking from, the number of the sacred books. The Hebrew Bible of the Jew is the Old Testament of the Christian. This evidence is conclusive. When two men are intently watching a string of pearls or diamonds which each knows to consist of a given number and which each regards as his own, it is inconceivable that either of the two should be able to remove a single gem without the knowledge of the other. Much more, if the exact number of those pearls or diamonds is known to every individual of two vast nations, then, in the strongest sense of language, it is absolutely impossible that a single pearl or diamond should be taken away without its loss being instantly discovered. It is true, indeed, that the Greek and Romish churches have added the Apocryphal books to their canon of the Old Testament. And this very fact shows clearly the conclusiveness of our argument; for the addition was at once detected by both Jews and Protestant Christians, both of whom cordially united in denouncing the addition as impious, and the books themselves as spurious. But there is another, and it is the last argument we would mention in favor of the correctness of our present canon of the Old Testament. It is that which is founded,

4. On its earliest translation. It is a highly important fact, that soon after the canon of the Old Testament was completed, and more than two hundred and fifty years before Christ, the whole of it was translated into the Greek language. This was done at Alexandria, in Egypt, at the request of the king, Ptolemy Philadelphus,—probably for the use of the Jews in that country who spoke the Greek language. It is called the "Septuagint," from its having been made by seventy, or rather seventy-two, learned men,—six from each of the twelve tribes of Israel. Now, this Greek translation contains all the books which were in the canon

in the time of Christ, and which are now in our Old Testament, and only these. It is therefore a good and standing witness, and its seventy-two translators are seventy-two good and distinct witnesses to prove that all these and only these books were in the canon when the translation was made.

Such is a full outline of the evidence of the canonical authority of the Old Testament as received by us; and such the answer to the inquiry, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, "How do I know what is the Bible?" But there is another question to be considered, and that is:

II. Have any books that properly belong to the Old Testament been lost? Or is the sacred canon of the Old Testament still the same that it always has been? This is the next point to be examined, and it is an important one; for the Roman Catholics assert that several books have been lost, and this they advance as an argument in favor of their mere human traditions. On the other hand, the Protestant view asserts the completeness of the canon of the Old Testament, and denies that any one of its books has ever dropped out or been lost. Now, it properly belongs to those who assert the loss of any canonical book to prove it; and until they do so, it is safe to take for granted that they are wrong. But we are willing, as Protestants, to assume the burden of proving a negative, and of showing, in opposition to the Romish theory, that no book has been lost from the Old Testament. This may be argued from the very design of a revelation; for if the Bible was intended to be an infallible rule of faith and conduct so long as the world should last, then to suppose that any part of it has been lost is to suppose that this infallible rule has been impaired and mutilated, and is, of course, no longer a perfect rule, which is absurd. So, too, from the nature of Divine Providence; for a revelation being given for the guidance of mankind, it is inconsistent with the Divine wisdom and goodness and power to suppose that He who gave it would suffer any part of it to be lost. If any of its books were not needed to instruct and direct men in the way of truth and duty, they would not have been given; and if they were needed, then we cannot suppose that the kind Providence that gave them would allow them to be lost and perish. And the correctness of this view is confirmed by the fact, that there is no Jewish historical proof of the past existence of any canonical work that we do not now possess. The Jewish nation has never, either by its historians, or by the Targums, or by the Septuagint, recognized, as belonging to the Old Testament, any other works or work than those now contained in it. But if all these proofs were wanting, there is still an argument which in itself is perfectly conclusive, viz.: the assertions of Christ and his apostles. Our Savior expressly declares that sooner shall heaven and earth pass away than one jot or tittle of the law shall fail till all shall be fulfilled. But how is it possible to know whether it is fulfilled unless all its parts remain for our inspection and study? And if even the smallest portion might not pass or perish from the Divine word, is it not absurd to suppose that whole books may have been lost? And how could the evangelist Luke, with any propriety, speak as he does of "*all* the prophets," and "*all* the scriptures," as existing in his time, if any part of them had perished? And how could Paul with truth say that "whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning," unless all the books alluded to were in existence when he wrote? But as no one pretends that any work has perished since the days of the apostles, it is plain that no book properly belonging to the Old Testament has ever been lost.

But it is objected by some, that the books of "Jasher" and of "Gad the Seer," and of "Nathan the Prophet," and the "Book of the Wars of the Lord," and some others mentioned in the Bible, are not now in the Old Testament, as at present received; and this, it is said, is evidence that some canonical books have probably perished. But in reply to this, we are to bear in mind that it is by no means the case that every book referred to or quoted in the Bible is, of course, a canonical or even an inspired book. Paul quotes from the Greek poet Aratus, and also from Menander, and still again from Epimenedes of Crete. But this is far from proving that he regarded them as sacred writers,—as far as the quotation by Job or the evangelists of what the devil at times said, is from proving that they regarded the evil one as inspired, or his words canonical. So, again, a book may be written by a man who, for other purposes or works, was inspired, and yet not itself be of Divine authority. Inspiration was not continually afforded to the prophets, but only given occasionally, and for particular and important purposes. At ordinary times and in ordinary matters, the prophets and apostles, like other men, were left to the guidance of

reason and common sense. So that a man who, at one time, might be inspired to write a canonical book, might, at another, write another book making no claim to inspiration. Solomon was inspired to write some books that form part of the sacred canon; but it by no means follows that all he may have written on natural history was inspired. It is not said, however, that his three thousand proverbs, and his discourses on natural history, ever were written, but merely that he spake them. But even if they had been committed to writing, there is no more evidence of their inspiration than there is of the inspiration of his private letters to his friends, or his messages to his servants.

But it may be admitted, if we please, without any prejudice to the completeness of the Old Testament, that there may have been some inspired writings which were designed by God only for some special occasion or use, and which he intended should be preserved only so long as to accomplish the particular purpose or end for which they were given. This is evident from the very definition of the word canon, or rule; for that a work should be canonical, it is not enough that it be inspired, it is also requisite that it be intended for the Divine instruction of men in all ages of the world. These are the two essentials of what we mean by a canonical work. It is plain, then, that there might have been writings which, though inspired, were not canonical, and not intended to be so, but which were temporary in their design, and when that design was answered, were no longer needed. The prophets, we know, spoke by inspiration many discourses of which not a single word has been recorded; and our Savior, all of whose words were inspired, said many things to his disciples and to the people which have not come down to us. And so all the apostles were inspired, and yet very few of them had any part in writing the New Testament. But if so many things were actually spoken by inspiration, which are not preserved simply because they were not intended to be preserved, and because they were not needed for the perpetual instruction of mankind, then it is plain that some things might have been written by inspiration—for example, by Nathan, or Gad, or Iddo—that were never intended to form a part of the sacred canon. We say, might have been written; for it is not said that any such inspired writings, designed only for temporary use, ever did exist. There is no evidence whatever that they did. But even if it could be clearly proved that many, even hundreds, of such books once did exist but are now lost, it would not at all affect the assertion that not a single book properly belonging to the Bible has ever perished. Indeed, we may safely say, that this argument is entirely unnecessary until it can be proved that some inspired writings have been lost, though even if this could be proved, which is impossible, the argument presented would be a complete answer to the objection. But as a matter of fact, there is absolutely no proof whatever that any inspired book ever existed which does not exist now,—much less that any canonical book has ever been lost from the sacred volume.

But the objection has another answer; for it is highly probable that several of the books which the Romish church teaches have been lost from the Old Testament, are still in it under different names. The books of Samuel, and Kings, and Chronicles, were evidently written not by one, but by a number of inspired writers, and at different periods. The succession of prophets seems never to have been interrupted till the canon of the Old Testament was completed and closed. And whatever Divine wisdom saw fit to add, from time to time, to the sacred books, some of these prophets were doubtless directed and inspired to add. Different parts, then, of these books might have been penned by Nathan, or Gad, or some others who are spoken of in the Bible as prophets. That such was in fact the case, and that some parts of these histories were so written, we have, in one instance at least, clear proof; for we find that the thirty-sixth, thirty-seventh, and thirty-eighth chapters of Isaiah, which unquestionably were written by him, are almost exactly the same as the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth chapters of the Second Book of Kings. Apply, then, these remarks to the books mentioned in the Bible which are not now found under the same names by which they are there referred to. As to the books (or as in the Hebrew, "the words") of Gad and Iddo, and Nathan, and Shemaiah, and Jehu, and Abijah, all of which are referred to in the Old Testament, they all might have been contained in, and may still be parts of, the books of Samuel, and Kings, and Chronicles. And that this was and is the case, is highly probable; for this was the common opinion of the Jews, who would be likely to know, and the things which seem to be referred to when they are mentioned are spoken of at length

in these books. As to the book of Jasher (*i. e.*, the book of justice or rectitude), which is twice mentioned, the Jewish writers all agree that this was a name given to the law of God as contained in the Pentateuch. They also tell us that the "Book of the Wars of the Lord" is the same as the book of Numbers which is chiefly occupied with the military concerns of the Jewish nation. If this explanation is not deemed satisfactory, that is, if we do not admit the supposition that the books specified are now incorporated with and form part of the Old Testament under other names, then it is sufficient to reply to the objection, that there is no evidence whatever that such books were even inspired, much less canonical books; and they are to be regarded as having been merely political annals, or books of public records which have long ago been lost. We are at perfect liberty to adopt either of these explanations, or to reject them both, and then to resort to a third supposition, viz.: that such books may have been inspired for some particular purpose, without ever having been intended to form part of the sacred canon, and that when this purpose was answered they were permitted to perish.

III.—The third general subject for inquiry is the question as to what are called the Apocryphal books. This question is highly interesting and important, both in itself and in its bearings on the doctrines of the Romish church and the Protestant controversy with them. The word Apocrypha signifies "hidden," "concealed," "obscure," and in reference to the Bible it is used to designate those spurious books which though sometimes bound up with the sacred volume are properly no part of it. These books are fourteen in number, including the First and Second Books of Esdras, Tobit, Judith, what is called the Remainder of Esther, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the Song of the three Children, the Story of Susannah, Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, and the First and Second Books of Maccabees. These books, which were first declared canonical by the Romish Council of Trent, which met about the middle of the sixteenth century, are regarded by all classes of Protestants as apocryphal or spurious. And as proving that they are so, we remark:

1. That none of these books are found in the Hebrew Bible. They were originally written, not in the Hebrew, but in the Greek language, which was not known to the Jews until long after inspiration had ceased among them, and the canon of the Old Testament had long been closed. It is plain, therefore, that they never could have formed a part of the Old Testament.

2. These books have never been received as canonical by the Jews, either in ancient or modern times. Josephus expressly declares, that they were never received as inspired by his nation. Philo, a celebrated Jewish writer, who often refers to the Old Testament, never mentions them. They are not recognized as canonical in the Talmud. And not only so, but the Jewish rabbins expressly reject them as utterly unworthy of belief, and as rejected by the entire nation. But it might be asked, "What has the opinion of the Jews to do with this question?" In this case it has everything to do with it; for, as already shown, Christ and his apostles expressly recognize and sanction as canonical the Scriptures of the Old Testament which in their day were received by the Jews, and therefore it follows, that as the apocryphal books never formed part of the Jewish Scriptures, they were regarded by Christ and his apostles as spurious.

3. The third argument against the apocryphal books is founded on the entire silence of the New Testament concerning them. Every book of the Old Testament, except Esther, is either directly quoted, or indirectly referred to in the New Testament, and some of them sixty, eighty, and even ninety or more times. But the apocryphal books are never quoted, and never even mentioned or alluded to, either directly or indirectly, in a solitary instance. From this it is plain, that in the time of Christ these books were entirely unknown or utterly disregarded.

4. A fourth argument against the apocryphal books is, that they were never received as canonical by the early Christian fathers; but, on the contrary, were expressly declared to be spurious. Augustine is the only Christian writer within four hundred years of the time of Christ who even seems to be an exception to this remark. For a time he was inclined to regard six of these books as possibly belonging to the canon, but afterward, on more careful and mature investigation, he expressly retracted this opinion, and has left the retraction recorded in his writings, rejecting in his later years, all the apocryphal books. The same was the opinion of the great body of the Christian church for centuries after Christ; and some of the most distinguished even of the Rom-

ish divines, in every age down to the sixteenth century, have united in condemning these books as spurious, and in rejecting them from the sacred canon. From this successive and almost unbroken testimony, then, it is evident that the books in question have no rightful place in the canon, and that the Council of Trent acted against all history in decreeing that the Romish church should receive them as of Divine authority. Their decree was in the very face of the testimony of Christ and his apostles, and against the explicit historical testimony of ages. In declaring that Tobit or Judith should be regarded as part of the sacred canon, they acted as absurdly as if they had endeavored by a mere vote to render Shakspere or "Don Quixote" canonical—to make them a part of the Divine word!

5. Another argument for the spuriousness of the apocryphal books is that from their own internal evidence. Books that contain manifest falsehoods, or which are filled with silly and ridiculous stories, or which contradict the plain and uniform doctrine of the real word of God, cannot be canonical. Now, most or all of the books in question are condemned by this rule. In the book of Tobit, an angel is made to tell a palpable falsehood,—in one breath declaring he is Azarias the Jew, and in another that he is the angel Raphael. In the next book, Judith is represented as telling falsehoods repeatedly, and then as impiously praying God to bless them to the accomplishment of her purpose; and for all this she is commended; and of the whole book it is true, that many of its statements cannot be reconciled with authentic profane history. Between the first and second books of Maccabees there is a palpable contradiction; for in the former, Judas is said to have died in his one hundred and fifty-second year, while in the latter he is said to be alive in his one hundred and eighty-eighth—thirty-six years after his own death! In the first book, an entirely false account is given of the civil government of the Romans; and in the second, a man is commended for committing suicide. Baruch, in the book bearing his name, is said to have read his book to Jeremiah in Babylon at the very time when we know from the canonical Scriptures that Jeremiah was a captive in Egypt. In the additions to the book of Esther, the conspiracy against the king's life is said to have been before the marriage of Esther, which is contradicted in the canonical book; and it is also said that Mordecai was rewarded for detecting this conspiracy, while in the book of Esther we are told it was for detecting another. These are but a few of the many examples of inconsistency, and falsehood, and contradiction of the real word of God, with which the apocryphal books abound. And it would be easy to quote at length from all of them to show conclusively, from the foolish and absurd stories they contain, that they are clearly spurious works. And though some of them, especially the book of Ecclesiasticus, contain many sound and useful maxims, still they are but uninspired and human compositions.

One inquiry still remains. It has reference,—

IV. To the Jewish Oral Law.—Jews, Protestants, and Romanists all agree in receiving as canonical the books of our Old Testament. But as the Romanists would add to these the apocryphal books, so the Jews insist on adding their oral law. They say that when the written law was given to Moses, inscribed on two tables of stone, God also gave another and verbal law explanatory of the first, which he was commanded not to commit to writing, but to deliver down by oral tradition. When Moses came down from the mount, they tell us that he first repeated this oral law to Aaron and his sons, and then to the seventy, and finally to all the people, each of whom was obliged to repeat it in his hearing, to insure its correct remembrance. Just before his death, they say, he spent a month and six days in repeating it to them again; and then, they assert, he committed it in a special manner to Joshua, through whom it was imparted to Phineas, and so on through the long line of prophets, and afterward of teachers, down to the time of Judah the Holy, who lived in the second century, by whom it was committed to writing lest it should be lost. This work, consisting of six books, is the famous Mishna of the Jews, which, with its Gemara, or commentaries, constitutes their celebrated Talmud, in which is comprehended all their learning and much of their religion as a people. The whole work is held by them in far higher esteem than the Bible, so much so, that they say the Bible is water, but the Talmud is wine; and they even declare that he who studies the Bible when he might read the Talmud does but waste his time; and that to sin against the latter is far worse than to sin against the former. So implicit is their confidence in this oral law, that it is almost

useless to reason with a Jew out of the Old Testament; for he is ever ready with an answer from the Talmud, with the authority of which he is fully satisfied.

Now, it is possible that Moses might have received some explanation of the written law at the time it was given, though there is no proof that he did. But if he did, it was never intended to form, and never did form, a second distinct law. And it was not the same as the oral law of the Jews, contained in the Talmud; and it was not received by Moses in a form distinct from the written law, and with a prohibition against committing it to writing; for—

1. There is not the slightest mention of any such law in the sacred records. On the other hand, it is a well-known historical fact, that what the Jews pretend was this law was not known among themselves till more than two thousand years after they say it was given.

2. Moses was commanded explicitly to write "all the words of the law," and we are repeatedly told not only that he did this, but that he "wrote all the words of the Lord." It is plain, then, that he knew nothing of this pretended oral law, for he has not written a syllable respecting it.

3. The Jews themselves admit that the only reason for giving this oral law is founded in the imperfection of the written law. But God himself declares that his law—evidently referring to the written law—"is perfect" (Psalms xix. 7), and he expressly commands the Jews (Deut. iv. 2): "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you." And we are everywhere taught that he requires nothing that is not written in his word.

4. God everywhere sends us to the written law of his word as the only rule of our duty, and never to any kind of traditions. And not only so, but our Savior expressly condemns the traditions of the Jews as contrary to the written word of God. And it is of these very traditions that the oral law is composed.

5. This oral law, finally, was not recognized by many even of the Jews themselves. At the time of our Savior, the traditions which composed it were utterly rejected by the Sadducees and Essenes,—two of the three great divisions of the Jewish nation. And, as we have seen, it was never committed to writing till the second century. From these facts, as well as from the nature and contents of the oral law itself, it is plain it was never heard of till long after the Old Testament canon was closed; and that so far from being derived by tradition from Moses, it consists merely of the traditions of the later Jewish rabbins; that it has no more claim to inspiration than "Don Quixote" or the Waverly Novels; and though, as a mere human production, it throws light on Jewish manners and customs, it contains a vast amount of nonsense and falsehood.

Thus we have gone over the four great questions connected with the query, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, "How do I know what is the Bible?" The New Testament rests, in some important respects, on a different kind of evidence, demanding a separate examination. Reversing the order of discussion, we have seen: 1. That the Jewish oral law, as contained in the Tabernacle, is a mere human production, inconsistent with itself and with the Bible, and having no claim to divine authority. 2. That the apocryphal books are spurious, having no claim to admission into the canon of Scripture. 3. That no canonical book has ever been lost. And therefore: 4. That the Old Testament, as received by us, contains the only canonical books belonging to that part of the word of God; and that in all respects, except so far as it is abrogated by the New Testament, it is the competent, and safe, and perfect rule, both of our faith and practice,—our guide to every duty here, and to a blessed immortality hereafter.

The subject, as already said, is not one of mere theory, but is in the highest degree practical; one of not only religious but also literary interest. It is connected with all our views of morals and civil rule, and social and business life, of the family and of the state. Received, as the Old Testament is, by Jew and Christian, by Romanist and Protestant, as of Divine origin and authority, it is well that all should know what the Old Testament is, and why we receive as the Old Testament the thirty-nine, and only the thirty-nine, books it contains.

THE MICROSCOPE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

THE ideal type of cell life, illustrated by the first article of this series,* is adhered to no less strictly in the higher forms of vegetable existence than we have found it to be in the lower. As we ascend in the scale of being we find a greater modification in the forms of the cells, which answers to a greater specialization of organs. The mode of life becomes more complicated, and the tissues become, in proportion, more highly differentiated; and yet, whatever may be the modifications, the structure is composed of what are, in the strictest sense, cells.

The delicate and beautiful gradations by which this complex form of life is developed beneath our eyes is something more than wonderful. Each new physiological fact breaks gently on us like the dawn; the preludings have long ago given us the clue to the coming harmony. There is nothing in all the manifestations of the Divine mind through nature which seems so essentially divine as this orderly sequence in creation. Only to Him in "whose sight a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years" is possible the infinite patience which has held the ideal of perfected life through the ages of a past eternity, and has been working toward it through millions of forms, each more and more closely approximating to it; each exquisite and wonderful in itself, but finding its full significance only in its prophetic meaning. In the very beginning of life, studied as they have been of late years, suggestions full of meaning may be found; prophecies that, in the light of fulfillment, vindicate the eternal existence of an unchangeable divine purpose.

By way of illustration, we find the lower forms to be utterly lacking in an organ which is so essential to life in the higher forms of vegetable existence as the root. Yet even among the lowest there are found, here and there, organs of attachment, by which it is faintly shadowed forth. As we rise in the scale of being, the approximation becomes more and more close, the resemblance more and more pronounced. The hepaticæ, as we have seen, send from the lower epidermal system of their flat, clinging leaves, prolongations of the surface cells which perform the office of roots by drawing up moisture if not nourishment for their maintenance. Mosses send out root hairs in the same way and for the same purpose, but these are utterly unlike roots in their development and physical characteristics.

After passing the earlier cryptogams, we come to the group of vascular cryptogams, to which the ferns belong. These, it has already been said, are allied to the lower

FIG 1. VALISNERIA SPIRALIS.

forms by their mode of reproduction, and to the higher by the differentiation of tissues. In them first appear the fibro-vascular bundles, and with this development are invariably associated true roots. But the roots do not seem even yet quite to have found their place, for in some varieties of tree-ferns the entire stem is found to be

* SCRIBNER for November, 1876.

clothed with root fibers. The full and perfect development of the root is reached only in the highest group of the vegetable world. The phanerogams, speaking generally, include the conifers, palms, forest and fruit trees, shrubs, and flowering plants. Because these all show a distinct development of pistil and stamen,—the essential parts of a flower,—they are all included, by botanists, under the general definitions of flowering plants.

Stems and leaves and flowers are morphologically the same—that is, they are mere modifications of the same form of cellular aggregation. There is also a striking resemblance between the stem, the ascending, and the root, the descending, axis of the plant. The systems of fibro-vascular bundles, the cellular and intercellular systems of fluid-conducting vessels, the mode of branching and growth by cell division, are closely analogous in them both. The root, morphologically defined, is only such an outgrowth of the substance of a plant as is clothed with a peculiar layer of tissue called the root-cap. It is an endogenous growth, and is thus distinguished from all vegetable hairs and leaves, and from most lateral shoots which are exogenous. The root is, when first formed, generally clothed with a number of thick layers of tissue through which the growing apex breaks its way.

FIG. 2. STAMEN OF CYPRESS VINE, WITH ANTHERS OPEN EMITTING POLLEN. [FROM NATURE.]

The modifications of cells both in regard to form and function have already been fully illustrated in Article I., and will not be here repeated. There are, however, a few points which cannot be omitted, points belonging to the life of the plant rather than to its physical organization.

There are two causes always at work within the living tissues of a plant which occasion the upward flow of water. The process of growth and assimilation—the first of these two causes—demands a constant supply of moisture. Such cells or organs as need water supply themselves from the adjacent cells; they, in their turn, making a demand upon the cells beyond and behind them, till finally the extreme fibrillæ of the roots are reached, when the necessary water must be supplied from without or the plant will wither and die. These currents proceed slowly, as does the growth itself. The second cause of this upward flow of water is the enormous evaporation which takes place from foliage leaves. An immense surface, in proportion to its volume, is presented to the dry air in every ordinary plant. There is a constant exhalation of moisture, in consequence of a vital process akin to animal perspiration as well as from mere evaporation. A single sun-flower, it has been determined by careful experiment, yields up twenty ounces of water in the course of twelve hours. The leaves of the wild cornel have been known to exhale twice their own weight of water in twenty-four hours. Some idea of the demand from above upon the water supply below may be gained from these facts. Besides the vital process, by which water is conveyed from cell to cell, the moisture is drawn up from the earth through the tissues of the plant, just as the oil of a burning lamp is drawn up by capillary attraction. So long as the supply equals the demand, the plant remains fresh, or turgid; when evaporation ceases in consequence of the extreme moisture of the surrounding air, the current of water also ceases to flow. It is found that those trees which put out only a definite number of leaves in the spring, and do not increase their foliage in summer, transpire most rapidly during that time; and if every other portion of the tree be destroyed, the current will still maintain a steady flow through the woody fiber; it is therefore inferred that the current of water induced by evaporation has no immediate and necessary connection with the processes of growth and nutrition. In many plants, possessed of a thick cuticle, all the evaporation takes place through the stomata; its amount then depends upon their number and character. The stomata developed upon the vegetation of our high and arid Western plains are so formed as to retain most of the moisture received from below; in this way certain forms of life are possible, even

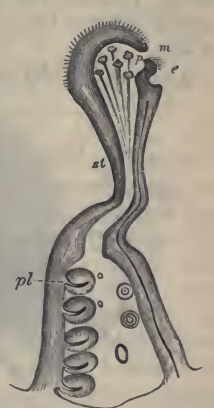


FIG. 3. SECTION THROUGH STIGMA, STYLE AND OVARY OF PANSY.

m, mouth of pistil; *c*, lip; *pl*, placenta; O, ovary; *oo*, ovules; *st*, style; *p*, pollen grains, emitting tubes. [After Sachs.]

under the unfavorable condition there found.

In evaporation, not only the moisture of the woody fiber is dispersed, but also a large quantity of the vital fluid—the cell sap—is given off. In order to determine the peculiar cellular tissue which performs the office of conveying water, branches of white iris and deutzia may be placed in a dark aqueous solution of aniline. In a little time the stems have taken up the colored liquid and conveyed it to the petals, and every delicate white leaf is veined with deep blue, the woody fiber alone having taken up the coloring matter. This beautiful effect lasts only for a few moments, for the aniline poisons the petals, and immediately destroys the tissue.

There are many movements of plants which bear a close relation to the processes of reproduction that will be mentioned later; but a few may be noticed here. There are many spontaneous movements of plants which are merely due to growth, or the change, in shape and size, of the walls of their constituent cells. Those of which we shall here speak are the movements of fully developed plants, due to irritation. A large number of these are familiar to all in the opening and shutting of flowers, and take place under the influence of light, or heat, or both. All organs which show this capacity for motion are leaves—either foliage leaves or their modifications in the different portions of flowers; and the cause seems always to be the access, or loss, of water.

In a few familiar instances vegetable structures are sensitive to touch; most of these can be seen to bear a close relation to reproduction, but there is no physiological significance to others so far as is now known. The opening and closing of flowers is akin to our waking and sleeping; and this change is generally dependent upon the action of light, either one way or the other. At night the leaves of the bean rise up, while the robinias hang down. Sleep, whether it be by day or night, is as essential to vegetable as it is to animal life, and plants as well as animals may be tortured to death by depriving them of their necessary repose. The sensitive plant, Le Maout tells us, faints, rather than sleeps, at a touch.

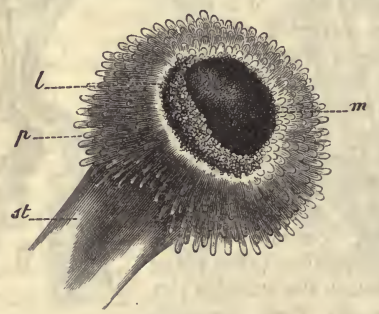


FIG. 4. STIGMA PANSY.

m, mouth; *l*, lip; *p*, papillæform growth; *st*, style. [From nature.]

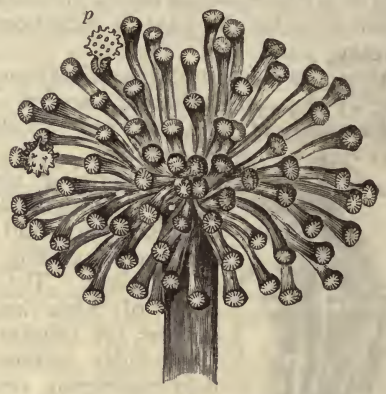


FIG. 5. BUSH HONEYSUCKLE. POLLINATION OF PISTIL. (80 DIAMS.)

p, pollen sending tube into a portion of pistil. [From nature.]

Leaves constantly turn one side toward and the other away from the sun; if they are twisted into the reverse position, they turn themselves back if this can be done, and if it cannot, they die. When a branch is artificially reversed and secured, the petiole (or stem) of each leaf twists itself till the normal position is regained. This movement of the leaf is found to be independent of its need of light, as it takes place with equal certainty under water and in the darkness.

About one-half the dry weight of plants is carbon, and this is all obtained from the carbon dioxide—or carbonic acid—of the air, which constitutes only .0004, or $\frac{1}{2500}$ of its volume. It was once scientifically, and is still popularly, believed that plants, in respiration, reverse the process of animals, —that is, that they inhale carbonic acid and exhale oxygen. It is quite true that vegetation, as a resultant of its processes of life, does evolve oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide; but this is not in consequence of respiration. Plants, like animals, inhale oxygen, and yield up to the air a nearly equal volume of carbon dioxide: this chemical decomposition is performed by all the growing cells, and at all times alike. In addition to this, the chlorophyl cells have

the property, under the controlling power of sunlight, of absorbing carbon dioxide from the outside air, of decomposing it into its constituent elements, of appropriating the carbon for the building up of tissue, and of liberating the now free oxygen. This is a process of assimilation rather than of respiration. The formation of carbon dioxide at the expense of the atmospheric oxygen, like our breathing, goes on continuously and gently, while the reverse process, analogous to the feeding of animal life, though continuous and powerful under the influence of light, ceases instantly when that is withdrawn. During the day, the assimilative process by which carbon is absorbed and oxygen liberated is so powerful as to mask completely the gentler process of breathing; but at night, when assimilation ceases, respiration may be easily detected. For this reason plants by day purify, and by night vitiate, the air. A number of experiments made by the French scientist, Boussingault, prove that, as a final result of vegetation, far more oxygen is liberated than is consumed.

FIG. 6. POLLINATION OF THE PISTIL OF BUSH HONEYSUCKLE. (250 DIAMS.) [FROM NATURE.]

All the intercellular cavities, the air-vessels and the open woody fiber, together form a continuous system throughout the plant; the root ends of all the ramifications of this system are closed; the opposite ends open out by means of the stomata. Throughout this system the gases necessary to plant-life continually circulate.

It is considered probable that all vegetable cells, at some stage of development, manifest a curious circulation of their protoplasmic contents known as cyclosis. This consists in the steady flow of one or more currents of protoplasm over the inner surface of the cellulose envelope. The most striking case of this movement is probably to be found in the *Valisneria spiralis*, a submerged water-plant growing abundantly in the south of Europe, and in some portions of this country. [See Fig. 1.] In order to observe the circulation, it is necessary to scrape or slice away the outer layer of epidermal cells. The movement is sometimes checked by the shock of the operation, but it may be induced almost immediately by the application of gentle warmth, and it sometimes continues in the separated fragment for weeks or even months. The current in another water-plant, *Anacharis alsinastrum*, has been estimated to be no more than $\frac{1}{20000}$ of an inch in depth, yet in this tiny current ripples have been distinctly seen. Cyclosis takes place in stems, in leaves (which are generally a mere spreading out of the fibro-vascular bundles of the stem from which they spring, with a development of flat cellular plates of tissue between), and even more strikingly in the surface hairs of leaves, which belong to their epidermal system.

The flower, as we have already said, consists generally of the reproductive organs,—the pistils and stamens,—and the axial structure which bears them. When the pistils and stamens make their appearance, the floral axis ceases to grow,—development by growth and development by reproduction being commonly reciprocal. The calix,—the outer green cap in which the flower rests,—the corolla,—the row, or rows of white or colored petals,—the stamens, and the pistils are usually arranged in concentric whorls, or in a close coiled spiral, thus producing the rosette effect so characteristic among flowers. In many flowers the development of certain leaves obscures the concentric arrangement of the petals. In some varieties one, and in some another, of the separate whorls may be absent, or reduced to a single representation, and in extreme cases the flower may be reduced to a single organ, staminate or pistillate. When the corolla consists of a single whorl of petals, they often cohere and form a bell-shaped flower. In some of the higher forms of flowering plants, the stamens branch very extensively, and occasionally constitute what is called the flower. The castor-oil plant is an instance of this,—the so-called flower being only the branching filaments of the stamens with their anther lobes. The pistils and stamens which occupy the center of the rosette are merely leaves modified so as to fulfill their functions. Like the sporangia of the ferns, which are borne upon the under surfaces of their fertile leaves, the pollen sacs of these higher plants are borne upon staminal leaves. There have been a few instances brought forward by Magnus, Kaufmann, and Rohebach, where this does not seem quite true, where, in fact, the pollen sac develops upon the end of the floral axis, but even

FIG. 7. PART OF PISTIL, AND POLLEN GRAIN OF CYPRESS VINE. [FROM NATURE.]

here, it seems probable that the anther lobes are themselves abortive staminal leaves.

The stamen generally consists of a long slender stem—the filament—which bears the anther upon its extremity. The anther is usually in the form of two lobes, springing side by side, either from the anterior or posterior side of a staminal leaf (never from both); each anther lobe being in its turn composed of two pollen sacs so closely adherent as to form a single lobe; in this case it is called quadrilocular; occasionally each anther lobe contains but one pollen sac, when it is bilocular. [See Fig. 2.]

The pistil, or more properly the gynœceum [Fig. 3], which contains all the pistillate portions of the flower, consists of one or more closed chambers. The lower, hollow portion [O] is called the ovary, the mass of tissue from which the ovules [*o*, *o*] spring, the placenta [*pl*]. Above the ovary, the carpellary leaf or leaves which form its walls narrow into one or more stalk-like structures [*st*]. The number of styles depends upon the number of carpellary leaves which form the walls of the ovary, each leaf sending up a separate style, though they are sometimes adherent through a part, and sometimes through the whole of their length. Upon the apex of each style is borne the stigma; this is usually a glandular swelling, excreting a viscid substance, which retains the pollen, and by its moisture induces the emission of the pollen tubes. The style is either a hollow tube, as in Figs. 3, 4, or a mass of loose-celled tissue [Figs. 5, 6] through which the pollen tube easily penetrates. The ovules [Fig. 3, *o*, *o*] are borne upon the margins of the carpellary leaves, or over their whole surface; with an occasional occurrence upon the floral axis, in which case the leaves are sterile.

When the ovules of a plant are ready for fertilization, the stigma sends out a delicate papillæform growth, and excretes, upon its surface, a viscid substance. [Figs. 4, 6, 7.] The stamens, in self-fertilizing plants, at the same time, and in those which require foreign fertilization either earlier or later, as the case may be, develop their pollen grains. The two lobes of the stamen then open, disclosing the mature pollen grains [Fig. 2] which are dispersed. The anther lobes open in various ways, generally, however, by the more violent contraction of one series of cells forming the anther walls, which causes rupture. But however the anther lobes may be opened, it is always intimately connected with the contrivances by which pollination is effected.

The pollen falls upon the stigmatic surface, is there held fast by the viscid secretion, and is made, by its moisture, to send out a pollen tube. Most pollen grains have definite places in their cellulose walls at which

FIG. 8. POLLEN GRAINS.

g, of *Cucurbita Pepo* [in water]; *d*, *Passiflora aquilegeæfolia*; *a*, *Pelargonium speciosum*; *h*, *Mimulus moschatus*; *e*, *Basella alba*; *b*, *Hibiscus trionum*; *i*, *Epilobium montanum*; *f*, *Chicorium intybus*; *k*, *Impatiens noli me tangere*; *c*, *Passiflora cærulea*. [After Henfrey.]

the tube is emitted. [Fig. 8.] More than one of these frequently begin to emit tubes at the same time, but only one reaches the ovule and fertilizes it. The ripe pollen grain, as we have already seen, is a single cell; it remains unicellular throughout its existence, the pollen tube is developed immediately upon the stigma, as a protuberance of the intine (or contents of the cell) which perforates the extine. When a pollen grain bursts in water, the contents escape often in long vermiform threads, which might seem to indicate some sort of modification of the cell contents with reference to pollination. In some cases, as in Fig. 3, the pollen grains may be seen in the hollow of the stigma sending their tubes down the channel of the style; but more frequently they penetrate the loose cellular tissue, as in Figs. 5 and 6. The tubes increase by a process of true growth, which takes, in some cases, not more than twenty-four hours, but sometimes as long as several months for completion. The ovules in many plants lie in such a position that the tube penetrates at once the micropyle, or opening into the ovule; in others it is guided by various contrivances to the opening: papillose projections of the walls, tufts of trichomes, or even a funnel-shaped termination to the style itself effects the purpose. Every ovule in the ovary

requires one pollen tube for its fertilization. A larger number of tubes usually enter the stigma than are needed, and in some of the orchids they may be detected with the naked eye, looking like a bunch of white silk threads depending from the stigma. The deposit of the pollen grain upon the stigmatic surface must be distinguished from the penetration of the ovule itself; the first is pollination [Fig. 8]; the second, fertilization [Fig. 9]. Pollen tubes are generally thin-walled and very slender while growing; after entering the micropyle, the wall thickens; the tube seems to be filled with granular protoplasm, generally mixed with starch grains.

The ovule [Fig. 9] is a rounded cellular mass, inclosed in one or two envelopes which grow up and around the nucleus from its base [B], and form—at its apex [A], where they greatly overtop it—a canal-like opening [A], called the micropyle. Through this channel the pollen tube enters, reaches the embryo sac, *e*, and fertilizes it. The embryo sac itself results from the enlargement of one of the inner cells of the nucleus. *After* pollination takes place, but *before* the ovule has been reached by the tube, immediate change takes place in the flower, especially in the pistillate portions: the stigma, style, and even the corolla wither, and the ovary enlarges. In some of the orchids, where the progress of pollination is very slow, the ovules are never developed at all until the grains send out their tubes, and their formation appears to be a direct consequence of pollination. The changes which occur when fertilization takes place are even more striking, the ovary in some plants increasing to several thousand times its original volume.

In the lower forms of this group the flowers are typically unisexual, in the higher, hermaphrodite, "although monœcious and

FIG. 9. OVULE BEING FERTILIZED.

B, base; A, apex; P, pollen tube entering *e*, embryo sac; *a* and *b*, envelopes; *p*, placenta. [After Sachs.]

dicœcious families and genera are not uncommon." The forms of the staminate and pistillate portions of various plants, and the processes of pollination and fertilization, are so different, as well as the means by which they are effected, that the simpler way

FIG. 10. VALISNERIA SPIRALIS.

m, male flower magnified twice; S, its spadix or central portion magnified; *c*, part of same still more enlarged; F, female flower magnified; *b*, stigmatic portion still more magnified.

will be to illustrate each by characteristic examples.

Pollination—so the best authorities tell us, in contradiction of the popular belief—is rarely effected by the wind alone. Where this agency is used, as in Indian corn, for the conveyance of pollen from anther to stigma, there is an enormous development of pollen; and it is also found that no honey is secreted by wind-fertilized flowers, and that their pollen grains are dry. The spontaneous movements of flowers, already alluded to, have generally a very close connection with pollination. Rue is a remarkable instance of this: the flower has four or five petals and eight or ten stamens (so Le Maout tells us); one stamen, instead of spreading horizontally over one, or between two petals, which would seem to be the normal position, bends over the pistil. If watched patiently, the anther will be seen to burst open, to emit its pollen upon the stigma, and, having fulfilled its function, to fall back; another stamen then rises, sheds its pollen and retires, and so on, till every stamen has discharged its pollen upon the stigma, and thus insured the fertilization of all the ovules. A still more remarkable instance is found in the *Valisneria spiralis*, already mentioned. [Fig. 1.] This is a dicœcious plant, but the staminate, or male plant, A, always grows near the pistillate, or female, B. The latter—of which the

essential portions may be seen in Fig. 10, C, b—is surrounded by a spathe [Fig. 10, F], and is borne at the end of a long, twisted peduncle, which springs from a tuft of radical leaves; it bears three forked stigmas, *b*, two of which *in situ* are exposed in F by the removal of part of the spathe. The male flowers [Fig. 1, A] are sessile, on a conical axis, also enveloped in a spathe; the flower, *m*, is twice the natural size, its central spadix, *s*, is still more magnified, and at *c* may be seen a portion under a yet higher power of the microscope. At flowering time, the peduncle, on which the female flower grows, uncoils itself, so that the flower may float upon the surface of the water. The male flower, hitherto submerged, detaches itself from its stem and rises to the surface. A number of them may be seen surrounding the female flower, upon whose stigma their anthers elastically discharge an abundance of pollen.

The commonest and most perfect mode of fertilization is, however, effected by the agency of insects. The contrivances which are found in various plants to lure the insects at the right time to the right place, are more than wonderful. The pollen is ripe and the ovules ready for fructification just when the flower has blossomed out, when the petals have on their most brilliant color, when the fragrance is most delicious, when the honey is most largely secreted. The nectarium lies deep in the heart of the flower, and the stamens and pistils are so arranged that, in order to reach the honey, the body of the insect must, in one position, burst the adhesive pollen grains out of the anther, and collect them upon itself—and, in another, deposit them upon the viscid stigmatic surface. Where cross fertilization is desirable, the modes of insuring this are many and marvelous.

The commonest of these contrivances—so-called by Darwin himself, though he utterly denies the existence of a contriver—is called dichogamy, which, being interpreted, means merely that the pollen and ovules reach maturity at different periods, so that self-fertilization is impossible; in some cases the anther, in others the stigma, is developed first. The second of these methods for insuring cross fertilization is the relative position of stamens and pistils, which makes it almost impossible that the pollen of a certain flower should fall upon its own stigma. The third method is the impotence of the pollen of certain plants when placed upon their own stigmas. (Fritz Muller says that in some varieties it is even poisonous, though this is not proved.) The fourth and last is dimorphism, or a different relative development of the reproductive organs in different flowers of the same species. This is very well illustrated by the flax and the English primrose. In the flax the stamens and pistils are so placed that an insect entering a flower in quest of honey cannot fail to load itself with pollen, which it deposits upon the next flower visited. The well-known habit of insects—especially bees—of visiting only one kind of flower on each excursion, aids greatly in disseminating pollen where it will fructify. The pollen of a flax blossom, when artificially placed upon its own stigma, fails to fertilize, though it is potent on other flowers precisely similar.

Darwin found two varieties of blossoms on the primroses, which he has observed with that exquisite minuteness and accuracy characteristic of all his naturalizing. One of these flowers possesses long styles and short

FIG. 11. ANTHER OF PANSY WITH ADHERENT POLLEN GRAINS. [FROM NATURE.]

filaments, the other long filaments and short styles, so situated that cross fertilization by insect agency is secured. The pollen of the same flower, however, in this case, is capable of fertilizing its own ovules, though fewer and less perfect seeds were found to be the result of self than of cross fertilization. In

connection with these facts, it is very curious to note that there are a number of plants among the higher genera which develop two kinds of flowers, the one for cross, the other for self fertilization. In the sweet violet, for instance, the ordinary flowers are often infertile, while there are small, inconspicuous flowers near the ground which never open, the pollen tubes of whose anthers, without leaving the lobes in which

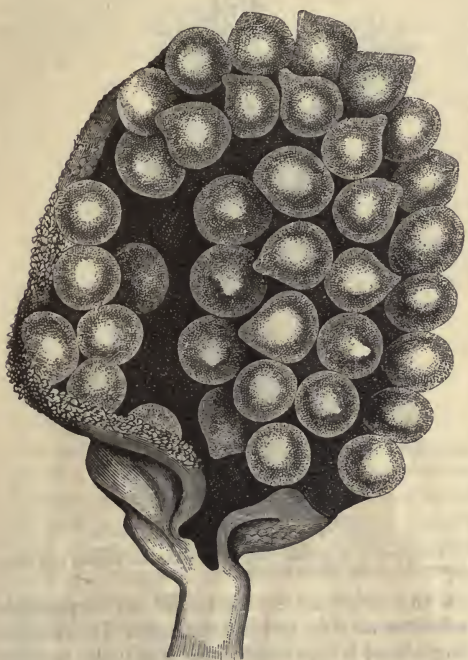


FIG. 12. SECTION OF OVARY OF PANSY. [FROM NATURE.]

they have developed, penetrate and fertilize the ovules: all this takes place within the corolla. In the orchids, where perhaps the contrivances to prevent self-fertilization are the most wonderful and the most beautiful, some striking exceptions are found. Darwin discovered, in one instance, an orchid in which the pollen tubes were emitted from the anther lobes and had penetrated the stigma of the same flower.

In Darwin's charming little volume upon the fertilization of orchids some observations are recorded almost too wonderful for belief. The briefest statement of a few of these points may be made here. The orchids are generally known as air-plants, clinging to bits of detached bark and limbs of trees in our conservatories, sending out their lovely butterfly wings, and displaying wonderful simulation of insect forms. One could almost fancy these sirens trying to charm their unwary victims by an assumption of a form not belonging by rights to them. However that may be, they certainly look as much like the insects they woo as a flower could well manage to do; but, unlike the sirens of fable, they bestow more than they exact, and then let their sometime captives go their way. At the time when the stigma is ready for the reception of pollen, the flower opens, the deep nectary secretes its honey, and the insects—especially the lepidoptera—frequent the plant. In the anterior and lower portion of the flower, a long leaf curves downward, which forms the natural alighting-place and path to the nectary. In some varieties, where the breadth of the leaf is sufficient to allow the insect to go astray, a groove directs it to the proper place. As it enters the flower its proboscis comes in contact with the base of the pollinia, the walls start back, as if a secret spring had been touched, and reveal a viscid mass from which the filaments, crowned with their anther lobes, spring up. While the insect is sucking the honey, its proboscis is in such a position that this viscid mass closes over it, and when the insect retreats from the flower the stamen stands erect firmly cemented to its proboscis. A contraction of the cells on the anterior or foremost side of the filament —which takes place in a few seconds— causes it to lose its erect position, and to incline forward at an angle of 45°. The anther laden with pollen is in the exact position to strike against the stigma, and insure pollination in the next flower visited. The pollinia fall off after a time, but their viscid bases adhere to the insect's trunk; and Darwin states that he has a preserved specimen in his possession with eleven of these adherent masses clinging to the proboscis.

The *Viola tricolor*, our common pansy, or heart's-ease, is beautifully contrived to insure cross fertilization. Many a sweet bright morning I have spent in trying to penetrate the mysteries of the fertilization of our common garden flowers. The pistil [Fig. 4], anther [Fig. 11], and ovary [Fig. 12], were taken from the same pansy. It was difficult, in dissecting the flower, to understand from the position of the different organs how pollen developed in the anthers which were wrapped about the ovary down in the heart of the flower could reach the stigma so far above. Though I was quite familiar with all the wonders of the orchids, for some reason, cross fertilization by insect agency did not suggest itself. Pansy after pansy was de-

voted to dissection, but all told the same story, that at last found its explanation in Sachs' wonderful "Handbuch," which seems to have everything in it, and which certainly answered every one of the thousand questions raised during the many hours of close examination given to the subject some summers ago. The cavity of the corolla is filled by the anthers, with the exception of a narrow space which leads to the nectaries. As the insect enters, it is forced to pass close to the open, hollow, and lipped stigma, which may be seen in section in Fig. 3; in extracting the honey, it is closely pressed against the anthers, and becomes covered with the pollen dust. As it retreats, the lower lip of the stigma guards its entrance from a deposit of pollen. The next flower entered, however, receives the pollen collected in the previous one, for the lip which guarded the stigma against the reception of its own pollen as the insect backed out of the flower, scrapes it off as it enters the new one.

One of the most remarkable instances is found in the *Aristolochia clematatis*,—the Dutchman's pipe of the vernacular. [See Fig. 13, A.] The stigma *s*, ripens first, the flower is then in its full beauty and the honey is plentiful; for the sake of brevity, we will suppose an insect which comes to it loaded with pollen from another blossom of the same plant. It enters the flower by the calla-like mouth (this representation, it must be remembered, is much smaller than natural size), the throat is lined with a quantity of vegetable hairs inclining downward. These yield readily under the weight of the insect, but when it reaches the cavity about the reproductive organs and has satisfied itself with honey, an exit is found to be impossible; the inclined hairs which yielded so gracefully as the prisoner entered offer an impossible *chevaux de frise* to his departure. In wandering about his prison-house our little captive comes in contact with the viscid stigmatic surface, and deposits upon it the pollen with which it was loaded. As soon as pollination takes place the stamen starts up—the anther opens and discloses the pollen. The captive takes on another load, and lo! his prison bars have melted away and he is free. The tiny hairs have withered away to their roots and the passage is clear. After his escape, the leaf of the flower drops over the throat and the door is shut against future visitors. Sometimes six or seven insects may be found shut up in the cavity of a single flower, but they are all released after they have done their work and received their wages.

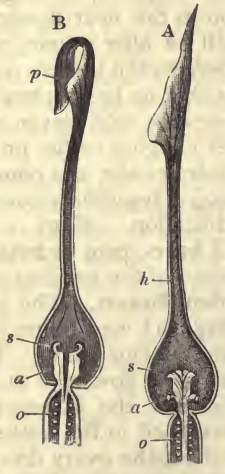


FIG. 13. ARISTOLOCHIA CLEMATATIS. [AFTER SACHS.]

FIG. 14. PISTIL OF FISH GERANIUM.

s, stigma; *a*, *a*, crimson points from which the anthers had disappeared; *h*, hairs. [From nature.]

The ordinary scarlet geranium—the fish geranium, as it is generally called—is a good illustration of dichogamy. On dissecting a multitude of the flowers which grew in the open air, and subjecting them to microscopic scrutiny, not a single anther could be found.

The pistil [Fig. 14] stood up like a lovely rosy lily springing from a pale emerald base tipped with carmine, but where were the anthers? At last, in laying open younger and younger flowers, the anthers were found sessile upon the crimson points *a*, *a*: they are so like the stamens of the cypress vine in form that it did not seem worth while to draw them. [See Fig. 2.] When the first flower opens, the curving leaves of the lily-like pistil are all curled in; the pollen which is ripe is then conveyed away by insects, and when all probability of self-fertilization is over, the pistil unfolds to receive the pollen of some younger flower. A cross section of the ovary, with ovules yet undeveloped [Fig. 15], gives no idea of its beauty as seen under the glass.

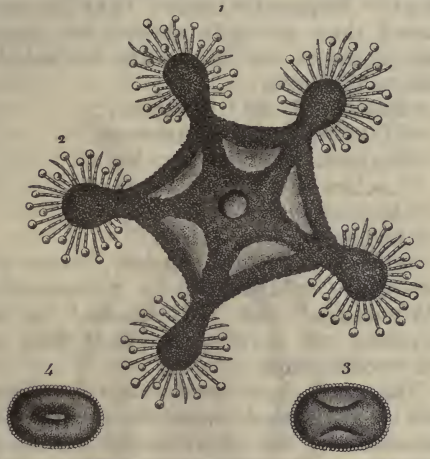


FIG. 15. CROSS SECTION OF OVARY OF ISH GERANIUM. 1, 2, hairs; 3, pollen grain; 4, same in another position. [From nature.]

So far only, the fertilizing power of the pollen of one flower upon the stigma of another of its own variety, has been alluded to. There are many instances, however, where a hybrid is produced by the fertilization of one variety, species, or—even in rare and exceptional cases—genus, by the pollen of another. Many beautiful variations in cultivated plants have been produced in this way. The degree of affinity which permits hybridization is known as a matter of fact, though the theory is yet very imperfect; and without further knowledge no predictions can be made, and each phenomenon must be observed for itself. Many curious and anomalous facts have been observed in this connection. Professor Asa Gray gives a case in which an apple was found which was half Spitzenberg and half russet. It was produced upon a Spitzenberg tree, though a russet grew not two hundred yards off.

This whole subject is, in fact, full of a beauty which is indescribable. There is nothing more exquisite in all microscopy than flowers,—especially the pistillate and staminate portions of them. The coloring and texture are so exquisite, that it seems almost a pity to try to represent them in black and white. The stamen of the common cypress vine, for instance, which is given, as far as mere form is concerned, in Fig. 2, looks under a moderate power like a delicate shell, carved out of a single ruby, in which are nestling treasures of shimmering pearls of the purest white. An enthusiastic admirer looking at it, said: "This gives one a new idea of Venus rising out of her jeweled shell;" and, indeed, the beauty of form and color demands analogies which are always rejected in the end as unworthy.

FARRAGUT IN MOBILE BAY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ONE WHO TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE.

MISINFORMATION and the love of ideality in preference to truth are still responsible for a great variety of statements received as veritable history. Even such an undeniable occurrence as the great naval battle in Mobile Bay, on the morning of the 5th of August, 1864, has become, in nearly twelve years, fairly embroidered with unjust poetic fancies. The dignity of that event, as reviewed in the past year of memorials, has induced the writer of this paper to point out some of the errors and misrepresentations which he himself has read and re-read in various publications, since the memorable fight occurred, of which he was an eye-witness. Believing that, a generation hence, or after a hundred years from the date of the battle in Mobile Bay, statements known to be true will by that time have been disentangled from imaginative historical writings, the writer also confidently submits these personal observations of that engagement to the confirmation of all clear-eyed survivors of the fight who, like himself, have no other earthly

motive in thus testifying than to write truthfully of a great event. In this connection, it is only necessary to add that, when participating in the engagement named, the writer's station was that of signal officer on an elevated position of his vessel,—the United States steamer "Port Royal," the third ship in line,—and directly astern of the flagship "Hartford." Standing then and there by the side of Lieutenant-Commander Bancroft Gherardi, though overblown with "clouds of war in progress," who shall deny—from his opportunity—his right to point out flaws in the "facts" furnished by historians and others, at long and safe distances from the scene, and fashioned in the beautiful sunlight of peace?

The account given by Mr. Lossing in his history of "The Civil War in America" is correct only in part; the errors in his statement outweigh the facts. He is correct in giving the names of the vessels which participated in the action, with one exception, namely: where he speaks of the "Lancaster" butting the "Tennessee:"—*the "Lancaster" was not there!* He also fails to state how the vessels were stationed in line-of-battle previous to passing the forts,—a very important item for an historian to omit.

Mr. William Page, the artist who painted the picture of "Farragut lashed to the rigging of the 'Hartford' in Mobile Bay," has also been misinformed concerning the true position occupied by the admiral on that day—at least so far as the lashing is concerned; and, therefore, his masterly work of art has been justly criticised by many officers and men of that fleet who unite in considering it an overdrawn picture.

Nor has Mr. Brownell been either exact or accurate in his beautiful poem of "The Bay Fight," in locating his hero "high in the mizzen-shroud." All this, however, *as it was*, shall be given further on. For the benefit of Mr. Lossing, in case he should ever conclude to revise and republish his history of "The Civil War in America," and of all others who were "not there," and who yet may desire to recount the Mobile Bay fight, we propose herewith to give some of the preliminary arrangements made by the admiral and subordinates of the squadron, preparatory to passing the forts and batteries which guarded the approaches to Mobile Bay.

For several days previous to the time appointed for making the attack on the enemy, the vessels lying on the blockade off Mobile Bay had been ordered to the Pensacola Navy Yard, one or two at a time, with orders to "send down yards and top-masts," and land them with all surplus spars and rigging at that station, then to coal up to the fullest capacity and return to Mobile Bar without delay. This work accomplished, the iron-clads having arrived, and all things being in readiness, at about 5.30 on the morning of the 5th of August, 1864, signal was given on the flag-ship for the fleet to "Prepare for battle!" The following named ships promptly obeyed the signal, and got under way, lashed together side by side, in this order:

"Brooklyn" and "Octorora;"
"Hartford" and "Metacomet;"
"Richmond" and "Port Royal;"
"Lackawanna" and "Itasca;"
"Monongahela" and "Seminole;"
"Ossipee" and "Galena;"
"Oneida" and "Kennebec;" with the iron-clads "Manhattan," "Tecumseh," "Winnebago" and "Chickasaw," in the advance, and covering the right flank of the wooden ships.

The next signal made on the "Hartford:" "Advance toward the enemy," was answered by the above-named vessels, as they slowly steamed up the main ship-channel toward Fort Morgan and the Confederate flotilla. At about half-past six o'clock, and when about a mile and a quarter distant from the enemy, our iron-clads opened fire on the fort, but the Confederate gunners did not reply for several minutes, during which interval the enemy's fleet steamed out from behind the fort, and took positions across the channel to dispute our further progress. They then opened a rapid and terrific fire upon the Union ships, raking them fore and aft. Fort Morgan, with her hundred guns, belched forth torrents of iron hail at the same moment. The first three or four volleys from the fort passed high over the Union vessels, and struck the water at least a mile below us and down the channel.

By this time the fight had become general. The flag-ship had made signal to "Carry all steam possible," in order to engage the fort and the enemy's fleet at close range with grape and canister shot. At a few minutes after seven, when the head vessels of the line were engaging the enemy hotly, and all meantime were running with full heads of steam, and within a few hundred yards of the fort, the "Brooklyn" and her consort, the "Octorora"—head ships of the line—slowed down, for the iron-clad "Tecumseh,"

just ahead on the right flank, had been blown up by a torpedo and was tragically going down! In that exciting moment, Admiral Farragut endeavored to have her move forward, but she failing to do so, signal was made for the vessels in the rear to "Follow the 'Hartford.'" The flag-ship then passed the "Brooklyn," steamed along the west bank of the channel, and was followed by the remainder of the fleet over a sheet of water strewn with more than a hundred torpedoes.

Broadside after broadside of grape and canister was poured into the fort and water batteries by the several ships, as they passed, while cheers hearty and loud from the Union gunners rent the air as each vessel passed the objective point.

The Confederate ram "Tennessee" made a number of vain attempts to strike the "Hartford," but was fortunately prevented from reaching its "shining mark" by the monitor "Manhattan." Other gun-boats of the enemy, the "Gaines," the "Selma," and the "Morgan," also fought desperately with the wooden steamers. The "Hartford," as if goaded to desperation by the annoyance and damage, received from the "Gaines," turned suddenly and gave the latter a broadside which sent her ashore under the guns of Fort Morgan, where she burned down to the water's edge before noon. The "Morgan" also took refuge under the guns of the fort, and during the night succeeded in escaping up the bay to the city of Mobile. The "Selma" was chased about eight miles up the bay by the "Metacomet" *and the "Port Royal"* (not by the former alone, as Mr. Lossing has it), and after an engagement of about ten minutes, at short range, she surrendered to the fire of those two vessels. Meantime, sixteen men had been killed and wounded on the decks of the "Selma," and a number of her guns were also dismounted, and considerable other damage was sustained before she surrendered.

Immediately, she was boarded by the crews of the two Union vessels, her officers and men taken prisoners, and placed on board the "Port Royal" and the "Metacomet;" a crew of Union officers and seamen was assigned to duty on board, and the three steamers, in company, proceeded down the bay to the upper anchorage. There the heavy wooden ships and iron-clads were attacking the ram "Tennessee," which had steamed up from Fort Morgan for the purpose of destroying them.

This terrible encounter began about nine o'clock, A. M., one hour (or thereabouts) after the Union vessels had passed the forts. Our fleet had now anchored, and the work of clearing the decks of the killed and wounded was in progress, when it was discovered that the "Tennessee" was under way and shaping her course directly for the "Hartford."

But Farragut did not wait for the ram to come nearer than half a mile, before signaling the monitors and heavy wooden ships to "Get under way and close in upon the Confederate monster and destroy it." The superior speed of the unarmored vessels enabled them to be the first to come in close contact with the enemy. The "Monongahela," commanded by Commander J. H. Strong, was the first of the wooden ships to strike the "Tennessee." She was particularly adapted for this encounter,—several feet of her bow being constructed of solid oak timber and surrounded by an iron prow of great weight. She gave the enemy a heavy blow on the starboard side amidships, and, at the same instant, fired a heavy chase-gun at the ram—a 200-pound Parrott rifle—without any perceptible effect upon its armor!

The "Hartford," the "Lackawanna," the "Ossipee," and other vessels, in turn, also fought the ram at close quarters, striking its sides with violent force, and greatly to the injury of the wooden ships. The shots hurled from the 9-inch and 10-inch guns of these ships produced no more damaging effects than the conical-shaped bolt from the rifle of the "Monongahela." In this stress the monitor "Manhattan," commanded by Commander T. W. A. Nicholson, and under the executive management of Lieutenant-Commander C. M. Schoonmaker, arrived upon the scene, and immediately gave close battle to the "Tennessee."

Up to this moment the ram was uninjured, and its crew but slightly demoralized by the shocks received in contact with the heavy wooden ships. This state of security was, however, soon to be broken. The "Manhattan" had brought into the conflict weapons not possessed by any other ship in the fleet, namely, 15-inch Dahlgren guns. While thus closely engaged, the enemy received four blows of solid shot from these guns; the charges of powder used ranging from 35 to 60 pounds. At that time no charge heavier than that last named had ever been used with these guns. A fourth shot from the "Manhattan," with the

daring charge of 60 pounds of powder, *penetrated the armor of the "Tennessee,"* passed through her double two-inch iron plating, and eight inches of solid oak backing, lodging in the latter; but hurling splinters nearly as long as fence-rails in various directions across the deck of the ram, and which severely wounded the Confederate Admiral Buchanan, besides killing several of his crew. Meanwhile, the steering apparatus of the ram had been badly damaged, in consequence of attacks made in the stern by the monitor "Chickasaw;" the "Hartford" had also shot away the enemy's smoke-stack close down to the plating, which caused the vessel to fill with smoke and gas. Under such circumstances, Buchanan deemed it prudent to surrender.

During the engagement the "Manhattan's" boats were shot away; Captain Nicholson was therefore unable to get on board to receive the surrender so bravely earned. A boat from the "Lackawanna" soon boarded the ram, received the surrender of Admiral Buchanan, and carried it to the "Hartford." Fleet-captain Johnson of the "Tennessee" afterward stated that he "wished to surrender to Commander Nicholson of the 'Manhattan,'" as the latter vessel had conquered him. While the entire fleet behaved well, and did good service in this desperate struggle, the admirable conduct of Commander Nicholson in the management of the "Manhattan," and the execution done by her guns, should have brought him more prominent mention in the official report of the Commander-in-chief than was there given.

The concurring opinion of many officers, both of the regular and the volunteer navy, is that, had it not been for the 15-inch guns on our side, and the skillful manner in which they were handled by the men in the turret under charge of Lieutenant-Commander Schoonmaker, the Federal fleet would have been driven out of Mobile Bay, or sunk beneath its waters!

Without other digression, we may now turn to the station of Admiral Farragut in the rigging of the "Hartford," while passing the forts. We entirely agree with Captain Thornton A. Jenkins, of the "Richmond," and with others who were near the flag-ship in the battle, that the admiral *was not lashed to the rigging.*

When the fleet had crossed the bar and was inside of Sand Island, and had approached to within about one mile and a quarter of Fort Morgan, Admiral Farragut coolly and deliberately ascended the starboard *main* rigging and halted just beneath the top. Passing his arm up through the "lubber's hole," he seized the foot of the pilot, Martin Freeman by name, who was standing in the maintop, giving orders to the helmsman. The signal quartermaster, in obedience to the orders of Captain Drayton, took up a hammock-lashing to secure the admiral to the shrouds, so that in case he should be killed, his body would not fall overboard or on the deck; but, by Freeman's advice, the admiral would not allow it to be passed around him. The quartermaster returned with his lashing to the deck; and Farragut, the brave, passed the long line of torpedoes and the Confederate forts and fleet unscathed,—while still clinging to the foot of his trusty old pilot, Martin Freeman.

This is the truth which the historian should receive and record, if he chooses to make note of what was but an incident in that terrible action. Many survivors of that day will vouch for the above account. As for Martin Freeman, he still lives in the immediate vicinity of the bay where the battle was fought—being the principal keeper of Horn Island light-house, in Mississippi Sound. Should any one chance to question this writer's assertion in regard to the above matter, he is respectfully referred to Mr. Freeman, who was probably better acquainted, at the time, with the movements of Admiral Farragut than any other individual in the fleet,—Captain Percival Drayton, perhaps, excepted,—and he is known as the heroic and loyal son of South Carolina, and fleet-captain of the West Gulf Squadron.

The philosophy of Admiral Farragut's chosen position is easily explained.

During the noise of the battle, he naturally desired to be so stationed that when no human voice could be heard aloft, should it be necessary for him to communicate with the pilot, by tightly grasping the foot of that person the signal would be noticed; and, as a fact, Mr. Freeman did respond, and, by bending down, lent his ear to the "lubbers' hole" for such orders as the admiral wished to give him.

To this day, "old salts" smile over the poetical rendering of Farragut's position, as given by that worthy non-combatant, Ensign Brownell.

At the date of the action, the writer was told by Lieutenant-Commander L. P. Adams, who commanded a division of guns on the

"Hartford," and who was slightly wounded in the engagement, that Admiral Farragut occupied the quarter-deck during the fight with the "Tennessee." If this is true, what becomes of Brownell's historical poem and Mr. Page's historical painting? In one case the beautiful language of words, and in the other the equally expressive language of lines and colors, may, indeed, survive, but their highest glory—the language of truth—has certainly departed from both alike.

To revert again to Mr. Lossing, it is to be seen that he gives the total number of killed and wounded on the Union side during the engagement with the forts and the Confederate fleet, as 335—165 killed, and 170 wounded. Where he procured his figures, it is difficult to understand; the following is the correct table, compiled by the writer, at the time, from the official report of commanders:

Names of Vessels.	Armament.	Killed.	Wounded.
Hartford, Flag-ship	28 guns.	19	23
Metacomet	10 "	1	2
Brooklyn	26 "	9	22
Octorora	10 "	—	2
Richmond	24 "	—	—
Port Royal	10 "	—	—
Ossipee	13 "	—	—
Itasca	4 "	—	—
Lackawanna	14 "	4	2
Seminole	9 "	—	—
Monongahela	12 "	—	6
Kennebec	5 "	—	—
Oneida	10 "	7	23
Galena	14 "	—	1
Manhattan (Iron-clad)	2 "	—	—
Tecumseh " "	2 "	115*	—
Winnebago " "	4 "	—	—
Chickasaw " "	4 "	—	—
Total	201	155	81

* Drowned.

Immediately after the capture of the "Tennessee," the admiral turned his attention toward Forts Gaines and Powell, the former located on Dauphin Island, and the latter at Grant's Pass, the inlet to the bay from Mississippi Sound. A bombardment of the latter work was begun and continued through the greater part of the day. The fort returned a feeble fire, and at night, nearly the whole garrison, after arranging to blow up the fortification, fled to the main-land on the west side of the bay. The expected explosion took place at about eleven o'clock, P. M., and was successfully accomplished.

On the morning of the 6th, the iron-clads "Winnebago" and "Chickasaw" steamed down to within short range of Fort Gaines, and opened fire on the enemy.

This fort was garrisoned by 856 men and officers, under the command of Colonel C. D. Anderson, of the Confederate Army. The soldiery was composed principally of young high-toned aristocrats from the city of Mobile and vicinity, who had no relish for field-service at the front in a more northern clime, and who also considered themselves perfectly safe at Fort Gaines, while the Union fleet was blockading the fort outside the bar. They were unprepared, however, to receive this sudden and unexpected attack from the rear; and after enduring the bombardment long enough to satisfy them that it was dangerous business, and that Farragut's monitors were in earnest, they urged their commander to surrender without further loss of life. Consequently, on the morning of the 7th, a flag of truce boat from the shore was sent alongside the flag-ship "Hartford," and Confederate Major M. R. Browne stepping on board, delivered the following proposal to surrender to Admiral Farragut:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT GAINES,
August 7th, 1864.

TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, COMMANDING NAVAL FORCES OFF DAUPHIN ISLAND:

Feeling my inability to maintain my present position longer than you may see fit to open upon me with your fleet, and feeling also the uselessness of entailing upon ourselves further destruction of life, I have the honor to propose the surrender of Fort Gaines, its garrison, stores, etc. I trust to your magnanimity for obtaining honorable terms, which I respectfully request that you will transmit to me, and allow me sufficient time to consider them and return an answer. This communication will be handed you by Major M. R. Browne.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
C. D. ANDERSON,
Colonel Commanding."

At ten o'clock, A. M., a small naval force was landed at the fort, and the terms of surrender completed. The fort, garrison, stores, etc., were surrendered to the navy, amid the shouts and cheers of the men in the squadron, and which reverberated for miles over the bay. The Confederate prisoners were sent to New Orleans, and soon afterward the fort was garrisoned by troops detailed for that purpose. This act ended the Mobile Bay fight, in which the navy only took part, and the admiral thereupon issued the following order, which was read on the quarter-deck of each vessel:

"U. S. FLAG-SHIP 'HARTFORD,'
MOBILE BAY, August 7th, 1864.

The admiral returns thanks to the officers and crews of the vessels of the fleet for their gallant conduct during the fight.

It has never been his good fortune to see men do their duty with more cheerfulness; for although they knew that the enemy was prepared with all devilish means for our destruction, and witnessed the almost instantaneous annihilation of our gallant companions in the 'Tecumseh,' and the slaughter of their own friends and messmates and gunmates,—still there was not the slightest evidence of hesitation to follow your commander-in-chief through the line of torpedoes and obstructions, of which we knew nothing except from the exaggerations of the enemy,—'that we must all be blown up as certainly as we attempted to enter Mobile Bay.' For this blind confidence in your leader, he thanks you.

D. G. FARRAGUT,
Rear-Admiral."

In this connection, the subsequent arrangements made for holding the position thus valiantly gained will bear brief repetition here.

On the morning of the 8th, the Union General Granger, with five thousand troops, arrived from New Orleans, through Mississippi Sound; and under cover of the squadron, and by use of its boats, landed his army about two and a half miles to the eastward of Fort Morgan, and at once constructed earth-works entirely across the peninsula,—thereby cutting off the retreat of the Confederates from the fort, and also preventing the arrival of re-enforcements. Within three days after landing, the Union sharpshooters were lying within one hundred yards of the fort, greatly to the annoyance of the Confederates. Batteries were then planted by the army and navy at distances ranging from two hundred and fifty to eight hundred yards, and bearing upon the fort.

While constructing these batteries the men were protected, in the day-time, by the sharp-shooters, and at night the fleet shelled the fort to prevent the enemy from strengthening his position, and also from interrupting the troops and seamen at work in the trenches.

By this arrangement, the Union forces were prepared by the 22d of August, to commence a general bombardment.

On this day, at four o'clock, A. M., the fleet formed in line of battle, and firing commenced from the ships and shore batteries. The fort was completely silenced before noon; but the flag which had been shot away, and raised again several times during the day, still floated defiantly, and the Union fire was kept up until five P. M. During this time the Union shore batteries fired over one thousand shells, and the fleet about thirty-five hundred.

On the morning of the 23d, a white flag was discovered flying from the fort, and consequently the bombardment was not renewed. At 10 A. M., the Confederate General Paige surrendered the fort, garrison, etc., after destroying all the powder by submerging it in cisterns, and spiking most of the guns. General Granger's troops then marched in and took possession. Six hundred and fifty persons were captured, including one major-general and thirty-seven commissioned officers. They were immediately sent as prisoners of war to New Orleans.

The total number of prisoners captured in the forts and fleet of the enemy between the 5th and 22d of August was 1,693; and the total number of guns captured was 208, being seven more than the admiral had in the vessels which passed the forts.

The foregoing facts of the fight in Mobile Bay are written simply and plainly in order that all who read may understand them. For twelve long years the writer and many of his naval friends have felt aggrieved at the misrepresentations of Lossing and other writers upon this and other naval exploits.

If these pages disenchant any readers of the Mobile Bay affair, as it has been written for them by Lossing, painted by Page, sung by Brownell, the charge can be entered against H. D. Baldwin, of Kingston, New York—Late Volunteer Officer U. S. N.

TRADITIONAL MUSIC OF THE FRENCH PYRENEES.

THERE are two varieties of Pyrenean music,—the songs of the French side of the mountains and those of the Basque provinces and the Spanish Pyrenees. Some few years ago, an enterprising Frenchman collected and printed in book form about twenty songs which were supposed to be sung by the peasantry of Béarn. But the unpublished songs, which are actually sung by the women at their spinning-wheels and babies' cradles, and by the men in the fields and at their fêtes, it is almost impossible to get, taught as they are by ear and by the constant singing of the mother to the child. The latter are by far the prettiest songs of the country.

For some unknown reason the Béarnais people are very loth to sing their national airs to strangers; perhaps because they think them too simple; perhaps because they guard them jealously. But whatever the reason, I noticed that the peasants invariably sang French songs, with as many roulades and turns as possible, instead of their own pretty patois airs.

It was my happy lot to spend a couple of years or so in the Pyrenees, about four or five years ago, and I learned the patois in order to converse easily with the people, and, if possible, to collect some of the very pleasing little songs with which their land abounds.

The Béarnais dialect, or old language of Navarre, seems to be a mixture of French and bad Spanish, and is spoken by the people almost exclusively,—French being taught them only as an accomplishment, much as it is taught in America. The dialect is very easily acquired, and is not nearly so difficult to pronounce as the Bordelais or Provençal.

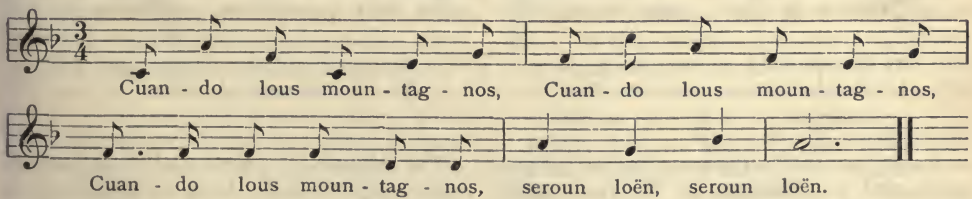
By constantly attending little peasant festivities and dances, and seeing the people often in their own houses, I managed to pick up by ear many of the melodies so common among them; and I propose to give a few of the prettiest of the traditional songs of the Béarnais and Pyrenean type. The reader will soon perceive what kind of music it is that keeps the people of Navarre so constantly cheerful and kindly.

The peasants differ much in character from the ordinary French type. They are less volatile than the Parisian, less shrewd than the Breton, more practical than the Provençal, and perhaps more stolid than the generality of Frenchmen. But there is a kindliness and a child-like simplicity about the Navarrois peasant which were very attractive to me.

The summer of 1870, the year of the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, I spent in Bigorre, in the Upper Pyrenees. The drafting of the men to re-enforce the army at Metz was in progress. As each of the companies was formed and sent off, the drafted men would walk around the village, the evening before their departure, singing the following pathetic adieu to Navarre, as a kind of trio. It sounded peculiarly touching as they went through the mountain passes, perhaps to death, the echoes catching the melody and returning it from time to time.

The music of these songs is generally in thirds and fifths. The rhythm is almost always even, and has not the throbbing cadence of that of the Spanish Pyrenees.

ADIEU TO NAVARRE.



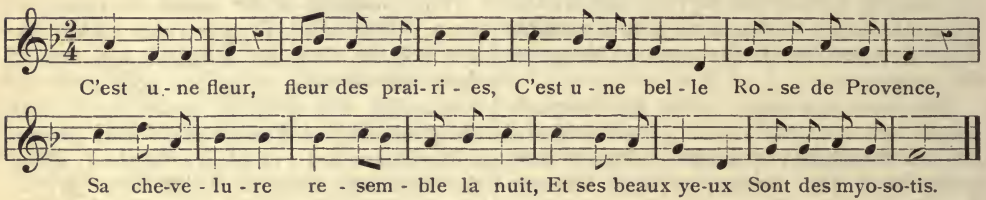
Cuando lous mountagnos seroun loën.
Ho lou cor attendri, Therèse, Therèse.
Rosa de mi bodro, adious, adious!
Ah! Ma belle Béarn, adious, adious.

When the mountains are far away,
My heart will be heavy, Theresa, Theresa.
Rose of my soul, adieu! adieu!
To my beautiful Navarre, farewell! farewell!

Almost throughout these mountains the spindle and distaff are used for spinning in preference to the wheel, the women being able to walk and gossip in the balmy air with the former, while the latter confines them to the house, and the noise is too great to allow of much talking. But occasionally, in some of the remoter villages of the Higher Pyrenees, such as Argelès and Luz, the wheel is still to be seen and heard, and forms a pretty accompaniment to the songs which are shouted out into the still air.

At Argelès, when I was there, I saw two sisters named Jeanne and Gracieuse, who lived as nearly "al fresco" as was possible. They sang from morning till night, sometimes alone, sometimes in duet, and sometimes alternately, as they kept time with their wheels. My windows were just near enough to allow me to catch the whir of the wheel as a mild and subdued accompaniment, while their voices rang out sweet and clear as bells in the air of the quiet village. The prettiest songs they sang were "La Rose de Provence," and a patois song called "Lous Beroyas" (The pretty girls) both of which are reproduced below.

LA ROSE DE PROVENCE.


C'est u - ne fleur, fleur des prai - ri - es, C'est u - ne bel - le Ro - se de Provence,
Sa che-ve - lu - re re - sem - ble la nuit, Et ses beaux ye-ux Sont des myo-so-tis.

2

Quand du village,
Elle se promène
C'est un plaisir
De la voir marcher;
Sa jolie taille
Ronde et gracieuse
Semble une vague
Souple et mystérieuse.

3

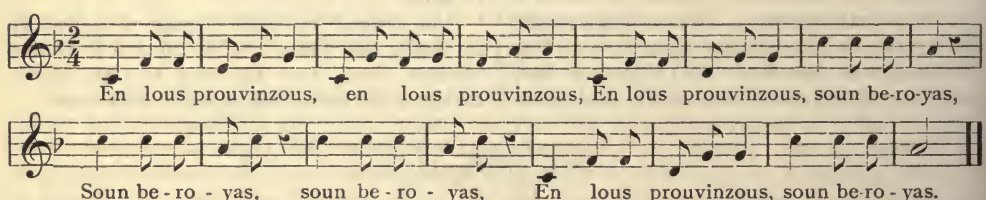
Oh! sa voix douce,
Douce comme une flute!
Oh, elle chante
Mieux qu'un serin;
Fraiche comme une rose,
Blanche comme la neige,
Pure comme une sainte
Est ma Rose de Provence.

She is a flower, flower of the prairie,
She is a fairy, sweet Rose of Provence,
Ah, she is lovely—her hair is black as jet,
Dark blue her eyes are, like the violet.

When she goes out in the village walking,
Ah, 'tis a pleasure to see her pretty feet!
Her graceful figure moves like a rippling wave,
Full of a soft charm, ah, she is so sweet.

Soft is her voice, tender and flute-like,
Sweetly she sings, and lightly she can dance;
Fresh as a rose-bud, white as the driven snow,
Pure as a saint, is my Rose of Provence.

BEROYAS.


En lous prouvinzous, en lous prouvinzous, En lous prouvinzous, soun be-ro-yas,
Soun be - ro - yas, soun be - ro - yas, En lous prouvinzous, soun be-ro - yas.

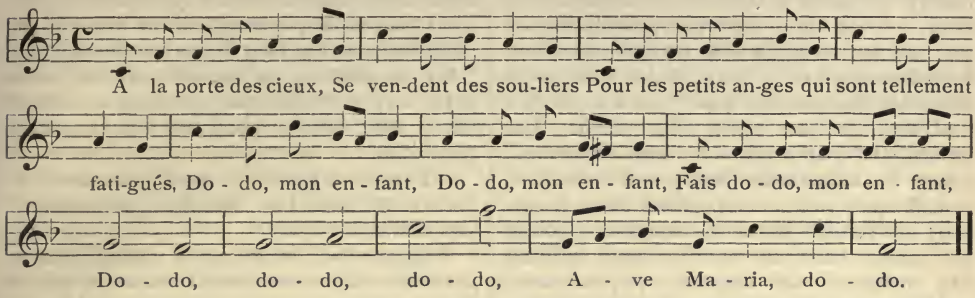
En lous prouvinzous, soun beroyas.
En lous mountagnos soun des echos.

In the provinces are pretty girls.
In the mountains are echoes.

Each place in the Pyrenees has its favorite song, and at Cauterets, as M. Taine mentioned in his book on the Pyrenees, the "Paloumettos" is the popular one. The tune, however, is not as pretty as many others.

The following is a little cradle song, which has soothed many a baby to sleep, and is universally sung in the Pyrenees. There are patois as well as French and Spanish words, but I give the French as being more easily understood:

DO-DO.


A la porte des cieux, Se ven-dent des sou-liers Pour les petits an-ges qui sont tellement
fati-gués, Do - do, mon en - fant, Do - do, mon en - fant, Fais do - do, mon en - fant,
Do - do, do - do, do - do, A - ve Ma - ria, do - do.

Aux enfants qui dorment
Dieu les bénisse.
Aux mères qui chantent
Dieu les assiste:
Do-do, mon enfant, Fais do-do mon enfant,
Do-do, Ave Maria, do-do.

Little shoes are sold at the door-way of Heaven,
And to all the tattered little angels are given,
Slumber my darling, slumber my darling,
Slumber, my darling baby.
Do-do, do-do, Ave Maria, do-do.

God shall bless the children so peacefully sleeping,
God shall help the mothers, their long watches
Slumber, etc. [keeping.

This little nursery song would, I am sure, be as great a favorite among American children as with Spanish ones. I should like at some future time to give some specimens of the traditional music of the Spanish Pyrenees, which is very different in character, and, having the throbbing cadence I spoke of before, is perhaps more fascinating and attractive.

HOW MR. STORM MET HIS DESTINY.

I.

Hüt' dich vor Mägdelein,
Söhnelein, Söhnelein.—HEINE.

I DO not know why people always spoke of my friend Edmund Storm as a confirmed bachelor, considering the fact that he was not far on the shady side of thirty. It is true, he looked considerably older, and had to all appearances entered that bloomless and sapless period which with women is called "uncertain age." Nevertheless, I had a private conviction that Storm might some fine day shed this dry and shrunken chrysalis, and emerge in some brilliant and unexpected form. I cannot imagine what ground I had for such a belief; I only know that I always felt called upon to combat the common illusion that he was by nature and temperament set apart for eternal celibacy, or even that he had ceased to be agitated by matrimonial aspirations. I dimly felt that there was a sort of refined cruelty in thus excluding a man from the common lot of the race; men often have pity but seldom love for those who either from eccentricity or peculiar excellence separate themselves from the broad, warm current of human life, having no part in the errors, ideals and aspirations of their more commonplace brethren. Even a slight deviation from the physical type of common manhood and womanhood, as for instance, the possession of a sixth toe or finger, would in the eyes of the multitude go far toward making a man morally objectionable. It was, perhaps, because I wished to save my friend Storm from this unenviable lot that I always contended that he was yet a promising candidate for matrimony.

Edmund Storm was a Norseman by birth, but had emigrated some five or six years before I made his acquaintance. Our first meeting was brought about in rather a singular manner. I had written an article in one of our leading newspapers, commenting upon the characteristics of our Scandinavian

immigrants and indulging some fine theories, highly eulogistic of the women of my native land. A few days after the publication of this article, my pride was seriously shocked by the receipt of a letter which told me in almost so many words that I was a conceited fool, with opinions worthy of a bedlam. The writer, who professed to be better informed, added his name and address, and invited me to call upon him at a specified hour, promising to furnish me with valuable material for future treatises on the same subject. My curiosity was naturally piqued, and, swallowing my humiliation, I determined to obey the summons. I found some satisfaction in the thought that my unknown critic resided in a very unfashionable neighborhood, and mentally put him down as one of those half-civilized boors whom the first breath of our republican air had inflated a good deal beyond their natural dimensions. I was therefore somewhat disconcerted when, after having climbed half a dozen long staircases, I was confronted with a pale, thin man, of calm, gentlemanly bearing, with the unmistakable stamp of culture upon his brow. He shook my hand with grave politeness, and pointing to a huge arm-chair of antediluvian make, invited me to be seated. The large, low-ceiled room was filled with furniture of the most fantastic styles;—tables and chairs with twisted legs and scrolls of tarnished gilt; a solid-looking, elaborately carved *chiffonier* exhibiting Adam and Eve in airy dishabille, sowing the seeds of mischief for an unborn world; a long mirror in broad gilt frame of the most deliciously quaint rococo, calling up the images of slim, long-waisted ladies and powdered gentlemen with wristbands of ancient lace, silk stockings and gorgeous coats, *à la* Louis XV. The very air seemed to be filled with the vague musty odor of by-gone times, and the impression grew upon me that I had unawares stepped into a lumber-room, where the eighteenth century was stowed away for safe keeping.

"You see I have a weakness for old furniture," explained my host, while his rigid features labored for an instant to adjust themselves into something resembling a smile. I imagined I could hear them creaking faintly in the effort like old tissue paper when crumpled by an unwary hand. I almost regretted my rudeness in having subjected him to the effort. I noticed that he spoke with a slow, laborious enunciation, as if he were fashioning the words carefully in his mouth before making up his mind to emit them. His thin, flexible lips seemed admirably adapted for this purpose.

"It is the only luxury I allow myself," he continued, seeing that I was yet ill at ease. "My assortment, as you will observe, is as yet a very miscellaneous one, and I do not know that I ever shall be able to complete it."

"You are a fortunate man," remarked I, "who can afford to indulge such expensive tastes."

"Expensive," he repeated musingly, as if that idea had never until then occurred to him. "You are quite mistaken. Expensive, as I understand the term, is not that which has a high intrinsic worth, but that which can only be procured at a price considerably above its real value. In this sense, a hobby is not an expensive thing. It is, as I regard it, one of the safest investments life has to offer. An unambitious man like myself, without a hobby, would necessarily be either an idler or a knave. And I am neither the one nor the other. The truth is, my life was very poorly furnished at the start, and I have been laboring ever since to supply the deficiency. I am one of those crude, colorless, superfluous products which Nature throws off with listless ease in her leisure moments when her thoughts are wandering and her strength has been exhausted by some great and noble effort."

Mr. Storm uttered these extraordinary sentiments, not with a careless toss of the head, and loud demonstrative ardor, but with a grave, measured intonation, as if he were reciting from some tedious moral book recommended by ministers of the gospel and fathers of families. His long, dry face with its perpendicular wrinkles, and the whole absurd proportion between his longitude and latitude, suggested to me the idea that Nature had originally made him short and stout, and then, having suddenly changed her mind, had subjected him to a prolonged process of stretching in order to adapt him to the altered type. I had no doubt that if I could see those parts of his body which were now covered, they would show by longitudinal wrinkles the effects of this hypothetical stretching. His features in their original shape may have been handsome, although I am inclined to doubt it; there were glimpses of fine intentions in them, but as a whole, he was right in pronouncing them rather a second-rate piece of workmanship. His nose was thin, sharp and aquiline, and the bone seemed to exert a severe strain upon the epidermis, which

was stretched over the projecting bridge with the tensity of a drum-head. I will not reveal what an unpleasant possibility this niggardliness on Nature's part suggested to me. His eyes (the only feature in him which was distinctly Norse) were of a warm gray tint, and expressed frank severity. You saw at once that, whatever his eccentricities might be, here was a Norseman in whom there was no guile. It was these fine Norse eyes which at once prepossessed me in Storm's favor. They furnished me approximately with the key-note to his character; I knew that God did not expend such eyes upon any but the rarest natures. Storm's taste for old furniture was no longer a mystery; in fact, I began to suspect that there lurked a fantastic streak of some warm, deep-tinged hue somewhere in his bony composition, and my fingers began to itch with the desire to make a psychological autopsy.

"Apropos of crude workmanship," began my host after a pause, during which he had been examining his long fingers with an air of criticism and doubtful approbation. "You know why I wrote to you?"

I confessed that I was unable to guess his motive.

"Well, then, listen to me. Your article was written with a good deal of youthful power; but it was thoroughly false. You spoke of what you did not know. I thought it was my duty to guard you from future errors, especially as I felt that you were a young man standing upon the threshold of life, about to enter upon a career of great mischief or great usefulness. Then you are of my own blood—but there is no need of apologies. You have come, as I thought you would."

"It was especially my sentiments regarding Norsewomen, I believe, that you objected to," I said hesitatingly; for in spite of his fine eyes, my friend still impressed me as an unknown quantity, and I mentally labeled him x, and determined by slow degrees to solve his equation.

"Yes," he answered; "your sentiments about Norsewomen, or rather about women in general. They are made very much of the same stuff the world over. I do not mind telling you that I speak from bitter experience, and my words ought, therefore, to have the more weight."

"Your experience must have been very wide," I answered by way of pleasantry, "since, as you hint, it includes the whole world."

He stared for a moment, did not respond to my smile, but continued in the same imperturbable monotone:

"When God abstracted that seventh or ninth rib from Adam, and fashioned a woman of it, the result was, *entre nous*, nothing to boast of. I have never ceased to regret that Adam did not wake up in time to thwart that hazardous experiment. It may have been necessary to introduce some tragic element into our lives, and if that was the intention, I admit that the means were ingenious. To my mind the only hope of salvation for the human race lies in its gradual emancipation from that baleful passion which draws men and women so irresistibly to each other. Love and reason in a well-regulated human being, form at best an armed neutrality, but can never cordially co-operate. But few men arrive in this life at this ideal state, and women never. As it is now, our best energies are wasted in vain endeavors to solve the matrimonial problem at the very time when our vitality is greatest and our strength might be expended with the best effect in the service of the race, for the advancement of science, art, or industry."

"But would you then abolish marriage?" I ventured to ask. "That would mean, as I understand it, to abolish the race itself."

"No," he answered calmly. "In my ideal state, marriage should be tolerated; but it should be regulated by the government, with a total disregard of individual preferences, and with a sole view to the physical and intellectual improvement of the race. There should be a permanent government commission appointed, say one in each State, consisting of the most prominent scientists and moral teachers. No marriage should be legal without being approved and confirmed by them. Marriage, as it is at present, is, in nine cases out of ten, an unqualified evil; as Schopenhauer puts it, it halves our joys and doubles our sorrows——"

"And triples our expenses," I prompted, laughing.

"And triples our expenses," he repeated gravely. "Talk about finding your affinity and all that sort of stuff! Supposing the world to be a huge bag, as in reality it is; then take several hundred million blocks, representing human beings, and label each one by pairs, giving them a corresponding mark and color. Then shake the whole bag violently, and you will admit that the chances of an encounter between the two with the same label are extremely slim. It

is just so with marriage. It is all chance—a heartless, aimless, and cruel lottery. There are more valuable human lives wrecked every hour of the day in this dangerous game than by all the vices that barbarism or civilization has ever invented."

I hazarded some feeble remonstrance against these revolutionary heresies (as I conceived them to be), but my opponent met me on all sides with his inflexible logic. We spent several hours together without at all approaching an agreement, and finally parted with the promise to dine together and resume the discussion the next day.

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with the pessimist, Edmund Storm.

II.

"Freundschaft, Liebe, Stein der Weisen,
Diese Dreie hört' ich preisen,
Und ich pries und suchte sie,
Aber ach! ich fand sie nie."

—HEINE.

DURING the next two years there was never a week, and seldom a day, when I did not see Storm. We lunched together at a much-frequented restaurant not far from Wall street, and my friend's sarcastic epigrams would do much to reconcile me to my temperance habits by supplying in a more ethereal form the stimulants with which others strove to facilitate or ruin their digestions.

"Existence is even at best a doubtful boon," he would say while he dissected his beefsteak with the seriousness of a scientific observer. "A man's philosophy is regulated by his stomach. No amount of stoicism can reconcile a man to dyspepsia. If our nationality were not by nature endowed with the digestion of a boa constrictor, I should seriously consider the propriety of vanishing into the Nirvana."

I often wondered what could be the secret of Storm's liking for me; for that he liked me, in his own lugubrious fashion, there could be no doubt. As for myself, I never could determine how far I reciprocated his feeling. I should hardly say that I loved him, but his talk fascinated me, and it always irritated me to hear any one speak ill of him. He was the very opposite of what the world calls "a good fellow;" he did not slap you on the shoulder and salute you with a "Hallo, old boy!" and I am inclined to think that he would have promptly resented any undue familiarity. He was a man of the most exact habits, painfully conscientious in all his dealings, and absolutely devoid of vices, unless, indeed, his extravagance in the purchase of old furniture might be classed under that head. To people of slipshod habits, his painstaking exactness was of course highly exasperating, and I often myself felt that he was in need of a redeeming vice. If I could have induced him to smoke, take snuff, or indulge in a little innocent gambling, I believe it would have given me a good deal of satisfaction. Once, I remember, I exerted myself to the utmost to beguile him into taking a humorous view of a mendacious tramp, who, after having treated us to a highly pathetic autobiography, importuned us for a quarter. But no, Storm could see nothing but the moral hideousness of the man, lectured him severely, and would have sent him away unrewarded, if I had not temporarily suspended my principles.

During our continued intercourse, I naturally learned a good deal about my friend's previous life and occupation. He was of very good family, had enjoyed an excellent university education, and had the finest prospects of a prosperous career at home, when, as far as I could ascertain, he took a sudden freak to emigrate. He had inherited a modest fortune, and now maintained himself as cashier in a large tea importing house in the city. He read the newspapers diligently, apparently with a view to convincing himself of the universal wretchedness of mankind in general and the American people in particular, had a profound contempt for ambition of every sort, believed nothing that life could offer worthy of an effort, except—old furniture.

In the autumn of 187–, he was taken violently ill with inflammation of the lungs, and I naturally devoted every evening to him that I could spare from my work. He suffered acutely, but was perfectly calm and hardly ever moved a muscle.

"I seldom indulge in the luxury of whining," he said to me once, as I was seated at his bedside. "But, if I should die, as I believe I shall, it would be a pity if the lesson of my life should be lost to humanity. It is the only valuable thing I leave behind me, except, perhaps, my furniture, which I bequeath to you."

He lay for a while looking with grave criticism at his long, lean fingers, and then told me the following story of which I shall give a brief *resumé*.

Some ten years ago, while he was yet in the university, he had made the acquaint-

ance of a young girl, Emily Gerstad, the daughter of a widow in whose house he lived. She was a wild, unruly thing, full of coquettish airs, frivolous as a kitten, but for all that, a phenomenon of most absorbing interest. She was a blonde of the purest Northern type, with a magnificent wealth of thick curly hair and a pair of blue eyes, which seemed capable of expressing the very finest things that God ever deposited in a woman's nature. It was useless to disapprove of her, and to argue with her on the error of her ways was a waste of breath: her moral nature was too fatally flexible. She could assume with astonishing facility a hundred different attitudes on the same question, and acted the penitent, the indifferent, the defiant, with such a perfection of art as really to deceive herself. And in spite of all this, poor Storm soon found that she had wound herself so closely about his heart, that the process of unwinding, as he expressed it, would require greater strength and a sterner philosophy than he believed himself to possess. He had always been shy of women, not because he distrusted them, but because he was painfully conscious of being in point of physical finish a second-rate article, a bungling piece of work, and naturally felt his disadvantages more keenly in the presence of those upon whom Nature had expended all her best art. He was, according to his own assertion, an idealist by temperament, and had kept a sacred chamber in his heart where the vestal fire burned with a pure flame. Now the deepest strata of his being were stirred, and he loved with an overwhelming fervor and intensity which fairly frightened him. In a moment of abject despair he proposed to Emily, and to his surprise was accepted. And what was more, it was no comedy on her part; he even now believed that she really loved him. All the turbulent forces of her being were toned down to a beautiful, womanly tenderness. She clung to him with a passionate devotion which seemed to be no less of a surprise to herself than it was to him—clung to his stronger self, perhaps, as a refuge from her own waywardness, listened with a sweet, shame-faced happiness to his bright plans for their common future, and shared his pleasures and his light disappointments with an ardor and an ever ready sympathy, as if her whole previous life had been an education for this one end—to be a perfect wife and to be his wife.

But alas, their happiness was of brief duration. At the end of a year, he had finished his legal studies, and passed a brilliant examination. An excellent situation was obtained for him in a small town on the sea-coast, whither he removed and began to prepare for the foundation of his home. It was here he contracted his taste for quaint furniture, all that was now left to him of his happiness—nay, of his life. Suddenly, at the end of eight months, she ceased writing to him—a fact which, after all, argued well for her sincerity; full of apprehension, he hastened to the capital and found her engaged to a young lieutenant,—a dashing, hare-brained fellow, covered all over with gilt embroidery, undeniably handsome, but otherwise of very little worth. At least that was Storm's impression of him; he may have done him injustice, he added, with his usual conscientiousness. A man who sees the whole structure of his life tumbling down over his head is not apt to take a charitable view of the author of the ruin. A week later, Storm was on his way to America,—that was the end of the story.

Yes, if my friend had died, according to his promise, the story would have ended here; but, as for once, he broke his word, I am obliged to add the sequel. I noticed that for some time after his recovery he kept shy of me. As he afterward plainly told me, he felt as if I had purloined a piece of his most precious private property, in sharing a grief which had hitherto been his own exclusive treasure.

III.

Fürcht' dich nicht, du liebes Kindchen,
Vor der bösen Geister Macht;
Tag und Nacht, du liebes Kindchen,
Halten Engel bei dir Wacht.

—HEINE.

ONCE, on a warm moonlight night in September, Storm and I took a walk in the Park. The night always turned him into a gentle mood, and I even suspect that he had some sentiment about it. The currents of life, he said, then ran more serenely, with a slower and healthier pulse-beat; the unfathomable mysteries of life crowded in upon us; our shallow individualities were quenched, and our larger human traits rose nearer to the surface. The best test of sympathy was a night walk; two persons who then jarred upon each other might safely conclude that they were constitutionally unsympathetic. He had known silly girls who in moonlight were sublime; but it was dangerous to build one's hopes of happiness upon this moonlight sublimity.

Just as all complexions, except positive black, were fair when touched by the radiance of the night, so all shades of character, except downright wickedness, borrowed a finer human tinge under this illusory illumination. Thus ran his talk, I throwing in the necessary expletives, and as I am neither black nor absolutely wicked, I have reason to believe that I appeared to good advantage.

"It is very curious about women," he broke forth after a long meditative pause. "In spite of all my pondering on the subject, I never quite could understand the secret of their fascination. Their goodness, if they are good, is usually of the quality of oatmeal, and when they are bad ——"

"'They are horrid,'" I quoted promptly.

"Amen," he added with a contented chuckle. "I never could see the appropriateness of the Bible precept about coveting your neighbor's wife," he resumed after another brief silence. "I, for my part, never found my neighbor's wife worth coveting. But I will admit that I have, in a few instances, felt inclined to covet my neighbor's child. No amount of pessimism can quite fortify a man against the desire to have children. A child is not always a 'thing of beauty,' nor is it apt to be 'a joy for ever'; but I never yet met the man who would not be willing to take his chances. It is a confounded thing that the paternal instinct is so deeply implanted, even in such a piece of dried-up parchment as myself. It is like discovering a warm, live vein of throbbing blood under the shriveled skin of an Egyptian mummy."

We sauntered on for more than an hour, now plunging into dense masses of shadow, now again emerging into cool pathways of light. The conversation turned on various topics, all of which Storm touched with a kindlier humor than was his wont. The world was a failure, but for all that, it was the part of a wise man to make the best of it as it was. The clock in some neighboring tower struck ten; we took a street-car and rode home. As we were about to alight (I first, and Storm following closely after me), I noticed a woman with a wild, frightened face hurrying away from the street-lamp right in front of us. My friend, owing either to his near-sightedness, or his preoccupation, had evidently not observed her. We climbed the long dimly lighted stairs to his room, and both stumbled at the door against a large basket.

"That detestable washwoman!" he muttered. "How often have I told her not to place her basket where everybody is sure to run into it!"

He opened the door and I carried the basket into the room, while he struck a match and lighted the drop-light on the table.

"Excuse me for a moment," he went on, stooping to lift the cloth which covered the basket. "I want to count —— Gracious heavens! what is this?" he cried suddenly, springing up as if he had stepped on something alive; then he sank down into an arm-chair, and sat staring vacantly before him. In the basket lay a sleeping infant, apparently about eight months old. As soon as I had recovered from my first astonishment, I bent down over it and regarded it attentively. It was a beautiful, healthy looking child,—not a mere formless mass of fat with hastily sketched features, as babes of that age are apt to be. Its face was of exquisite finish, a straight, well-modeled little nose, a softly defined dimpled little chin, and a fresh, finely curved mouth, through which the even breath came and went with a quiet, hardly perceptible rhythm. It was all as sweet, harmonious and artistically perfect as a Tennysonian stanza. The little waif won my heart at once, and it was a severe test of my self-denial that I had to repress my desire to kiss it. I somehow felt that my friend ought to be the first to recognize it as a member of his household.

"Storm," I said, looking up at his pale, vacant face. "It is a dangerous thing to covet one's neighbor's child. But, if you don't adopt this little dumb supplicant, I fear you will tempt me too to break the tenth commandment. I believe there is a clause there about coveting children."

Storm opened his eyes wide, and with an effort to rouse himself, pushed back the chair and knelt down at the side of the basket. With a gentle movement he drew off the cover under which the child slept, and discovered on its bosom a letter which he eagerly seized. As he glanced at the direction on the envelope, his face underwent a marvelous change; it was as if a mask had suddenly been removed, revealing a new type of warmer, purer and tenderer manhood.

The letter read as follows:

"Dearest Edmund:

It has gone all wrong with me. You know I would not come to you, if there was any other hope left. As for myself, I do not care what becomes of me, but you will not forsake my little girl. Will

you, dear Edmund? I know you will not. I promise you, I shall never claim her back. She shall be yours always. Her name is Ragna; she was born February 25th, and was christened two months later. I have prayed to God that she may bring happiness into your life, that she may expiate the wrong her mother did you.

"I was not married until five years after you left me. It is a great sin to say it, but I always hoped that you would come back to me. I did not know then how great my wrong was. Now I know it and I have ceased to hope. Do not try to find me. It will be useless. I shall never willingly cross your path, dear Edmund. I have learned that happiness never comes where I am; and I would not darken your life again,—no I would not, so help me God! Only forgive me, if you can, and do not say anything bad about me to my child—ah! what a horrible thought! I did not mean to ask you that, because I know how good you are. I am so wild with strange thoughts, so dazed and bewildered that I do not know what I am saying. Farewell, dear Edmund.—Your,

EMILY.

"If you should decide not to keep my little girl (as I do not think you will), send a line addressed E. H. H., to the personal column in the 'N. Y. Herald.' But do not try to find me. I shall answer you in the same way and tell you where to send the child. E. H."

This letter was not shown to me until several years after, but even then the half illegible words, evidently traced with a trembling hand, the pathetic abruptness of the sentences, sounding like the grief-stricken cries of a living voice, and the still visible marks of tears upon the paper, made an impression upon me which is not easily forgotten.

In the meanwhile Storm, having read and reread the letter, was lifting his strangely illumined eyes to the ceiling.

"God be praised," he said in a trembling whisper. "I have wronged her, too, and I did not know it. I will be a father to her child."

The little girl, who had awaked, without signaling the fact in the usual manner, fixed her large, fawn-like eyes upon him in peaceful wonder. He knelt down once more, took her in his arms, and kissed her gravely and solemnly. It was charming to see with what tender awkwardness he held her, as if she were some precious thing made of frail stuff that might easily be broken. My curiosity had already prompted me to examine the basket, which contained a variety of clean, tiny articles,—linen, stockings, a rattle with the distinct impress of its nationality, and several neatly folded dresses, among which a long, white, elaborately embroidered one marked by a slip of paper as "Baby's Christening Gown."

I will not reproduce the long and serious consultation which followed; be it sufficient to chronicle the result. I hastened homeward, and had my landlady, Mrs. Harrison, roused from her midnight slumbers; she was, as I knew, a woman of strong maternal instincts, who was fond of referring to her experience in that line,—a woman to whom your thought would naturally revert in embarrassing circumstances. She responded promptly and eagerly to my appeal; the situation evidently roused all the latent romance of her nature, and afforded her no small satisfaction. She spent a half hour in privacy with the baby, who re-appeared fresh and beaming in a sort of sacerdotal Norse night-habit which was a miracle of neatness.

"Bless her little heart," ejaculated Mrs. Harrison, as the small fat hands persisted in pulling her already demoralized side curls. "She certainly knows me;" then in an aside to Storm: "The mother, whoever she may be, sir, is a lady. I never seed finer linen as long as I lived; and every single blessed piece is embroidered with two letters which I reckon means the name of the child."

Storm bowed his head silently and sighed. But when the baby, after having rather indifferently submitted to a caress from me, stretched out its arms to him and consented with great good humor to a final good-night kiss, large tears rolled down over his cheeks, while he smiled, as I thought only the angels could smile.

I am obliged to add before the curtain is dropped upon this nocturnal drama, that my friend was guilty of an astonishing piece of Vandalism. When my landlady had deposited the sleeping child in his large, exquisitely carved and canopied bed (which, as he declared, made him feel as if a hundred departed grandees were his bed-fellows), we both went in to have a final view of our little foundling. As we stood there, clasping each other's hands in silence, Storm suddenly fixed his eyes with a savage glare at one of the bed-posts, which contained a tile of porcelain, representing Joseph leaving his garment in the hand of Potiphar's wife; on the post opposite was seen Samson sheared of his glory and Delilah fleeing through the opened door with his seven locks in her hand; a third represented Jezebel being precipitated from a third-story window, and the subject of the fourth I have forgotten. It was a remnant of the not always delicate humor of the seventeenth century. My friend, with a fierce disgust,

strangely out of keeping with his former mood, pulled a knife from his pocket, and deliberately proceeded to demolish the precious tiles. When he had succeeded in breaking out the last, he turned to me and said:

"I have been an atrocious fool. It is high time I should get to know it."

A week later I found four new tiles with designs of Fra Angelico's angels installed in the places of the reprobate Biblical women.

IV.

"Wer zum ersten Male liebt,
Sei es auch glücklos ist ein Gott."
—HEINE.

DURING the following week, Storm and I, with the aid of the police, searched New York from one end to the other; but Emily must have foreseen the event, and covered up her tracks carefully. Our seeking was all in vain. In the meanwhile the baby was not neglected; my friend's third room, which had hitherto done service as a sort of state parlor, was consecrated as a nursery, a stout German nurse was procured, and much time was devoted to the designing of a cradle (an odd mixture of the Pompeiian and the Eastlake style), which was well calculated to stimulate whatever artistic sense our baby must have been endowed with. If it had been heir to a throne, its wants could not have been more carefully studied. Storm was as flexible as wax in its tiny hand. Life had suddenly acquired a very definite meaning to him; he had discovered that he had a valuable stake in it. Strange as it may seem, the whole gigantic world, with its manifold and complicated institutions, began to re-adjust itself in his mind with sole reference to its possible influence upon the baby's fate. Political questions were no longer convenient pegs to hang pessimistic epigrams on, but became matters of vital interest because they affected the moral condition of the country in which the baby was to grow up. Socialistic agitations which a dispassionate bachelor could afford to regard with philosophic indifference now presented themselves as diabolical plots to undermine the baby's happiness, and deprive her of whatever earthly goods Providence might see fit to bestow upon her, and so on, *ad infinitum*. From a radical, with revolutionary sympathies, my friend in the course of a year blossomed out into a conservative Philistine with a decided streak of optimism, and all for the sake of the baby. It was very amusing to listen to his solemn consultations with the nurse every morning before he betook himself to the office, and to watch the lively, almost child-like interest with which, on returning in the evening, he listened to her long-winded report of the baby's wonderful doings during the day. On Sundays, when he always spent the whole afternoon at home, I often surprised him in the most undignified attitudes, creeping about on the floor with the little girl riding on his back, or stretched out full length with his head in her lap, while she was gracious enough to interest herself in his hair, and even laughed and prattled with much inarticulate contentment. At such times, when, perhaps, through the disordered locks, I caught a glimpse of a beaming happy face (for my visits were never of sufficient account to interfere with baby's pleasures), I would pay my respectful tribute to the baby, acknowledging that she possessed a power, the secret of which I did not know.

But in spite of all this, I did not fail to detect that Storm's life was not even now without its sorrow. At our luncheons, I often saw a sad and thoughtful gloom settling upon his features; it was no longer the bitter reviling grief of former years, but a deep and mellow sadness, a regretful dwelling on mental images which were hard to contemplate and harder still to banish.

"Do you know," he exclaimed once, as he felt that I had divined his thoughts, "her face haunts me night and day! I feel as if my happiness in possessing the child were a daily robbery from her. I have continued my search for her up to this hour, but I have found no trace of her. Perhaps if you help me, I shall not always be seeking in vain."

I gave him my hand silently across the table; he shook it heartily, and we parted.

It was about a month after this occurrence that I happened to be sitting on one of the benches near the entrance to Central Park. That restless spring feeling which always attacks me somewhat prematurely with the early May sunshine, had beguiled me into taking a holiday, and with a book, which had been sent me for review, lying open upon my knees, I was watching the occupants of the baby carriages which were being wheeled up and down on the pavement in front of me. Presently I discovered Storm's nurse seated on a bench near by in eager converse with a male personage of her own nationality. The baby, who was safely strapped in the carriage at the road-

side, was pleasantly occupied in venting her destructive instincts upon a linen edition of "Mother Goose." As I arose to get a nearer view of the child, I saw a slender, simply dressed lady, with a beautiful but care-worn face, evidently approaching with the same intention. At the sight of me she suddenly paused; a look of recognition seemed to be vaguely struggling in her features,—she turned around, and walked rapidly away. The thought immediately flashed through me that it was the same face I had seen under the gas-lamp on the evening when the child was found. Moreover, the type, although not glaringly Norse, corresponded in its general outline to Storm's description. Fearing to excite her suspicion, I forced my face into the most neutral expression, stooped down to converse with the baby, and then sauntered off with a leisurely air toward "Ward's Indian Hunter." I had no doubt that if the lady were the child's mother, she would soon re-appear; and I need not add that my expectations proved correct. After having waited some fifteen minutes, I saw her returning with swift, wary steps and watchful eyes, like some lithe wild thing that scents danger in the air. As she came up to the nurse, she dropped down into the seat with a fine affectation of weariness, and began to chat with an attempt at indifference which was truly pathetic. Her eyes seemed all the while to be devouring the child with a wild, hungry tenderness. Suddenly she pounced upon it, hugged it tightly in her arms, and quite forgetting her *rôle*, strove no more to smother her sobs. The nurse was greatly alarmed; I heard her expostulating, but could not distinguish the words. The child cried. Suddenly the lady rose, explained briefly, as I afterward heard, that she had herself lately lost a child, and hurried away. At a safe distance I followed her, and succeeded in tracking her nearly a mile down Broadway, where she vanished into what appeared to be a genteel dress-making establishment. By the aid of a friend of mine, a dealer in furnishing goods, whom I thought it prudent to take into my confidence, I ascertained that she called herself Mrs. Helm (an ineffectual disguise of the Norwegian Hjelm), that she was a widow of quiet demeanor and most exemplary habits, and that she had worked as a seamstress in the establishment during the past four months. My friend elicited these important facts under the pretense of wishing to employ her himself in the shirt-making department of his own business. Having through the same agency obtained the street and number of her boarding-place, I visited her landlady, who dispelled my last doubts, and, moreover, informed me (perhaps under the impression that I was a possible suitor), that Mrs. Helm was as fine a lady as ever trod God's earth, and a fit wife for any man. The same evening, I conveyed to Storm the result of my investigations.

He sat listening to me with a grave intensity of expression, which at first I hardly knew how to interpret. Now and then I saw his lips quivering, and as I described the little scene with the child in the park, he rose abruptly and began to walk up and down on the floor. As I had finished, he again dropped down into the chair, raised his eyes devoutly to the ceiling and murmured:

"Thank God!"

Thus he sat for a long while, sometimes moving his lips inaudibly, and seemingly unconscious of my presence. Then suddenly he sprang up and seized his hat and cane.

"It was number 532?" he said, laying hold of the door-knob.

"Yes," I answered, "but you surely do not intend to see her to-night."

"Yes, I do."

"But it is after nine o'clock and she may ——"

But he was already half way down the stairs.

Through a dense drizzling rain which made the gas-lights across the street look like moons set in misty aureoles, Storm hastened on until he reached the unaristocratic locality of Emily's dwelling. He rang the door-bell, and after some slight expostulation with the servant was permitted to enter. Groping his way through a long dimly lit hall, he stumbled upon a staircase, which he mounted, and paused at the door which had been pointed out to him. A slender ray of light stole out through the key-hole, piercing the darkness without dispelling it. Storm hesitated long at the door before making up his mind to knock; a strange quivering agitation had come upon him, as if he were about to do something wrong. All sorts of wild imaginings rushed in upon him, and in his effort to rid himself of them he made an unconscious gesture, and seized hold of the door-knob. A hasty fluttering motion was heard from within, and presently the door was opened. A fair and slender lady with a sweet pale

face stood before him; in one hand she held a needle, and in the other a bright-colored garment which resembled a baby's jacket. He felt rather than saw that he was in Emily's presence. His head and his heart seemed equally turbulent. A hundred memories from the buried past rose dimly into sight, and he could not chase them away. It was so difficult, too, to identify this grave and worn, though still young face, with that soft, dimpled, kitten-like Emily, who had conquered his youth and made his life hers. Ah! poor little dimpled Emily; yes, he feared she would never return to him. And he sighed at the thought that she had probably lost now all that charming naughtiness which he had once spent so much time in disapproving of. He was suddenly roused from these reflections by a vague, half whispered cry; Emily had fled to the other end of the room, thrown herself on the bed, and pressed her face hard down among the pillows. It was an act which immediately recalled the Emily of former days, a childish and still natural motion like that of some shy and foolish animal which believes itself safe when its head is hidden. Storm closed the door, walked up to the bed and seated himself on a hard, wooden chair.

"Emily," he said at last.

She raised herself abruptly on her arms and gazed at him over her shoulder with large, tearless, frightened eyes.

"Edmund," she whispered doubtfully. "Edmund."

"Yes, Emily," he answered in a soothing voice, as one speaks to a frightened child. "I have come to see you and to speak with you."

"You have come to see me, Edmund," she repeated mechanically. Then as if the situation were gradually dawning upon her, "You have come to see *me*."

His *rôle* had appeared so easy as he had hastily sketched it on the way,—gratitude on her part, forgiveness on his, and then a speedy reconciliation. But it was the exquisite delicacy of Storm's nature which made him shrink from appearing in any way to condescend, to patronize, to forgive, where perhaps he needed rather to be forgiven. A strange awkwardness had come over him. He felt himself suddenly to be beyond his depth. How unpardonably blunt and masculinely obtuse he had been in dealing with this beautiful and tender thing, which God had once, for a short time, intrusted to his keeping! How cruel and wooden that moral code of his by which he had relentlessly measured her, and often found her wanting! What an effort it must have cost her finer-grained organism to assimilate his crude youthful maxims, what suffering to her tiny feet to be plodding wearily in his footsteps over the thorny moral wastes which he had laid behind him! All this came to him as by revelation as he sat gazing at Emily's face, which looked very pathetic just then with its vague bewilderment and its child-like surrender of any attempt to explain what there was puzzling in the situation. Storm was deeply touched. He would fain have spoken to her out of the fullness of his heart; but here again that awkward morality of his restrained him. There were unfortunately some disagreeable questions to be asked first.

Storm stared for a while with a pondering look at the floor; then he carefully knocked a speck of dust from the sleeve of his coat.

"Emily," he said at last, solemnly. "Is your husband still alive?"

It was the bluntest way he could possibly have put it, and he bit his lip angrily at the thought of his awkwardness.

"My husband," answered Emily, suddenly recovering her usual flute-like voice (and it vibrated through him like an electric shock)—"is he alive! No, he is dead—was killed in the Danish war."

"And were you very happy with him, Emily? Was he very good to you?"

It was a brutish question to ask, and his ears burned uncomfortably; but there was no help for it.

"I was not happy," answered she simply, and with an unthinking directness, as if the answer were nothing but his due; "because I was not good to him. I did not love him, and I never would have married him, if mother had not died. But then, there was no one left who cared for me."

A blessed sense of rest stole over him; he lifted his grave eyes to hers, took her listless hand and held it close in his. She did not withdraw it, nor did she return his pressure.

"Emily, my darling," he said, while his voice shook with repressed feeling (the old affectionate names rose as of themselves to his lips, and it seemed an inconceivable joy to speak them once more); "you must have suffered much."

"I think I have deserved it, Edmund," she answered with a little pant and a little quiver of her upper lip. "After all, the worst was that I had to lose my baby. But

you are very good to her, Edmund, are you not?"

Her eyes now filled with tears and they began to fall slowly, one by one, down over her cheeks.

"Yes, darling," he broke forth,—the impulse of tenderness now overmastering all other thoughts. "And I will be good to you also, Emily, if you will only let me."

He had risen and drawn her lithe, unresisting form to his bosom. She wept silently, a little convulsive sob now and then breaking the stillness.

"You will not leave me again, Edmund, will you?" she queried, with a sweet distressed look, as if the very thought of being once more alone made her shudder.

"No, Emily dear, I will never leave you."

"Can you believe me, Edmund?" she began suddenly after a long pause. "I have always been true to you."

He clasped her face between his palms, drew it back to gaze at it, and then kissed her tenderly.

"God bless you, darling!" he whispered, folding her closer in his arms, as if he feared that some one might take her away from him.

How he would love and keep and protect her—this poor bruised little creature, whom he had once so selfishly abandoned at the very first suspicion of disloyalty! As she stood there nestling so confidingly against his bosom, his heart went out to her with a great yearning pity, and he thanked God even for the long suffering and separation which had made their love the more abiding and sacred.

The next day, Storm and Emily were quietly married, and the baby and I were present as witnesses. They now live in a charming little cottage on the Jersey side, which is to me a wonder of taste and comfort. Out of my friend's miscellaneous assortment of ancient furniture, his wife has succeeded in creating a series of the quaintest, most fascinating boudoirs and parlors and bedrooms—everything, as Storm assures me, historically correct and in perfect style and keeping; so that in walking through the house, you get a whiff of at least three distinct centuries. To quote Storm once more, he sleeps in the sober religious atmosphere of the German Reformation with its rational wood-tints and solid oaken carvings, dines amid the pagan splendors of the Italian Renaissance, and receives company among the florid conventionalities of the French rococo period.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"Protestant Vaticanism."

A HEN long past laying, and possessed of a chronic *penchant* for sitting on porcelain eggs, should never cackle, under the gleeful impression that she has furnished a new and reliable evidence of her productive vitality. She is sure to be mistaken, every time. It will always appear, on examination, that some outside party has tucked another porcelain fraud under her wing, to be warmed.

"The New York Observer" has cackled lately—lately as we write, though the word will be a little out of date when we publish. It seems that the Dutch Reformed Classis of Kingston has deposed, or suspended, Rev. Dr. Blauvelt from his ministerial office, in consequence of heresy. Hence this joyful outcry from "The Observer." Our readers will remember Dr. Blauvelt's article in the September "SCRIBNER," on the topic which we have placed at the head of the present editorial. In writing and publishing this article, our contributor understood, of course, that he surrendered his ecclesiastical head. It was practically the laying of that head upon the block, and a challenge to the executioner to do the work to which he was compelled by his obligations and his office. Now, if "The Observer" had not attempted to place Dr. Blauvelt in a false position, anything it might have said upon the matter could have been suffered to pass without a word of notice. It is understood, as a matter of course, that that paper would rejoice in any event which would place the heretic under professional ostracism. He had been loyal to his convictions, and bold and self-sacrificing in their expression, and these convictions made against "The Observer's" dogmatic opinions. To shut such a man's mouth opens the gates of Paradise to the great conservator of orthodoxy. It would prefer having a knife run into him to arguing with him. The first could be done by somebody else; the other would involve work and unaccustomed study. "Off with his head! So much for" Blauvelt! We say that it is perfectly understood that "The Observer" would rejoice in Dr. Blauvelt's decapitation; and that journal makes no effort to disguise its satisfaction. It even praises the "short and easy method" of the Dutch Reformed Church, at the expense of the more leisurely policy of its own Presbyterian body. In short, "The Observer" is delighted, and gratuitously appears as a witness, in

the establishment of the truth of Dr. Blauvelt's accusation of "Protestant Vaticanism." He made his charge, the Classis of Kingston indorsed it, and "The Observer" effusively confirmed it. Who has "come to grief" in this matter,—Dr. Blauvelt or "The Observer?" It strikes the present somewhat interested writer that if one may cackle, the other may clear his throat with a "crow."

But we were to speak of the false position in which "The Observer" has attempted to place Dr. Blauvelt before the public. Will the reader kindly peruse the following scandalous arraignment:—

"If he [Dr. Blauvelt] has not sense to perceive that his views are contrary to his professional faith, he ought to be silenced as incompetent to teach. If he knows that his views are incompatible with his creed, he ought, as an honest man, to quit his place. *The meanest kind of a man is one who eats another's bread while doing him a wrong; and of all men we hold him in most contempt who remains within a church to disparage its doctrines.*"

Before exposing the dastardy of the charge conveyed in these words, it will be well to show how thoroughly "The Observer" and Dr. Blauvelt agree on the general proposition which they cover. As early as October, 1875, he distinctly said in these pages:—

"If, therefore, it should ever become a case of conscience with any professional theologian to denounce this Christian [i.e. denominational] dogma as uncertain, and that Christian [i.e. denominational] dogma as mistaken, by all means let him keep his conscience clean. But while he does this, let him not * * * * continue to claim either the position or the perquisites of a loyal teacher of the very dogmas he is denouncing. Let him suffer deposition from his office; let him resort to some honest secular pursuit to secure his livelihood, or even let him beg his food from door to door, if that be necessary; but let him evermore jealously guard himself from such a breach of fealty and trust."

So "The Observer" and Dr. Blauvelt agree on the general proposition, and the latter is self-condemned if he is guilty of the criminal indiscretion which the former charges upon him. What are the facts of the case? When a man receives a commission in the army, he can resign it at will. The relation thus established has two sides to it, and equivalent rights and privileges. He can be dismissed for cause, or he can resign for what may seem to him to be good and sufficient reasons. When a man takes a commission as a teacher in the Dutch Reformed Church, he cannot resign his office. The policy of the Church seems to be that of permitting no man to leave the body of its ministry, unless he leaves it in disgrace. He is, in no circumstances, at liberty to lay down his commission. He is to receive the parting kick of the body to which he belongs. So long as he holds his tongue, he can think what he chooses, and bear the humiliation and the loss of the sense of manhood and Christian liberty which such a slavery imposes; but he cannot untie the knot at will which binds him to the ministry. That may only be untied by the constituting or controlling body. So, when "The Observer" states, or insinuates, that Dr. Blauvelt could quit his office at will, and that he has merely clung to it for its emoluments when no longer able to indorse or preach its doctrines, it does him a foul wrong for which it ought humbly to apologize. It has accused him of conduct not only unbecoming a Christian, but unbecoming a gentleman. Was "The Observer" ignorant? Has it any excuse for ignorance? Was "The Observer" malicious? Has it any justification for malice?

Dr. Blauvelt has, from the outset, been open and aboveboard in this whole matter. In his concluding paper on "Modern Skepticism," he not only proclaimed that a fundamental distinction exists between Christianity and all the so-called Christian theology; but he also proclaimed that, on his personal part, there should thereafter be no handling of theological questions subject to any dogmatical limits or restraints. Nor is this all; but it is now nearly two years since he formally placed himself at the disposal of his Classis. They have known, or been in a position to know, during this whole period, that he was radically at variance with their creed and the creed which he had, on entering the ministry, professed. If he was not cut off, whose fault was it? Whose duty was it that was neglected? Some step had to be taken to compel the Classis to do its duty, and give him the release which "The Observer" says he ought to have taken for himself. There was no way by which he could rid himself of his connection except that which he has taken, and "The Observer" blames him for not taking the very step he has taken, in the only way possible to him. We assume, of course, that his appeal from the decision of the Classis is without the expectation or desire to reverse that decision, but for the purpose of discussing important questions related to it. "The Observer" has been guilty of a personal outrage which no gentleman, professedly Christian, can perpetrate toward another without the obligation of making a humble apology. Can it be that it is without the sensibility to apprehend the nature of its insult? We shall see.

We cannot leave the matter without a few plain words upon it, in a general way. It will be remembered that, in Dr. Blauvelt's three articles on "Modern Skepticism," he argued that clergymen were incompetent, by reason of their creeds, and the obligations of their office, to investigate truth freely, and that the questions now up for adjustment must be settled among those who started them. And now we beg to submit that his own personal history, since that time, has established his position. They can sit within their creeds and defend; but they cannot go outside of them to investigate. Holding firmly the essential doctrines of the Christian faith, but passing beyond the confines of denominational orthodoxy in his studies and conclusions, going freely wherever his convictions led him, he has arrived at the personal results which await every minister who follows in his tracks. Inside of the creed, there were bread and butter, and clothing, and shelter for him. Outside of it, there is professional ostracism, and all that may come of it. How few ministers there are, in this weak world, who are willing for truth's sake, or for what they believe to be the truth,—which to them is the same thing,—to engage in investigations which can only bring them disaster! Every temporal interest, the

love of wives and children, and the desire for a sweet reputation among professional brethren, and in the world, conspire to hold them loyally to the creed which, as young men, they took mainly through inculcation and upon trust. Personal loss may be an expensive mode of proving one's honest declarations; but Dr. Blauvelt will undoubtedly find his consolation in it. The Classis of Kingston has done more for him than it knew, greatly at his expense, and partly at its own. "The headless horseman" is a specter quite at home upon the Hudson River, and Ichabod Crane, courting the Everlasting Truth and Beauty within the four walls of a Dutchman's shanty, will have sad and exciting work when he gets out of it. Yet Washington Irving is not once named among the prophets!

As for ourselves, we neither indorse nor condemn what Dr. Blauvelt has written, any more than we do what other contributors write. We have simply endeavored to give an honest Christian investigator, who writes on behalf of the faith which he so honestly and heroically cherishes, a fair hearing. He has preached to the heathen abroad, at the expense of long years of sickness and an endangered life. He has most unambitiously preached at home, and gathered from his ministry many grateful fruits. He has bravely endeavored to rouse the Christian world to a sense of the dangers that menace its faith, and to instruct it in the nature of those dangers. He has constructed and published arguments on the Christian miracles, and on the Resurrection, more satisfactory than we have ever read from other pens. He has been a brave, heroic, cheerful worker, in the great cause which he has so profoundly at heart; and it is a sad comment on the denominational policy of this late period of Christian history that this honest, pure-minded, courageous Christian man should be dishonored, kicked aside and publicly traduced by those who are not his betters in any respects, and who are his equals in few. He can afford it; can the rest of us?

When will the world understand that theology is not Christianity? One is human, the other divine. When will the world understand that nothing is truer than truth; and that truth is no more sacred when it comes to us through verbal revelation than when established upon unimpeachable evidence? Again and again, in the history of the world, have theological dogmas gone down before a truth of science. That which men have believed through their interpretation of revealed truth, has not been able to stand a moment before the scientific demonstration of its falsity. Theologians have fought against it, and they have invariably been driven to the wall. Truth, wherever found, is sacred, because it is truth, and had its birth in God. Man's opinions of truth are never sacred, because they have their birth in his imperfect and fallible reason. We know of no reason why a theological dogma is any more sacred than a political dogma. We cannot understand why, in the interest of Christianity, it may not be as freely discussed and examined and controverted, as a dogma in political economy. At any rate, we propose to do it whenever we have occasion. We are happy to believe that the world is beginning to apprehend that, after all our disputes and discussions upon dogmatic Christianity, religion consists of love to God and love to man, and has its final result and grand consummation in character.

So we can very well understand and appreciate the words of the Kingston Classis in decreeing Dr. Blauvelt's suspension from the ministry. "With sorrow for being compelled to take such action,"—the record reads. We sorrow with them. It is an occasion of sorrow, so far as they and Christianity are concerned. When a man of unblamable Christian character is publicly condemned as a Christian teacher,—as one unfit to preach the religion which his life exemplifies,—in obedience partly to a rule which "compels" it, and partly to the cry of heresy-hunters, who make up in orthodoxy what they lack in piety and brotherly good-will, it is truly an occasion of "sorrow." In that "church of the future" which our contributor foresees, and eloquently foretells, there will be no occasion for this sort of sorrow. The Christian investigator will then be free in his opinions. No premium will then be offered for self-stultification; no fetter will then be fastened to the foot that marches outside the boundary of creeds for the discovery of truth. For the sake of the world, and of the cause we all have at heart,—however blind and mistaken we may be in its support,—we trust that that church is not far away from us, and that in it all our religious teachers may be crowned with the liberty which the Great Teacher of us all came to bestow.

Our National Pride.

As a nation, we have been accused of vanity and self-glorification, as all nations have been, and are, that abound with vitality and possess great resources. If America is more proud of herself than England or France, we fail to see it. The pride of the Englishman has been such that he can hardly recognize America as a nation at all, or as a nation that holds equal importance with his own. A Frenchman's national pride is almost unique in its intensity. To a Frenchman, there is nothing outside of France that is worth notice. The nation is content with itself and its home; and comparatively few Frenchmen emigrate or wander. The German's "Vaterland" is the theme of his most inspiring song. The Swiss, the Swede, the Norwegian, all pet themselves. If Americans possess national pride, and are somewhat abounding in its manifestations, they are not peculiar; and a survey of the subjects of their pride will show their sin, if sin it be, to be venial.

America is already great in numbers. Forty-four millions of people make a great nation. The American territory is immense, touching two oceans a thousand leagues apart, and stretching through all the productive degrees of latitude. We can grow every product of the temperate and the torrid zones. There is nothing that enters into the consumptions of civilized life that is not producible on American

soil. We can raise wheat enough to feed the world; maize enough to supply the wants of the world; cotton enough to clothe the world; cattle enough to furnish it with meat. We have coal-fields sufficient to warm the world,—broader than all the rest of the world put together,—and reservoirs of petroleum sufficient to light the world. Our immense fields of timber are laid under universal tribute. Our mines of gold and silver and copper and iron are practically inexhaustible. Our fisheries swarm with food for ourselves and others. We can grow not only a better apple but a better orange than can be found in all Europe.

It is, therefore, not a matter of wonder that the American is proud of his country's material resources; and when he looks around and sees how much has been done in a hundred years of national life in the development of these resources, he may, at least, be permitted to indulge in emotions of astonishment. He finds that his country has laid almost as many miles of railroad, and stretched as many miles of telegraphic wire as all the rest of the world put together. He finds a system of internal commerce, upon American lakes and rivers and canals, quite unexampled. He can count fifteen hundred steamers on the Mississippi and its tributaries alone. His great lakes are dotted all over with the largest craft, loaded with the products of the Western forests and prairies. There are factories in operation which can spin and weave all the cotton his nation can wear; flocks that can produce and mills that can fabricate all his woolens; shops that make all his shoes; furnaces that can smelt, and forges that can roll, all his iron.

Take the single article of machinery: there is nothing that he cannot make as well as any other nation in the world, from the tiniest watch to the magnificent Corliss engine. What a contribution to the practical agriculture of the world has his reaping and mowing machine proved to be! How has he helped the universal woman by his sewing-machine! How has he augmented and facilitated the commerce of the world by his steam-boat! How has he stimulated commerce and civilization, and improved personal, national and international communication, by his telegraph! How, in ten thousand ways, has he lifted the burden from labor, and multiplied the comforts of life, by the invention of labor-saving machinery! Stimulated by necessity, and unhindered by habit and convention and prejudice, his inventive genius has had free rein and range, until his machinery, in every department of production, has outstripped the world. How, whenever he has tried to do anything has he done it, and improved not only the modes of doing but the thing produced! This magazine, in its paper, its printing, its artistic designs, and its wonderful engravings, is a witness to what he can do when he tries, in the practice of arts which other nations have supposed they held in a secure monopoly. We suppose that it is not possible for such a magazine as this to be produced in any other country, for the price at which it is sold. None, at least, is attempted. Our sewing-silks are already the best produced anywhere; and, so far as we have tried upon silk fabrics, we have succeeded.

All this the nations that have visited our Centennial Exhibition have seen, and are now commenting upon. We have said nothing of the almost incalculable sums we have expended upon colleges, schools and churches, through which the American people receive their intellectual and moral culture. The sum of material investment, and the aggregate of enterprise, sacrifice, labor and learning which they represent, are astounding. Almost literally, the nation has been born in a day.

And now what are we going to do with all this, and with ourselves? We may well be proud of what we have done; but if we cannot govern ourselves,—if we cannot give to every man his rights,—if we cannot operate the machinery of the free popular government which has been our principal boast,—all this goes for nothing in the establishment of the national honor. We can be the richest, most comfortable, most prosperous, most intelligent and beneficent people of the world, if we will. There is no limit to our wealth or our influence, but such as our weak passions and selfish demagogism may build before us. If we cannot be proud of our government, of its justice, its aggregated and consolidated power, its easy and safe adjustment to circumstances, its stability and its purity of administration, it will be well to put boasting far away from us, and to acknowledge with shame, rather than proclaim with pride, that we are Americans. If we are to drift into revolution, or even into the danger of it, with every difficulty, we may well hang our heads before the disgrace of the Englishman's scornful laugh, and the greater disgrace of the Frenchman's fraternal sympathy.

The Romance and Retribution of Crime.

THE vulgar straits to which the members of what was called "The New York Ring" have been reduced by the public reprobation and by legal prosecution, are already hiding from the public eye the fact that there has been enacted within its vision one of the most remarkable romances of vice and crime that the history of the world has recorded. We are apt to think of America as exceedingly barren in all the elements of romance. History has been ransacked for skeletons of tragedy upon which to hang the poet's and the novelist's creations; but there is now passing into American history a mass of material, as remarkable for dramatic interest, for guilty intrigue, for the splendid successes of vice, and for the retributive visitations of justice and public revenge, as the world has ever known. For the future moralist, as well as for the future literary artist, a mine of wealth has been prepared, which, a century hence,—perhaps ten centuries hence,—will be explored through every vein, to excite the popular wonder, until the principal character will stand out like a Mephistopheles—the impersonation of malign power and superhuman guile.

The history of William M. Tweed, in its more salient incidents and aspects, is so remarkable, that

even now, when he lies prostrate before the power of the law, he engages a degree of the popular sympathy. He has been so high, and he has sunk so low; he has had so many things and so many men at command, and he is now so thoroughly stripped of all power and privilege, that, in many generous hearts, pity disputes with indignation the supreme place.

It seems but a few months—it is but a few years—since he was the most powerful man in the State which has just cast its million votes. Thousands of men stood ready to do his bidding, and receive his patronage. He sat as a power behind the Governor of the State. He shaped the course of legislation. He dictated appointments. He controlled public contracts. He held the purse-strings of the metropolis, and enriched himself and his instruments at will, from taxes wrung from the earnings of a long-suffering people. He scattered his largess among the poor, who blessed him for giving that to which he had no right, except the right of might. Everything that could minister to his more splendid than regal pleasures was laid under tribute. Steam-boats, sea-side chateaux, banquets and resorts of sensual delight,—all helped to illuminate a career of despotism, such as no other American ever dreamed of achieving. His associates were his tools; his tools were his beneficiaries, and his power of reward lay in his immunity of gigantic theft. There has been nothing like it in the history of any country.

Then came the onset of a free press. Had it not been for this, it is doubtful whether anything but death, natural or violent, would have rid the people of his power. His dark deeds were brought to light. The hiding-places of his power were exposed. The pencil of the caricaturist kept his personality before the popular attention in every base aspect and association. The Committee of Seventy was established. Legal proceedings were instituted. The "Ring," which seemed to be made of triple steel, burst, and one after another, the men who composed it ran away and hid themselves. The chief conspirator remained, courageous and confident to the last, to meet and boldly battle with the law, aided by the best counsel his stolen money could command. He went to prison, but not to prison fare. He was an imprisoned prince, with dainty viands on his table, served in fine apartments. Then, when clouds that seemed impenetrable gathered above him, and staves that he had leaned upon snapped in his hands, and hope of victory and release died out of his heart, he availed himself of the liberty which the executors of the law had weakly accorded to him to flee. A yacht awaited him in the harbor, and, while we were all wondering, he was making his way in his little vessel to Cuba, far from the possibility of successful pursuit. He landed at last, but none of us knew where he was. Then the island became too strait for him, and he left it to learn that the world was too small for him and the secrecy of his crimes. Landing at Vigo, in Spain, he found that his face had preceded him, and that his person could not be disguised. He was arrested, and then a government vessel was detailed to bring him home. After tossing on the Atlantic through weary weeks of slow sailing, and days and nights of terrific storm, he comes back into New York harbor, and drops anchor for himself in Ludlow street jail.

Everything is in keeping and complete. The nature of the man was gigantic, or he never could have achieved the power over men that he did. His crimes were gigantic, in keeping with his nature and the opportunities which he made for himself. His command of the most skillful counsel, and of luxuries and liberties while in prison, accorded with his whole history. His escape upon the open sea in a frail boat, his wanderings for a year, his arrest by a foreign government, and his return in one of the proudest vessels of the American navy, all harmonize with the events of his previous life. And now he sinks into the helpless pigmy that the reprobation of forty-four millions of people and the irresistible power of the law which he has evaded and defied, can make of the most powerful man. Thus far the drama is complete in all its details and all its relations.

We have more than once alluded to the lesson of this remarkable life and career. To public men, it is a lesson which was needed. There are many among them who had ceased to believe, in the baleful light of Mr. Tweed's example, that honesty is the best policy. They had seen him mount from one step to another, trampling all the moralities under his feet; they had seen him successfully throw up the intrenchments of his power, and sit in apparent triumph and security behind them; they had seen him wrapped in luxury, with a thousand pleasures at his command; they had seen him make and unmake men; and all these successes appeared as the result of conduct that took no counsel of conscience, and a policy which left honesty out of the question. And, now, they have learned exactly where such a course leads. The confirmation of this lesson may be found in the revelations of personal character made in the last presidential campaign. Nothing is hid that shall not be revealed. The dictates of selfishness, no less than the demands of common morality, make it necessary for every man to keep his hands scrupulously clean, and his record untarnished.

If the men in public life, and the young men who are soon to take their places, have learned the lesson which the career we have passed in brief review is so well calculated to convey, Tweed may be of some use to his country yet. The tale is sufficiently illuminated with dramatic interest; the moral which it points is unmistakable.

THE OLD CABINET.

IT is advanced as one of the proofs of Shakspere's greatness and humanity that, unlike some others of the dramatists, he never despises his own characters. That is a point in which Dickens sometimes fails; he does not do it very often, but now and then he loses his head and falls to abusing his villains remorselessly. This is very coarse art. In Dickens's case it may partly be accounted for by the fact that his characters are so often drawn directly from life, and the author is availing himself of the chance either to pay off old scores or to chastise the guilty. It is, of course, an unfair proceeding, a sort of hitting below the belt or from behind, and it is moreover another evidence of the extreme difficulty of using fact in fiction. Unskillful writers are constantly coming to grief over this stumbling-block, and the greatest writers find it one of their greatest dangers.

But what we were going to say is that in the play of life, of which each of us is the author, it behooves us not to despise our own characters,—for the people who move before us on the world's stage are to us what we make them. We were thinking of this the other night as we sat in the balcony listening to Thomas's orchestra. In the midst of Beethoven's "Symphony No. 4, in B flat major," our eyes fell upon J. K. Now, J. K. is a chipper, voluble, feeble-minded, worldly wise, educated ignoramus, with a touch of condescension in his manner—in a word, a particularly unpleasant kind of a bore. The very sight of this person turned the symphony into sound and fury signifying nothing. It was at this moment that our mind recurred to Shakspere, and that we invented the application to the play of life, given above. Why, we said to ourselves, should we not be amused by this vivacious person? he is human after all; instead of allowing ourselves to be bored by him, let us interest ourselves in him; let us study his absurd conceits, his droll sycophancy; let us derive merriment from his chirpy manners, his pattering talk.

We were writing last month about savage life in the city, that is—the resemblance of human beings to creatures of the wood. But, on the other hand, human beings have an interest of their own. Here, for instance, is our friend J. K. And those old birds up there in the orchestra—have you not watched them often, somewhat as Burroughs is supposed to look at a bird? How dapper and alert the violins in the first row—and in the second and third rows, how interesting to see the shading off through middle-age carelessness of mien and attire to the languid stoicism of old age! How much interest in life, how much of the fire of youth is left in these old rosin-scrapers? See—they do not all go out when the piece is over; some are too lazy, and others, of the second row—they will hear this *débutant*, this young fellow who has gone so far past them all into the region of stars. He plays; they listen to some difficult passage performed with a cleverness that none can so well appreciate; one beery old chap moves his hand instinctively as if he too were playing the difficult passage; they look into each others eyes, nod their heads approvingly, and then gently clap their hands, while the audience stamps and cries *bravo!*

One day, our attention was attracted on Fourth avenue by two foreign gentlemen, who stood in the street, a little way out from the sidewalk, and talked to each other with the peculiar animation of Europeans. One was a very short and the other a very tall gentleman. The tall gentleman was calm, but intense; he seemed to be pleading with the little gentleman with all the fervor of his large nature. The little gentleman was peppery and violent,—no, not quite violent, for with all his gesticulation, he never forgot to be graceful. The little gentleman was not to be overcome by the tall one's earnest, but dignified persuasions; he turned away with a quick gesture of contempt, and walked six paces, then stopped, just the other side of the car-track. The tall gentleman followed closely, with a curious air of hovering; as they stood there he curved over the little man as a long-armed willow might curve over an angry little brook. His admonitions, his gently swaying exhortations, all tended perpendicularly downward. Again the peppery little gentleman broke away, and this time, walked rapidly along Twelfth street toward Broadway, followed and hovered over as before. They stop again,—what eloquence! We cannot hear, but we note clearly every act of the drama. They both talk at once, the little one so full of action, so quick, so scornful; the tall one so slow, so magnificent, so persuasive. Ah, he has succeeded; they turn; they come back—no—they wheel again, and hurry toward Broadway—one with short, snappy steps; the other with the long swing of the pendulum. More and more intense becomes the action on each side; the play is approaching its climax; again they turn, they cross the street; they come back toward Fourth avenue. It grows exciting. Will the tall gentleman knock the little gentleman flat with one strong movement of the eloquent right arm? Will the little gentleman run a poniard into the heart of his friend? We turn away our eyes, and walk down the street; we do not wish to be caught watching—and besides, we may be called upon as a —— but, we must give one more look over our shoulder. What do we behold! The two foreign gentlemen are standing with locked arms in front of Ulrich's print shop, lost with admiration before a photograph of Meissonier's "1807."

THE public, even the critical public, were dazzled, not many years ago, by several long poems of the brilliant kind. Bailey's "Festus," Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," carried everything by storm. They were poems which came out strong in a review. The book, when read in his closet by the

reviewer, seemed to bristle with quotations, and so the review itself bristled with fine lines and passages. But after awhile, the public and the critics began to suspect that this kind of brilliancy was not a very costly affair; that there was a good deal of shine and very little gold; and there came a reaction from the brilliant, quotable and intense poetry—a reaction that, it may be, carried us a little too far in the other direction. At least, we have noticed that in reviewing some of the long poems by new writers, the critics are apt to say that the work is so even and sustained that quotation does not do it justice. This is, doubtless, often very true; but, on the other hand, we are inclined to think that the best poems in our language, both ancient and modern, do not suffer greatly in quotation. They are even and sustained, no doubt, but at times there comes a flash of lightning. Sentimental and bogus intensity is one thing, and the fire of genius is another. If we recollect correctly, there are some passages in such long and sustained poems as the "Faerie Queen" and "Paradise Lost," which would have a very striking effect if they should appear for the first time in a review of "some recent poetry" in to-morrow morning's "Tribune." In fact, we like to come across a few good strong lines strung together even in so short a poem as Browning's "Protus,"—like these, for instance:

> "And if he quickened breath there, 'twould like fire
> Pantingly through the dim vast realm transpire,
> A fame that he was missing, spread afar—
> The world, from its four corners, rose in war."

A PRIVATE reception was given the other evening, at the Art Students' League, No. 108 Fifth avenue, on which occasion were displayed a number of oil and water-color paintings, sketches from life, drawings from the nude, etc., by members and ex-members, and by the instructor, Professor Wilmarth, N. A. One wall was, moreover, devoted to sketches and pictures loaned for the occasion by some of the leading members of the Academy. To the guests of the evening, however, the principal interest was in the work of the Leaguers. This was certainly of a very encouraging character; showing, as it did, careful training, some enthusiasm, and, in the case of four or five of the students, a quality suggestive of genius. It is very evident that these young people are in earnest. They have in their ranks some of the most promising young artists in the country; and there is an air of fellowship and hospitality about the place that is delightful to outsiders, and must have in it no little encouragement and inspiration for the students themselves.

WHEN a person prefaces his opinion of a picture or of a piece of music, with this formula,—"I don't profess to know anything about art (or music), but I know what I like,"—then look out for dogmatism of the most flagrant sort. If "what I like" is different from what you like, your liking is set down forthwith as either affectation, or the result of some kind of personal and temporary influence. The man who confesses, or rather proclaims, with a perverted pride, that he knows nothing about art, but knows what he likes, and who says or implies that your well-considered liking for the work of a certain painter, or composer, is affectation, because in his opinion, that work is utterly and irredeemably bad—to that man's culture the god of bounds has come in his fatal rounds. For the one thing necessary to the education of the taste is the receptive mind and mood. When the mind loses its curiosity, teachableness, humility,—then its education is at an end.

A PICTURE in the Johnston collection, Delacroix's "Virgil and Dante crossing the Styx," suggests some reflections on the typical quality in art, and the imaginative and typical presentation of the human form.

By the typical quality in art, we mean that element in a picture, a statue, a piece of music, a poem, which makes it stand during all time for the thing, for the thought, which it was the artist's intention to represent. We are really attempting, it will be seen, to define something which is indefinable, namely, that which constitutes greatness—genius—in a work of art. Still we think the reader will understand our allusion. For we all know what it is to associate with certain sights in nature, certain moods of mind, certain events and phases of life—as a marriage, a death, childhood, old age—with familiar passages of poetry, or with certain statues or pictures. Now, while some of these lines of poetry, or graphic effects which recur to our mind in association with our experiences,—while some of these may be mere stray pieces of our desultory reading, or sight-seeing, others are a part of "the intellectual furniture" of the race. The very passage in Homer which you recall in connection with some modern event is by the same event recalled to the minds of thousands. Thus originates the book of "Familiar Quotations." The Bible is full of the typical quality, and therefore has itself come to be a book of familiar quotations. How often is the Apollo Belvedere named when it is desired to make a comparison which will carry a sense of the aristocracy of manly youth and health and beauty. Raphael's "Madonna of St. Sixtus" is perhaps the most familiar symbol of motherhood. To those who are sensitive to musical impression, Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," and Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" are perpetually recurring symbols. The writer of this remembers a solitary walk through a gorge in the Berkshire hills, taken one morning, summer before last, for the prosaic purpose of catching an early train. The walk was made memorable by the fresh and powerful suggestion of that tritest of "familiar quotations"—

> —— "and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

Have any words that refer to love and marriage been more frequently in the minds of English-speaking people of this generation than these from Tennyson's "Day-Dream"?

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old."

This representative, symbolical character is, indeed, the deepest and most saving quality in every work of art. But it was especially of graphic art that we intended to speak, and particularly of the presentation of the human form.

The imaginative and typical presentation of the human form in painting is generally conceded to be the highest art. If the painting of the old Greeks (of which the accidents of time have left few examples) was like their sculpture—then it was of this kind, and the greatest painting since that day has been of this kind. This is the way that Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Albert Dürer, and many others, used men, women, and children in their pictures. A model comes into Raphael's studio, he makes her sit on a box and hold a jug on her knee,—a rapid sketch, and there is the "Madonna of the Fish." There might have been in the same room the Frenchman, Gérôme, and twenty young men who have "studied with Gérôme." They would each have made a clever "drawing from life;" Gérôme's would have more of the permanent quality of which we speak than would the sketches of his young men, but it would lack the imaginative grasp of Raphael's firm and rapid lines. The imaginative and typical presentation of the human form may or may not go with what is called "correct drawing." Haydon drew with extraordinary skill, and in what is called the classic manner; but his figures, though anatomically "correct," are uninteresting. His outlines seem to run as they should,—anatomically,—but one cannot escape the feeling that the curves are not the curves of muscle, but of stuffed leather, or of India rubber; and the complete figure does not give the satisfying, living impression of high art. Among the English, has there been any man, except William Blake, who could handle the human form in the large and imaginative way? The present English schools, though they make much of the figure, and often use it poetically and with effect,—yet have not one man among them, so far as we know, who understands the great method. Compared with the work of the true masters of the figure, the figures of these Englishmen, when they do attempt something above *genre*, have a sentimental, or else a posed look. In France, who is there to-day? There are men like Cabanel and Bouguereau, both "correct" and industrious draughtsmen of the figure; Gérôme, with his power of composition, and with much more imagination and force in dealing with the figure,—but yet not great; and Couture, with his rich and glowing color, added to knowledge in drawing, and a not unpleasant sentimentality,—yet without the firm and ideal touch of a master. But that modern France has had its great men, we are reminded by the picture of Delacroix's, which has served as a text for this discourse.* Here was an artist who brought into our own times the antique mastery of the highest art. Modern France has had other men with much of this interest in and mastery of the figure,—men as great as Ingres, Delaroche, Decamps, Meissonier and Millet,—though, in the peculiar quality now in view, we take it that Delacroix was pre-eminent.

Has any one in America shown a mastery like this, in kind? Such a claim, we believe, may rightfully be made for Washington Allston. Among living American painters, we believe that none have it in anything like the degree of John La Farge. His figures are not of equal strength,—they are not always pleasing,—but they always have something of the high typical quality; they are drawn under the guidance of an eye which, like Raphael's, Dürer's, Delacroix's, not only sees, but imagines.

WHAT we most like about these stories of Boyesen's† is, that they are worth while. Many of the cleverest magazine stories of the day, by the cleverest of our writers, cannot have this said of them. They amuse, they excite admiration, but you never care to turn to them again; you feel some wonder that their authors, considering that they can do so well, do not do better; they are without substance; they are not worth while. It is very seldom that Boyesen puts forth a story which you suspect was written merely for the purpose of writing a story. These "Tales from Two Hemispheres," all have sufficient motive and impulse. And as for other virtues, they are written with great purity and directness of style, reminding one at times of Hawthorne's clear and unaffected method; they are free from every morbid taint; they are artistic in construction, and they have some of the salt of humor. There is not a story in this book which has not a distinct poetical and philosophic value, and in this respect also these "Tales" make us think of Hawthorne. They very naturally remind the reader also of Björnson, and there is something in them that suggests a greater than Björnson, namely, Tourguéneff; but this is not to say that Boyesen is not original in the truest sense. That a young writer should take such artists as Björnson and Tourguéneff for his masters, is no reproach. As an example of Boyesen's style, we quote this from "Asathor's Vengeance:" (Why did not the author retain the old title of "The Mountain-Taken Maid"?)

"Not the hind herself could be lighter on her foot than Aasa was; and even in the spring-flood it was her wont to cross and recross the brook, and to sit dreaming on a large stone against which the water broke incessantly, rushing in white torrents over its edges.

"Here she sat one fair summer day,—the day after Vigfusson's departure. It was noon, and the sun stood high over the forest. The water murmured and murmured, babbled and

*Let us hope that the comparatively insignificant price ($750) brought by this picture at the auction was owing not to lack of appreciation of the artist, but to a suspected possibility of its being a copy by some able hand of Delacroix's large painting of the same name, rather than, as reputed, the original study for the "Virgil and Dante."

†Tales from Two Hemispheres. (Including "The Man who Lost His Name," "The Story of an Outcast," "A Good-for-Nothing," "A Scientific Vagabond," "Truls, the Nameless," and "Asathor's Vengeance.") By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, author of "Gunnar" and "A Norseman's Pilgrimage." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

whispered, until at length there came a sudden unceasing tone into its murmur, then another, and it sounded like a faint whispering song of small airy beings. And as she tried to listen, to fix the air in her mind, it all ceased again, and she heard but the monotonous murmuring of the brook. Everything seemed so empty and worthless, as if that faint melody had been the world of the moment. But there it was again; it sung and sung, and the birch overhead took up the melody and rustled it with its leaves, and the grasshopper over in the grass caught it and whirred it with her wings. The water, the trees, the air, were full of it. What a strange melody!"

"The Story of an Outcast" goes deeper, perhaps, in places than any of the stories now collected. The scene of the parting of Brita and Halvard (pages 107-8) leaves an impression on the mind, such as is produced by the work of a master; that dramatic touch of Brita lifting the child in her arms and pointing to the vacant seat at her side, shows a knowledge of the nature of a woman which, we think, is rare among men who write stories.

Boyesen is a born *raconteur;* he tells stories not because the story happens to be the most convenient form of expression, but because it is to him a natural form of expression. He is in some danger from a tendency toward George Eliot-like sententiousness; but this, it may be supposed, he will outlive. He is in danger, also, as is every young author, of falling away from his own high ideal. And he, too, should do better, considering that he can do so well.

A FRIEND wants to know whether "Gwen-dolen" is Welsh for "beautiful curve," and whether George Eliot meant it. You remember her first appearance: "Yes; she has got herself up as a sort of serpent, now, all green and silver, and winds her neck about a little more than usual."

DEAR AND VENERABLE ESCRITOIRE: The Irish legend embodied in the new English poem "Deirdrè," of which much notice has been lately taken, has many ramifications and variations among the Irish peasantry. The exact story, as we get it in the poem issued in the "No Name Series," is retained without a break or change; for Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady, in his Introduction to the legend called "The Pursuit after Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grainné," informs me that he has heard a man who never possessed a manuscript, nor heard of a publication of the story, relate at the fireside the death of the sons of Uisneach, without omitting one adventure, and in great part retaining the very words of the written versions. But that there are independent legends existing side by side with the story of "Deirdrè," and possessing in the remotest antiquity a common origin, this very "Pursuit" above-mentioned sufficiently proves. It lies before me in one of the rare publications of the Ossianic Society, which begins with that sober and delightful prelude common to fairy stories and heroic legends:

"Now, upon a certain day Fionn mac Chumhaill rose up in Almhuin, the broadly-great of Laighean, and sat there on the grass-green plain without, sans boy, sans attendant in his presence. And there followed him two of his vassals,—that is to say, Oisín mac Phinn, and Diorraing mac Dhobair Ui Bhaoisgné."

It soon turns out that the aged Fionn has quit his bed because he is wifeless; or, as he puts it, 'he is not wont to have slumber nor sweet sleep who happens to be without a wife;—and *that* is the cause of my early rising, O, Oisín.' Now this restless old widower must of course turn his thoughts to the youngest and loveliest princess in Ireland and a daughter of a man he has injured. But his suit is well received, and all goes finely until, at the mutual feast, the princess herself, Grainné by name, begins to ask questions and look about her in a most alarming way. There is a Druid sitting over against Grainné at the board, and he must inform her of the names and quality of the young chiefs with Fionn—Who is he, and he? "Who is that freckled, sweet-worded man, upon whom is the curling dusky-black hair, and the two red, ruddy cheeks?" "That is Diarmuid, the grandson of Duibhne, the white-toothed, of the lightsome countenance; that is the best lover of women and of maidens that is in the whole world."

Need I tell you that Diarmuid is the one whom Grainné selects to save her from the frosty embraces of the old king? It was Deirdrè who bedeviled Naisi in the story of "The Sons of Usnach," only Dr. Joyce made her out more sinned against than sinning, in accordance with modern ideas of what is fitting in a heroine. So Grainné lays a ban on Diarmuid, unless he carries her off; and that Diarmuid at once accomplishes. The old king summons a number of clans and follows their track with his greyhounds. Time and again are they besieged in their retreats at different localities throughout Ireland, but either by his supreme sword-craft, Grainné's magic, the assistance of his dear friends in the king's following, or, when at the worst pinch, by the help of a supernatural foster-father, Diarmuid succeeds in baffling Fionn at every point. I have read somewhere that the *cromlechs* that strew the western shores of Ireland are considered by the peasantry the beds which these fugitive lovers occupied during the pursuit. A truce is made, and the two live happily a number of years; but at length Fionn mac Chumhaill arranges a hunt to kill an enchanted boar, fated to be the death of Diarmuid. The latter is lured out, and meets his end from the tusks of the goblin beast. Fionn mac Chumhaill now approaches Grainné, and by blandishments and tact wins her over to become his wife.

So you see the two stories are the same in their general outlines, when you compare the originals together; for Deirdrè not only compels Naisi to insult and defy his king, but becomes that king's wife after all. But Deirdrè is nevertheless so far superior in character to Grainné, that I have no hesitation in considering the version in which the latter appears much more modern.

There is a curious field to be explored, in a comparison between the various ways of looking at the same sort of subject on the part of Tennyson, Morris, and this latest Irish singer. Tennyson, who has used the Welsh and ancient British legends, owes the ideality of his Arthurian poems as much to the sources from which he draws them as to his own temperament. The plane is a lofty one; and although now and then he descends to the realistic, it strikes a reader as incongruous with the general spirit of his work. Morris is much more realistic; but still treads a sphere which is not the earth,—a kind of earthly paradise, as he himself names it. Dr. Joyce, on the other hand, is modern and realistic, notwithstanding that his figures move in the same remote and very indefinite past. His results, like Tennyson's, arise not so much from temperament, or, let us say, the influence of a realistic age that does not leave even poets unharmed, but from the source out of which he draws his legends,—peasants and commoners of comparatively recent times, instead of the nobles and mediæval historians, whose chronicles Tennyson rehabilitates with such genius and consummate art. C.

ONCE, looking from a window on a land
That lay in silence underneath the sun:
A land of wide green meadows, through which ran
Two rivers, slowly broadening to the sea,—
Thus, as I looked, I know not how or whence,
Was borne into my unexpectant soul
That thought, late learned by anxious-witted man:
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to a Young Mother: IV

HINTS ON EDUCATION.

MY DEAR ———: I am going to write you to-day about the education of your little boy, something which, perhaps, you have scarcely thought of. I imagine I can hear your tone of amazement as you say: "The education of a two-year-old baby? Why, he is too young to learn his letters, even." Certainly he is, and I hope he wont know them for at least three years to come. But learning the alphabet, important as it is, is very far from being the first step in a child's education. Education, you know, is a leading out of our faculties, a kind of mental getting our tools in order in such a way that we can use ourselves to the very best advantage. Now, these little people come into the world, developed, in some respects, but little better than jelly-fishes, which, somebody says, consist of a mouth and a stomach; but every year, or month I might say, different and higher sets of faculties are developed. How much a child has to learn the first three years of his life! First, the eye must be taught to see, and in seeing, it learns, unconsciously, many things about the laws of color, size, and distance; then the muscles and sinews must be trained to act in obedience to the will, and the body must learn the art of balancing itself (by no means an easy task—if it seem so, learn to skate). Later comes the learning to talk, which is something like learning German or Greek, with organs unaccustomed to utter intelligible sounds.

The busy handling and tasting which little babies do are not mere idle amusements, but the efforts of the senses to carry impressions of this strange world to the rapidly developing brain. First, the child sees an object, then he reaches to take it,—in other words, to feel of it,—then into his mouth it goes, to be tasted. Compare this process with the way you make the acquaintance of a strange object;—a new dish at the table, for instance;—at first you look at it rather critically (if it don't look nice, you think you "don't care for any, thank you"), but if you are of an inquiring turn of mind, and also courageous, you take a little on your plate, and then "poke" at it with your spoon, because you're too well-bred to take it in your fingers; but the impulse is to find out how it feels,—whether it is hard or soft, rough or smooth. If you are with other people, you delicately inhale its fragrance; but if you are by yourself, you get a good sniff at it, to see what it smells like,—then you are ready to taste it. In other words, you learn about new things just as the baby does.

You must take your baby just where he is now, not much more than a little animal, and educate his physical nature, so rapidly developing. For instance, he has just reached the climbing age: every chair and stool is a worry to you, and a pair of stairs is a perpetual terror. Now show him how to get up and down the stairs, how to place his feet in climbing up into chairs. Let him tumble a little; it will only make him more careful. It is but a foretaste of the hard schooling which experience gives us all our lives. Better a little fall with you close by to stop it at the right place, than a great one when you are "off guard" some day. (Remember that too, when he is in his teens.) But, I beg of you, if you want to see him grow up active, strong-limbed and agile, do not keep his white dresses too clean, nor tie his sashes after the present uncomfortable fashion, so that he isn't conscious of any legs above his knees. Then, let him feed himself. He'll make a miserable mess of it at first, but protect him well with bib and tin tray, and he'll soon teach his spoon the way to his mouth. Let him burn his fingers a little some day when the stove is not very hot; he wont touch it when it would be dangerous.

As he grows older, and his intellectual nature begins to wake up, his endless "why?" and "what for?" are the keys with which he unlocks the hidden treasures of the strange world he has come to live in. As Tennyson says:

> "In children a great curiousness is well
> Who have themselves to learn, and all the world."

I doubt if we always think of that when their irrepressible curiosity drives us almost distracted. When he comes running to you with some queer thing or other he has found, or asks you why you do this or don't do that, you may be sure that his perceptive faculties are beginning to stir themselves. Tiresome as his questions are, they show that his mind is wide-awake and ready to receive on that subject at least. A question he asks you, all eagerness to hear your answer, is worth twenty you ask him sometime when he doesn't care a fig about it. Parents often persistently snub their children and "shut them up" for six or eight years, and then wonder why teachers never can get them to "open out" again. "Such teachers!" they say. "The children don't take the least interest in their lessons," never thinking that they did their best to take all the edge off their minds before they sent them to school to be "sharpened up." Even if the subject is one quite beyond your boy, and he can't understand your answer very well, the fact that he knows something about it will prepare his mind for a clearer understanding of it the next time he meets it. Of course, it is of the first importance that your explanation shall be correct as far as it goes. Besides this, it is a source of great comfort to a child to feel that his parents care enough about what interests him to talk with him about it. May not the decrease of confidence which parents complain of in their grown-up children have its beginning in the days of childhood, when neither father nor mother could spend time to answer their questions, and other people did?

In addition to teaching him about the things he naturally notices himself, you wish to show him how to keep his eyes and ears open to everything about

him. His senses are his teachers, and the things he sees and touches are what interest him first. If his senses can be trained to accurate and constant observation, he has the elements of education in himself, whether he has the advantages of the schools or not. He will always

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks."

This can be done in a great many ways, varying according to the tastes and mental capacity of the children as well as the different circumstances and talents of the mother. For instance, a mother is out with her children for a walk in the country, wheeling the baby's carriage. The children spy some flowers growing by the road-side, and ask in eager child-fashion: "Oh! what's that, mamma?" It is very natural and easy to say, "Oh! don't touch it, it's nothing but a horrid weed—perhaps it's poisonous." The children's interest is dulled at once, and they run on, presently finding something else. The answer this time is, "That's a thistle; don't try to pick it, you'll prick your fingers." And so the mother trudges along, wearily thinking over her plans for to-morrow's breakfast, or wondering if her last year's traveling suit would "make over" for a school dress for Susie, while the children go frolicking here and there getting into mischief, and, very likely, having a scolding before they get home, and all gaining nothing from their walk except the freshness which physical exercise and pure air bring to us in spite of ourselves. Now, suppose she says, as the children bring her the flower: "Why, that's a Scotch thistle; how did you manage to get it without pricking your fingers?"—an implied commendation of the child's skill which he likes as well as you the praise of your canned strawberries ("Hardly any one succeeds in keeping the real fruit flavor, you know"). The mother goes on to say, "See the pretty soft purple color, with all those 'prickers' around it, like soldiers guarding a beautiful queen. Do you notice how each flower, as you call it, is made of a great many little flowers? And there's one gone to seed. Get it, Charlie, if you can, and let's look at it." Now, the children's interest is wide-awake, and they ask a whole bookful of questions. Baby, in her carriage, begins to be impatient at the interruption of her ride. "Let's walk along, and I'll tell you a story about it." So, the mother tells how once when the English army was creeping up at night to surprise the sleeping Scotch, a barefooted soldier stepping on a thistle alarmed the camp with his cry of pain, and the enemy were driven back in defeat, and how the Scotch, in memory of the event, adopted the thistle as their national emblem. The children enjoy the mother's interest in what has interested them; she in her turn, is refreshed by the change of thought from her ordinary cares; and they all come home invigorated mentally as well as bodily.

Perhaps some day, in years to come, bending wearily over school-books, the child reads the incident of the thistle in his history, and as a flash of lightning illuminates a room at midnight, the whole scene stands out in his memory, the green-bordered road-side, the warm, level rays of the late afternoon sun touching the spires and roofs of the distant city, his little sister in her carriage, his mother's smile and voice; and the whole lesson is brightened by this reflection from his boyhood. In ways like these, you can bind yourself with silken cords about his future. From what wrong and wickedness in his restless youth and early manhood, little memories like these may beguile him, you cannot tell.

To advance a step farther from the realm of simple sight and touch, there are many historical stories which are as fascinating as fairy tales; for instance, King Alfred and the burnt cakes, Columbus seeing the light on the shore after his three weary days of watching, or Washington crossing the Delaware. These things, once committed to a child's memory, are never "dropped out" as so much later acquirement is, and they will serve as pegs to hang historical knowledge on hereafter, or as centers around which he will naturally group other facts. One such story will make a whole reign or epoch seem real to him. You ought so to instruct your child that he will find when he begins to study, that he knows a great many things about history, geography and the physical sciences even, which he never can remember not to have known, nor where he learned them; but there they are—a fertile subsoil for other seeds to grow in.

I meant to say something about the cultivation of your boy's literary taste, but I see that I must reserve that until another letter. Affectionately yours,

MARY BLAKE.

Rural Topics.

PROTECTING PEAR-TREES.—A correspondent from Pittsford, New York, asks: "Would it be advisable to thatch young pear-trees during the winter? I have some choice dwarfs that were put out last spring, and are now about 3½ feet high. They are located on a knoll or plateau where they get the full force of north-west winds, which, blowing off our lakes, are quite severe during the winter." In case the trees have started an early growth, and the young wood is fully matured, there is no necessity for protecting the pear-trees by thatching. A late succulent growth of wood is often winter-killed; but when the wood is ripened, there is no danger from this cause in Monroe County. It would be good policy to plant some rapidly growing evergreens the coming spring, such as Norway spruce or white pine, in a line ten or fifteen feet apart on the west side of the orchard. By the time the pear-trees come into bearing, this row of evergreens will be large enough to break the force of the wind, and save the fruit from being whipped off the trees. Thatching young pear-trees in that locality seems an uncalled-for labor and expense.

ORNAMENTAL-LEAVED PLANTS AND FLOWERS.—A reader of the magazine makes inquiry about a list of ornamental-leaved plants and flowers for winter decorations. In the following brief list are some of the choicest and most reliable for winter decorations:

Ornamental-leaved Plants.

Cyperus papyrus,
Dracena terminalis,
" marginata,
" australis,
" brasiliensis,
" indivisa,
" fragrans,
Hibiscus cooperii,
Croton pictum,
Maranta zebrina,
" coccinea, and other sorts,
Pandanus utilis,
Yucca tricolor,
" gloriosa,
" recurva pendula,
Latania corbonica (Fan palm),
Corypha australis,
Caladium arboreum,
Peperomia maculosa,
Phormium tenax,
" " variegata,
And ferns in many varieties.

Winter Flowering Plants.

Azaleas in sorts,
Camellias in sorts,
Begonias (flowering),
Bouvardias in sorts,
Chinies primroses (double and single),
Cyclamen persicum,
Lobster cactus,
Ericas (heath),
Heliotropes,
Libonia floribunda,
Eupatorium mexicanum,
" riparium,
Steria elegans,
Jasminum grandiflorum,
Calla lilies,
Echeveria metallica,
" retusa splendens.
Monthly carnations in sorts,
Violets—Neapolitan and Marie Louise
Tea Roses (pot-grown)—Safrano, Bon Silene, Isa Sprunt, Duchess of Edinburgh, etc.

PRUNING APPLE-TREES IN WINTER. In carrying out the practical details of every-day work in the garden or orchard, one must often take time by the forelock, and adapt his work to the circumstances, or else neglect it altogether. The best time to remove a branch or limb of any size from a bearing apple-tree is during midsummer, when the sap is flowing freely. If taken off then, the wound will heal over much sooner than in cold weather. But there are many practical obstacles in the way of pruning fruit-trees at that time of the year. There are a thousand other things to be done then, each one of which seems more pressing, and cannot be overlooked or neglected without immediate loss to the crop. But while the winter is not the best time to prune apple-trees, it is far better to do it then than not at all. Apple-trees, whether young or old, should have their heads left open and free at all times. The young succulent growth, that very often starts out on the branches of old trees, should be cut out clean every winter, and never allowed to remain the second year. In young and thrifty apples there is always danger of getting the heads too compact, allowing too much wood to remain. The damage coming from this practice soon shows itself in the inferior-sized fruit growing on these overcrowded parts of the trees. During January and February the apple-trees should be carefully examined, and the pruning-knife and saw used wherever necessary. In cutting or sawing off a branch more than a couple of inches in diameter, it is better to cover over the wound with a thin paste of gum shellac dissolved in alcohol. This protection from the weather will hasten the healing of the wound, and prevent rotting from the water settling in the edges. In starting young trees it is seldom found necessary to shorten back the young shoots, in forming the heads. The main object to be gained is to thin out and keep the top free and open, so that sun and air can have easy access to all parts. The bodies of both old and young trees should be kept clean, and examined closely, twice a year, for the borers, that prove so destructive unless kept under by constant vigilance. These work their way under the bark, and if not checked, will eventually girdle and destroy the tree, no matter how large or vigorous it may be. P. T. Q.

Paris Fashions.

THE newest fashion for the hair is the "coqueluche." The original meaning of the word is, I believe, "the whooping-cough," but the relevancy of the name is yet to be discovered. The "coqueluche" is invented by Mr. Bysterveld, just now the fashionable *coiffeur*. Whence Mr. Bysterveld quaffed his inspiration, I cannot tell. I believe it was from a picture of one of his Dutch ancestresses.

In reality, the "coqueluche" is nothing more or less than a tippet with long tabs in front and a hood at the back, and, considering the comfortable look of the thing, I should not be surprised if it had once been worn by children suffering from the whooping-cough. In the days of the Grand Monarque, it was Madame de Sévigny who adopted the "coqueluche" as a head-dress, and it then speedily came into universal use. The present "coqueluche" is made of white or colored plush, according to the wearer's fancy. At the back it forms a cape reaching to the waist, and shaped into the figure by pinches at the shoulders. In front it forms a scarf, which is equally fitted to the figure by pinches at the waist. This scarf is crossed over the chest, and is fastened by a hook and eye at the back, a little lower than the waist. The hood, which is fastened to the back, fits round the head like a cap or "baby capote," and is fastened under the chin with a bow of ribbon, or merely a hook and eye. All round the hood, cape, and scarf, which form the "coqueluche," there is a frilling of silk or satin ribbon. Altogether, it is one of the prettiest, daintiest, and most comfortable *sorties de bal* that have been invented for many a day. It would be delightful also for traveling, driving, and country excursions, and I see no reason why it should not eventually be worn for ordinary walking. In summer it might be made of lace, as it is already for elderly ladies, by whom it is worn, instead of caps, than which it is many times prettier.

Skirts being longer than ever, all kinds of contrivances are being invented to hold up the trains in rainy weather. When you wear a long pelisse, the difficulty is increased. The only way then is to hold up both pelisse and skirt together. When demi-pelisses are worn, the skirt alone can be held up. When quite short jackets are worn, the skirt can be looped up, and that is better than all. There are at present two ways of looping up the dress: one, to have a loop at the

bottom point of the train, and to join this loop to a corresponding hook, placed under some bow or plait high up the skirt; the other, to have a jeweled or metal band attached to a cordelet, which is twisted round the waist. This band is so contrived that it clasps the back of the skirt together, as well as the real band.

CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Last New Poet.*

THE author of "Deirdrè" has his public at as great a disadvantage as Byron had his public when he poured out his Eastern poems in such rapid succession; and, if he should become the lion of the season, it will be largely owing to that fact. The disadvantage in question is that he places the scene of his poem in a country of which we know little, and at a time of which we know nothing. It may be our fault that we are not familiar with the geographical divisions of Ireland seventeen hundred years ago, if that be the period of the poem, and the history, or tradition, of that period; but it is a fault which cannot be avoided, or can only be avoided by more knowledge in a special direction than any poet has a right to expect, from either his readers or his critics. We have to take his history and natural history entirely on trust. What we need not take on trust—for we are judges of that—is the probability, the possibility, of his story, and the merits and demerits of his manner of telling it. It is a good story for poetic purposes,—in other words, it is better fitted for verse than prose, and it is told with spirit. The Argument sums it up briefly:—"The King of Eman goes to a banquet in the house of Feilimid, his Story-teller. During the festivity, Deirdrè, the daughter of Feilimid, is born. Caffa prophesies of her future beauty, and of the destruction it will bring on the King and the nobility. The nobles thereupon demand the death of the infant; but the King orders her to be shut up in a strong place till she grows old enough to become his wife. In course of time, Deirdrè and Naisi, son of Usna, fall in love with one another; and Naisi and his two brothers carry her away to Alba, and take military service under the King. The Albanian King falls in love with Deirdrè, and tries to compass the death of Naisi and his brothers, who escape with Deirdrè to a certain beautiful island in the sea. Thence they are decoyed by the King of Eman, who gives surety for their safety. They return under the guarantee of Fergus, son of Roy; but the King, breaking his oath, has them murdered on the Green of Eman." It is well to keep this short outline of the story in mind while reading it; for what with descriptions here, similes there, and allusions elsewhere, one is liable to lose the thread of it. It prepares one for deeds of violence, and treachery, and death,—and they are here in abundance: in fact there is little else. It is a minor Iliad that we read, and, like its incomparable great model, it fatigues us long before it is finished. It is too butcherly, too bloody. It may, and perhaps does, reflect the period in which the incidents are supposed to occur; but that reflection does not excuse its poetic excesses. The poet Blair, who was not much of a poet after all, has laid down a rule, which should never be departed from, especially in poetry:

> "What would offend the eye in a good picture,
> The painter casts discreetly in the shade."

The author of "Deirdrè" lacks discretion. He does not know how to, perhaps does not care to, cast offensive things in the shade. Neither does Homer, it may be urged. True; but we are not now in the Homeric school of poetic art. We have taken a wide departure from that, and a wise one, we think. The author of "Deirdrè" thinks otherwise, and has marred his work accordingly. We might perhaps accept the Homeric violence of his characters; but we cannot possibly accept his Homeric similes, which are seldom new or striking, and which absolutely check the flow of the story. They are not only useless, but they are bewildering. Another mistake that he has committed—and it is rather a singular one, in view of his persistent clinging to antiquated imagery—is that of over-description. This is a great fault, and it is unquestionably a modern, not to say a recent, fault. We do not find it in the masters of English song,—certainly not in Shakspere and Milton; and we detect little or no trace of it until we come to Scott and Byron. If it exists in their poetry, it is so bravely carried off that we scarcely perceive it. At any rate, it does not obtrude itself upon us as in almost every volume of contemporary verse, and notably in "Deirdrè." We might point out other faults, as the perpetual use of such truncated words as 'gins, 'gan, 'gainst, 'neath, 'mid, 'tween, and 'cross, and such Spenserian words as anigh, anear, and adread.

Thus much concerning the demerits of the poem. Its merits are marked. It contains, to begin with, an interesting romantic story, which is told with great spirit, in fluent, easy, picturesque heroic verse, which has a more rapid movement than that of Morris, upon which it is evidently modeled. It is a picture of Ireland as it was in the olden time; not the Erin of Moore's "Rich and rare were the gems she wore;" but the barbaric, pagan Ireland of tumult, and treachery, and murder,—the Ireland of petty, wrangling, warring kings and submissive subjects,—the Homeric Ireland. We wonder how any survived to perpetuate the race, and tell the tale. The most enjoyable portion of "Deirdrè" is the second section, or book, "The Palace Garden."

* No Name Series. "Deirdrè." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

It is the only bright episode in the whole story, and it appears to have been written *con amore*. The character of Deirdrè, both as child and woman, is very happily portrayed, and her amusements and employments are charmingly described. There is another fine episode, though not a bright one, in the appeal of the young child Gaier to his mother Deirdrè in the last book, "The Tragedy of the House of the Red Branch." The situation is noble and pathetic.

Is the author of "Deirdrè" a poet? We are inclined to think he is, as poets go. There is good stuff in him, but nothing that is distinctly his own; he is a product of the period. If his literary faults and excellences were as positive as those of Keats when he wrote "Endymion," we should expect great things of him; as it is, we do not. He is running a great risk,—the risk of overestimation now, and underestimation hereafter.

Shelley.*

THE life of few men of letters lends itself so well to a picturesque biography as that of Shelley. There have been many who passed through more exciting scenes, have been engaged in more celebrated events of history, but the sudden cutting off of a life that had only just fulfilled its best promises gives a strange and moving finish to the story. His previous life, too, is not without an abundance of material for interest; his expulsion from Oxford, elopement with his first wife, elopement with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin and desertion of his legitimate wife, the suicide of the deserted wife and mother, and Shelley's ideal residence in Italy with Byron and other spirits who found English air too heavy,—all these lead up naturally to the tragic end that came just when he seemed to have entered into a sphere of calm usefulness in literature. Moreover, Mr. Stoddard has a fine range of memoirs from which to condense this little volume of the Sans Souci Series. The people with whom Shelley came in contact were for the most part addicted to permanent diaries or the casual inditing of reminiscences, and where the influence of his literary spirit did not suffice to make his friends and intimates original authors, it showed itself in copious biographical efforts of which we are now reaping the benefit. Mr. Stoddard has used discretion and taste in quoting from Shelley's various biographies, although for inquiring minds it might have been pleasanter to know exactly where one authority ends and another begins. While warning us against believing implicitly the highly colored statements of Thomas J. Hogg, Mr. Stoddard nevertheless gives us a good many of them; and the reader will appreciate his reasons for so doing. Hogg writes egotistically and fancifully, but he is amusing; and that is what a volume of the Sans Souci Series ought to be, or there is no meaning in the name. His chronicle deals chiefly with Shelley's early life at Oxford, and the first years of his marriage with Harriet Westbrook. The episode of Ireland is drawn from Denis F. MacCarthy's study of the poet. It exhibits Shelley in a youthful and wild stage of development, but shows that his heart was right, whatever his acts may have been. We cannot estimate too highly the generosity of an Englishman who not only feels for the shocking wrongs inflicted on Ireland, but publicly testifies his abhorrence of the policy that produced them. Trelawney is the chief authority for the Italian portion of his career; and naturally interwoven with that appears the figure of Byron, his self-conscious cynicism and egotistical parade making a good contrast to the comparatively pure and unselfish vigor of Shelley. With all his powers, Byron appears to have remained standing at the same mental and moral status that Shelley occupied when he so inexcusably deserted Harriet. The world was clamoring for more of Byron's popular poetry, and getting it, while the noble author gnashed his teeth, and did not hesitate to call them dupes of his own charlatanry. Shelley, on the other hand, was writing what he believed to be the truth from a heart that had erred, but was ready to repent and perhaps had repented much; his poetry would not sell, and English pietists, literary and otherwise, fell upon it with greater ferocity than on "Don Juan." This was the state of affairs when the amateur sailboat, named after the last-mentioned poem of Byron, disappeared in the fog off the harbor of Leghorn.

The condensed view of Shelley's life which the editor has with his usual ability presented, allows one to form conclusions concerning a most interesting character. Shelley appears to have done an immense amount of reading and writing, both at first of a decidedly superficial kind. If we can believe reports, he started with being wild and eccentric to the verge of craziness; but as he lived on, his mind seems to have got a firmer balance and a stronger working power. He began to penetrate things. One phase of his early life was a sudden desire to be a physician, a surgeon, or a practitioner in some department of physics. But the dryness of such studies was too much for him. At first he appears to have written heresy and schism with a well-defined desire to raise a fight, while it is probable that a great deal of the talk about his persecutions is founded on misconception. His persecutions were not, apparently, of a very tangible nature,—his sufferings were probably mental. His sensitiveness exaggerated the feeling of his fellow-countrymen, who, although excited against him, would probably have ended with condoning his heresies for the sake of his genius. But he doubtless found that the wall of separation drawn between him and them interfered with his working powers, and his flight to strange lands arose from a double incentive,—namely, to evade a direct interference with his theories of life and to free himself from the oppression that public disfavor exerted on his delicate spirit. This is, of course, no excuse for the bigotry and ungenerous proceedings of English public opinion and literary men; the English public has often won a sinister fame for hy-

* Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Sans Souci Series. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

pocrisy, and the destruction of what, however excellent in other respects, is considered "not proper."

It has been the fashion to lament the early death of Shelley, on the score of the loss to literature. Undoubtedly, in Shelley, a great workman was cut off before his time, but that he had much more to say than what he had already given to the public may be legitimately questioned. His unhinged intellect brought forth early the pieces of art that will carry him farthest in the affections of posterity, but his last work hardly corresponded with what his admirers were led to expect from so much promise. It is difficult to see what he could have done in Italy to support or improve on the position in literature his work was winning or had already won. Had he become reconciled to his natural audience, the English, and returned to an active life in the midst of his friends and countrymen, there may still have been a future for him; but a continuation of his life with Byron in Italy could hardly have failed to tarnish the delicate beauty of his best genius.

New English Books.

LONDON, December 1.

THE latest literary novelty is the announcement of a new work by the Laureate. The dramatic form of composition has always possessed a fascination for poets, certainly not dependent on success in the attempt,—for, though Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Southey, Shelley, Browning, Leigh Hunt, and many others, have written pieces more or less professedly adapted for the stage, they would none of them have lived to posterity on the credit of them alone. Nor, in fact, was "Queen Mary" received by the public with any particular warmth, though it may possibly prove the first of a series, as the new drama "Harold" is announced as "uniform in size" with it, and to appear immediately. Anything from Tennyson's pen commands a large and certain sale, as may be inferred from the publishers' notice that "orders should be given at once, as copies will be supplied only in the order of their receipt." Another poet, William Morris, addresses a smaller but not less ardent band of admirers. By them his recently published "Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs," is regarded as his greatest work. It would seem that contact with the rough, hardy spirit of the North braces up the genius of the poet and puts to flight the languor and diffuseness that appeared likely to be the besetting sins of the author of "The Earthly Paradise." He treats the famous epic tradition in its early Scandinavian form as preserved in the elder Edda, before it was diluted by Teutonic additions. The poem is written in rhyming ballad meter, though printed in long lines that look like hexameters. It is remarkable that such solid literary work as this poem, and Morris's late translation of Virgil, should be the production of a man actively engaged in business; but the relations of Mr. Morris with his American publishers are much more agreeable than with persons engaged in more prosaic branches of trade. The wall-papers, textile fabrics, hangings and decorative work of the firm "Morris and Company," are said to be largely copied and sold as originals in the United States, to the detriment of their designers, who are now about opening a new dépôt in Oxford Street, for the supply of them to the public, in consequence of the greatly increasing demand.

"Forty Years' Recollections of Life, Literature, and Public Affairs, from 1830 to 1870," has just appeared by a gentleman well known in New York,—Charles Mackay,—in 2 volumes, small 8vo. The book deals too much with English political affairs to be generally interesting to American readers, though from his long connection with the periodical press, and consequently with public men, the author was brought in contact with many of the leading characters of the day. Mr. Mackay's début in London was made as one of the staff of "The Morning Chronicle," at that time,—about forty years since,—the rival on an equal footing to "The Times." For a long time the papers ran a well-contested race for the public support, and it is worth mention that Mr. Mackay considers that the first step in the downward march of "The Chronicle" was the refusal to buy, for five hundred pounds, a copy of the New York "Herald" containing the President's Message on the Oregon Question, brought over by a passenger who had landed at Queenstown, in advance of the mail. It was eagerly snapped up by "The Times," and gave that paper a prestige for superior enterprise, never recovered from by "The Morning Chronicle." Frequent changes of proprietorship accelerated the downfall of "The Chronicle," though Mr. Mackay regards with complacency the "Saturday Review" as its legitimate successor. It was started by Mr. Beresford Hope, the chief proprietor of the defunct paper, and to it were transferred the services of many of the contributors, and of the editor, Mr. John Douglas Cook, who remained in that capacity until his death. Charles Dickens, then commencing his career as a reporter, was a comrade of Mr. Mackay's, who gives many interesting particulars of their intercourse. Of Thackeray he records a trait in his early days that has dropped out of the later portraits, viz., the "brilliant powers of impromptu rhyming that made him the best improvisatore of his time." Some amusing facts show the indignation excited among the respectable classes, by Thackeray's lectures on "The Four Georges," giving point to Professor Aytoun's advice that he had better "stick to his Jeameses and let the Georges alone." Mr. Mackay's experiences have been cosmopolitan, so that reminiscences of Béranger and Lamennais mingle pleasantly with those of Rogers, Campbell, Douglas Jerrold, etc. The least agreeable portion of the book relates to America, where the author was present during the Civil War as correspondent of "The Times" newspaper.

The second volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Memoirs of the Prince Consort" has met with general praise from the critics, who congratulate the author on the judgment shown in the execution of a delicate and difficult task. If the character of a people is to be deduced from the books they buy,—

and it is hard to imagine a fairer test,—the English scarcely deserve the reproach of "snobbishness" sometimes imputed to them. The sale of Prince Albert's memoirs has reached about seven thousand copies of the two volumes, and this for a work of great importance with regard to the recent political history of Europe, in addition to its attractiveness as affording glimpses within the pale of mystery that hedges the life of sovereigns. In about the same time the life of a simple Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. Norman Macleod, has reached the tenth thousand of its sale, and the demand is still unsatisfied. The circulation of Macaulay's memoirs has been very limited in comparison; it is doubtful whether the sale of them has extended to five thousand copies. The great successes of the past few years, as far as numbers are concerned, have been attained with two books, both well known in America. Farrar's "Life of Christ," and Green's "Short History of the English People." Of the latter work the fortieth thousand is now on sale; while new editions of Professor Farrar's book are continually called for. Eighty thousand of the first numbers of an illustrated edition, now issuing in parts, are said to have been sold. No American book of late years has been in steadier demand, or met with a more remunerative sale, than Eugene Schuyler's "Turkistan." This is readily understood when it is considered that an important element in the question of peace or war between Great Britain and Russia, is the power of the latter empire to affect injuriously the British dominions in the East. The facts bearing on this question, including the whole subject of the Russian progress and position in Central Asia, can be learnt from no other book extant. Mr. Schuyler is not only the best, but the sole authority; and his fairness and impartiality are shown by the fact that all parties appeal to his testimony as decisive. He is understood to be employed in the production of a work describing his recent experiences in Bulgaria. In this he will be aided by Mr. McGahan, whose abilities have already placed him in a position as a writer similar to that filled by Dr. William Russell during the Crimean War.

The late Mr. Buckle has suffered very much from the injudicious kindness of some of his admirers. It is satisfactory to know that a "Life" of him is in preparation by a gentleman of the highest standing, an intimate friend and companion of the author of the "History of Civilization," who was with him on his last Eastern tour. It is difficult to imagine a book possessing greater attractions for the better half of creation than the new work, "Art in Ornament and Dress," translated from the French of Charles Blanc, one volume 8vo, with nearly one hundred illustrations. It is a charming exemplification of the power of art and science to ennoble subjects that are often, from mere ignorance, conceived to be of minor importance. The author, Mr. Charles Blanc, occupies the position of one of the first, if not the very first art critic in Europe. He is a "Member of the Institute" (that red ribbon of French literary men), and for some time filled the post of Director General of Fine Arts for the French Empire. His "Grammaire des Beaux Arts," "Œuvres de Rembrandt" and other works have given him a European celebrity; and it is pleasant to find such a man taking up the subject of female costume and legislating (so to speak) on personal ornaments as exemplified in the dress of ladies at the present day,—on the soundest principles of artistic philosophy. None but a Frenchman, and an accomplished artist to whom the stores of ancient and modern times are familiar, can do justice to such a theme. The author commences with the general laws of ornament deduced from the application of the five principles,—"repetition, alternation, symmetry, progression and confusion,"—and then proceeds to apply them in detail to the embellishment of the human figure,—"the most interesting, pleasing, and noble, beyond all other decoration, because it bears on the sympathy of minds and the interchange of soul." How the æsthetic character of lines and colors should be studied by both sexes, and how a knowledge of true principles is shown in the faultless attire of a person of taste, while no lavishness of expense can hide the blunders arising from the want of a true perception of the beautiful, will be learned from M. Blanc's book, where in fact, no topic relating to it is omitted,—"from top to toe,"—from the labor of the *coiffeur* to that of the shoemaker, inclusive. Dresses, their cut, color, and material, gloves, laces, fans, jewelry, all receive the same satisfactory treatment so that the propriety or absurdity of what are usually considered the caprices of fashion can be brought to the touchstone of artistic principles based on the laws of nature, and of the human mind. Far from being a frivolous subject, as the author justly observes, "Dress and ornaments are for the philosopher an indication of morals, and a sign of the reigning ideas of the period;" though this grave view of the matter will not, it is to be hoped, deter ladies from making acquaintance with a book that must be interesting and instructive to all.

The "Life and Correspondence of the Rev. Charles Kingsley," is on the eve of publication. To those who have chiefly known Kingsley as the popular novelist and man of literature, it will prove how much more than that he actually was,—how wide was his sympathy for human suffering and ignorance in all shapes, and how earnest were his efforts to relieve and enlighten them. His correspondence shows the man in all the generous abandonment of an impulsive nature, actuated by the highest aims, inspired by hopefulness for the future of the race through all the darkness of present trouble and unappreciative obstruction. This monument to the man is due to the care of his widow and could proceed from no more appropriate source. By his letters, Kingsley is his own chief biographer, and everything else that was needed is done appropriately and in the best taste.

Another biography, "Life of a Scotch Naturalist," reveals a story such as none can tell so effectually as the author, Mr. Samuel Smiles. It narrates the career not of a dead worthy but of a living, hard-working, Scotch shoemaker, Thomas Edward, "Asso-

ciate of the Linnæan Society." How in spite of evil report and actual brutal treatment, the love of nature has clung from youth to age to the journeyman mechanic, and made him famous at a distance while he was despised at home, and how he has found in such studies his chief reward, may be learned from Mr. Smiles's fascinating book. How science is appreciated in the far North, is shown by the fact that the first recognition of Mr. Edward's merits at his native place, Banff, was his appointment as curator of the town Museum of Natural History, at a salary of two pounds per annum, afterward increased to four. The volume is beautifully got up, and a spirited etching by Rajin, shows us the author, a true, tough, wiry face of the Carlylé type, indicating a man not easily "put down" by adverse circumstances.

The remarks made last month on "Explorations on Ancient Sites," have been well supplemented by General Cesnola's wonderful "find" at Kurium, in Cyprus; as the results of this marvelous adventure are now on their way to New York, it is unnecessary to say any more on the subject. Dr. Schliemann, too, is telegraphing every day bewildering accounts of golden breastplates, helmets, diadems, etc., etc., now rewarding his labors at Mycenæ and Argos. It would seem, indeed, as if the treasures of the ancient world had been reserved for the present generation. The extensive work, now promised by General Cesnola, relating the details of his explorations will be eagerly looked for by the public. Mr. Wood's account of his recovery of the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, has just appeared. It is eminently satisfactory in supplying all the particulars needed to understand the architectural history and peculiarities of this long-lost wonder of the world. CHARLES WELFORD.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Electric Ship's Log.

THE "patent log," so-called, registers the speed of a ship by means of a common registering device inclosed in the log and moved by a small propeller attached to the end. Towed behind the ship, the propeller is kept in motion by the friction of the water, and thus the speed of the ship is recorded, or "logged." This log has the defect of making a slightly false record whenever it is hauled on board, as the increased motion given to it in dragging it in tends to make the record much higher than it really is. Floating weeds are also apt to foul the propeller and stop the log, and its record is thus falsified. To obviate these defects, a new form of log has been devised, having a circuit-breaker attached to the registering device, so that at each revolution of the "mile" wheel, an electrical circuit, maintained through the tow-rope, is broken, and a record is made on board ship. The tow-rope is formed of an insulated cable containing two wires, and it thus serves the double purpose of a tow-line and an electric communication. A registering and recording apparatus is placed in the chart-room or pilot-house, and placed in connection with the log; and by this means the sailing-master has a correct record of the ship's speed and the log's movement at all times, without hauling the log on board, except when it runs down, or is fouled by floating weeds caught on the propeller.

Stop-Watch for Measuring Distances by Sound.

A WATCH so constructed that it will start or stop on touching a key has been introduced for the purpose of recording the time between the flash and the report of a gun in artillery practice. As sound travels, at ordinary temperatures, at the rate of about 331.84 meters (1,088 feet) in a second, it is easy, by means of the watch, to estimate the distance of the gun, and from this to adjust the range of guns replying to it. In practice, the observer starts the watch on seeing the flash, and stops it on hearing the report; but allowance must be made for the time consumed in starting and stopping the watch, which is about one-twentieth of a second, or, in distance, about 15.25 meters (50 feet). Personal equation is also a factor in the problem. No two observers will record exactly alike, and the same person must make all the observation in one action.

Ingots for Seamless Tubes.

IN casting hollow ingots of copper used in making seamless tubes, some improvements have been made in the process that give an ingot free from bubbles, and from the spongy and porous character that such castings sometimes assume. These improvements are very simple, and may be applied to all hollow castings, gas and water pipes, etc. The mold for the ingots is supported upright on trunnions placedat the side. These rest on fixed supports, and as they are above the center of gravity of the mold, it hangs upright when at rest. At the top, a shoulder is formed by turning off a portion of the mold, and on this shoulder is placed a circular "tunnel," or spout, used in guiding the fluid metal into the space between the mold and the core. This spout has a bevel gearing on the outside, and, by means of other gearing, it may be made to turn round on its axis by steam or hand power. In pouring the metal into the mold, the gearing is brought into action, and the tunnel turns round, giving the stream of metal a rotary motion as it flows into the mold. The effect of this is said to give the hardened metal a compact, close, and uniform character throughout. When the mold is full and the metal is hard, the gearing is taken off, and the tunnel is removed. The mold may then be turned down, and the hollow ingot removed. This system is applicable to

all hollow castings, and may prove of value in casting iron, gas, and water pipes.

New Electric Burner.

THE carbon pencils employed in the electric light are commonly placed in a perpendicular line, one over the other, and with the points nearly touching each other. The current, in passing from one point to the other, forms the luminous arc that gives this light its intense power. The carbon points exposed to this intense heat are continually burned away, and machinery of some kind must be employed to keep the points together as fast as they are consumed. To obviate this, Jablouskoff suggests a new form of lamp having two carbon pencils placed side by side in a solid cylinder of clay or other refractory material, and thus making a double-wick candle. In use the electric current is passed through one pencil and then through the air to the point of the other, forming the luminous arc between them just where they project beyond the clay. This kind of light is hung upside down before a reflector, and it is reported that the clay is destroyed in the heat at just the right speed to keep pace with the carbon points as they are burned away. The pencils being fixed in the candle, require no adjustment, and quietly burn away to the end without attention. This form of electric light is reported by its inventor to admit of an indefinite number of lights on a single circuit.

Thermostatic Gas-Stove.

THIS form of gas-stove differs from the usual patterns, in having heat-retaining walls, designed to keep the heat within the stove while the gas is burning. The walls, top, and doors are double, and made of sheet-iron, and covered with wooden sheathing on the outside. The space between the walls is filled with cork-ash and lime, or other non-conducting material, and all radiation and conduction of the heat is thus prevented. This device is reported to work well in practice, and to retain the heat in the stove for a very long time after the gas is put out, and at a great saving of fuel.

Hygienic Candle.

THE use of medicated candles and lamps is not new, several attempts having already been patented. The latest formula for making hygienic candles includes the use of antiseptics for destroying the morbid germs of disease floating in the air. Benzoic acid, phenic acid, thymotic acid, and other antiseptics, are added to the materials of the candle, in proportion of ten parts of acid to one hundred of the fatty substances, paraffine, or wax used in making candles. These acids are volatilized in the burning candle, and are thus set free to mingle in the air, and restore it to a safe and healthy condition. Such candles are reported to give a good light, to be free from objectionable odor, and to answer a good purpose as antiseptic agents.

The Use of the Thermometer in Storing Potatoes.

POTATOES stored in heaps, and covered with loam or other material, may be tested to discover the first stages of decay, by examining the temperature of the heap with a thermometer. This examination should be made every three or four days, and is readily performed by driving an iron bar into the heap, and lowering a thermometer into the hole thus made, and leaving it there for a few moments till it becomes constant. On drawing the glass out, a record of the temperature of the interior of the heap is made, and then another examination is made. These examinations should be repeated at distances of 3.05 meters (about 10 feet) all over the heap, till the whole is examined. About 43° Fahr. is said to be a favorable temperature for preserving potatoes; and if it rises much above this, or as high as 52° Fahr., decay has probably set in, and the heap should be opened and the decaying potatoes removed. This comparison of the different temperatures gives a ready means of locating decay, and if performed frequently, the trouble may be checked before it has time to spread.

Blast-Lamp.

THIS new lamp is designed to burn heavy oils and kerosene under a blast of air. The blast is obtained by inclosing the lamp in a lantern, having a metallic chimney, and placing a small steam-jet in the chimney. This steam-jet is quite small, and is turned upward in the chimney, and serves to make an exhaust in the chimney, thus creating a partial vacuum in the lamp below. The air rushes into the lamp to fill this vacuum through annular openings next the wick, and through an opening in the center of the flame. The blast of air thus set up gives complete combustion to the flame, and greatly increases the intensity of the light. The steam may also be used to keep heavy oils warm in the lamp during cold weather. The lamp is reported to utilize the heavier classes of hydrocarbon oils, and to give a cheap and powerful light.

Memoranda.

The emery-wheel is one of the most important cutting-tools in use in this country. These wheels have been subject to several defects, owing to the want of a good material for a base to hold the emery. The base is apt to melt when driven at high speed, and the wheels become glazed and smooth, and thus lose their cutting power. To obviate this defect, the new material known as "celluloid" has been tried as a base for emery-wheels, and the experiments with it are reported to be very satisfactory; and celluloid emery-wheels are now offered upon a commercial scale.

To secure greater strength, sheet-iron pipes of all kinds are now made by winding the plates in a spiral on a mandrel, and riveting them together in that position. The seams taken spirally about the pipe tend to add greatly to its strength, by making it stiff and rigid.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Skater.

Upon his heel
The skater hath bound
His flashing steel;
And the merry sound
Of his shout,
And his cheer,
Ringing out
Loud and clear,
Tuneful cleaves the frosty air;
And the runner grinding, ringing,
High the snowy ice-spray flinging,
With a steady sweep is swinging
O'er the ice-plain cold and bare.

In measured blow,
The dancing feet,
Now moving slow,
Now galloping fleet,
With a leap,
And a curl,
With a sweep,
And a twirl,
Glance and glitter in the light;
And the runner turning, trending,
Round and round in circles bending,
Through the ice vibrations sending,
Speeds along with eagle flight.

Now swift he glides
In circle and curve;
Now fast he rides
On runners that serve
As a steed,
And away,
Without heed,
Without stay,
Bounds along the rocky shore;
And the runner clinking, clashing,
Through the brittle crystals crashing,
O'er the hard mosaics dashing,
Lightly skims the level floor.

With graceful swing
He rushes along,
With bounding spring,
And laughter and song,
While the beat
And the chime,
Of his feet
Keeping time,
Echo from the rocky dell;
And the runner glinting, gliding,
Swerving, swaying, slipping, sliding,
O'er the crystal terrace riding,
Tinkles like a silver bell.

Now, from his heel,
Hath the skater unbound
His flashing steel;
And a merry sound
Ever rings
In his ear,
Ever brings
Through the year,
Echoes murmured from the past;—
Of the runners rhythmic ringing,
Of the skate-steel softly singing,
Of the feet on pinions winging
Swift as flies the northern blast.

C. F. Bassett.

Vas Bender Henshpecked?

Any shentleman vot vill go round pehind your face, und talk in front of your back apout sometings, vas a shvindler. I heared dot Brown says veek pefore next apout me I vas a henshpecked huspand. Dot vas a lie! De proof of de eating vas in de puddings: I am married tventy year already, und I vas yet not pald-headed. I don't vas oonder some pettygoats gofernments; shtill I tinks it vas petter if a feller vill insult mit his vife und got her advices apout sometings or oder.

Dem American vomans don't know sometings nefer about his huspant's peesness, und vhen dem hart times comes, und not so much money comes in de house, dot makes not some tifference mit her. Shtill she moost have vone of dot pull-pack-in-de-front hoop-skirt-pettygoats, mit every kind trimmings. Pooty soon dot huspant gets pankerupted all to pieces. Dey send for de Doctor; und vhen de Doctor comes de man dies. Den dot vomans vas opliged to marry mit anoder mans vot she don't maype like mit four or six shildrens, on account of his first vife already, und possobably vone or two mudders-by-law,—vone second-handed, und de oder a shtep-mudder-out-law. Den she says mit herself, "I efen vish dot I vas dead a little."

Now if a Chermans goes dead, dot don't make a pit of tifference. Nopody vould hardly know it, except maype himself. His vife goes mit de peesness on shust like notings has happened to somepody.

American vomans and Cherman vomans vas a tifferent kind of peobles. For inshtinct, last year dot same feller, Mr. Brown, goes mit me in de putcher peesness togeder. He vas American man,—so vas his vife. Vell, many time vhen efery peobles has got de panic pooty bad, dot vomans comes to her huspant und says she *most* have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriages.

Vonce on a time, Brown says to me, "Bender, I vouldn't be henshpecked." So he vent off und got himself tight—shust pecause his vife tells him, blease don't do dot. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not dere dot time he never vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my vife, ve had a little talk apout sometings; und de next tay I says to Brown, "Look here vonst! My vife she makes sausages, und vorks in dot shtore; also my taughter she vorks py the shtore und makes head-skeeses; und your vife vas going out riding all de times mit de horses-car, und a patent-tied-pack-cardinal shtriped shtockings. Now your vife moost go vork in de shtore and cut peefshteaks, und make sauerkraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits."

Vell, Brown goes home und he tells his vife apout dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, und ve had a misundershtanding apout sometings, in vhich eferypody took a part, including my leetle dog Kaiser. Pooty soon up comes a

policesmans und arrests us for breeches of promise to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or sometings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown vas proke up. I go apout my peesness, und Brown goes mit his peesness. My vife she helps in de shtore. His vife goes riding mit de horses-cars, und efery nights she vas by de theater.

Vot's de gonsequences? Along comes dot Centennial panic. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py Chimminy! My income vas shtill more as my outcome. But Brown, he goes 'round dot shtreets mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don't got a cent to his back.

VON BOYLE.

The Early Crocus.

ONE night—'twas in a hot July—
I slept at Farmer Brewster's;
But long ere sunrise lit the sky,
Was wakened by the roosters.

At breakfast then I made a pun,—
The farmer couldn't catch it;
Although in serious matters he
Was sharp as any hatchet.

I said, "My friend, at four o'clock
Your screeching roosters woke us.
Beneath your windows—though July—
You raise the early *crow-cuss*."

C. P. C.

In the Morning:

AFTER THAT WALTZ OF VON WEBER'S.

"*Lex scripta*, the written, the written, the statute,
Non scripta, *non scripta*, the unwritten law,
Include and include and, not only the customs
Of certain and certain, and certain"—O pshaw!

Here now I am reading this chapter of Blackstone
To the time, to the time, of the waltzes last night;
Von Weber, Von Weber; and Blackstone, and Blackstone!
I wonder why waltzes wont stop after light.

Ah, me! how we floated together, together,
Adown and adown the bright depths of the room;
All under and under the wreathings of banners;
And into perfumeland of bloom and of bloom.

As one and as one—and our soul, the mad music—
Her heart beating time unto mine, unto mine,
We waltzed away, waltzed away, out of the finite,
Afar and afar into —— Bosh! it is nine,

And here is my Blackstone awaiting my pleasure—
Ah, well, I suppose it is time now for *it:*
I forgot in the dance I was briefless, and now I'll
Forget the dance, too.—"*Lex scripta*, the writ ——

T. H. ROBERTSON.

SCENE ON STEAMER OF THE —— LINE.

PASSENGER.—Can you tell me, sir, how many miles we've come from New York, and whether we've crossed the Gulf-Stream yet, and ——"

CAPTAIN.—Madam, I advise you to ask the cook.

PASSENGER.—Excuse me, sir, I supposed I was addressing that person.

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THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

THE KINGIYO (SEE PAGE 590).

THE recognized value of aquaria as aids to the study of natural history, and the evident popular favor with which they are regarded abroad, render the final establishment of a kindred institution in America an event worthy of special congratulation.

The history of his initial efforts in behalf of the New York Aquarium was given to the public by Mr. W. C. Coup, the manager of the enterprise, on the occasion of the opening of the Aquarium, October 11th, 1876. From this communication we learn that it was during a European tour made four years since, that the writer's attention was first attracted and his interest engaged by the number of great public aquaria there established; and so impressed was he with the value of these institutions that he at once determined to secure the establishment of one in New York. His first proposition was to construct one in the Central Park, defraying all the expense, but claiming the privilege of retaining, for a given period, such profit as might be obtained from a small fee for admission; and when compensated for the outlay, to present the institution to the city as a gift. The Park Commission was not able to accept this proposition, owing to certain legal restraints forbidding the use of public grounds under these conditions. Having, however, become convinced of the importance of such an institution, Mr. Coup finally determined to undertake the work alone. The large plot

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MR. W. C. COUP, FOUNDER OF THE N. Y. AQUARIUM.

Mr. Coup has directed the attention of the public to a feature of the New York Aquarium which is specially designed to promote and encourage original scientific research and aid in the study of natural history in all of its most important branches. This consists in the establishment of a free scientific library and reading-room, as an adjunct to the Aquarium, together with a naturalist's workshop, fitted out with all the needed modern appliances, including microscopes, experimental tanks, dissecting tables, etc. This department is under the immediate charge of the writer, at whose suggestion it was established, and it is proposed to admit to the privileges of this scientific quarter any and all of those who, either as students or teachers, may desire to avail themselves of the advantages of study and research here afforded.

of ground at the corner of Thirty-fifth street and Broadway was selected as affording a central site, and upon it the erection of a suitable building was begun. At this time Charles Reiche & Brother became associated with him, and it is under their joint direction and proprietorship that the work has been completed.

Although possessed of all the attainable data regarding the aquaria of Europe, Mr. Coup was yet constantly embarrassed by unforeseen obstacles which only repeated experiment and the lavish expenditure of money could remove. Many of these obstacles were of a nature which occasioned discouraging delays; for, this being the first great American enterprise of this character, he was obliged to secure many of the needed materials and appliances in Europe.

On approaching the Aquarium, the uninitiated might be led to deplore its lack of architectural proportions; let it be known however, both in the interest of art and science, that the architect of such a work is under the severest restrictions, imposed upon him by the special demands of the case. The tanks within must be so arranged as to admit of a direct flow of sunlight upon the surface of the water contained in them; and for equally important reasons, the main pavilion must be but dimly lighted from above. To effect these ends, therefore, the walls of the main structure need be no higher than will admit of the movements of the attendants above the tanks which these walls inclose.

EXTERIOR BY NIGHT.

Entering the lobby, one receives from the ticket-agent a check whose obverse is engraved with a grotesque image of one of the members of the finny tribe. This check is surrendered at the entrance of the main pavilion.

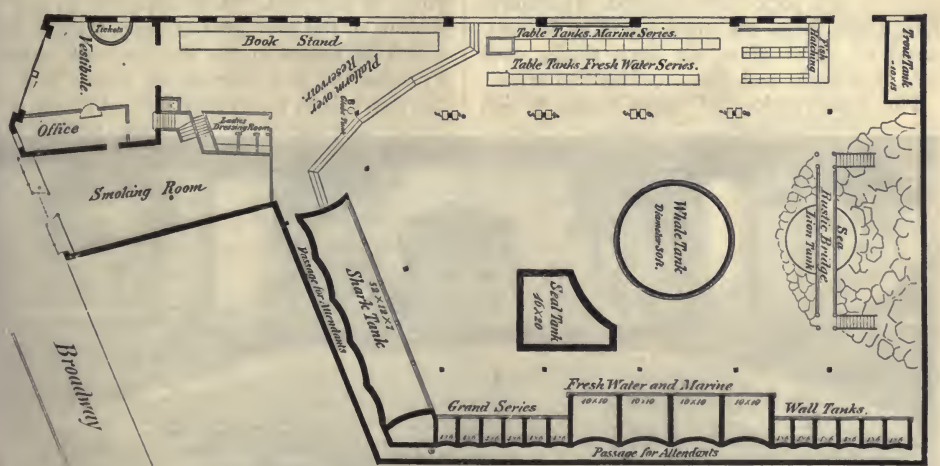
Advancing between counters on which are displayed for sale every form of parlor and experimental aquaria, we approach the point which the artist who has been in ad-

INTERIOR VIEW.

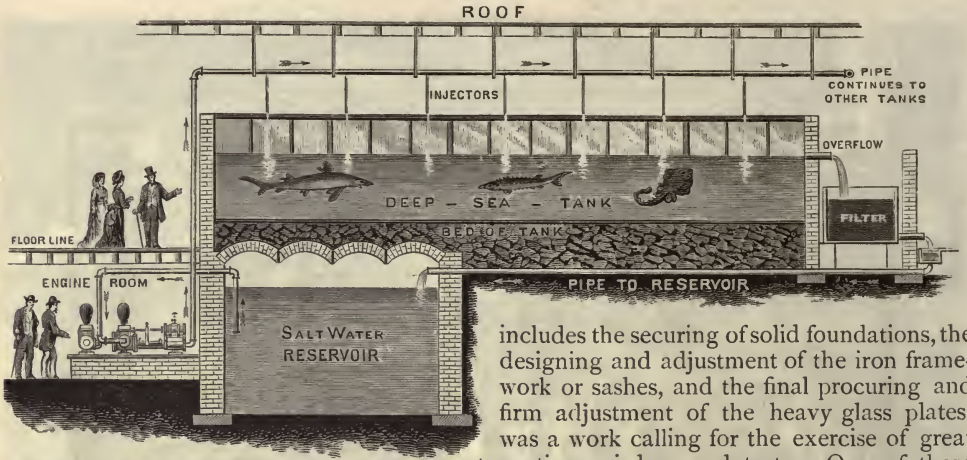
vance of us chose as the proper site from which to secure his sketch of the interior. The building occupies an area of over twenty thousand square feet, and the skillful arrangement of tanks, screens, rustic-work and statuary, gives to the whole the effect of a cool and refreshing summer-garden, the inclosing walls of which are lined with crystal cages, containing the fish and other objects of interest.

Before entering upon our round of observation, attention may be directed to the accompanying ground-plan of the work, while we examine as briefly as possible the construction and purpose of the numerous and complicated mechanical devices.

Since fish breathe common air, just as men and women do, the grand problem to be solved in the construction of aquaria relates to the methods by which a constant supply



GROUND-PLAN OF NEW YORK AQUARIUM (LOOKING SOUTH).



CROSS-SECTION, ILLUSTRATING THE CIRCULATING SYSTEM OF THE AQUARIUM.

of oxygen shall be maintained. In nature, the tides, waves, and currents, with the rain and wind as allies, serve to aerate and charge the water of sea, lake or river, as often as it is needed. In the inclosed and protected tanks of the aquarium, however, these natural agents and forces are excluded, and hence their service must be replaced by kindred artificial processes.

Referring to the ground-plan, we notice along the right a series of dividing lines which indicate the position and relative size of the main fresh and salt water reservoirs known as wall tanks; these consist of a series of receptacles resting on foundations of solid rock, the three interior walls of which are composed of heavy brick-work laid in cement and lined with rock, the latter being so arranged as to give to the interior, when viewed from without, the appearance of a rock-walled grotto. The fourth side, which faces the main pavilion, is composed of plate glass, an inch thick, over eight feet high, and three to four feet wide.

The construction of these tanks, which includes the securing of solid foundations, the designing and adjustment of the iron framework or sashes, and the final procuring and firm adjustment of the heavy glass plates, was a work calling for the exercise of great caution, wisdom and taste. One of these great wall tanks has a capacity of fifty thousand gallons, and the front wall of glass is nearly sixty feet in length. This tank occupies the whole of the eastern side of the pavilion to the right of the entrance platform, and is the home of the shark, porpoise, sturgeon, etc. At the farther end of this shark tank is a concealed reservoir in which are located the filters through which the overflow is made to pass before returning to the grand storage reservoir beneath; still farther on and at right angles with the shark tank, extend in uninterrupted series the remaining great marine and fresh water wall tanks, in which are contained and displayed all the larger forms of marine life. The tanks composing this series are sixteen in number; the four central ones are each ten feet in width, with a proportionate height and depth, flanked by six of six feet width, followed by a third series having fronts of four feet. The depth from top to bottom of the four central tanks is eight feet, which decreases in the smaller ones in such a proportion as to secure an active flow of the water from the center toward either end.

LOOKING AT THE WHALE.

The problem of the water supply for fresh water fishes was one easily solved, as Croton water from the city mains, after being carefully filtered, answers all the needs of the lake and river fish here displayed. To obtain the salt water, however, a special steamer, fitted out with reservoirs and pumps, was sent on repeated trips out to sea, beyond Sandy Hook, and so far from shore that the water should be clear and pure. On its return from these trips, the steamer sometimes stopped at the fishing stations along the route to take on board such new or rare varieties of marine forms as the fishermen, acting under previous instructions, have been able to capture and secure. Arriving at its pier, a mile or more distant from the Aquarium, the steamer proceeds to discharge its freight. The fish, often the larger varieties, are carefully removed by the aid of slings and blankets to great portable tanks, which are slowly driven to the Aquarium, into which they are conveyed with as tender a care as an infant who is about to be treated to its morning bath. The water from the vessel is next transferred to the wheeled tanks, and in turn is discharged from them into the great storage reservoirs. These immense receptacles, hidden from the view of the visitor beneath the entrance platform, are three in number, and were constructed with special care and skill.

From these grand storage reservoirs the water is forced into the tanks above, and by the aid of pumps and an intricate system of distributing and return pipes, the needed aeration and circulation are secured. When once the grand reservoirs are filled, it is only necessary to make good such loss as may be occasioned by evaporation or leakage. It therefore appears that upon the proper construction and maintenance of this circulating system the whole success of the aquarium scheme depends.

CARRYING THE SHARK.

The artist, who has evidently been admit-

EXPECTED ARRIVALS.

"THERE GOES THE DINNER BELL!"

ted to the sacred precincts below stairs, has given us a careful sketch in sections, of the great shark, or deep sea tank, the engine-room, and the storage reservoir. To the left of the great tank, though on a lower level, are the engine and boiler rooms, the latter presenting no novel feature,—the boilers, two in number, being of the ordinary pattern. The engines and pumps, however, being of peculiar form and construction, deserve special notice. Sea-water, owing to its saline properties, cannot be brought in contact with, or conveyed through, metal of any kind, since the consequent corrosion of the metal would result alike in the destruction of the pipes and the death of the fish supplied through them. Hence all the pumps, with their suction, distributing and return pipes, must be made of hard rubber or vulcanite,—a material which is alike rare in itself and peculiarly difficult of manipulation in such forms as are here required. These pumps are located beneath the floor of the pavilion, in the relative position shown in the sketch. Adjacent to them, though on the same level, is shown one of the great storage reservoirs. In its relative location, the artist has slightly modified the actual conditions in order to illustrate the principle more clearly; since, instead of being located directly underneath the exhibition tank, as it would appear, this reservoir in fact occupies a position somewhat to the left of it, and extends a long distance beyond its outer limit. The deep sea tank.—or as we have come to call it, the shark tank,—as here shown in section, is a truthful copy of the original as now in place. To the right of this tank are the filters referred to above, and from them the overflow, both from the shark tank and from the remaining ones of the series, is conducted through the underground return-pipe back to the storage reservoir.

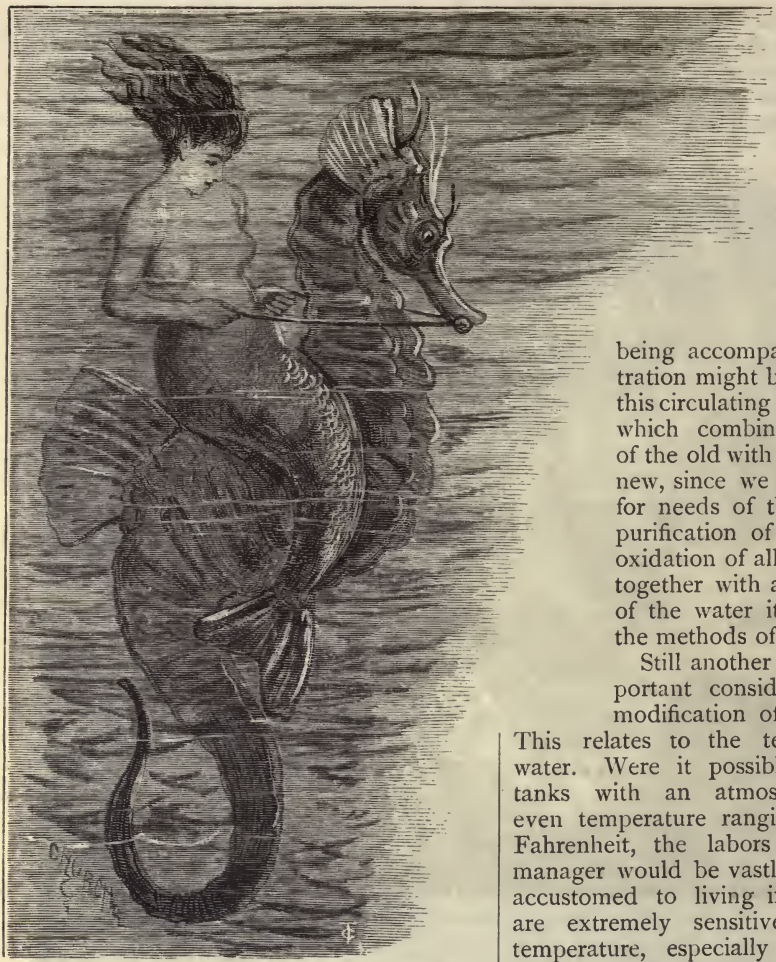
In order to trace the course of the water in its circuit, it is only needed to begin at the storage reservoir and follow the current in the direction of the arrows. First drawn over the wall through the great siphon suction-pipe, the water enters the pump cylinders, and here receives the impulse which is to project it into and through the whole length of distributing mains, which, passing first over the grand tank, extend beyond it to the most distant of the grand wall series,—this single main being nearly two hundred feet in length. How the water is projected from this main into the tanks below is clearly indicated in the sketch. Depending from this, the grand artery of the Aquarium system, are short lengths of tubing which have first been drawn over conical mandrels, so that the original pressure may be increased. These injectors, as they are named, terminate in small orifices at a distance of from two to three feet above the

A WELCOME FROM THE SKATE.

proposed level of the water in the tank beneath. Following the water after the first impulse given it by the pump, we find it projected in fine jets into the tank below. The uninitiated would at this point naturally propound the following query: Why not dispense with this complicated system of injectors, and furnish to each tank its requisite supply of water through single channels—one for each tank? And it is in reply to this reasonable inquiry that the secret of what is called the circulating system of aeration is disclosed. Let it be remembered that it is not water alone that fish need, but water charged with air. They live in one medium—water; their vitality depends upon another medium—air. The one must be charged with the other; and so often as in the natural course of respiration the oxygen of the air is exhausted, the deficiency must be made good by a fresh supply of this life-sustaining element. The injectors are designed to meet this want, and in what manner they accomplish it may be readily perceived if we take up our position in front of one of the glass-walled tanks over which the injectors are at work.

THE ANGLER AND HIS PREY.

Standing before this wall of water, separated from it by the intervening crystal barrier, we are attracted by what appears to be an inverted fountain; and so it is, save that the drops are air-bubbles, and the medium into which they fall is water. Entering the water at a single point, these bubbles, impelled by the force of the distant engine, rush downward and spread out, until the whole space at the rear of the tank seems filled with crystal drops like water-sprays from a fountain,—a mist of water in mid-air; though in truth, the order of the aerial uni-

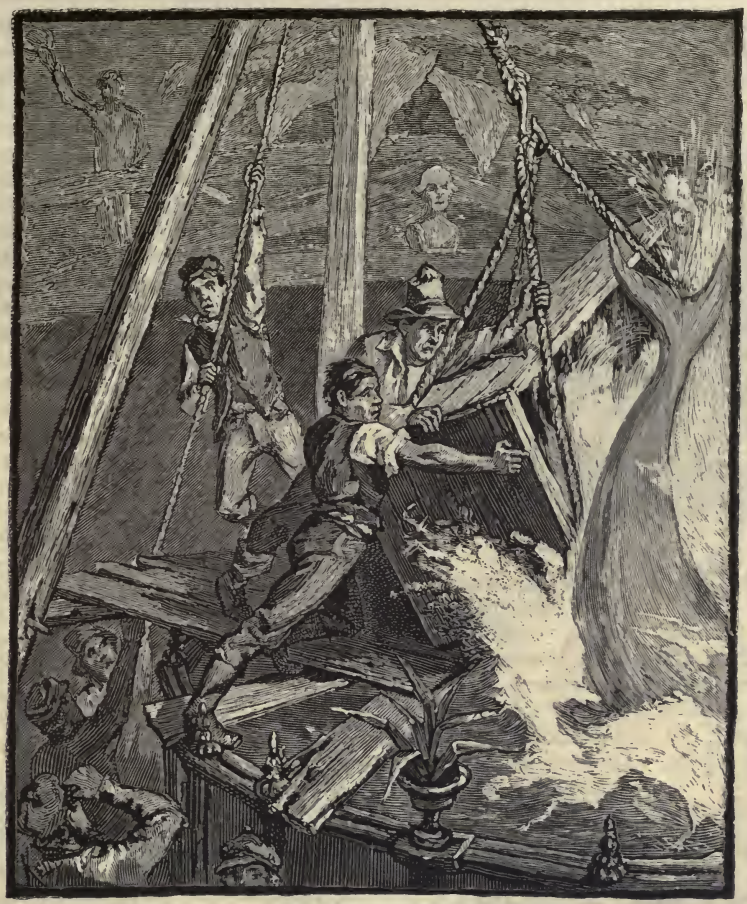


SOMETHING THAT CANNOT BE SEEN AT THE AQUARIUM.

verse has been reversed, and we have first a torrent, and then a mist, of air in a world of water. A moment's watching and we will see, perhaps, a beautiful brook-trout who has been gracefully posing himself before the glass, or leisurely swimming along the graveled bottom of his rock-lined prison, suddenly, as if impelled by some "mad desire," rush backward and upward till he enters the crystal realm beyond; here he seems fairly to revel among the falling air-drops, now drinking them in in great draughts, and now fairly frolicking in the crystal fountain. The room was in fact getting close, and he has sought relief in the open air.

In early days, when the largest tanks held but a score or more of gallons, it was possible to replace the water pumps with those which would project air alone; but when the tanks had expanded to miniature seas such as the one before us, and the number and size of the fish demanded a system of feeding somewhat more generous, it was necessary not only to charge the water, but to change it from one reservoir to another, — each change being accompanied with what filtration might be needed. Hence, this circulating system was devised, which combines the advantages of the old with the demands of the new, since we have the air supply for needs of the fish, and for the purification of the water by the oxidation of all organic impurities, together with an active movement of the water itself, thus imitating the methods of nature.

Still another and an equally important consideration favors this modification of the old methods. This relates to the temperature of the water. Were it possible to surround the tanks with an atmosphere having an even temperature ranging from 50° to 60° Fahrenheit, the labors of the Aquarium manager would be vastly simplified. Fish, accustomed to living in a stable medium are extremely sensitive to extremes of temperature, especially when the range is above the limit of 65° Fahrenheit. Now, in order to keep these comparatively small bodies of water within this range, particularly during the heated term of an American summer, it is necessary to convey it at frequent intervals to a secluded and concealed receptacle; hence the plan for returning it, by means of constantly active supply and overflow pipes, to the sunken storage reservoirs. In these the water is allowed to settle; owing to the absence of sunlight, the growth of vegetation is checked, and, most important of all, the temperature is lowered, and the water cools before it starts again on its circuit. In the New York Aquarium the water in the shark tank completes a circuit of its own. In the continuous wall series a second circuit is established, the supply being from the same main, but the overflow passing from the four central tanks downward and outward toward either end. This overflow from the two terminal tanks

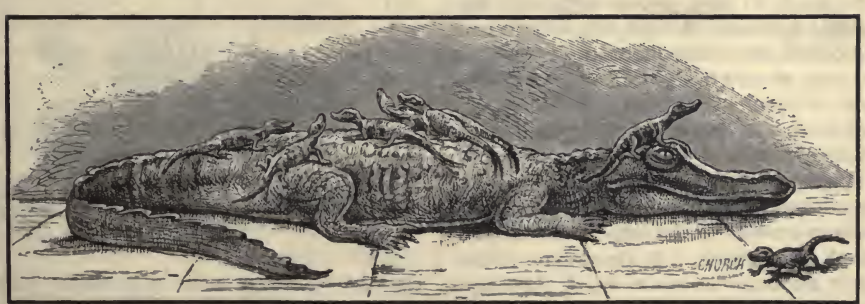


DUMPING THE WHALE.

is conducted back to the reservoir through underground channels already indicated. In addition to these two marine circuits, a third is needed to supply the series of table tanks, while a fourth and entirely distinct system is established for the storage, distribution and return of the fresh water.

Ascending again to the floor of the main pavilion, attention may at once be directed to three special features which have not yet been indicated, and for which no apparent provision has been made in connection with the distributing system already described.

The first of these is the great circular glass tank which occupies the central location indicated in the plan, and which is now the prison house of the whale. If no mention of this whale tank has been



MATERNITY.

made in connection with the technical description of the circulating system adopted with the others, it is because this tank and

FISH-HATCHING.

its occupant constitute an aquarium by themselves. The water with which the monster is supplied must, for good reasons, be constantly changed,—an absolutely fresh supply being added at frequent intervals, while that which it replaces is drawn off into the sewer, not being allowed to enter the main reservoirs. The tank is composed

of panes of plate glass, supported in iron frames, which in turn rest upon heavy walls of solid masonry. The form chosen is that best adapted to the movements of the imprisoned monster, though the location of the tank and the consequent modifications of the usual system of lighting render the inspection of the creature a more difficult task.

The presence of the whale at the Aquarium is in itself evidence of the energy and zeal of the manager. After months of weary watching on a desert island, the agent of the Aquarium was rewarded by the arrival off shore of a school of cetacea. A deep bay terminating in a narrow river was to be the cage, and a line of piles driven across its entrance for a length of two miles, its prison gates. At high tide this wall was sufficiently submerged to allow the whales, driven before the fishing fleet, to enter. The fall of the tide left them prisoners, and the subsequent retaining them in safer quarters above a second line of flood-gates was the work of the agent. In this manner three were secured. These were put into boxes lined with sea-weed and then hurried forward by the aid of special boats, wagons, and trains. The two which made the journey first did not long survive, but the third arrived in safety, after being seven days and seven nights out of water. The capture of this monster, and, most of all, his transfer to the Aquarium tanks, stands as an achievement unrivaled in the annals of aquarium history; and were the creature not actually here and alive, this narrative might pardonably be consigned to the large array of fish stories which have special quarters assigned to them in the ranks of imaginative literary efforts.

Immediately adjoining the whale tank is the second independent feature, this being the low-walled pool where live, frolic and doze a company of the most intelligent and curious creatures that swim the seas,—the big-eyed, fur-coated, clumsy seals. The modern philosopher in search of an animal intelligence kindred to his own, will fail of a faithful service if he does not class these creatures in the very next rank to that of actual human kinship and brotherhood. Already have the odd creatures taken high place in the favor of the visitor, and to the children the ringing of the dinner-bell and the subsequent feeding of the seals are events eagerly watched for.

On the opposite side of the whale tank, abutting against the western wall of the pavilion, is the third of the special features before-mentioned—the rockery and pool where swims, and flounders, and barks, the sea-lion. The present occupant of this pool is one of that rare company whose comrades

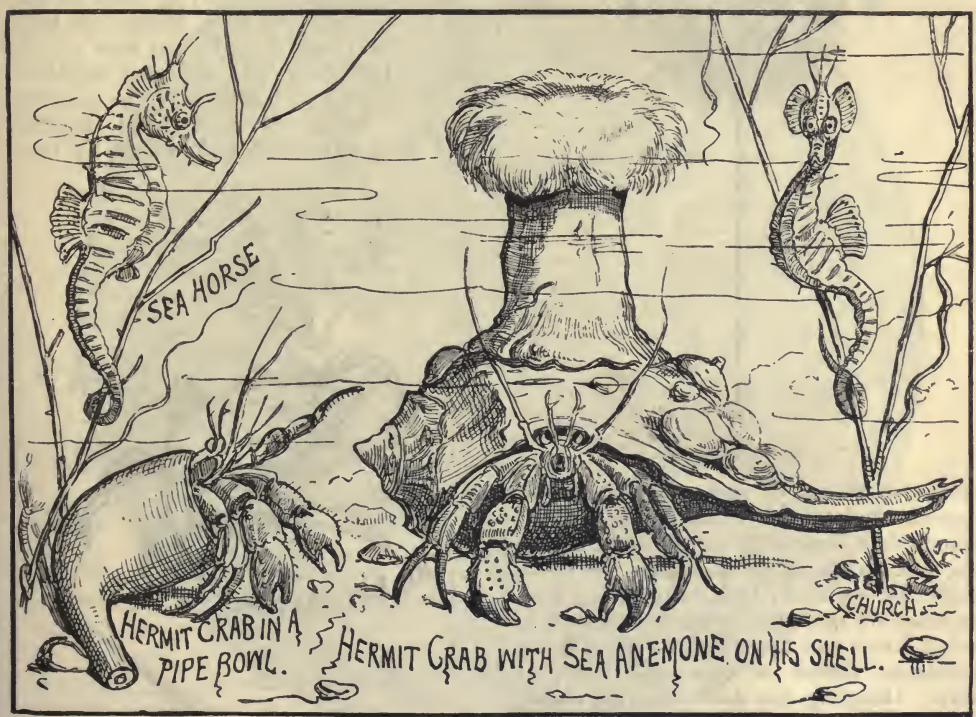
are now sporting upon the rocks beyond the famous Cliff House; and the traveler who dreads a winter jaunt "across the con-

tinent" can view one of the wonders on his way up-town.

It is said that the prince of hosts is he who artfully contrives to put his guests in a good humor on the very threshold; and fortunate it is that the manager of the Aquarium has been able to secure so able an ally as the mirth-provoking skate. As though conscious of the duty assigned him, one of these oddest of odd fish, whose body is as "flat as a flounder," and whose fins are nothing more than leather flaps with mouth and eyes between, has posted his fleshy semblance against the first pane of the first tank, from which vantage-ground he grins out a grotesque welcome to all new-comers. The smaller sharks, his present companions, have learned to respect his mission, if not his whip-like appendage; but some day,—possibly the first after the arrival of a regular "man-eater,"—the skate will forever cease his blinking.

Advancing to the further limit of the shark tank, we can be but charmed and delighted with the vista which now opens to the left. Forming the outer wall of this modern cloister, are the rustic arches from which depend in graceful folds the curtains whose purpose it is to shield the faces of the tanks from the flood of light which illumines the main pavilion. This precaution is needed both for observer and observed. The former, were he standing in the light instead of the shadow, would see himself reflected from the surface of the glass plates; while the fish, who are now unconscious of his presence, would otherwise hasten to conceal themselves from his curious gaze.

As has already been indicated, it is the presence of this series of grand wall tanks which gives to the Aquarium its massive proportions; their interior structure is such as to present the appearance of natural sea-caves, while the arrangement of the rocks is designed to heighten a delusion alike grateful



to the fish and their critics. Along this line in such groupings as science and safety suggest, are to be found such numberless and strange forms of marine life that a single group may furnish food for hours of curious inquiry or thoughtful study. In this one—the third of the fresh water series—is a tribe, hundreds in number, of golden carp with living forms of silver and gold, sporting in a world of light and crystal dew-drops.

Here again is the "angler"—that marine strategist whose ways are so wonderful, and whose cunning is so consummate that the writer hardly dare risk his reputation as

a truthful historian by telling the truth about it. With a mouth stretching "from ear to ear," and with great jaws fringed with moss-like membrane or barbles, this marine brigand conceals his dull, flat form

THE HORSE-SHOE CRAB.

along the stones of some rock-lined and algæ-covered shore. Even a higher intelligence than that of the porgie and the bass might be pardoned for mistaking the living angler for his rocky bed. Protruding from his head are spine-like tentacles mounted in socket joints and tipped with a bit of fleshy membrane similar to that which lines its jaws. Dangling this dainty-looking morsel in front of the concealed cavity of its mouth, the angler tempts the small fry to approach and nibble. But alas! a sudden withdrawal of the baited spine, accompanied with a ghastly gape of the hideous jaws, and down into the hateful cavern are drawn the wonder-seeking or hungry crew.

Here also are the star-fish, in infinite variety, yet of one plan. To the gar, pike, dog-fish and eels, another precinct has been assigned, while a school of striped bass make their home beyond. Lobsters, crabs and craw-fish, porgies, cod and killies—all are here, and with them so many hundreds more that we are glad at length to echo and emphasize the discourse of the "Divine Dubartas:"

"God quickened in the Sea and in the Rivers,
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all Creatures;
Even all that on the earth is to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drowned.
For seas (as well as Skies) have Sun, Moon, Stars;
(As wel as air) Swallows, Rooks, and Stares;
(As wel as earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Melons,
Mushrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers and many milions
Of other plants more rare, more strange then these,
As very fishes living in the seas;
And also Rams, Calves, Horses, Hares and Hogs,
Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants and Dogs;
Yea, Men and Maids, and which I most admire,
The Mitred Bishop and the cowled Fryer."

Ascending the stair-way, we tarry in the arch of the beautiful rustic bridge just long enough to catch a bird's-eye view of his majesty, the whale, and his near neighbor, the noisy sea-lion; a descent by the opposite approach brings us in front of another great fresh water wall tank, where we may

view in their perfect freedom the forms and movements of those most graceful members of the finny tribe, the trout and the salmon. In spite of their roving ways, they seem contented and at home in their crystal cage.

Near by are the hatching-troughs—by all odds the most interesting and instructive feature of the Aquarium, and one peculiar to this establishment. The illustration will convey to the reader the general form of these fish-cradles, which are nothing more than long, narrow boxes through which a constant stream of fresh, clear, cool water flows. In one trough is a myriad host of minute though perfect fish-forms; in another, the little fish is still attached to the sac upon which it depends for its early sustenance; while in a third, resting on wire trays, are countless globules of quivering jelly—spawn, we call it—from which in due season the imprisoned life will emerge and swim away. This department, founded at the suggestion of Professor Baird, is a special feature of the Aquarium. From the exhibits here displayed it appears that Nature is wont at times to trifle with her own laws, and hence these double-headed infants, and again these twin growths,—"salmonese twins," as the Aquarium wag has christened them,—two perfect bodies from one egg, and still attached to the life-giving sac! The biologist is now watching with peculiar interest the approach of that day when one or the other must assert its supremacy, or both succumb to the restraints which this enforced union is sure to impose upon them.

THE SEA-RAVEN AND THE TOAD-FISH.

Facing about, the visitor finds himself at the portals of an enchanted highway, a veritable lane in the sea, along the sides of which are the so-called table tanks. On the left are those devoted to the smaller fresh water varieties whose forms would be lost in the broader domains of the wall tanks, while across the lane is a continuation in miniature of the grand marine series. Keeping to the right, we are halted

INTERIOR OF READING-ROOM.

at the outset to inspect the troop of sea-horses, to whom, as befits their martial bearing, the right of the line has been assigned. Horses' heads they surely have, and those quivering fins will answer well for manes, but here the semblance ceases, as the tail is that of an ape and the body that of a fish. The fancy might soon be taught to believe these hippocampi fresh from the well-groomed stables of some sea-nymph who may yet be deploring the capture of her favorite chargers. Possibly these were the main-stay of a race of fairy amazons, whose duty it was to serve as body-guards or couriers to their queen. If this be so, then a rich reward is promised by the manager to the lucky fisherman who will capture the queen herself or any of her company.

Before a second tank we could stand for hours watching the cunning or vain spider-crabs decorate their ugly shapes with plumes of sea-weed, and then, concealed in a grove of their own planting, lie watching the angular antics of the scollops, which in turn are seeking to evade the hungry claws of a ravenous crab.

Another advance brings us in front of an algæ-carpeted cage,—the home of the beautiful winged gurnard and his hideous prison comrade, the ugly toad-fish. Was it an artistic appreciation of the force of contrast, or was it some almost human decree of fate that made these two opposite types—one of grace and one of ugliness—companions in captivity?

We next come to a veritable sea-garden, where anemones of all shades and sizes grow and blossom. That they are animals, science no longer doubts; yet the precincts of a tropical garden cannot rival in the beauty of its blossoms the display here given: rich red, yellow, and purple blossoms in streaks of deeper hue, delicate petals surrounding a mass of softest velvet. Flowers they seem to be, yet they are conscious living organisms, as is proved by the characteristic habit of one of the class, who has taken his abode upon the shell of a hermit-crab. However, the crab is only paying the penalty of his robber propensity, since the shell in which he is housed is not of his own making. So accustomed have these combative marauders become to their living burden that when they see fit to change from one shell to another, they have been known carefully to detach the anemone and transfer him to the roof of the new domicile,—a tender attention which the recipient repays by conveying to the crab an additional supply of food through the agency of its current-producing tentacles.

Crossing the narrow lane, we tarry to view an equally interesting array of the smaller fresh water forms here displayed. Passing by the little trout, sun-fish and pickerel, we halt in front of the tank where there swims in state, as its imperial rank deserves, the rare and royal kingiyo,—the famous three-tailed fish of Japan. To the student and

THE HELL-BENDERS.

naturalist, this fish is the most attractive member of the Aquarium company, as its development of silken-like tail is said to have been the result of years, decades, and possibly centuries, of careful selection and culture. If beauty and fitness are synony-

mous, then the survival of the kingiyo is a Darwinian argument that should receive the immediate attention of the opposition.

MAKING CAST OF THE ANGLER.

With its golden body and its tail of pearly gossamer, the kingiyo is a symbol of beauty and grace. These qualities, too, are heightened when brought in contrast with the supreme ugliness of its neighbors, the hell-benders. A long story might be told of the habits of these hideous creatures, as also of their equally ugly and interesting neighbor, the banded proteus, whose gills are on the outside of its body, and whose structure is suggestive of one of the "missing links" for which the modern theorist is searching. Before passing out, we must not forget to note the motherly devotion of the alligator.

Attached to the Aquarium on the second floor, and open to the public by an approach from without, are the free scientific library, naturalists' laboratory and reading-room. Ascending to the laboratory, we are ushered into the presence of a student company, one of whom, clothed in the garb of a practical manipulator, is securing a plaster cast of a dead angler. When completed, this cast will be added to the museum of the Aquarium, and duplicate copies will be placed at the command of such educational institutions as may desire them. Here also are tables equipped with dissecting instruments and naturalists' tools.

Adjoining the laboratory, and overlooking the entrance, is the richly furnished library room. Experimental tanks and microscopes and a full assortment of scientific periodicals are here placed, without cost, at the service of the student or inquiring visitor, together with a carefully chosen and constantly increasing library. In the evenings, this room, which is thoroughly lighted and warmed, is occasionally devoted to lectures and discussions, free use being granted to any organized scientific body which may desire to avail itself of the privilege here afforded.

"A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE, A HOME ON THE ROLLING DEEP."

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"I HAVEN'T STOLEN ANYTHING, HAVE I?"

CHAPTER VIII.

NICHOLAS having telegraphed his departure for home, was met at the station by his devoted servant Pont, who dropped his hat upon the platform, seized him by both his hands, and shook them until they ached.

"'Pears like you're de prodigal son done come back," said Pont. "I tole de missis she muss git up a fuss-rate veal dinner for yer sho, dis time, and git out yer silk dressin'-gown, an' call in de neighbors, cos you'd been nigh about dead, and come to life ag'in."

When Pont had finished his little speech, which he had been concocting and rehearsing all the morning, the young man's neighbors, who crowded the platform, pressed up to welcome him, and congratulate him upon his safety.

It was very pleasant for Nicholas to find himself among familiar scenes and old friends. He wondered why he had ever left them; and between the station and his home, he went through the experience that comes once to every sensitive young man with the first consciousness that he has been forever removed from the sphere of dependence to a life of active and self-directed manhood. For a few unhappy minutes, he was filled with a tender, self-pitying regret that he could never again be what he had been. He shrank from life and its responsibilities. He half wished that he were a woman, in order that he might honorably bind himself to retirement, and evade the struggles with men which seemed so coarse and repulsive to him. But he had learned that he was a man, and knew that the smooth, round shell which had held him could never take the fledgeling back.

He was not in a talkative mood, as his carriage crawled slowly up the Ottercliff hill, but the pressure upon Pont was too great to be successfully withstood.

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"'Pears like you's a pretty good Baptiss now, Mas'r Minturn," said Pont, looking back with his good-natured grin. "You done come to't at las'. De 'Lantic Ocean done de business for yer dis time, mas'r. I know'd you'd be fotched some way, an' we's got de prodigal son back ag'in, an' had 'im baptize, wid a new name."

"Why, Pont," said Nicholas, laughing, "I was baptized when I was a baby."

"Ye didn't need it den, I gib ye my word. Ye was as innocent as a lamb, an' ye didn't need it. It's de old sinners dat wants washin' in deep water. You's only sprinkled, I reckon?"

"I suppose so," responded Nicholas.

"Now, I tell ye what it is, mas'r," Pont went on, as if he were uttering a self-evident theological proposition; "when a man gits mercy, he wants 'mersion. Sprinklin' is well enough for babies; it makes 'em cry, but it don't hurt 'em. 'Mersion goes wid mercy ebery time wid a nigger, and I reckon it's 'bout de same wid white folks."

"What were you saying about a new name, Pont?" inquired Nicholas.

"Ah! mas'r, you got yer new name dis side o' Jordan,—Mas'r Hero, now. Missis read it to me in de papers."

"Well, I hope you'll not call me by the new name, Pont; I don't like it," said Nicholas.

"I kin talk about it to de hosses, I reckon?" said Pont inquiringly.

"Yes, but never to people."

Pont was filled with wonder at this refusal of Nicholas to answer to the name that had been given to him at the time he "administered his baptism," but his young master had always been an enigma to him, and as Pont had relieved his mind, he left him, for the remainder of the drive, to his thoughts.

"Thee is very welcome, dear Nicholas, to thy home again," said sweet and tearful Mrs. Fleming, as he alighted at the door. There was no kiss; there was no profusion of exclamations and questions; there was no effusion of sentiment, but there rested on the face of the placid Quaker lady a deep and tender joy. She led him to his room that spoke of her orderly neatness, pressed his hand, and left him. He was once more in the atmosphere of love and home and safety; and the changes and perils through which he had passed came back to him with a power that overwhelmed him. He dropped upon his knees by the side of the bed where he had so often knelt with his mother's arm around his neck, and wept like a child. He rested his head on his hands for long minutes, in a tender and almost delicious swoon of mingled sorrow, joy, and gratitude. His welcome had been sweet, but he missed with a pang of which he did not believe himself susceptible after his long and stupefying grief, the bodily presence of one who he could not but believe still knelt by his bed in her spiritual form, with her arm around his neck and a blessing on her lips.

The news of his arrival spread quickly through the village of Ottercliff, and he was thronged all day with visits of welcome and congratulation. He had not thought of the old friends of his mother at the Catacombs, or on the Rhigi, but they were apparently as glad to see him as if he had executed their commissions. Such hearty evidences of their friendship were very grateful to him; and the joys of the day quite repaid him for all the hardships he had suffered, and the dangers to which he had been exposed.

During the afternoon, he wrote a note to Mr. Bellamy Gold, requesting him to come to him on the following morning, bringing with him all the books relating to his estate, and all the vouchers for his investments. He had determined at the earliest moment to take the charge of his own affairs, and to retain the services of the village lawyer as his adviser. He would assume the cares that belonged to him, and have something to do.

When the lawyer appeared with his huge bundle of books and papers, it was with a troubled look upon his face. He had done his work well, and had nothing to hide; but some of his work was incomplete, and he anticipated the loss of a lucrative trust.

"I knew it would come," he said. "I knew it would come sometime,"—and he tried to say it with a cordial smile,—"but I thought I was sure of you for the next two years. However, it is all right, and if you want to take matters into your own hands, you know that I shall not be far off, and that I shall always be glad to serve you."

The day was a laborious one for both, for it took a long time for Nicholas to understand, and the lawyer to explain, the multitude of complicated affairs that came up for consideration. Everything was found to be snug and safe,—everything but one. The lawyer had made a recent investment in bonds, for the registration of which he would be obliged to make a visit to New York. He had not attended to this, because the bonds were safe under his lock and key, and his work had crowded him. As Nicholas de-

sired to go over the business again, to make sure that he had comprehended it all, the lawyer consented to leave the mass of his documentary materials at the house for the night. Nicholas placed them in the family safe, locked them in, put the key in his pocket, and weary with his day's work, took a seat in the carriage which Pont had driven to the door, and accompanied the lawyer to his home. He was stopped many times on the way to the village by humble neighbors who had had no opportunity to visit him, and he gave them so much time that when he returned, the sun had already set, and the shadows of the evening were gathering upon the river and the landscape.

Mrs. Fleming ordered tea to be served upon the piazza. Although it was midsummer, the air was deliciously cool and refreshing. With only a single question, Mrs. Fleming set Nicholas talking, and he told to her, for the first time, the story of his wreck and rescue.

While they sat, the moon came up, broad and full, casting deep shadows far out upon the river, but illuminating the water beyond and bringing into view the river craft as they passed up and down the beautiful stream. They sat for a long time in silence, when they noticed a schooner, pointing directly toward the house. The moon lighted up her canvas, and they could see the graceful form of her hull as she came toward the shore. Then, almost in an instant, she disappeared, for she had come under the shadow of the bluff.

They waited for a few minutes, catching now and then the reflection of a light. But the light went out, or was put out of sight. The two questioning watchers said nothing to each other for a long time. Then at the same instant they noticed the re-appearance of the light, which remained apparent long enough to show that the schooner had come to anchor, and was still.

"That is a very unusual occurrence," said Mrs. Fleming.

"It certainly is," Nicholas responded. "I never saw a schooner anchor there before. What can they want?"

At this moment, a dark figure approached them, coming up the lawn. They knew that no one had had time to reach them from the strange craft, so Nicholas said:

"Pont, is that you?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Where have you been at this late hour?"

"Been on de look-out, mas'r."

"Well, what have you seen?"

"I seen something dat don't mean no good, no how, sah," replied the negro.

"Do you mean the schooner yonder?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Well, what do you think it means?"

"I do' know, sah, but it don't mean no good, no how. Dem men haint no business dah."

"Suppose you take a boat, and row out toward them, and find out what you can."

"Will ye go 'long, sah?" inquired Pont, who evidently had no stomach for the expedition.

"Yes, I'll go with you," said Nicholas; and, taking his hat, he followed his servant down the narrow path that led to the boat-house. Arriving there, a small skiff with a single pair of sculls was unfastened, and the two men stepped noiselessly into it and pushed off. Pont rowed close in shore, as noiselessly as if he had been an Adirondack hunter, floating for midnight game. He rowed until they could see the dark hull of the schooner, and detect the lines of her masts defined against the sky. He pulled on until they lay abreast of her. There was no sound on board, and there were no lights to be seen. She was out of the track of all passing craft, and, so far as the reconnoiterers could judge, the men on board had turned in and gone to sleep.

They sat for some minutes in silence, and then they heard a movement; and against the moonlight that flooded the western water and the western sky, they saw three or four figures rise, and slowly disappear. Then they heard the sound of oars, and, after a few minutes, a black speck showed itself out upon the gleaming water, moving away from them toward a village on the opposite side of the river.

"Turn about and row back, Pont," said Nicholas. The command was silently obeyed, and when Nicholas reached his house, he found Mrs. Fleming awaiting his return, just where he had left her.

"What did you find?" she inquired.

"We found a schooner, and saw her men leave her. They are probably a lot of shirks, who have run in here to get out of sight, and thus to secure an opportunity for a carouse on shore. I don't think we have anything to fear from them."

Although they all went nervous and indefinitely apprehensive to bed, they passed the night without disturbance; but the next day, while the village lawyer and Nicholas were reviewing their work in a state of profound absorption, they were

conscious of a movement near them, and looking up, they saw, observing them with wicked black eyes, a middle-aged, rough-looking man, who had entered the house unbidden and unheralded.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, scraping his right foot and placing his hat under his arm, "but would you be kind enough to give a poor fellow a trifle to get to New York? I was put off the train here, for the lack of the needful, you know."

The safe stood open by the side of Nicholas, revealing its valuable contents. It was too late to shut it, but Nicholas impulsively rose, closed and locked it, and put the key in his pocket, as he was in the habit of doing. The motion was watched with evident interest by the intruder.

The appeal of the tramp was humbly enough made, but both Nicholas and his companion instinctively recognized its insincerity, and felt that the man was a spy.

"What business have you in this house, you dirty dog?" said Nicholas, his anger rising the moment he began to speak.

"Well, it doesn't look as if I had any," replied the man sullenly, "and it's very well for you with your money and your fine house to call a poor fellow like me a dirty dog, but I haven't stolen anything, have I?"

"I don't know," said Nicholas.

"There are two of you: you'd better search me."

The man's eyes flashed as he said this, and he gave a hitch to the sleeves of his coat, as if he would like to have them try it.

"Look here," said Mr. Bellamy Gold, "you had better leave town the first chance that you can get, or I'll have you arrested for a vagrant."

"I shall leave town when I get ready, and I shall leave this house when I get ready, too. Perhaps you'd like to put me out now, come!"

The fellow had hardly time to complete his menace when Nicholas leaped to his feet, grasped the man's collar, wheeled him about, and taking him by his shoulders, pushed him, violently resisting, out of the room, through the hall, and down the steps. The rascal had dropped his hat at the door, and this Nicholas tossed after him.

He was in a great rage and started to come back, but he had felt the force of the young muscles, and saw that Nicholas in the door-way had him at a disadvantage.

"You are a smart boy, you are," he growled huskily, "but I'll get you in a tight place yet! Never you mind! I'll have it out of you—if I ever catch you anywhere," he prudently added.

Nicholas laughed at him, and he seemed reluctant to go away, but at last he went off, growling and threatening, and talking to himself. Nicholas stood in the door and watched him until he passed out of sight. The man's features, his figure, his gait, his voice, were as thoroughly impressed upon his memory as if he had known him from boyhood.

Before Nicholas closed the door and locked it against further intrusion, he called for Pont. When the negro appeared, Nicholas asked him if he had seen the tramp. He replied that he had.

"Then," said Nicholas, "take the short cut to the station; get there before him, and see what he does with himself."

Pont started upon a run, and soon disappeared behind the shrubbery. Then Nicholas went back laughing to the lawyer, whom he found very much disturbed.

"I don't like this," said Mr. Bellamy Gold. "You have provoked the man's ill-will, and if I haven't mistaken his character, he would murder you as readily and remorselessly as he would eat a dinner. I don't like it. It's a bad thing."

"Well, it is done, and it can't be helped," said Nicholas.

"It's a bad thing," the lawyer repeated. "He has seen everything. It's a bad thing, and you must let me take all these papers back to my office to-night."

Nicholas was suddenly seized with a thought of the schooner. In the absorption of the morning it had gone out of his mind, and he rose and walked out upon the piazza. There was no schooner in sight, and she had probably left during the night. The fact relieved him.

An hour afterward, Pont returned with the information that the supposed tramp, instead of going to the station, went directly to the river, where a boat with a single occupant awaited him. Then he coolly took off his coat, sat down in the boat, and, together, the two men pulled straight across the stream into a cove, and disappeared.

The fact was not calculated to re-assure Nicholas or his lawyer. Neither was surprised at the news, but both had hoped the fellow would go away.

When Mr. Bellamy Gold left the house that evening, he took all his books and papers with him; but nothing happened during the night to justify his fears, and several days

and nights passed away without disturbance, until the threat of the ruffianly intruder had ceased to be thought of, and life at the mansion went on in its usual quiet course.

After all the excitement through which Nicholas had passed, it could not have been expected that he would settle down contentedly to the old life that was once so dear to him. He felt himself becoming uneasy. He had grown familiar with his affairs, and while the examination into them lasted, his mind was occupied. When the interest connected with this had died away, it reached out for something to do. He devised improvements here and there upon his place. He superintended his workmen, or roamed over his estate, or engaged himself in reading, and at last he began to learn that it was less his mind than his heart that was hungry. The beautiful invalid with whom he had been thrown into such strange associations presented herself more—and still more—frequently before his imagination. If he sat upon the piazza, he found the ocean steamer reproduced in every passing vessel, and beheld her reclining in the old attitude upon the deck. Every book he read was illustrated by his fancy with pictures of which she was always the central figure. He thought of her as an occupant of his home, and dreamed of the sweetness with which she would endow it. He thought of himself as her husband, not only, but as the ministering servant to her helplessness. He found his heart constantly rebelling against the statement of Mr. Benson, that marriage with her was "out of the question."

Yet he did not dare to love her. He knew that she liked him. He knew that she was profoundly grateful to him. He felt that she would sacrifice anything to show her appreciation of him and of his service to her, but he had apprehended something in her beyond this, and he was surprised to learn how keen a pang the apprehension caused him. He knew that he never could have come to this apprehension had it not been through the subtle stimulus which her own magnetic nature and character had exercised upon him,—the apprehension that she would never permit him to sacrifice himself to her. He felt that if there were anything in him that could inspire her heart with love, the measure of that love would be the measure of her determination never to bind his hands in service to one who could not help but would only hinder him.

He found himself longing, too, for sympathy. He could not unveil his heart to a man. If his mother had been alive he would have spoken all his thoughts to her and rejoiced in the privilege; but he recoiled from speaking a word, even to his friend Glezen. Glezen would only say to him: "Well, my boy, if you want her, go in and win." His friend could not possibly sympathize with his experiences and apprehensions, or comprehend the depth and delicacy of his sentiment; and it would be profanation to reveal them to one who would look upon them only with the eye of a practical, business man.

So it was with a feeling of delightful relief that he heard good Mrs. Fleming say to him one evening, while they were sitting together over their tea:

"Nicholas, thee has something on thy mind. May I share it with thee?"

Nicholas did not blush. He did not hesitate. He knew that a woman could comprehend what a man could not, and he opened his whole heart to her. He told her of a thousand things he had hidden from her sight,—of Miss Larkin's helplessness, of her sweetness, of her power to move and elevate himself, and of the delightful possibilities which she had opened to his thought. He was tender and enthusiastic. A boy of fifteen would not have been more so, or more confiding and unreserved.

Mrs. Fleming listened to him with the calm and sympathetic smile of one who had had a sweet experience of her own, and who took a profound satisfaction in being so frankly trusted. If she had not loved Nicholas before, she would have loved him then. He had paid to her the most grateful tribute that man can pay to womanhood—a tribute to the wisdom of her heart.

"I thank thee, Nicholas, for this," she said, and rising she went to him, and bending over him as he sat, kissed his forehead. She had not kissed him before since he was a boy. The spirit of the boy had moved her.

Resuming her seat, she said:

"Thee must follow the inner light, Nicholas. Thee must not enter into calculations, nor weigh hinderances and advantages. The Spirit cannot speak through the lips of human wisdom, for that is full of pride, and full of all selfish mixtures. The pure in heart not only see God, but they feel God, and hear him. It is the heart that hears the voice which guides aright; and if thy heart is pure,—and I believe it is,—and if thee has heard a voice in it that bids thee

love some one who is pure and lovely, then listen to it and obey it. No harm can come of it. It may bring thee trial, but it can never injure thee. There are many paths that lead to the best that God has for us. Some of them are in the sun, and some of them in shadow; but so long as thee takes counsel of thy heart, and the light within is bright, thee has nothing to fear and all good things to hope for."

Her words were balm and inspiration to the young man, and they left him more desirous than ever to renew his acquaintance with the girl whose history, as it related to himself, had called them forth. He determined to visit New York, but he would at least have a business errand. He would take down the unregistered bonds, and perfect the arrangements relating to them, and, among his new friends, he would see Miss Larkin again.

He therefore fixed upon an early day for the visit, and on the afternoon previous to his departure, drove over to Mr. Bellamy Gold's office, and receiving the package he desired, drove back again. He placed his bonds in the safe, locked them in, and, according to his custom, put the key in his pocket.

The night came down dark and gloomy, and the thickening sky gave signs of an approaching storm. The sun had set behind a curtain of heavy clouds that skirted the western horizon, fringed with thunder-heads that loomed above the mass like Alpine summits. Behind these the lightning played incessantly as twilight deepened into night. Everything seemed preternaturally still,—not a leaf stirred in the breathless air.

Throughout the brief evening, Mrs. Fleming and Nicholas sat together, saying little, watching the lightning as the distant cloud rose higher and higher, and hoping that the storm would make its onset before the hour of bed-time should bid them separate for the night. But the center of the storm was far away, and was slow in its approaches. Weary at last with waiting, and drowsy after the fatigues of the day, they closed the shutters and retired to their rooms, where both lingered for half an hour, fascinated by the freaks of the lightning as it threaded the lazily rising clouds; and then they went to bed.

It was after midnight when the tempest burst upon Ottercliff, and both Nicholas and Mrs. Fleming were in their first sleep. Nicholas was a sound sleeper, and the play of the lightning, the rush of the tempest and the roar of the thunder became the elements of a boisterous dream. He dreamed of the strange schooner. He heard the flap of her canvas, and the noise of the waves beating against the shore. He saw her deck swarming with villainous forms, and among them he recognized that of the tramp, whom he had so recently repulsed from his house. He was sufficiently awake to know that the expected storm was passing in its fury, and sufficiently asleep to fit its tumultuous sounds into the fanciful scheme of his dream.

The lightning would not have awakened him, but he somehow became conscious of the presence of a steady light. He opened his eyes and saw three men at his side. One held a pistol to his head and told him that if he raised a hand he would blow his brains out.

The men were masked and understood their brutal business; and Nicholas readily comprehended the fact that he was in their power. It was useless to call, for no one could help him. It was vain to struggle, for he was not a match for them.

"Men, you will have your way, I suppose," said Nicholas, "and all I ask of you is that you will not disturb the lady. She cannot harm you, for she is feeble and old. I suppose you have all had a mother, and you must owe something to her memory."

The return for the speech was a harsh slap upon the mouth, and an order to turn in his bed, that his hands might be tied behind him. They then lashed his hands and his feet together, gagged him, and leaving a man to watch him, searched his pockets and went off down-stairs.

"I told you I'd have it out of you," said the man, huskily, who stood at his side. "You are a smart boy, you are, but we are too many for you this time."

Nicholas would have been at no loss to recognize his keeper, even if he had not betrayed himself in his language. He could have sworn to the brutal, husky voice, whatever words it might have uttered.

Between the explosions of profane abuse with which the villain poured forth his revengeful spleen, Nicholas lay helplessly, and heard the confederates going from room to room, opening doors and drawers, and talking in low tones, and knew that the house and all its treasures were in their hands. They could murder him and burn the dwelling that covered him. They could and would carry away all that their greedy hands could bear, and do it in perfect safety at their leisure.

His confinement became agony at last,

and then he heard a low whistle at the foot of the staircase.

"The game's played," said the husky voice at his side. "You've been a nice boy. Pleasant dreams to you, and a breakfast without silver. Bye-bye."

Nicholas heard the man descend the stairs, then the clink of metal as the robbers shouldered their burdens, and, at last, their heavy tramp upon the ground as they moved off.

There were other ears that heard it all, and in a moment, Mrs. Fleming, white and shaking with terror, entered his room. To undo his fastenings was the work of a few minutes, but Nicholas found himself too much exhausted to sit up in his bed. Mrs. Fleming had locked her door on the first consciousness that the house had been entered, and though it was carefully tried, no violence had been offered to it. She had heard the words, "That's the old woman's room, I reckon, and we must remember our mothers;" and this was followed by a low laugh, and retreating footsteps.

Mrs. Fleming brought Nicholas a cordial, and, after an hour, he tottered to his feet, and dressed himself. Then they found Pont, who had slept through it all in his distant room, and all descended to the scene of the robbery. The burglars had entered by a window opening like a door from the piazza, and the damp night wind was passing through it into the house. They closed the window and then began to examine into the extent of the spoliation. They first visited the safe. It was open, and the key, which Nicholas had placed in his pocket on returning with his bonds the previous afternoon, was in the lock. As he anticipated, not only the plate but the bonds were gone, and these covered a far greater value than everything else that they could have borne away. After ascertaining the loss of these, Nicholas had no curiosity with regard to the remainder of the booty. Daylight would better reveal the minor particulars, and for this it was agreed to wait. They would not go to bed again, and Pont was consigned to a lounge and ordered to wait with them.

Nicholas went to the window and peered out into the night, which was rapidly approaching a new day. Exactly in the place where the schooner had come to anchor ten days before, he saw a light. While he watched it, it slowly moved out across the stream and disappeared. The river pirates had done their dark work, won their plunder and flown, leaving no clew behind them but the memory of the villain whom Nicholas had once thrust from the house, and who had returned in the character of his captor and keeper. Pont was soon asleep, and Nicholas and Mrs. Fleming, sitting close beside each other and engaging in low conversation, watched until the brightest and sweetest of summer mornings dawned upon them, and then they slowly and regretfully counted up their losses.

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT was the excitement in Ottercliff when it was noised abroad that the Minturn mansion had been broken into and plundered of its treasures. All who could leave their work swarmed to the house, entered it, looked it all through and all over, hung about it, and wearied its occupants with their inspection and their inquiries. Mr. Bellamy Gold was one of the first visitors, and was profoundly dismayed on finding that his record of the numbers of the stolen bonds, which he had carefully made, had disappeared. This he had learned by going back to his office. He had once shown the record to Nicholas, but when the latter received the bonds, he had not delivered it to him, deeming it wise to hold it. He had rummaged every pigeon-hole, looked between the leaves of his account-books, turned his pockets inside out, and searched all the drawers in his office, with no result but the conviction that the means were gone for stopping the sale of the bonds and the payment of their coupons.

This was the heaviest blow of all to the little lawyer. He felt that his professional honor was at stake, or, rather, his professional trustworthiness. If he had the record, he could make the bonds useless to the hands that held them, and ultimately compel their return at his own price. Without it, he was helpless; and the bonds could be negotiated through the lines of roguery that run very high up toward the respectability of Wall street.

Nicholas found the robbery a violent interference with his plans, as well as a most unwelcome interruption of his thoughts. He had anticipated his absence from home and his visit to the city with keen delight, and several days passed away before he could bring his mind into the old channel, and up to its old purposes; but, as it had become necessary to replace many of the articles that had been stolen, and it seemed

desirable to consult with others besides Mr. Gold, in regard to measures for procuring a return of the missing bonds, he engaged a watch for his house and set off.

While on his way, the promise of Mr. Benson to give him advice whenever he should have occasion for it, came into his mind. He despised the man, but he had no quarrel with him. He knew that his heart was hollow, but he knew also that his brain was keen and wise. If the whole truth must be told, he desired to have a matter of business with Mr. Benson. He wished to be received at his house in a friendly way. He deprecated his enmity, at least, as well as any relation with him which would throw obstacles in the path of his friendship for his ward. So Nicholas determined to tell him frankly of his losses, and to ask him for his counsel.

On arriving at the city, and taking a room at a convenient hotel, he went, without calling upon Glezen, directly to Mr. Benson's house. Mr. Benson, for whom he first inquired, was out and would not return until evening. Then he sent his card to Miss Larkin, who responded with a message that she would be glad to see him in her parlor.

As he entered the lovely apartment, his heart warmed with a strange, delicious joy. Everything spoke alike of happy repose and tasteful activity. The shelves of handsome books, the well-chosen pictures on the walls, the records of ingenious needle-work on chairs and ottomans, the bouquets of freshly gathered roses, the harmonious adjustments of form and color, and the one sweet life and beautiful face and figure of her who had gathered and arranged all, and given to them their significance, exercised upon him the charm of a rare poem. His heart, his life, his tastes, felt themselves at home. He would have been quite content, if any necessity had imposed silence upon him, to sit all day in the presence and atmosphere in which he found himself, without speaking a word.

Miss Larkin sat half reclining upon a low divan, and, without attempting to rise, extended her hand to Nicholas as he entered, and greeted him with hearty words and a hearty smile.

"I was thinking of you at the very moment you rang the bell," she said. "It seems a long time since I have seen you; and I had begun to wonder whether you had forgotten us all."

"I can never forget you," said Nicholas, bluntly.

"You have a tenacious memory, I suppose?" said Miss Larkin, with mirthful, questioning eyes.

"Yes, very."

Nicholas felt himself growing rigid. He could not look at her. The temptation to fall upon his knees beside her, press her hand to his lips, and pour out to her the flood of tender passion rising in his heart, seemed too great to be resisted. He had hungered for her, thirsted for her, longed to be beside her once more, felt drawn toward her by attractions more subtle and powerful than those which invite the steel to the magnet, and borne about with him, through all the days of his separation from her, a sense of exigency. It was enough, or he had felt all along that it would be enough, to be in her presence. He had been like a wanderer in a wilderness, longing for a cool spring at which to quench his thirst,—longing to sit down beneath its sheltering trees for rest. He had not dared to dream of offering his heart and life to her, and he felt himself taken at a disadvantage.

Miss Larkin, with her keen instincts, read the nature of the struggle through which he was passing. She had not intended, with her single touch of playful raillery, to invite him to more than he had sought. So she adroitly tried to change the current of conversation, and divert him from his thoughts.

"We have passed through a great deal of trouble since our return," she said. "You have had your share, of which I have heard, and I have had mine, of which you can have known nothing."

With a sigh of relief, Nicholas responded:

"You refer to our little home tragedy, I suppose. It cost me nothing but money, so I don't mind it. Have you anything to tell me of yourself?"

"Oh, not much," she replied. "There has been a single scene in this room on the return of Mr. Benson of which I may only speak to you. It was nothing but what I foresaw. The man is changed, and not for the better. He is winning back daily his old hauteur, his old self-possession, and his old pride. I promised that I would not betray him, and he knows that I will keep my promise. He would secure the same promise of you, or try to secure it, if he did not believe that I would do it for him. I simply told him that I did not think you would displease me by betraying him, and further than this I shall not go, either with you or with him. I know that the consciousness that he is in our hands galls

him to the quick,—that he frets under it, and quarrels with it, and that he can never love either of us. I hope he cannot harm you, but he can make life very uncomfortable to me if he chooses to do so."

"Then I swear," said Nicholas, rising from his chair, his face flushing with angry color, "I will never pledge myself not to betray him, either to you or to him. I see it all. He will trust to your truthfulness and mine, if he can get the promise of us both, and ride over our wills as he rides over the wills of others. You may make no promise for me, for if I find that he is oppressive or unfair to you, I will break it."

The thought that a man could be so base as to take the advantage of a helpless woman's word of honor to distress her in any way, or to impose upon the world around him, raised his indignation beyond the point of continence.

Miss Larkin was not shocked. She was neither grieved nor angered at this impulsive declaration of independence. She found her will strangely acquiescing with a decision which she felt ought to have offended her, and by that token saw how easily she could identify her life with his. The just man had spoken, moved by an honest sympathy for her, and her admiration and respect for him had been augmented. But Nicholas felt that he had been impulsive and rash, if not vindictive and harsh; so, relapsing from his mood, and resuming his chair, he said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Larkin. I hope I haven't offended you. I am not used to dealing with designing men, and this man makes me wild. To tell you the truth, I did not know there were any such men in the world; but now that I do know it, I should despise myself if, for the worthless sake of one of them, I were to place my friends and myself in his hands. I am sure you will forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive. What you have said seems right," she answered. "You must remember, however, that you can do what I cannot do. You are not in Mr. Benson's hands, as I am."

"Very well," Nicholas responded, "if Mr. Benson asks you to promise anything for me, you can only tell him that you cannot answer for me. I had intended to see him, and ask his advice on a matter of business, as he once invited me to do, but I am tempted to go away without seeing him at all."

"I would not do that," said Miss Larkin, "for you have inquired for him, and it may arouse his suspicions and make another scene between him and myself; and this I know you will help me to avert. Let's talk no more about it. Please tell me how you are passing your time. I see so little of the outside world that any living breath from its affairs refreshes me."

Here was a grateful invitation to confidence, and the heart of Nicholas opened to it at once. It was delightful to sit at Miss Larkin's side, to watch her kindling eyes and earnest face as he unfolded his changing plans of life to her, and recounted his new industries and his new responsibilities. It repaid him for all his trouble to find that his manly aims and employments pleased her, and that she was sufficiently interested in him to care for the details of his pursuits and to sympathize in his purposes.

"I am greatly interested in what you have told me," Miss Larkin said, as Nicholas concluded. "I cannot tell you how much you gratify me."

Nicholas smiled and blushed, as he responded:

"Now perhaps you can inform me why it is that I am so glad to tell you all this, and receive your approval. I am as much pleased as a child who has had a pat on the head for being good."

"I am so much the person obliged that I cannot tell you," she answered. "The confidence you have reposed in me and your willingness to entertain me make me so much your debtor, that I find it difficult to understand your question."

"Well, I've heard," said Nicholas smiling, "that young men of my own age and circumstances look upon me as a sort of milksop. They would probably regard what I feel bound to say as confirmation of their opinion, but to me a woman has always been a kind of second conscience. In truth, I never feel quite so sure of my own conscience as I do of her instincts and her judgment. I ask for no better rule for my life, and seek for no higher approval of my conduct, than her praise. It satisfies me, and it makes me strong. To be recognized by her as a true man, and to secure her approbation for my conduct and life, is, it seems to me, to be indorsed by the best authority there is in the world. Women may not be good judges of women, because their instincts are not so keen with regard to their own sex as to ours. Though a good woman may not read herself very clearly, she sees what she lacks, and recognizes the complement to herself,

which she finds in the man whom she approves. If she is good, and approves a man, it simply shows that she recognizes that which completes herself."

Miss Larkin blushed, and knew that Nicholas did not see, at the moment, how readily she could personally appropriate what he had said, but she was pleased.

"I did not know that you were capable of such subtleties," she responded.

"I was thinking about my mother and Mrs. Fleming," said Nicholas.

"Oh! I see!"

And then they both laughed.

"Now tell me about your associates," Miss Larkin said.

"I have none."

"Does Ottercliff give you no society?"

"None that I care for."

"You will not be able to live there, then."

"That is what troubles me. The summer is well enough, but I see now that I can never be held to my house all the winter. I should die of ennui."

"What will you do?"

"I shall spend the winter here."

Nicholas could not help noticing the flush of pleasure that overspread his companion's face as she inquired:

"And what will you do here?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Glezen and I had a little talk when I first returned about the poor here, and I fancied that I might make myself of some use to them. I became very much interested in a poor man who called at his office, and it seemed to me that I might keep myself out of mischief, perhaps, by looking after such fellows, and helping them along."

"Why, that will be delightful!" said Miss Larkin; "and you can report your work to me, and perhaps I can help you."

At this moment a rap was heard at the door, and the servant announced Miss Coates and Miss Pelton. The young woman evidently felt embarrassed at being found with Nicholas, but there was no help for it, and she directed that they should be shown to her parlor.

Nicholas gave her a look of inquiry.

"They have not come together," said Miss Larkin. "They have accidentally met at the door. Both have called upon me frequently since our return."

The young ladies entered, and were received with a hearty greeting by the two friends. Miss Larkin was visited by a good many significant and smiling glances, and Nicholas was rallied upon his forgetfulness and partiality. Amid blushes that he could not suppress, he assured them that he intended to call upon all his friends before returning home.

"I have some good news to tell you," said Miss Larkin to the young ladies.

"Oh, let us have it!" exclaimed the pair in unison.

"Mr. Minturn is to spend the winter in the city."

"That will be charming!" exclaimed Miss Pelton, who assumed the *rôle* of superior person in the presence of Miss Coates.

"We shall be very glad to have you here," said the latter, quietly.

"What church shall you attend?" inquired Miss Pelton.

Was it a strange question for a young and fashionable girl to ask? Not at all. It is the first that comes to a great multitude of church-going people in America, when a stranger proposes to domiciliate himself among them.

"I haven't thought as far as that yet," Nicholas replied.

"Well, there are churches, and churches, you know," said Miss Pelton significantly.

"Yes, I know there are a great many," Nicholas responded.

"Well, I didn't mean exactly that," replied Miss Pelton. "Don't you think, now," she went on, turning with a graceful and deferential appeal to Miss Larkin, "that the church a man goes to has a great deal to do with his social position? It seems to me a stranger ought to be very careful."

"I think it depends partly upon whether the man is a gentleman, and partly upon what he regards as a good social position," Miss Larkin replied.

"Now, don't be naughty," said Miss Pelton, tapping Miss Larkin with her fan. "Don't be naughty, and don't be democratic and foolish. You know, my dear, that the church a man goes to makes all the difference in the world with him. You know that we have fashionable churches and churches that are not fashionable. Now that's the truth."

"Fashionable churches?" inquired Nicholas.

"Why, certainly!" said Miss Pelton.

"You will excuse my surprise," said Nicholas, "but I have always lived where there was but one church, where the rich and poor met together, and acknowledged that the Lord was the maker of them all. A fashionable church must be a city institution; and I don't think I should like it. To tell

the truth, the idea of such a thing shocks me. It seems to me that I ought to go where I can get the most good and do the most good; and so long as the Founder of our religion did not consult his social position in the establishment of his Church, I don't believe I will do it in choosing mine."

"Oh, you are naughty and democratic, too," said Miss Pelton, with a pout and a toss of the head. "I shall have to turn you over to Mrs. Ilmansee; and you're naughty to make such a serious thing of it, too. You know poor little I can't talk with you, and you take advantage of me." All this in an injured and pathetic tone, as if she were a spoiled little girl.

"Well, really now, Miss Pelton," said Nicholas, "I think you are hard on the churches. You can't mean that there are churches here to which people attach themselves because they are fashionable? You can't mean that there are churches here from which the poor are practically shut away because they are unfashionable, and that those who attend them are proud of their churches and their company, just as they would be proud of a fashionable house, or dress, or,—or even a pair of shoes? You can't mean this?"

"Oh, don't, Mr. Minturn! You scare me so! I'm not used to it, you know. How can you be so terrible?"

Miss Coates, during this conversation, had taken the position which she habitually assumed in the presence of such butterflies as Miss Pelton. She sat apart, devouring the conversation, and getting ready for what she had to say,—provided she felt called upon to say anything. She was not ill-natured, but she held in superlative contempt a frivolous, fashionable and unthinking woman. She did not herself attend a fashionable church. To her ear even the phrase which designated and defined it was an outrage upon religion and a blasphemy against the Master. She knew that Miss Pelton's resources were extremely limited in any serious conversation, and that if Nicholas undertook an argument with her, she would relapse at once into babyhood, and make the transition as graceful and attractive as possible. In justice to her nature, it ought to be said, perhaps, that she wished she were opposed to Nicholas at the moment, simply to assert the power of woman to argue; but she was with him and very much in earnest.

"Yes, that is precisely what she means," said Miss Coates, sharply, when Miss Pelton dodged the questions which Nicholas put to her. "She means that there are multitudes here who never would step into a church unless it were fashionable; that they go there to show themselves in high society, and go there for what they can get out of high society. She means that a church is fashionable just as a theater is fashionable,—that a preacher is fashionable just as an actor is fashionable, or a dress-maker, or an undertaker, or a caterer. Isn't it shocking?"

"Don't say I mean it, please! Say you mean it," said Miss Pelton, pettishly.

"Very well, I mean it," said Miss Coates emphatically. "I mean that there are churches here in which no poor person ever feels at home, with the exception of one here and there, who is unwilling to be grouped with the poor, and who is content to get a little reflected respectability from his surroundings. There are such poor people as these in fashionable churches, and very poor sticks they are; but the great multitude of the poor are as much shut out from these churches as they are from the houses of those who control and attend them. In what are called, by courtesy, the houses of God, the distance between the rich and the poor is as great as it is in the houses of men. In fact, God doesn't hold the title-deeds of half the churches here. Men own the pews, and trade in them as if they were corner-lots in Paradise."

All this was news to Nicholas, and, although it was serious news enough, he could not resist the impulse to join in the laugh which greeted the close of the young woman's characteristic utterance. There was evidently a spice of personal feeling in this sweeping arraignment of the fashionable Christianity of the city, for Miss Coates had felt its hand upon herself. She knew that her own path would have been much easier if, with all the money of her family, she had chosen to count herself with the fashionable throng. It would at least have tolerated or patronized her, and she was fully aware that when she rebelled against or ignored it, she would become a social sufferer.

"You are a little hard, I fear, Miss Coates," said Miss Larkin, whose sympathies and charities went upward as well as downward. "These people do not see their own inconsistency, and cannot understand how impossible it is for the poor to come into association with them. I have often heard them deplore the absence of the poor from their churches, and feebly and ignorantly wonder why such could not be attracted to

them. I know, too, how much they give to the poor, how they labor in the missions, how they work with their own hands for the sick among them. Some of the dearest and sweetest Christian women of my acquaintance are in the fashionable churches, and many a girl who only has the credit of being a devotee of fashion is as truly an angel of merciful ministry as the city possesses."

"Now, you're good," exclaimed Miss Pelton, running to Miss Larkin prettily and giving her a kiss.

"Yes," said Miss Coates, almost bitterly, "they pity the poor, and that is exactly what the poor don't want. They stand upon their lofty heights and look down upon and pity them. They entertain no sense of brotherly and sisterly equality, based upon the common need which a church is established to supply. The difference between sympathy and pity is a difference which the poor apprehend by instinct. They are not obliged to argue the matter at all, and wherever there is a church without the poor, there is a reason for this absence; and the poor are not responsible for it."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Miss Larkin; but, even if it is true, is it not better to give the rich and fashionable the credit of good rather than bad motives? They may be mistaken, and be good all the same. We all act from mixed motives, but the dominant motive is that which determines the character of our actions, and these people mean well. They do not seem to be able to separate their Christianity from their fashionable life and associations, but they would like to do good, and get good. If they are unable to apprehend the way, they call for our pity and not for our condemnation. I have known so many sweet and good people among them, that I cannot say less for them than this."

"And you are a dear, good little angel yourself," said Miss Pelton, effusively.

"And it comes to this," said Miss Coates, "that we are all a parcel of children, and our Christianity is a package of sugar-plums in every rich boy's and rich girl's pocket, to be peddled out to the poor children as a charity—if we can get them to take it. They want companionship, and we give them *marrons glacés*. They want sympathy, and we toss them a peppermint lozenge. They want recognition for Christian manhood and womanhood, and they get a *chocolat éclair*. They want a voice in the councils of the churches, and we dip into another pocket and pull out a penny whistle, and tell them to run around the corner and blow it."

Miss Coates's peroration "brought down the house," and although she was speaking with almost a spiteful earnestness, she was obliged to join in the laughter she had excited.

Nicholas was greatly interested in the conversation. The discussion itself touched upon a topic of profound moment to him, but the revelation of mind and character which accompanied it was more enjoyable than any book he had ever read. He hardly knew which he admired more: the incisive, outspoken common sense of Miss Coates, or the sweet and sisterly charitableness of Miss Larkin. He could not doubt which was the more amiable, though he felt that both girls were true-hearted, and that both held the same truth, though they looked at it from opposite sides.

The young people would doubtless have gone on indefinitely with their talk, but they were fatally interrupted.

When Mrs. Benson learned that a stranger was calling upon Miss Larkin, she inquired who he was, and learned that he had first inquired for her husband. Then remembering that she had often heard Nicholas spoken of, and that Mr. Benson had expressed a wish to see him, she feared that she should be derelict in duty and held to blame if she did not immediately inform her husband of the young man's presence. She accordingly sent a messenger to his office with the announcement.

Mr. Benson was full of business, and, although he dreaded the interview with Nicholas, he wished for it, and wished it were well over. He did not doubt that he was with Miss Larkin, and that they were enjoying themselves together. The thought made him intensely uneasy, although he could not comprehend how any young man would desire to cherish more than friendly relations with one who was comparatively helpless,—especially a young man whose circumstances raised him above the temptation to marry for money.

It was difficult for him to leave his office; but he had attempted to go on with his business but a few minutes when he found that his mind was growing feverish, and that he could not command it to attention. Then he rose, left his clients behind him, or turned them away, and went home; and the laughter over Miss Coates's closing speech had hardly subsided when he presented himself at Miss Larkin's door. He was in

a good deal of trepidation as he entered at her bidding, and had evidently braced himself to meet the only two persons in the world whom he had reason to fear. The relief which he felt on finding the little parlor half filled with young people whose countenances were aglow with merriment was evident in an instantaneous change of his features.

"Why! this is lovely! this is lovely!" he said in his accustomed strong, bland tone. He found it easier than he had anticipated to take Nicholas by the hand, and look into his eyes; but the young man found his hand cold and nervous, and recognized a certain constraint in his manner that his determined will was not entirely able to suppress or soften.

"I'm glad to see you, glad to see you, my young friend," said Mr. Benson, with a touch of the old dignity and heartiness in his tone. "I was afraid you had forsaken us forever, and it really seemed to me that we had been through too many perils together, and received too many favors from a common Providence to be anything but friends so long as our lives may be spared. You are very welcome to my house, and I have come from my business to tell you so. Sit down; sit down, my dear sir."

Nicholas was honest in every mental and moral fiber. He was as sensitive, too, to the moral atmosphere of a man as a girl; and when he heard these unctuous words shaped to express a hearty, friendly interest, he somehow knew that a selfish fear skulked behind and dictated them. He could not readily respond to them. His jaw trembled, and almost fell from his control; but politeness called for some response, especially as three young ladies were regarding him; and as he could not lie without choking, he said:

"I came with the hope of seeing you, Mr. Benson, but I did not expect to call you from your office. To be honest, I didn't suppose you could care much for me."

Nicholas blushed, for he knew that his response must have appeared ungracious to two of the young ladies before him. It is possible that the consciousness that he had been talking about Mr. Benson had something to do with his embarrassment, but the skillful and self-assured old man was adroit enough to take him at his word, and to assume that the young man's modesty was the cause of his coolness.

"Of course I care for you! Of course I care for you!" said Mr. Benson, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas.

Miss Coates and Miss Pelton saw that something was wrong, and immediately rose to make their adieus.

"Not a word of it! not a word of it!" said Mr. Benson, waving them off. "Mr. Minturn and I will retire to my library. Come, my young friend, where we can have a little friendly chat by ourselves."

So Nicholas bowed to the young ladies, and followed him out.

CHAPTER X.

To LIVE and act in an atmosphere of popular confidence and deference is one thing, and to live and act in precisely the same way in an atmosphere of mistrust and cold politeness, is quite another. Men who are doubted are inclined either to doubt themselves, or to place themselves in an attitude of defiance. Even a lost woman may save herself if she can escape the popular reprobation. The real, like the sham virtue, thrives best under the influence of the public respect, as the lily and the weed are vivified by the same sun. There is no man so strong that he needs no bracing by the good opinions and the hearty sympathies of his fellows; and when these are withheld from one who has been accustomed to them, it is hard for him to keep his feet.

The simple fact that there were two persons in the world, though they possessed but little influence, who had seen into, and seen through, Mr. Benson, was a demoralizing power upon him. The man who was strong before the world, and who found it comparatively easy to resume his old relations with it, was weak and self-doubtful when in the presence of the two who knew him and could ruin him. The influence of their contempt was to make him consciously a worse man than he had ever been. It tempted him to lie. It tempted him to act a part. It tempted him to anger and hatred. In the effort to appear the true man he was not, he was conscious of a loss of self-respect, and of the development of purposes and sentiments which made him capable of unwonted meanness. He even came to feel at last—he had come to feel before Nicholas visited him—that these two lives, spared so strangely from the death to which in his cowardly flight he had left them, were standing between him and a comfortable life, if they did not interpose between him and heaven. He had shut Miss Larkin's mouth. That was something, but he was surprised to find how little it was,

after all. He never could be himself in her presence again. He had not shut the mouth of Nicholas, and he was sure from the embarrassment of the young man, that he (Mr. Benson) had been the topic of conversation during the morning. Nicholas himself was only too conscious that Mr. Benson had read as much as this.

Mr. Benson felt, on entering his library with Nicholas, that his true way to reach the young man's heart was through a manifestation of interest in his affairs. That had been his experience with other men, and he would try it with this man.

"Take a seat, my young friend. There! Let me relieve you of your hat. Now, this is cozy, and nice, and we can be by ourselves. I've been wanting very much to hear about your misfortune. Of course I have read all about it in the papers, but they always exaggerate. You lost some bonds?"

"Yes," said Nicholas, "and what is worse, they were not registered, and I have no record of their numbers."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Benson, with indignant emphasis. "You don't mean to say that that lawyer of yours neglected a duty so simple that a child would have known enough to perform it?"

"No," replied Nicholas, "I don't mean to say any such thing. A record of the numbers was made, but it has been lost, and cannot be found."

"Well, well, well! That is bad; but you remember what I told you? I never saw a country lawyer yet who was fit to take charge of such affairs as yours. Well, well, well!"

And Mr. Benson shook his head, as if it were quite the reverse of well. Then he went to his desk, took out an account-book, and said:

"Please describe these bonds to me. It may happen that I can get a clew to them. I deal with a great many poor people; but your man's negligence has made such a botch of the business that the chances are all against my doing anything for you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, with an effort, "but I don't like to hear you talk so about Mr. Gold. I think he is an unusually careful man."

Mr. Benson smiled his superior smile.

"Your charity for him," he said, "does you credit, considering how much you have suffered by the man, but it will not bring back the bonds. Let's see. New York Central, I think the paper stated."

"Yes."

Mr. Benson wrote the fact down, and then said:

"How many?"

"Twenty-five."

Mr. Benson made a long, low whistle, expressive of mingled surprise and pity—as if he had seen a boy cut his finger—while he wrote down the number.

"Date?" he inquired.

"Date of what?"

"Of the robbery."

"August first."

"Yes, August first." And he recorded it.

"How many men were there engaged in the robbery?"

"Three. I don't believe there were more."

"Well, I may as well put that down; for don't you see that the bonds will be divided? The probabilities are that one man owned the schooner, and as the bonds cannot be divided evenly, he will keep nine, and the others will have eight each. Now, both these numbers are unusual. Men are fond of buying bonds by fives and tens, and it is barely possible that by referring to the books, we can find who has presented these odd numbers of coupons. I don't know, but the idea seems plausible. At any rate, I wouldn't give up hope or effort to get them back, and bring the robbers to justice. If you had the numbers, you might be tempted to compromise with the rascals, and if there is one duty that a man owes to society more than another, it is that of refusing to compromise with crime. I have had more than one temptation to do it, but I thank God that I have never done it."

Mr. Benson was quite his old self during all this talk, and Nicholas could not help admiring the ingenuity of his conjectures, and the business way in which he had approached the matter; but he felt that he was not done with the man, or rather, that the man was not done with him.

Mr. Benson had never paid the slightest attention to the little note from Miss Larkin, which he had found upon his table, on the evening of his return to his home. It had made him uneasy, for, unless Nicholas had become something more than a friend to her, he could not imagine why she should allude to any possible change in her relations to her guardian. He had carefully watched the mail, too, and felt sure that nothing had passed between the young man and his ward since their return.

But the embarrassment of Nicholas on meeting him—the crust of cold politeness

which invested the young man, so cold and hard that he had not been able to pierce it—aroused his suspicion, and he determined that before they should separate, he would know the truth. How should he manage to get at it?

"How do you find our young lady this morning?" inquired Mr. Benson, as if Miss Larkin were a piece of property of which he and Nicholas were joint possessors.

"She seems quite well," replied Nicholas.

"Do you know,"—and Mr. Benson drew his chair nearer to Nicholas and looked into his uneasy eyes,—"Do you know that she seems better to me than she has seemed for years?"

"No, I don't. How should I?"

"Now wouldn't it be a most singular dispensation of Providence if the shock which she experienced at the time of the wreck should be the means of her cure? It looks like it. Upon my word, it looks like it."

Nicholas could no more have suppressed the feeling of joy that thrilled his soul and body alike and lighted his eyes and expressed itself in every feature, than he could have stopped the beating of his heart. He forgot for the moment who Mr. Benson was. He was too much elated to recognize the fact that he was the subject of the most cool and cunning manipulation. He was simply overjoyed with the thought of the possibility of Miss Larkin's recovery, and he reached out his hand eagerly to grasp that of Mr. Benson, and said:

"It is too good to be true. Excuse me!"

Then he sank back in his chair, his face covered with confusion.

Mr. Benson had ascertained beyond a question in his own mind that Nicholas was in love with his ward. He was not displeased; he was delighted, though he feigned ignorance or indifference. Involuntarily he drew back his chair, and again placed himself at the distance of dignity and superiority from which he was accustomed to deal with men.

"Naturally," said Mr. Benson, "I have a great deal of anxiety for our pretty friend. If she recovers, and I profoundly hope that she will, she will possibly—I do not know but I may say probably—follow the fortunes of such girls, and make a matrimonial connection. All I have to say is that the young man who secures her hand must satisfy me. She has no father to consult, and I feel responsible for her. I hope she will be prudent, and not compel me to exercise an influence—not to say an authority—against her wishes. I should fail grievously of my duty if I were to neglect to interpose such power as I may possess between her and any unworthy alliance."

At the conclusion of this declaration, Nicholas realized for the first time the ingenuity with which he had been handled. Instantaneously reviewing the means by which he had been led to reveal himself, and apprehending the nature and design of the threat with which he had been menaced, he felt a tide of irrepressible indignation rising within him. He would have been glad to seize his hat and rush from the house to save himself from saying what he might be sorry for; but that he could not do without apparent rudeness and the possible sacrifice of very precious interests. He was not afraid of Mr. Benson, but he had no wish to taunt him with his cowardice and treachery.

His lips were white and unsteady, and he trembled in every fiber of his body as he said:

"Mr. Benson, I think I understand you."

"Well, sir," responded Mr. Benson, blandly, and with a well-feigned look of surprise, "I have not consciously dealt in enigmas. I have always endeavored to be a plain-speaking man, and you will excuse me if I say that I don't quite understand you."

"Mr. Benson, can you, with God's eye on you, say that you don't understand me?"

The young man's speech may seem to the cool reader a little melodramatic and boyish, but he was terribly in earnest, and Mr. Benson winced under his fierce eyes and his searching inquiry.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to state the construction you put upon words which I still insist were entirely direct and simple," said Mr. Benson, coloring, and becoming excited in spite of himself.

Nicholas found his nerves growing steady as he responded:

"Yes, I will. It is better to do it now, that we may understand each other. You warned me away from Miss Larkin once, on the deck of the 'Ariadne,' by the assurance that marriage was out of the question with her. Then, in her hour of peril, you forsook her to save yourself, and I thank God that the duty you abandoned devolved upon me. You voluntarily and shamefully abdicated your position as her protector. To-day you bring me into your library, and think you learn that I am interested in her as a lover. You do this by a

cunning trick, and when you satisfy yourself that your trick is a success, you sit back and inform me coolly that if I am to be an accepted lover, I must satisfy you. I understand exactly what this means. It means that if I want the favor of your approval, I must keep my mouth shut about you. You have secured the promise of your ward not to betray you. She will keep her promise, but you will get no promise from me. You have sought to get me into your hands, and to get yourself out of mine. I do not assent to the arrangement. I propose to go and come in this house whenever I choose, to have the freest access to your ward that she may permit or desire, to be her friend or her lover without asking your permission, and to protect her from any oppressive authority you may see fit to exercise upon her."

During this terrible arraignment, Mr. Benson sat back in his chair like one benumbed. The lasso that he had undertaken to throw around the neck of his "young friend," had missed its mark, whirled back, and fastened itself upon his own; and with every word of Nicholas he felt it tightening upon his throat. He heaved a sigh of distress and despair.

"I think you will be sorry for what you have said," he muttered between his teeth. "But I forgive you."

"It will be time for you to offer your forgiveness when I ask for it," said Nicholas.

"Do you know that you are cruelly hard upon me?"

"Yes, the truth is hard, but I am not responsible for it. You have been hard upon me, and I don't see what fault you have to find. If you had been content to trust to my good-will and my honor, this scene would not have occurred. I have never betrayed you, but you were not content, and so you reached out to get me into your hands. I choose instead to hold you in mine. That's all."

"What of the future?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"That depends entirely upon yourself, sir."

Mr. Benson felt himself to be in a vise. He had found a man who could not be managed. He had entirely miscalculated his own power and the young man's weakness. He was baffled and beaten by his own weapons, and rose staggering to his feet.

"You will not refuse me your hand?" he said, approaching Nicholas.

"Why do you wish to take it?"

"In token of amity."

Nicholas gave him his hand, which he took and held, while he said:

"Mr. Minturn, what you have attributed to mental cowardice was uncontrollable bodily fear. I ask you to pity my misfortune, and to remember that you hold a spotless reputation in your hands, which I have worked all my life to build up and protect. You are at liberty to come and go in my house at your will."

Nicholas withdrew his hand.

"No," he said, "I will not consent to part in this way. It was mental cowardice for you to seek by unfair means, to get me into your hands. The other matter you may settle with yourself. You compelled me to allude to it, and I did it with pain; but you have no sound apology to offer for the attempt to take advantage of me."

"Very well, I can say no more."

The interview had come to an end, and Nicholas bade him good-morning. Mr. Benson, on being left alone, sat down and buried his face in his hands. He was helpless. He could not even forbid Nicholas his house. He should be obliged to wear before his own family the guise of friendliness toward him. He who had so long molded and managed men had become another man's man,—a vassal to the will of one so young that he had fancied he could wind him around his finger as he might wind the corner of his handkerchief. But there sprang in his heart the impulse of revenge, and the more he entertained it and brooded over it, the stronger it grew. He would, in some way consistent with his own safety, be even with his captor. He would not submit to be browbeaten and bullied in his own house by one whom he had looked upon as little more than a child. Once, these thoughts would have startled his conscience, but that monitor was not as sensitive as it was once.

He rose, took down his record of the stolen bonds, looked it over, replaced it, and then quietly went down-stairs and left his house. Nicholas, meanwhile, had gone directly to Miss Larkin's parlor. He found her alone, and very much excited. She had heard the long conversation without understanding it, and was sure that there had been a scene. As Nicholas entered at her bidding, she looked questioningly into his face.

"We've had it out," said he, solemnly.

"You have not quarreled?"

"Well, I suppose it amounts to that," he replied. "He took me in there for the simple purpose of tying my hands. I refused to have them tied, and I have tied his."

Nicholas wanted her justification; but he knew that the details of the difficulty were not to be revealed to her, as they involved the tacit confession of his love for her.

"You must trust me," he said. "I could not have done or said less than I did, without confessing myself to be a coward and a fool. I repent of nothing, and I fear nothing. I should be ashamed to show myself to you again if I had not resented his attempt to become my master."

"I do trust you entirely."

Nicholas felt again the inclination to pour out his heart to her, and rose to his feet.

"You are not going?"

"Yes."

"You will come again?"

"Yes. Good-bye!"

She extended her hand to him. He took it, and for the first time pressed it to his lips. There was no resistance.

"I have earned the favor," he said, blushing. "Good-bye, again!" and he went down the stairs as rapidly as if the house had been on fire.

Once more in the street, he found himself strangely aimless and light-footed. It seemed as if he were walking on air. He had vibrated between two extremes of passion, in which he had touched the heights and the depths of his own manhood, and his heart was full of triumph. He had caught victory from man and hope from woman; and these deep and stirring experiences of life were so fresh to him, that his heart responded to them with boyish elation. He had not announced either his coming or his arrival to Glezen, so he bent his steps toward the young man's office. He opened the door carefully, looked in, and saw the lawyer busily reading. The latter, sitting with his back to the door, raised his eyes to a mirror before him, and recognized the intruder. Then he said aloud, as if he were reading from the book before him: "And this young man, who had thus escaped from the suffocation of the sea, was remorselessly gagged by a rag. He leaped from the jaws of death into the embrace of a midnight assassin. The sea robbed him of his clothes; the women robbed him of his heart; the men robbed him of his silver and his bonds, and he was left a worthless waif upon the tide of time." Then he slammed the book together, and exclaimed: "Thus history repeats itself! Well did uncle Solomon say that 'there is nothing new under the sun'—and——Hullo, old boy!"

"Hullo! Interesting book you have there!"

"Very!"

"You didn't catch me with your everlasting fooling that time, did you?"

"Oh, Nicholas, Nicholas! My dear, unsophisticated young friend! I fear that you are growing familiar with this false and fleeting world, and getting ready to cheat me out of half the fun of living. Now, sit down and tell me everything you know."

The chaffing went on for a few minutes, and then it was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger with a note. It was written in a neat, business-like hand—evidently a lady's hand, however—and purported to be from Mrs. Coates. It was written in her name at least, and was an invitation of the two young men to dinner.

Glezen jumped upon his feet and cut a pigeon-wing.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been longing to meet Mrs. Coates—yearning, so to say? They tell me her conversational powers are something miraculous. There is a recess in my innermost nature—a sort of divine exigency, as it were—which it seems to me Mrs. Coates can tickle. Let us go, by all means."

"Glezen," said Nicholas, soberly, "if I supposed you capable of mortifying Miss Coates by practicing upon the foolishness of her mother, no money could hire me to go to her house with you. But you will not do it. You are a hopeless wag, but you are a gentleman."

"Thank you! Hem!"

"What shall we do?"

"Accept, of course."

"Well, do it at once, then, for there'll be another invitation here in five minutes."

Glezen wrote an acceptance for himself and his friend, and dispatched it. It had hardly left the office when another was handed in from Mrs. Ilmansee. Miss Coates and Miss Pelton had gone directly home from Miss Larkin's room, but Miss Pelton lived farther up town than Miss Coates, and so had a disadvantage of fifteen or twenty minutes against her. Mrs. Coates would not be caught napping this time, and her invitation was dispatched as quickly as her daughter could write it.

So with pleasant anticipations of the social event before them, the two young men subsided into the quiet, sober talk for which Glezen was always ready after he had "got down to his beer," through the froth of nonsense that invariably crowned his tankard.

(To be continued.)

FARMER BASSETT'S ROMANCE.

PART II.

"There! I told you so, Maria! Let me get out! let me get out! We'll have our necks broken. Young man, let me get out this minute; do you hear?" screamed the terrified old woman.

"Oh, Aunt Jane," cried Fanny, who could barely speak for laughing, "don't be absurd. There is nothing the matter. Mr. Bassett stopped the horses himself to show me how quick they would mind his voice. It's all right."

"I did not realize that it would give the wagon quite such a jar, ma'am," said John gravely, though the corners of his mouth quivered. "I am very sorry it frightened you so."

Aunt Jane was not very easily appeased.

"Don't do it again. Don't do it again. I very nearly went out into the middle of the road,—a most dangerous trick for horses to have. I always am afraid of country horses," she said.

Any alarm in Aunt Jane's mind always broke out in a jerky, monosyllabic, incoherent, but quick-running chatter, like nothing under heaven except the cackle of a frightened hen. Nobody could help laughing at the sounds she produced; let the danger be ever so extreme, it would be impossible not to be amused at them. Fanny broke into an unrestrained peal of laughter in which John could not help joining,—a fact which completed Aunt Jane's discomfort, and reduced her to a state of ill-humor and absolute silence for the rest of the drive.

Mrs. Lane enjoyed and loved fine horses as much as her daughter did, and it was with a really cordial and unaffected tone, quite unlike her usual languid manner, that, when they reached home, she thanked John Bassett for the pleasure they had enjoyed.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Bassett," echoed Fanny. "It is the very nicest thing we have had in Deerway. Now, you wont let anything keep you from coming every afternoon, will you? We shall depend upon it; I want to explore every inch of the whole region within fifteen miles round. It is the loveliest country I have ever found in New England. Remember, now, two o'clock exactly! We wont keep you waiting to-morrow. Good afternoon!" and she ran up the pathway like a fleet deer.

"Didn't touch his hat. Don't even know enough to touch his hat. What boors these country people are!" grumbled Aunt Jane, as she laboriously toiled up the piazza steps, lifting her fat ankles slowly, and swinging alternately to right and left, as a duck does when it waddles up-hill.

"Well, why should he touch his hat, Aunt Jane?" exclaimed Fanny aggressively. "He isn't a coachman, and he has never been taught that gentlemen ought to lift their hats to ladies,—nobody does in Deerway. If he had been born in the city, he would have known better. It isn't his fault."

Aunt Jane was half way upstairs, and wheezing audibly, but she stopped, whirled with difficulty on the narrow stair, and exclaimed:

"It's my opinion, Fanny Lane, that you've got some notion in your head of flirting with that strapping fellow, and I'm just going to put your mother on her guard."

Fanny flushed. "Oh, how could mamma ever have had such a coarse sister?" she thought, but she answered merrily.

"I'm not afraid. Mamma knows much better than to believe anything you tell her about me."

And then Fanny Lane sat herself down in a corner of the piazza, and looked off into the vast golden twilight in the west, and said to herself deliberately:

"It's a very odd thing that I like that man's face so. I have never yet seen a face I like so much. He's as strong as a lion, and as true. What'll he ever do for a wife here in Deerway, I wonder."

The story of the next six weeks of John Bassett's life is as well told in one page as in hundreds; yet its vivid details of delight would need no spinning out, no exaggeration to fill the hundreds of pages; and as for color, it had the palette of the New England autumn, and the light of love, from which to paint its pictures.

It was an unusually beautiful autumn; the forests were like altar fronts in old cathedrals; they glittered with colors which gems could not outshine. Heavy September rains filled the brooks to overflowing, and left the air cooled and cleared for the October sunlight. Deerway lies on one of the highest plateaus in New England; this plateau is in places broken into myriads of conical and

interlapping hills. These hills are thickly wooded with maple, ash, hickory, oak, chestnut, pine, cedar, hemlock, larch: not a tree of all New England's wealth of trees is lacking.

For miles and miles in all directions the roads run through forests and by the sides of brooks and streams. Then when you come out on the intervals and opens between these hills and forests, there are magnificent vistas of view to distant horizons where rise the peaks and ranges of New England's highest mountains.

Over these roads, under these trees, across these lifted plains, drove John Bassett and Fanny Lane, side by side, every afternoon for six weeks. The two elderly ladies behind, wrapped in their cloaks and shawls, and often half asleep, little dreamed of the drama whose prelude was so quietly and fatefully arranging and arraying its forces on the front seat.

Fanny Lane was a genuine and passionate lover of the country. As soon as she entered it, the artificiality, the paltry ambitions, the false standards of her city life, fell away from her like dead husks. She was another woman. Had her whole life been passed thus face to face with the nature she was born to love, she had been indeed another and a nobler person. As it was, all that her few months' interval of each year of summer and out-door life did for her was to give her a marvelous added physical health, a superabundance of vitality, which country life can never give to any one who does not love it with his whole soul. There seemed sometimes almost a mockery in the carrying back to the senseless dissipations and excitements of a gay city winter the zest and capacity to endure and to enjoy, born of woods and fields and sunrises and sunsets. But this was what Fanny Lane did year after year. It was like living two lives on two different planets: no one who knew her only in one would recognize her in the other,—would believe the other possible to her. How should John Bassett dream that this girl, who knew every tree, every wayside weed by name, who climbed rocks with exultant joy like a chamois, who came home from her drives, day after day with her arms loaded with ground pine and clematis, with big boughs of bright leaves, with lichens and mosses, would be transformed one month later, in her city home, to a nonchalant, conventional woman of society, entirely absorbed in a routine of visits and balls?

Fanny Lane was also an artist by nature. No spot of color in the woods, no distant shading of tint in the horizons, no picturesque grouping of work-people in the fields, no smallest beauty of their rude homesteads, escaped her eye; she noted every one; and she spoke of each one with the overflowing tone of delight which belongs to the joy of the true artist nature. How should John Bassett dream that all these things which she seemed so to love and delight in, she loved and delighted in, as a spectacle, as if they were painted on a canvas! and that she would use the same tones and show the same joy, a few weeks later, over rare jewels and beautiful raiment, over an exquisite equipage or a fine-flavored wine! How should John Bassett dream, when she jumped lightly from the high wagon-seat to the ground at one bound without touching his hand, and cried, "Oh, what a lovely drive we have had; I never had such a good time in my life, Mr. Bassett," that her happiness was as purely a sensuous one as if she had been a faun; and that she had said the same thing thousands of times before! Her faculty of enjoyment was simply a superb gift; it was the health and mirthfulness of a young animal added to the keen susceptibility and passionless passion of the artist nature: the overflow of all this, the effervescence of these two qualities gave a sparkling enchantment to her life and behavior, which was contagious and irresistible to all persons who did not pause to analyze or question it. John Bassett neither questioned nor analyzed it. In the intervals of his absence from her, he simply recalled her. When he was with her, he simply felt and heard her.

And so the six swift weeks sped on, and the day came at last when John Bassett had to say good-bye to Fanny Lane at the little Deerway railway station, to which he had driven them early one crisp October morning. In the hurry of checking luggage and bestowing Aunt Jane and her canary bird and her many parcels in the train, there was little chance for farewell words, but just at the last moment, Mrs. Lane said, very cordially, for she had come to have an honest liking for the grave and manly young farmer:

"Whenever you come to town, Mr. Bassett, be sure and come and see us," and she shook hands with him warmly.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Bassett, you must come," cried Fanny; "I shall be so glad to see you. I shall miss Tom and Jerry horribly. Our horses are not half so nice, and our stupid park will be so dull after the Deerway woods.

Oh, dear me! I wish I could stay here all winter. Good-bye! Now, be sure and come and see us if you are in town," and the cars whirled away, bearing Fanny Lane out of John Bassett's sight.

He jumped into his wagon as if he were in great haste, and drove away at a furious rate. As soon as he was out of sight, he said to Tom and Jerry: "Walk, boys," flinging the reins loose on their necks, and never once roused from his reverie of thought and emotion till the whole six miles had passed, and the horses turned of their own accord into the farm-house gate. Then he started, and exclaimed:

"Bless me! I meant to have stopped at Molly's, but it is too late now."

Poor little Molly had been looking out for John all the morning. It so chanced that their last boarders had gone to the station that morning, and Molly had seen John drive by with the Lane party, and had perceived, much to her joy, that they were also going to the train.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Molly. "It's all done with for this year. Now we can have peace and comfort again."

How many times John had come laughing within a few hours after the last boarders had taken leave, and exclaimed as he opened the door:

"Thank heaven, the last summer boarder's out of the way!"

So Molly felt very sure he would stop now on his way back from the station; and surprised enough she was, to be sure, when she saw him drive past the house,—Tom and Jerry walking as lazily as if they were in the pasture, and John sitting with his hands on his knees and his eyes fixed on the dasher.

"Why, what a brown study John's in!" exclaimed Molly. "I wonder what he's thinking about."

And this was all she thought, for Molly was a sweet, gentle, unsuspicious little girl; and besides, did not she know John Bassett through and through—almost as well as if they had been rocked in the same cradle? If anybody had suggested to Molly that John might be in love with one of the "summer boarders," she would have laughed merrily; she knew better than anybody else how he hated the very sight of all those city people; and she had often thought in the past few weeks how good it was of John to take those three women to drive every day,—"just to help the Goodenows."

Poor little Molly! It was some weeks after Fanny Lane's departure before the thought of asking her to be his wife took actual shape of purpose in John Bassett's mind. He was almost benumbed, he missed her so; and he spent whole days driving vaguely round and round in the roads where he had driven with her; he knew well enough what all this misery meant, but while it was at its first height, he could not even grasp at any ray of comfort or hope. He loved this woman with the whole intensity of his reticent and long-restrained nature, though his common sense told him (when he let it lift up its voice at all) that it would be folly for him to think of her as his wife,—folly on all accounts: her utter unfitness for a farmer's wife; the utter improbability of her loving him. "Pshaw," he said to himself, a hundred times a day, "John Bassett, you are a fool!" Nevertheless, day by day, and night by night, a cruel hope whispered to him. He recalled every word Fanny had said of her glad delight in the Deerway life.

"I'm sure," he thought, "no human being could be happier than she was here. She belongs to the country. She's country all over. There isn't any of the city lady about her. Not a bit.

"She said she wished she could stay here all winter. She needn't ever lift her hand to do a stroke of work. I could keep two or three girls for her, just as well as not;" and good John Bassett thought over, with true manly pride, how he could give to his lady-love all which, in his simplicity of heart, he could conceive of even a city lady's requiring.

"I'd build her any sort of a house she wanted, if she didn't want to live here with mother. Or I'd take her anywhere in the world she wanted to go. There's money enough;" and so the treacherous hope allied itself to the blinded love, and both together lured John Bassett on until one day in midwinter he rang the door-bell of the grand house in which Fanny Lane lived "in town." He had not come with any assured hope; not at all; toward the last, his strong, good sense had come to look on the step more as a desperate remedy for a desperate hurt, than as a probable healing of the wound by the gentle and blessed healing of happiness. He said to himself, grimly: "It's the only way I'll ever get free from it. I've got to know the truth once for all; and I'm not ashamed to ask her."

Mrs. Lane's black servant man had never

seen at Mrs. Lane's door a person of precisely John Bassett's bearing. His first impression was, that he was some sort of tradesman, and he was on the point of giving him a seat in the hall, when John's quick and decisive tone—"Will you please say to Miss Lane that Mr. Bassett, from Deerway, wishes to see her," caused him to change his tactics, and usher this unclassed gentleman into the drawing-room.

On the very threshold of this room, John got his first blow. People who have been accustomed all their lives to laces and velvets, and paintings, and statues in their rooms, can form no conception of the bewildering impression which such splendors produce on the mind of simply reared persons seeing them for the first time. John's only experience of splendor, or what he thought splendor, had been in theaters, where he had, a few times in his life, seen plays put on the stage with considerable magnificence of appointment. He would not have conceived that even in kings' palaces could there be rooms so adorned as was this room in Fanny Lane's home. The only thing which he saw, which did not give him a sense of dazzling bewilderment, was the conservatory which opened from the farther end of the room. With a vague instinct of seeking refuge, he walked toward it; but even here all seemed unreal; the plants were, to him, as new as the soft carpets and the floating draperies of cobweb lace: not a familiar leaf or flower; only a great exuberant bower of strange colors and strange shapes, and an overpowering spicy scent which seemed, to his fresh and uncloyed nerves, almost sickening. Involuntarily he looked about him for a window; he wanted fresh air and a sight of the blue sky. Draperies and veils shut out one and hid the other; he felt as if he were in an enchanted prison, and it seemed to him a measurelessly long time before the black servant returned, and holding out to him some newspapers said, with a much increased respectfulness of demeanor:

"Miss Fanny says, sir, that she is very glad, indeed, to see you, but she will have to keep you waiting awhile, for she is just dressing for a dinner. She sent down the morning papers, thinking you might like to look them over."

Mechanically, John took the papers and sat down in the simplest chair he could find, and as near to the wonderful window draperies as he dared to go. Mechanically, he fastened his eyes on the printed words; but he did not read one. He was wondering what would be the next scene in this play. Fanny Lane's face, as he had seen it, the last summer, in a simple white chip shade hat tied loosely under her chin, with a branch of wild roses floating down on her shoulder, seemed dancing in the air before him. Would she look as she looked then? He had sat thus, wondering and dreaming for a long half hour, when a soft, silken rustle fell on his ear, and a swift, light step, and the voice he knew so well said, in the door-way:

"Oh, Mr. Bassett, I'm so glad to see you; and you must forgive me for keeping you waiting so long, but you see I am going to a stupid dinner at six o'clock, and I was just dressing for it. But now I am all ready, and have nothing to do but sit and hear all about Deerway, and dear old Tom and Jerry. I'm ever so glad to see you; have you been well?" and the vision held out its hands, which looked like Fanny Lane's hands, and recalled John Bassett a little to his senses.

This was what Fanny Lane had done:

When the servant brought to her Mr. Bassett's name and message, she sprang to her feet, and exclaimed, "Why, the good soul! I'm so glad to see him. Tell Mr. Bassett I'll be down in a moment," but before the man had left the room, she exclaimed: "Wait, William." Then turning to her mother she said:

"I believe I'd better dress before I go down, for it's four o'clock now and he'll be just as likely to stay two hours as one, and I never could hurt his feelings by telling him I had an engagement."

"Yes, dear, I think so too," assented Mrs. Lane, though she did not in the least think so, having a very distinct impression of the incongruity between Fanny's evening toilet and her Deerway visitor. Then Fanny went to her room, saying in her heart as she went:

"It may be all a ridiculous fancy of mine, but it wont do any harm; and if the poor fellow has really come down here with any such idea in his head, nothing would cure him of it so soon as to see me in evening dress. I know John Bassett well enough for that."

Fanny Lane had never forgotten; she had often wished she could forget,—the look on John's face just as the train moved out of the Deerway station, the day she had bade him good-bye. It smote her with a pang,—not of remorse, for she was not conscious of

having by look, word or deed done anything to invite or to awaken his love,—but of bitter and bootless regret. She liked and esteemed John Bassett heartily: more than that, she recognized in him the elements of a true manliness of the precise order that she most admired; and she had more than once gone so far in her secret thoughts as to admit to herself that not one of the men with whom she had thus far been brought into contact could compare in point of fine native grain and honesty clear through to the core with this uncultured and unmannered farmer. Through all Fanny Lane's worldliness, and ambition, and conventionality, she had kept unsullied her womanly instinct of reverence for, and tenderness to, all real love. To break, or to hurt a heart wantonly was as impossible to her as it would be to John Bassett himself. Very sorely she suffered during the half hour that she spent in arranging herself to go down to meet this man whom she feared she had wounded; and it was a serious and pensive face that looked back at her from the long pier-glass, as she surveyed herself at last, and noting every point of the perfection of her attire, thought sadly,

"I am sure if he has thought of such a thing, he will see now that he has made a great mistake."

Kind, wise Fanny Lane! When John first looked up, he literally did not know her. The dazzling white neck and white arms were all he saw at first, and at sight of those he felt an honest and quick displeasure. To his unenlightened and uncultured sense, they were unseemly. He knew, he had read that this was the way of the world; and he had often seen actress women thus bared to the eyes of men; but even in the theater he had disliked it: he was so simple-hearted, so pure-minded,—this man of the fields,—and now, nearer, within the close and unrestrained reach of his eyes, he disliked it more. Yet it was not this, powerfully as this affected him, which slew on the instant the purpose with which he had sought Fanny Lane. For this he could have had patience and comprehension, seeing that all the influences and circumstances of her life made it inevitable. The thing which slew the purpose, almost the desire, within his heart, was the thing which Fanny Lane had divined beforehand would slay it, and had purposely plotted should slay it; it was the whole atmosphere of luxury, artificial elegance in her dress. She had chosen the showiest and costliest of her gowns: a heavy wine-colored silk, with a sweeping train trimmed profusely with white lace; white chrysanthemums, so daintily and truly made that it was hard to believe them artificial, looped the folds of the silk, and were scattered in the lace; white chrysanthemums, made of pearls with yellow topazes for their centers, shone in her hair, on her neck and on her arms. She was superbly beautiful in this toilet, and she knew it; but she knew or believed that it was a kind of beauty which would bring healing and not harm to the heart of John Bassett. It did. It did its work so quickly that to her dying day, Fanny Lane never felt sure—and it was many years before she ceased to wonder—whether the healing had been needed or not.

"Very well, thank you, Miss Lane," said John Bassett, with an untroubled and warm-hearted smile, in reply to her first inquiry. "I am always well. Have you been well? and your mother and aunt? You asked me to come and see you, if I came to town, and so as I was here to-day, I called. Are you well?"

"I'm very glad you did," said Fanny; and with an uneasy instinct which she never felt in a ball-room, she drew close up to her throat the fleecy shawl she had thrown over her shoulders as she came down-stairs. Without knowing what she felt, she had felt the avoidance in John Bassett's eyes. "Yes, I am very well."

"You do not look as well as you did in Deerway," said the honest man, looking at her more closely now that he could; "you are not out-of-doors enough, are you?"

"Oh, yes, but it's a different out-of-doors," said Fanny. "It's only one degree better than in-doors; but it's all we can have till summer comes, and we can get back to Deerway."

"Will you be in Deerway next summer again?" asked John.

"Oh, no, Mr. Bassett, nor for two or three summers; we are going to Europe in May, to stay three years!" exclaimed Fanny, with great animation. "I'm so delighted. It has been the dream of my life. But, Mr. Bassett, do tell me about Tom and Jerry; and how the pine woods look now the snow has come. I wish I could see Deerway in the winter."

Then, John told her about Tom and Jerry, and about the pine-trees, with great avalanches of snow on their lower branches, and about the sledding, and sugaring-time, which would soon come; and before he

knew it, it was already dark and time to go. As he rose, Fanny exclaimed:

"Oh, let me give you some flowers, Mr. Bassett, come into the green-house."

Very ruthlessly, Fanny Lane cut the rare flowers, not even sparing the tremulous and spiritual orchids, of which she had a few. Putting the fragrant and beautiful mass of bloom into a basket which stood on the table, she said, with a sudden impulse:

"Give some of these to that pretty little Miss Wilder I saw in Deerway, the one that sings in the choir. She lives near you, doesn't she?"

"Oh, yes;" said John, "she is just like my sister; she is very fond of flowers."

"She has one of the very sweetest faces I ever saw," said Fanny, earnestly; "I never have forgotten it."

John looked a little astonished. He did not know that Molly's face was sweet; but he knew that *she* was.

"Molly's a very sweet, good girl," he said, warmly, and oddly enough, those were the last words, except good-byes, which passed between John Bassett and Fanny Lane.

After Fanny went up into her mother's room, she stood for some minutes at the window, watching John's tall, broad-shouldered figure, as he walked away. Then she sighed and sat down.

"What's the matter now?" said Aunt Jane.

"Nothing," said Fanny, "only I was thinking that country people are a great deal happier than we are."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Lane, languidly, "I wonder what Mr. Bassett thought of your gown. I don't suppose he ever saw a really handsome silk gown before."

"He didn't appear to think anything about it at all," said Fanny, half petulantly. Could it have been that, side by side with her good, true purpose of saving John Bassett from speaking words he might wish unsaid, she had had a petty desire that he should, at least, confess her more beautiful in her silks and jewels?

"What could you expect?" sneered Aunt Jane. "I don't suppose he'd know a pearl marguerite with a topaz middle, from one of the ox-eye daisies on his farm!"

"Yes, he would," retorted Fanny, "and like the ox-eye daisy a great deal better; and that's where he is happier than we are."

John Bassett went back to Deerway. The purpose, nay, even the desire to ask Fanny Lane to be his wife was slain, as we have said, in an instant, by the sight and the sense of the Fanny Lane whom he had never seen, never known, till he saw and knew her in her city splendors. But there remained still the memory, the consciousness of the other Fanny Lane whom he had seen and had known during all those long, sweet, bewildering summer hours. This memory and this consciousness were not so easily slain. They died hard, and John was, for many months, a man bereft. If there had been in the Deerway grave-yard a mound under which he had laid away the dead body of a woman he had loved, his sense of loss would not have been much greater. The winter was a long, and cold, and sunless one. If it had been summer, John's loneliness would have been far less; nature would have helped to cure him through every pore, and every nerve; but the New England winter is a bitter season in which to be shut up alone with a grief; it takes a serene and ever-abiding joy to reconcile one to its imprisoning cold. The months seemed very long to John. They seemed very long to Molly Wilder also. The instinct of love is like the subtle added sense by which the blind know the presence or the approach of a person they can neither see, nor hear, nor touch. What had happened to John, Molly did not know, could not imagine; but that something had changed him, she felt so keenly, that she could hardly keep back tears when he spoke to her. Sometimes she fancied that he must have discovered that he had some deadly disease of which he knew he would sooner or later die; but he said that he was well; and he looked well. Sometimes, she fancied that she had in some unwitting way displeased him; and a hundred times a day, the gentle girl said, "I will ask John what I have done;" but a shy consciousness which did not clothe itself in words made it impossible for her to ask the question.

Molly was unhappier than John. Meantime, he came and went, all winter, in the old fashion, so far as times and seasons counted, and never dreamed that he was seeming unlike himself; never noticed, either, that Molly was pale, and was growing thin, until one day in April, when all the young people were out on a sunny hillside looking after arbutus blossoms, he came suddenly upon Molly sitting alone on a mossy log, with a few violets lying loosely dropped in her lap, her hands crossed above them, her eyes fixed on the far horizon, and

an expression of patient suffering on her countenance. He ran toward her.

"Why, Molly, what is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?" he exclaimed.

She flushed red, and replied:

"Nothing. I am only tired."

But John saw that there had been tears in her eyes, and with a sudden lightning flash of consciousness, his heart pricked him.

"Dear little Molly!" he thought. "I do believe I've been cross to her all winter. I've been thinking about something else all the time, and she hasn't anybody else but me."

From that hour, John's manner toward Molly changed, and the color began to come back to Molly's cheeks. Nothing could be farther from love-making than his treatment of her; and yet she was comparatively happy, for the old atmosphere of brotherly fondness and care had returned, and gradually, the old, good cheer came too.

Molly did not dream that anything more would follow; if ever the thought had striven to enter her pure, maiden heart, that it would be a joy to be John's wife, she would have blushed with shame at herself, as if the thought were a sin; but it must have been hard for Molly to keep the thought away all through these days, when John was deliberately permitting himself to wonder whether, after all, little Molly were the woman who would bring him true peace and content. He was very honest with himself. He knew he did not love Molly as he had loved Fanny Lane; but he also knew clearly that his love for Fanny Lane was a mistake,—was a glamour of the senses,—and he was fast coming to feel, by Molly's side, a serene sort of happiness which he believed was a better and truer thing than the other. There was not a trace of coxcombry in John Bassett's nature. He did not once feel sure that Molly could love him as a husband; but he said to himself: "If I feel that I can make her happy, I believe she is the woman I ought to marry. I've loved her ever since I can remember anything, and that ought to be the best sort of love."

And as the summer grew fair this feeling grew strong, and John and Molly grew happier and happier, until one October day when everything except grapes had ripened, this too ripened and fell, and Molly gathered it. When John said to her:

"Molly, do you think you could love me well enough to have me for your husband?" she looked up into his face and said only:

"Oh, John, do you think I should make you happy?" And in that instant something in the look on Molly's face, and in the tone of Molly's voice, smote the inmost citadel of John's heart which had never before opened, and never would have opened to any other or different touch.

There is an evil fashion of speech and of theory, that a man's love for a woman lasts better, is stronger, if he be never wholly assured of hers for him. This is a base and shallow theory; an outrage on true manliness; it has grown out of the pitiful lack of true manliness in some men; out of the pitiful abundance of selfish counterfeit loves and loving. Nothing under heaven can so touch, so hold, so make eternally sure, the tenderness, the loyalty, the passion of a manly man as the consciousness in every hour, in every act of life, that the woman he has chosen for his wife lives for him, and in him, utterly and absorbingly.

Before snow fell, John and Molly were married. Molly went up from the house on the meadow to the house on the hill to live, and that seemed to be almost the only change, except in the gladness of her heart and John's, and that was a change nobody knew much about except themselves. A little change there was also in Molly's clothes, though not the usual metamorphosis which brides undergo. She was as quiet in her tastes as a Quaker, and the only adornment which she wore when she first went to church as John's wife, was a wreath of small white chrysanthemums in her hat. They were singularly becoming to her fair and rosy face. It cannot be denied that when John first saw them, he started a little, and remembered some he had seen a year before, made of pearls and topazes. But he thought these much prettier than those; and as Fanny Lane had said, "an ox-eye daisy on the farm" prettier than either.

We may not dare in this world to wonder why the sad people live and the happy people die. At times one is so overwhelmed by the terrifying consciousness of this cruel habit of fate, that one hardly dares rejoice at his fullest, for fear of being slain and removed from his joy.

John Bassett and his dear and beloved wife, "little Molly," lived together only one short year. Then with his own hands he laid her and their baby daughter, who had never breathed, in one grave under the

apple-trees in the south orchard, where he could see the mound from his chamber window. Now was John Bassett, indeed, bereft. The blow told on him heavily. It changed him month by month by a slow benumbing process into a man sadly unlike what he had been before. He had lived, as we said, like a noble pagan. He suffered as the noble pagans used to suffer, with a grim stoicism, an unwilling and resentful surrender to powers he was too feeble to oppose.

Before little Molly was taken ill, she had had a presentiment that she would die, and she had set all her house in the most careful order to leave behind her. Her few little personal ornaments, her two or three bits of lace, and her two silk gowns,—only two, and of the simplest fashion,—she had laid away with bags of lavender in one of the deep drawers in an old-fashioned chest which stood in their chamber. Her common clothes she had packed in a box, and had said to John one day:

"If I don't get well, dear, just give that box to mother; all the things will be of use to her; but the things in the drawer I'd like to have kept for the baby. I don't believe God will take us both away from you; and I am sure it will be a girl,—a daughter would comfort you more than a son, wouldn't it, dear?"

And so it came to pass that after Molly was buried, there was hardly a trace left of her in the old Bassett house except her little work-basket, which stood on the stand by her bed, and held a little baby's sack of flannel, on which she had been working that last day. This basket John would not allow to be moved. It hurt him like a new sight of Molly's dead face whenever he looked at it, and yet he could not bear to have it taken away. He would often turn over the spools, the worn and discolored bit of beeswax, the thimble, the scissors; he would take up the little sack, and look at it almost with thoughts of hatred. If the baby had lived, he would have come to love her in spite of her having cost her mother's life; but now he felt that Molly had gone childless out of the world, he was left childless in it: this miserable, frustrated, useless life that was never a life at all, had separated him from Molly,—it was bitter. One day he felt in one of the silk pockets of the basket a rustling of paper; clumsily and with difficulty, he thrust his big fingers deep down into the little receptacle, and drew out a crumpled bit of newspaper. It had been folded and refolded so many times that the creases were worn almost through. He opened it and read the following lines:

"THE WIFE'S REVERIE."

O Heart of mine, is our estate,—
Our sweet estate—of joy assured?
It came so slow, it came so late,
Bought by such bitter pains endured;
Dare we forget those sorrows sore,
And think that they will come no more?

With tearful eyes I scan my face,
And doubt how he can find it fair;
Wistful, I watch each charm and grace
I see that other women wear;
Of all the secrets of love's lore,
I know but one, to love him more!

I see each day, he grows more wise,
His life is broader far than mine;
I must be lacking in his eyes,
In many things where others shine.
O, Heart! can we this loss restore
To him, by simply loving more?

I often see upon his brow,
A look half tender and half stern;
His thoughts are far away, I know;
To fathom them, I vainly yearn;
But nought is ours which went before;
O Heart! we can but love him more!

I sometimes think that he had loved
An older, deeper love, apart
From this which later feebler moved
His soul to mine. O Heart! O Heart!
What can we do? This hurteth sore.
Nothing, my Heart, but love him more!

Tears filled John's eyes: "Oh, what could have made Molly keep that?" he said to himself. "Dear little girl! I never really loved anybody in this whole world, but her, and I never will."

The lines haunted him for days. He put the paper into the upper drawer where he kept his collars and neck-ties. He did not like to leave it in the basket, lest, some day, it might be read by some one else. Every morning, when he was dressing, he took it out and read it again, and it always brought the tears to his eyes. After awhile, he read it less often; and after another while, it was gradually pushed farther and farther back in the drawer till, it being out of sight, he forgot it; and at last, some day, it might have been a year, it might have been two or three, —nobody will ever know,—the little worn wisp of paper over which sweet Molly Bassett had, in spite of all her quiet happiness, shed some tears, slipped through a wide crack at the back of the drawer, and fell down into the drawer beneath,—the drawer which held Molly's clothes, fragrant with the undying lavender. Here the verses lay

for years, forgotten, and undisturbed,—forgotten,—for John Bassett had become a grave, silent, steady-working, contented farmer;—undisturbed,—for the key of the drawer lay where Molly had laid it, in the till of the chest, and John never saw it without thinking of her, and wondering uneasily what would be done with those garments when he should die. The verses he had forgotten all about. But it was not because he had forgotten Molly that he had forgotten the verses; neither was it because he had forgotten Molly, that when he was, in the Deerway vernacular, "just turned forty," he one day rode over to Middleburg Crossing and asked the widow Thatcher to marry him. He was lonely; he was uncomfortable; he had borne with the eye-service, the shortcomings, the ill-nature of hired women in his house as long as he could; and just as the Deerway people had fairly settled down into a belief that "nothing under heaven would induce John Bassett to marry again," that "there was a man who was really true, from first to last, to his first love," they were electrified one fine morning, by finding posted up on the brick meeting-house walls, on the ominous black-board containing the announcement of intended marriages, the names of John Bassett and Mrs. Susan Thatcher.

Mrs. Susan Thatcher was the most notable housekeeper in Wenshire County. She was something of a farmer, too, and had "done very well for a woman," everybody said, with 'Siah's farm, since his death. She made the best butter and cheese in the region; dried more apples, and pickled more pickles,—sweet, sour, and "mixed,"—than any two other women. Her bread always took the premium at the County Fair; and as for her "drawn in rugs," they were the wonder and the admiration of everybody. She was a spinner, too, and stoutly discountenanced the growing disfavor into which that ancient and picturesque art was fast falling. "You can always spin at the odd times when you wouldn't do anything else," she said, and by chests full of home-made linens and woolens, she made good her words With all this notable industry and skill, she was also warm-hearted and cheery; had a pleasant word for everybody, and was a master hand at "bees" of all sorts, especially at "quiltings."

She was generous, too, and gave away her turkeys at Thanksgiving, and her chickens in July, with a cordial liberality not common in the country. She was generous, moreover, with what costs more than food or money,—sympathy and help; she was confided in and leaned on by everybody; and even if her words sometimes seemed a little brusque or hard, it always turned out that, in their sense and substance, they were right, for Susan Thatcher was the incarnation of common sense.

As soon as Deerway recovered from its first shock of surprise at the announcement of John Bassett's intended marriage, the town was unanimous in its approval.

"The very best thing he could have done," they said; "I wonder nobody's thought of it before."

"He couldn't have found a woman in all the country who'd have gone right on to that farm, an' worked everything 's Susan Thatcher will."

This was quite as clear to John Bassett as it was to any of his neighbors; and it was with a great sense of assured satisfaction and calm contentment that he took his second wife home and installed her in his house. He felt for her a great esteem and an honest liking, and the sort of calm affectionate regard, which was all he had to offer her in the way of love, was all that Mrs. Susan Thatcher would have known what to do with. More would have embarrassed and annoyed her; for she was, as we have said, the incarnation of common sense.

When in the course of her setting to rights all things in the house, she came upon the locked drawer in John's bureau, she said to herself:

"Here's some of Molly Wilder's things, I expect. I guess I'd better let 'em alone. If he wants me to have 'em, he'll say so when he gets ready," and she asked no question about the drawer.

The little work-basket, with all its contents, now so yellowed and dusty with age—for it was eight years since Molly died—John had burned the night before he married Susan.

"I don't believe little Molly would like to have Susan have that," he thought, "and I don't think I want her to neither," he added with a deep sigh and a yearning recollection of Molly's sweet face as he watched the crisp straw crackle and the fine fiery lines of the threads quiver and turn from red to gray. Then he recollected the locked drawer, and said to himself:

"Some day I'll give Susan the key to that drawer. I suppose the things might as well be used first as last."

When John gave his wife the key, and told her what the drawer held, she said in her clear, resolute, kindly tone:

"Well, just as you like, John. Of course, I haven't any feeling one way or another about it; but there's so many folks in need of clothes, it seems a pity to let anything be lying by idle."

As soon as John had gone out to his work, Susan went upstairs to open the drawer. It must be confessed she had her own curiosity to look into it, especially as John had said to her, a little huskily,

"I haven't ever opened the drawer. It's just as Molly put the things in before she was sick."

"Poor little thing!" thought Susan, as she turned the key and slowly drew out the drawer; "it was real hard for her, but I can't say I'm sorry exactly," and Susan's eyes took on a softer light. She had found out that she loved John Bassett better than she had ever loved Josiah Thatcher. She shook out the folds of the two silk gowns, —one black and one of a pale gray.

"I don't know as there's any reason why I shouldn't use this black," she thought, rolling a bit of it between her thumb and finger, and mentally estimating that it must have cost at least ten-and-sixpence a yard.

"Black silk's black silk, whoever's worn it; nobody could tell one from another, and I might have the gray one dyed for a petticoat; no, I'll give that to Molly's cousin, Sarah Beman; she never has anything pretty, poor soul! John 'u'd never see it on her, or he wouldn't know it if he did; she'd make it up with red, most likely."

And so good Susan Bassett went on through the simple wardrobe, apportioning it in her own mind as seemed best, and quietly saying to herself at last:

"I guess I'd better not say anything to John about it; he'll know I've disposed of 'em somehow, and I reckon he'd rather not know where they went. It's only natural he should have some feeling about the things; 'taint so very long yet."

As she took out the last article from the drawer, she saw far back in the right-hand corner a small folded paper. She took it out, opened it, and seeing that it was poetry, was just about to throw it on the floor (Susan never read poetry); but suddenly recollecting the circumstances under which this drawer had been closed, she felt a curiosity to see what the verses were which had been put away so carefully with Molly's best clothes.

If "The Wife's Reverie" had been written in Sanscrit, it would have been but little more removed from Susan's comprehension. She read it slowly with a look of increasing contempt on her face.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, as she finished the last line. "If that isn't just like Molly Wilder; she always was a silly little thing," and Susan crumpled up the paper, and tossed it on the bed. Then she put back the clothes, locked the drawer, and put the key in her pocket. The morning was slipping away fast, and she was in a hurry to be about her work. She had been cutting out some unbleached cotton shirts for John the day before, and as she left the room, she noticed a few of the yellow threads and bits of cloth on the floor; she stooped and picked them up; then she took "The Wife's Reverie" from the bed, and rolling it and the rags together in a tight ball, hurried downstairs to oversee the churning. At the foot of the stairs, behind the door which opened into the kitchen, hung a big rag-bag made of bed-tick. It was so full that the mouth bulged open.

"Dear me," thought Susan, "I do wish that peddler 'd come round. The bag's running over full;" and as she impatiently crammed in her little ball of ravelings and paper, and her eye fell again on a line of "The Wife's Reverie," she said to herself complacently:

"It's the queerest thing, when a man marries again, how sure he is to pick out such a different kind of a woman from his first wife. I suppose they find out what they really do want."

THE END.

THE FALLING STAR.

See where yon star falls headlong, flashing
Across the purple twilight air!—
An angel, swift-winged, bears from heaven
The answer to a mortal's prayer.

CELESTIAL PEAS.

If, as some people are trying to prove, the straight line is the line of beauty, is not the square root the root of all true art, and doesn't that explain perfectly how the professor and the little portrait painter came to be such friends?

If that explanation will not do, there must be some other equally clear, for they certainly were too opposite for any simpler cement to hold them together. The professor had hardly ever thought of anything since he was born, except as a question of calculus, to be figured or prefigured in some mathematical fashion or other; while, as for the little portrait painter, everything, pretty much, stood across his sky like a fragment, at least, of a rainbow,—form and color, and that was all.

And at the same time they had taken long leases of their rooms to be sure of keeping side by side; and whenever the light failed the little painter, or his genius wouldn't work, he got over it all by throwing his brushes into a corner and leaving them to do as they liked till he came back, fresh as a lark, from a visit next door. Not that he ever expected his visits returned, however, for there was a perfect understanding that the professor couldn't be comfortable in a room where everything was thrown down just as it happened. Something was sure to be pointing at him, if it was only a brush handle, and the professor couldn't bear to be pointed at by anything that held no relation to him; he liked to see everything squared to its position in life and staying there.

"I'll be back in seven or nine minutes," he called over his shoulder one drizzly Saturday, as the familiar rattle at his door-knob overtook him just half way down the stairs.

The professor never would say he was going round a corner, because a corner was properly the angle of a square; but round the corner he went and into the little thread-and-needle store close by.

"I want—ah, what do you call it? I really forget," he said hesitatingly, "but something to mend a glove."

"And what color is the glove?" asked the pretty grisette, with sympathy shining in her eyes. The question was an unexpected stroke, and the professor roused himself to an extraordinary effort of memory.

"I should say—purple," he decided at last exultingly; and just as his seventh minute was fairly up, he re-appeared at the top of the stairs and opened the door.

"Punctual," said the little painter, looking up from the easy-chair before the grate.

"Of course," said the professor. "Let *a* represent the distance I have to go, and x denote the number of miles to the hour, and you can bring the result to a simple fraction without the least difficulty, Pink."

"Pinxit" was always the professor's name for him, but it slipped down into "Pink" now and then, when the professor happened to be in extraordinary spirits, and he was particularly pleased with himself just now for his triumph about the color of the glove.

"The day is so monstrous gray, a man can't do anything with it," said Pink, settling down into his easy-chair again.

"Gray! State the proposition fairly, Pink! It's a holiday, that's what's the matter with it. There never was such a terrible country for holidays on the face of the earth."

"There are more of them coming, though; a solid eight days right ahead of us," replied Pink, with glee. "A regular Aurora Borealis; a streak of rose-color thrown smack across the backbone of winter."

"Humph!" growled the professor; but he seated himself and began humming a tune as he unrolled his parcel.

"What *are* you trying to do now?" asked Pinxit, stretching himself up on the elbows of the chair for a better look, for the professor had suddenly converted the thumb and fingers of his left hand into a set of spindles, and was evoluting a cocoon of purple sewing silk from them in most scientific style.

"Why, you see, Pink," said the professor, as the last coil came off his thumb and became a triumphantly complete cocoon, "I've worn these gloves about three or five times, and the edges of this seam, which should represent two parallel lines, have been drawn from their points until they form an ellipse. Now let the upper tip of the finger and the lower end of the rip represent two fixed points, and let me take a piece of this thread shorter than the distance, and I'll reduce them to a given line again in a twinkling."

"But my gracious man alive!" exclaimed Pink, springing from his chair to the professor's, with one leap, "it can't be done!"

"Can't be done!" repeated the professor

triumphantly. "Just let this needleful of silk become a tangent line, and ——"

"But I tell you," interrupted Pink, "the silk is the very difficulty! Don't you see it isn't the color? You might as well put a green stripe on the sky, and be done with it!"

The professor's face fell.

"It isn't the color?" he echoed unwillingly; and laying the cocoon and the glove side by side, he gave a sudden stoop for a nearer look at the question.

"I don't see so very much difference," he said, rising again to give the artist rather a discomfited look.

"Don't see it?" said Pink, fairly beside himself with excitement, "don't see that that one is a purple, and the other a brown! Why, they'd explode if you put them together! Let them alone, man, till another day, and let me find the right thing for you!"

"Can't do it, Pinxit," said the professor, regretfully. "I shall want these gloves to wear in just seventeen hours from now."

"Well, give me the silk, and I'll paint it for you, then!" cried Pink, in desperation. "Wait a minute, and I'll fetch the color."

The professor sat with the threaded needle in his hand and a sense of downfall in his heart, meekly waiting for Pink to come back; but he waited and waited, and no Pink appeared. A sitter had come in, the professor was sure, from the sounds of voices through the wall, and he was equally sure, by the way things seemed to be knocking about in there, had come in a time that didn't suit the artist's mood at all.

The professor hesitated. "What is the use of multiplying troubles?" he asked himself, in a confidential whisper; "the colors are both really very dark," and with a furtive glance toward Pinxit's room, he "fixed the extremity" of his thread and went to work.

The next morning, the professor put on the gloves and went softly out to church before the little portrait-painter had shown himself. He felt a slight twinge, to be sure, as the gleam from his row of stitches reminded him dimly of a line of heathery graves he had once seen lying along a brown Scotch moor; but he had forgotten all about them before he reached the corner, and went on as comfortably as on the Sunday when the gloves were new. Only that, if the truth were told, Sunday was rather a hard day, at the best, with the professor. It is very well to go along through the six days of the week, playing at what one calls life, and pretends to like best; but when all this is quietly tucked away for a rest on the seventh, if there is a vacuum or aching void, a sickness at heart from hope deferred, or, worse than all, a hope lying shrouded and dead within, that is the time it seems to take to rise and hold high carnival. Of course, it is a day for consolations, too; but somehow, at every roll of the organ, or every cadence of voices that offered them, or whispered of happiness unseen, the professor couldn't help feeling a dreadful gasping after a certain happiness that was unseen, true enough, but that he devoutly wished to lay his eyes upon.

He went back to his room and sat down without even taking off the gloves, and holding a shut hand before him, gazed fixedly at it, as if it might unfold again, and drop out the answer to the very question that was distracting him. Would some one ever come? Should he never see her again? Would she ever be his indeed?

The scales went on balancing, the "ever" going up with a leap of joy that fairly kicked the beam, and the "never" bringing its side heavily down again with a dismal thump, when he heard Pink's voice over his shoulder, saying:

"I tell you, it never will be a match so long as the world stands! It never was ordained in heaven, you may be sure of that"

What happened next, Pink never exactly understood, but he found himself very suddenly in the opposite corner of the room, while the professor stood over him with very fierce eyes, and then turned in a flash, and threw himself into a chair, doubling his arms on the table and burying his face in them without a word.

Pink gazed, bewildered, but it did no good; he could only see the top of the professor's head, and there was no explanation there. But an explanation must be had, and creeping noiselessly forward on tiptoe, he gave the professor a denting little touch on the shoulder, and then sprang quickly back to a safe distance. But still the professor did not stir. Had the ground failed from under Pink's feet? Was all their happy past a mistaken dream, or was all the future going to be one? He crept up once more, and tried another touch, but still no change. Should he say "three times and out?" He was just making up his mind to it in despair, when the professor sprang to his feet and stepped suddenly toward him.

"Pinxit, can you forgive me? Possibly your thought and mine would not designate the same base; perhaps you only meant the glove after all!"

"Of course I did! What else could I mean?" said Pink; and then it all had to come out; the professor had to tell Pink the whole story.

"But, my gracious!" exclaimed Pink again, when he had listened breathlessly to the end, "Man alive, why don't you find her? There can't be any difficulty about it!"

The professor gave his spectacles an excited push closer to his eyes and gazed wistfully at the little painter, in his turn.

"I'm afraid you don't consider the difference between the known and unknown lines of your figure, Pinxit," he said at last.

"Bother the figure," said Pink. "I consider this, at any rate: If you met an angel when you were studying in Paris, and if you fell in love with her, as of course you must, and if she returned it, as it isn't strange she should, and if her fierce relations wouldn't hear a word of it, and have intercepted all communication ever since; and if you have reason to think she is here in this very city to-day, and has been keeping her heart as warm as the blush of a rose for you all this time, I'd find her, if I were you,—that's all I have to say about it!"

The professor started up and began walking the floor with strides like a pair of compasses.

"Pinxit," he exclaimed at last, stopping suddenly before him, "I'm afraid you've proved all your points, except the point of contact."

"Well, that's the very point to set about proving, then, and the sooner the better. Haven't you any clue? There must be something; what's the color of her hair?"

The professor hesitated.

"I don't know," he said at last with a rueful look.

"Don't know the color of her hair!" cried Pink, springing out of his chair with excitement again; "Well, her eyes, then!"

The professor shook his head slowly.

"Not even the color of her eyes? Good heavens! Nor even her complexion? Not even if she is blonde or olive!"

"No—I think—no—I'm not really sure, but what great difference does it really make?" but Pink was far more beside himself by this time than he had been about the glove.

"Well, her blood, then! You surely must know something about that; you must know what her blood is!"

"Blue!" exclaimed the professor with sudden positiveness, and venturing to look Pink in the face once more. "The bluest of the blue!"

"Ah," said Pink, drawing a breath. "Well, that's something at least, to go upon; that's a straw to catch at, but we want something more. There must be some little thing that she gave you once,—of course there is,—some trifle that you've treasured; we might do something with it."

The professor hesitated. This was coming pretty close; but still, there was a ring in Pink's voice that seemed like a pilot hailing him in a storm. He opened a secret drawer in his desk, took out a box, and reverently, as if he were uncovering the face of the dead, raised the lid and placed it where Pinxit could see. A little handful of sweet-peas lay inside, withered and shriveled, their colors faded into nameless tints, and their stems tied with a narrow ribbon of odd coloring and design.

Pink looked very hard into the box again for a few moments, and then started off across the room in great excitement.

"I have it!" he exclaimed; "I have it, as clear as crystal! She gave them to you, of course; let me copy them, exactly as they were,—I wont miss a shade; and the ribbon, too,—that's a clue that would lead through any labyrinth. And then, they've been begging me for a bit for the window at Dupil's, but I thought I couldn't stop to do it. I'll just put this quietly there, and we'll see what we shall see."

But the professor couldn't see anything yet, and Pink went on:

"Don't you know, man alive, that the holidays are coming, and that everybody whose blood is blue is sure to walk down the right side of the street, at the right time of day, and to stop and look in at Dupil's window as they pass? And if I were to happen to be inside, and were to see a cheek like a rose, or an eye like a forget-me-not, suddenly recognizing my sweet-peas from auld-lang-syne, soul to soul, you know, why then I should know precisely what to do next,—that is all!"

It was a pretty sharp pull to let the box go off into Pink's room; but it went, and the soul of a new creation began to take form and color on his easel, early the next day.

"I suppose," Pink had said rather quietly, as he went out of the door with the box, —"I suppose there is a bare possibility that you do remember her name?"

"*Celeste*," answered the professor, with his lips drawn pretty tight.

That was certainly the last thing,—there could not be any more questions to ask.

Pink was no novice, no dabbler with his paints. He was a Fellow of the Academy, and continually besieged to contribute something with his special shine upon it to this or that display; although just at present, ignominious as it seemed, he was giving up what he could and would do, for what he must. But it was worth while to see him when he got fairly warmed up at a piece of work that really did go to his heart, and particularly at this, that seemed to have taken possession of it with a swoop. Such sudden pacing backward for a more distant look, and such sudden darting up again for a new touch; such tumbling of things together until they all pointed the wrong way at once; and such mysterious out-blooming from the canvas as the work went on.

He made no pretense to being a poet, of course, though he was forever humming snatches of songs at his work; but this time he felt greatly tempted to try, for nothing that he knew seemed to come quite up to the occasion. He went over everything in the least appropriate, until at last, one day, when a special sense of things came over him, he even caught himself trilling in his most tremendous bass—

"Lady bug! Lady bug! Fly to your home!"

"You wretch, Pink!" he exclaimed the next moment: but somehow after that he never could seem to rest until he had rigged these verses of his own:—

"Wandering far, or wandering near,
Strayeth a maiden whom we hold dear!
Mistily mantled in hope and fear,
And never a foot-print leaving!"

O, wandering, vanishing, maiden fair,
Float me a tress of your golden hair!
I'm weaving a net of blossoms rare,
Oh, —— ——— ———"

Pink never could get that last line fixed to suit him, so he left it, like some of his pictures, till he could; and meanwhile he found he could roll out unutterable things on that "*Oh!*" although once in a while the recollection that, for aught the professor knew, her hair might be black as Erebus after all, broke him down into a merry shout in the midst of it. But *he* knew, if the professor didn't, that the hair was golden; he hugged tight to that conviction, and worked away at song and picture together.

Did ever a handful of withered flowers know such a resurrection before? They lay in their box like a forsaken chrysalis, while their new life fluttered out under Pink's brush with a hundred transparent, gleaming wings, and it was hard to believe that the same old perfume was not under them as fresh as ever, still. The professor put his nose down with an involuntary little sniff, when Pink called him to look at them, and then started back feeling very foolish, and hoping he had not been seen.

And now came the tug of war. Pinxit was a privileged character at Dupil's, and if he chose to place his picture in the window, and then take his station inside and hover about near enough to keep an eye on it, no one made any remarks, and he went quietly on in his own way. But masterly inactivity was the hardest possible fighting for him; and as for the professor, he went mousing about, peeping into Pinxit's room, or trying in vain to settle down to some problem in the books, while the only problem that seemed of importance any longer, was depending entirely on what the little portrait painter should manage to do with it.

Fortunately, fashionable hours were short, and Pinxit was never away very long at a time; but when he did come home and got settled into the easy-chair again, he did not seem to have much to say, and the professor watched him in a greater fever of excitement every night.

"I'm afraid, Pinxit," he said suddenly, stopping in a monstrous set of compass strides, "I'm afraid you've got some imaginary roots in your equation, and if you have we shall certainly come to grief!"

But Pink seemed to have no more to reply to this than to anything else, and it was clearly of no use.

Meantime the holidays jogged gayly along, like the fiddle-bows of musicians in a merry interlude while the curtain waits to rise. Christmas chimes were forgotten, and every one was waiting for the New Year's bells to ring.

"Don't get into such a red-hot fidget about it, though," said the little artist to himself; but it was hard to help it, for whatever might be ready to tangle in his net after the week were once past, he certainly could not sit and watch for it any longer: it would have to go. And on the other hand, if he *could* but see the professor's New Year's morning waking up in such colors as he had been trying to mix for it! He had painted a pretty bright picture of that, and in suffi-

ciently positive outline too, and now he must confess it was beginning to get a trifle dim—fading a little in spite of him.

Not that he had really caught no one out of the host of passers tripping in his snare; there was scarcely one who had not given it a look or a gesture, and sometimes he could even tell what they were saying about it through the thick glass. But not one laid a hand on the door to ask if it could be bought, that he wasn't prepared for him; he had measured him exactly through the window, and made up his mind. "The picture was promised elsewhere; he was very sorry," and the regret was quite sincere, for his bright picture faded a little, as each one turned away.

"Your foreground is getting pretty well foreshortened, Pinxit; it can't be denied," he said to himself when only two more days remained; but what then? If he remembered rightly, Eve had not made the shadow of an appearance when "the evening and the morning were the fifth day." So he plucked up a fresh relay of spirits and carried the evening bravely through, fairly getting the professor started on general problems long before it was over.

Eve did not seem quite so certain a precedent for Celeste, when morning came, but Pink had never beaten a retreat in his life, and he marched pluckily to his post once more. But he sat there feeling a little mopish after all, for broad daylight is apt to show realities, and as if it were not enough to be disappointed, a suspicion that he had been making a fool of himself began to creep disagreeably in.

"Well, if your colors wont take, after you've done your best," he began, as the day wore on, and he was almost tempted to sleep on guard a few moments, when suddenly he felt a thrill! His eyes flew to their duty again, and there,—oh, his prophetic soul!—a tress of golden hair was fluttering straight toward him, against the window-pane!

Pinxit had talked about a cheek like a rose, but no rose ever turned from white to red, and back to white again, as this one did before his little handful of sweet-peas; and as for the eyes, he could not even guess at those, so steadily spell-bound they seemed to the low corner where his picture stood, while a slender, fur-wrapped figure stood outlined, motionless, against the glass.

Moments passed, and there was not a stir in the situation. Pinxit and his changeable rose both stood riveted; he was sure her breath came rapidly against the icy pane, and he held his own until he was near losing it,—for was not everything trembling in this one minute's scale?

She turned from the window at last, and Pinxit had his hand on his hat, but no, the door opened, she was coming in!

"The little flower-picture in the window," she asked, "is it that it is for sale?"

Pink would have waited a moment for the pure delight of seeing the daintily gloved hand press upon the counter as if for help, but that would never do.

"The artist did not give distinct instructions, Madam. It is to be removed to his studio to-night, however, and can be seen there with others, I believe."

"It is very odd,—the ribbon," she said, hesitating, and drawing her veil more closely as the white rose turned to red again.

"An old thing, I suppose; some relic, no doubt," replied Pinxit, carelessly.

She hesitated again, half withdrew her hand from the counter, and then steadied herself once more.

"They are very beautiful,—the peas," she said at last, trying to press back the lock that would float toward Pink.

"Madam, they are *Celestial!*" answered Pink.

That was a *pièce de résistance*, his proof shot, and it had done its work, he was positive of it the moment he saw the start, and the trembling of the white wrist on the counter, with which it was received; and then he had to stand an answering shot from under the veil, that would have pierced some people, soul and marrow; but he met it as innocently as if he had never dreamed of anything but burnt sienna in his life.

"To-morrow, precisely at noon, you will find the artist's studio open; I think you might obtain the picture then."

"I shall come," she said, and in another moment Pinxit only saw the place where she had been standing, and there was nothing more to do but to wrap up his picture in a piece of brown paper and carry it home under his arm; no one was to stare at it any more, that was one mercy at least.

That evening was the worst of all to be got over. If the professor were to have heaven open before him the next day, it had better come with one burst, Pinxit thought, but the difficult question was, how to contain himself in the meantime. And when morning came, the battle was all to be fought over again. Four mortal hours to be devoured, or to devour him, before precise noon could

arrive. Nine, ten, eleven, by the great bell close by. A quarter of twelve at last! The moment Pink heard that, he dashed off to the professor's door.

"Come in, can't you?" he said, "I want you to help me prove an equation."

"In three or five minutes," answered the professor, with his eyes close to a heap of figures, and he went back at a white heat, but knowing very well the professor would be true to the second. And so he was, only casting one quiet sidewise glance at Pink as he came in; he had not been down town that morning—what did it mean?

"Wait a jiff," said Pink, very busy with his paints, and the professor waited meekly, but at that instant a light step was heard coming near and pausing just outside. Pink threw his brush against the wall, where it left a little slur of rose-color to this day, and opened the door, slipping a little behind it as it swung in, so that his visitor and the professor encountered face to face. One look was enough for the little painter, and he vanished through the still open door.

Whatever became of that next half hour, while he paced sentinel in the corridor outside, Pinxit would have found it hard to tell; it seemed an eternity, and still, if eternity should prove a steady flow of such delighted state, what could he ever ask for more? But he kept an ear open for time, through it all, and listened for half-past twelve to strike. He must break the sacred solitude then, for a sitter was due in another five minutes, and it would never do. So, with a premonitory rattle of the door-knob, he went back; it was all over—that was plain enough to be seen.

"To-morrow!" the professor was saying in ecstatic tones. "It will be New Year's Day!"

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Pink, before he realized what he was about.

The professor started, and a little laugh slipped from Celeste.

"In seven or nine days, then," urged the professor, only half discomfited, and this time victory promised to be his.

It was dark as Egypt, of course, when the New Year's strokes on the old bell roused the little portrait painter the next day, but four distinct objects rose instantly before his eyes; the chrysalis box, the celestial peas, the professor and Celeste, and he knew that—

"The sum of their square was equal to unity!"

MARCH.

Month which the warring ancients strangely styled
The month of war,—as if in their fierce ways
Were any month of peace!—in thy rough days,
I find no war in nature, though the wild
Winds clash and clang, and broken boughs are piled
At feet of writhing trees. The violets raise
Their heads without affright, or look of maze,
And sleep through all the din, as sleeps a child.
And he who watches well, will well discern
Sweet expectation in each living thing.
Like pregnant mother, the sweet earth doth yearn;
In secret joy makes ready for the spring;
And hidden, sacred, in her breast doth bear
Annunciation lilies for the year.

PRINCETON COLLEGE.

JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D., NOW PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

OLD Thomas Fuller, in the preface to his "History of the University of Cambridge," writes: "I presume my Aunt Oxford will not be justly offended, if in this book I give my own mother the upper hand, and first begin with her history. Thus desiring God to pour his blessing on both, that neither may want milk for their children, or children for their milk."

Of the many colleges that now exist in the United States, but four had their origin previous to 1750: Harvard, founded in 1636; William and Mary, in 1693; Yale, in 1701; and the College of New Jersey, now more generally known as Princeton College, in 1746. In the agitations preceding the Revolution, and during that memorable struggle, these four colleges, with Kings College in New York and Philadelphia College, were the fountains which supplied the streams of learning which fertilized the colonies. Each of the four named had its own peculiar character which exerted a mighty influence in molding public sentiment in those stirring and formative times.

The colonies of New England were at first intensely English; the men of education and wealth held fast to the traditions of their forefathers, except in church affairs; and we are not surprised to find, in the

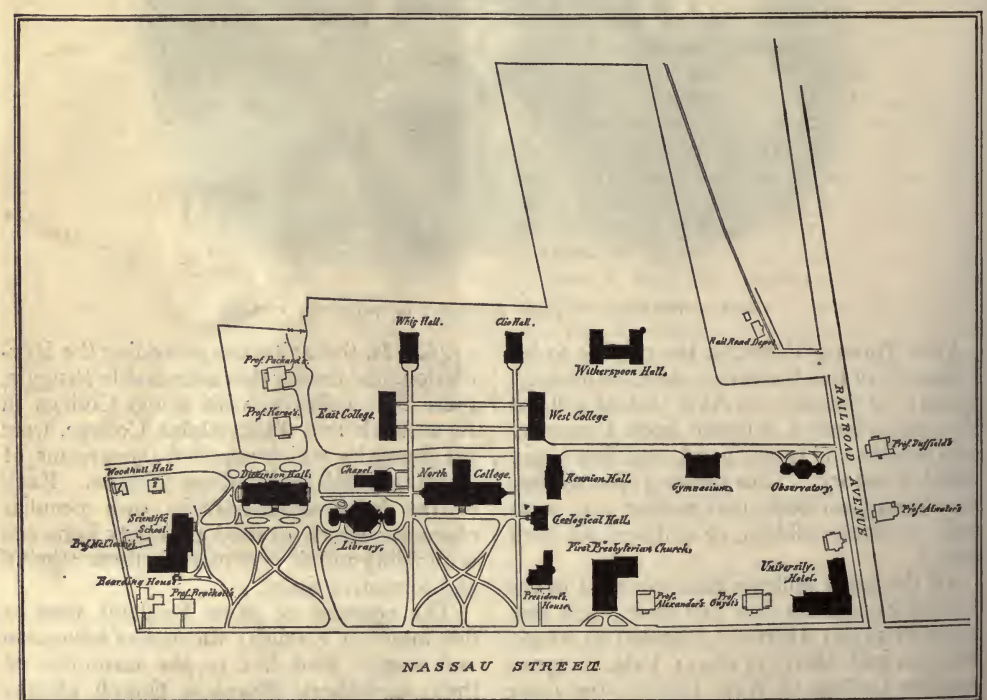
Revolutionary war, so many of the graduates of Harvard taking the side of the crown, and sacrificing lands, homes, and position for their king.

William and Mary, at the other extreme of the country, with almost unanimous consent, took the same side. She was founded by aristocratic and intolerant Church of England men, and up to the days of the Revolution her graduates, the *élite* of the Old Dominion, were great sticklers for an established church and a monarchical form of government. There were noble and most striking exceptions, such as the Pendletons, the Randolphs and the Lees, just as there were noble exceptions (and more of them) at Harvard; but the general drift of public sentiment at both was in the other direction.

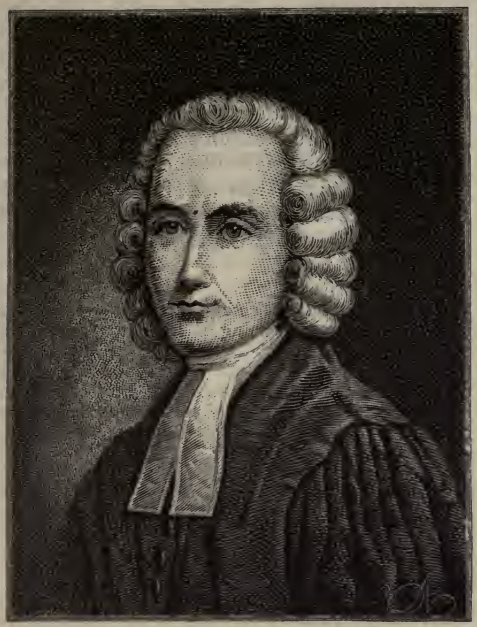
Yale grew out of the religious wants of the times, and her graduates and students were not so homogeneous in sentiment as either of the others, and there was also a higher type of patriotism among them; and yet there were two distinct parties—the friends of the king and the friends of liberty.

Princeton was also founded to meet the religious wants of the period, which had become more pressing as population increased. Her founders and graduates were of a different type from any of the others, although approaching that of Yale. Princeton is the child of that spirit of liberty and evangelical religion which is such a distinguishing trait of Scottish and Irish Protestantism; and from the beginning of the troubles with Great Britain, she was almost a unit in her stanch patriotism; indeed, the exceptions to this are so few, and some of these so doubtful, that they do not affect the estimate given, but rather give force to the statement that to be a Princeton man was to be a patriot.

Princeton College may be considered as the successor of the "Log College" founded by the Rev. William Tennent, Sr., at Neshaminy, Pa., about 1726. Mr. Tennent was an Irishman who had joined the Synod of Philadelphia in 1718. He was a man distinguished both for his ardent piety and his elegant classical scholarship. Soon after settling as pastor of a Presbyterian church at Neshaminy in 1726, he established a school for the purpose of educating young men for the Presbyterian ministry. Until this time, those who sought a training for the ministry were obliged to go to one of the New England colleges or to Europe. From the day of its founding until the retirement of Mr. Tennent on account of age and infirmity, the "Log College," as it was



PLAN OF BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS, PRINCETON COLLEGE.



PRESIDENT JONATHAN DICKINSON.

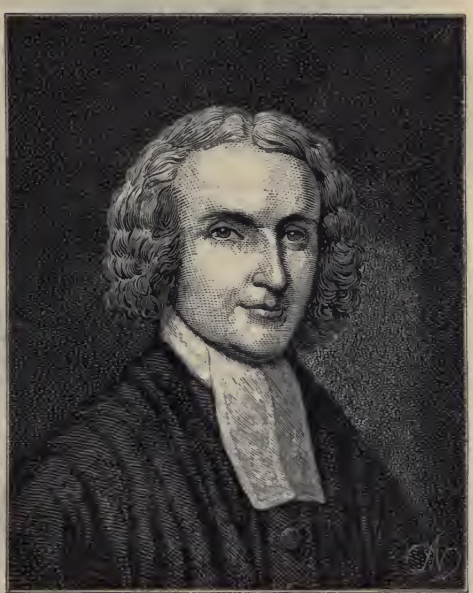
contemptuously called, was sending forth men who were afterward the leaders in the Presbyterian Church, and the founders and patrons of Princeton College. In fact, it was the decline of the Log College, and the pressing demands for an educated and more spiritual ministry, occasioned by the revivals under Whitefield, that led to the founding of Princeton College.

The first charter was obtained with difficulty from John Hamilton, president of his majesty's council in New Jersey, in 1746; and the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Elizabethtown, N. J., was elected president, in the winter of 1747. The college was first opened at Elizabethtown, where it remained until the death of the president, which occurred in the autumn of 1747. There is some obscurity about this first charter, which passed the great seal of the province, but was never recorded; but in 1748, a new charter was obtained from Jonathan Belcher, who had now become the Governor. The question has been raised whether Dickinson was the first president. Certainly not under the present charter, but in fact and in spirit, he will always head that illustrious catalogue of names.

On the death of President Dickinson, the college, now numbering only eight—some accounts say twenty—students, was removed to Newark, and on the 9th of November, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on six young men, by Rev. Aaron Burr, who on that day had been appointed to succeed Jonathan Dickinson as president of the college. This was under the new charter.

The college, at this time, was without adequate funds, and destitute of public buildings, and there was danger of the young institution degenerating into a mere academy, and thus failing to accomplish the great ends designed by its founders. It was therefore resolved to make application to the friends of sound learning and religion in Great Britain for assistance. Accordingly, in 1753, the Rev. Samuel Davies (afterward the president), and the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, one of the earliest and most devoted friends of the college, were appointed by the trustees to visit Europe for this purpose. Sailing in the autumn of the same year, they visited all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and after an absence of fifteen months they returned, having been successful beyond their expectations.

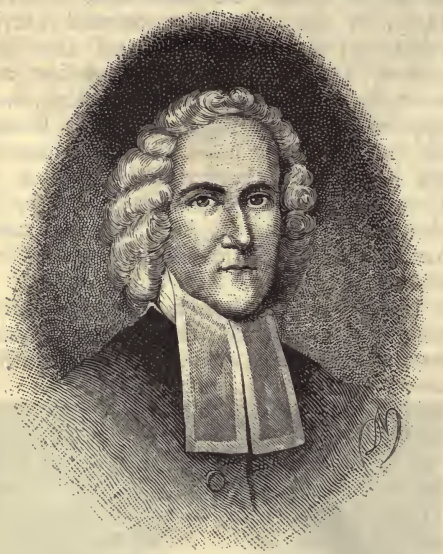
Up to this time there had been no public edifice belonging to the college. During the first year they occupied a small building



PRESIDENT AARON BURR, SR.

in Elizabethtown, adjoining and probably belonging to the Presbyterian church, of which the president was the pastor. After its removal to Newark, the college used the court-house for academic purposes, the

students being scattered through the town, boarding in private families. The success of Messrs. Davies and Tennent in collecting money determined the trustees to secure a permanent home. Perhaps it will be new to most of the friends of the college that Princeton had been decided upon as its site as early as 1747,—before the death of President Dickinson,—it being a compromise between East and West Jersey, each of which desired the new institution to be within its borders. This fact, which is of great historical interest, is derived from a letter of Governor Belcher to the "Committee of



PRESIDENT JONATHAN EDWARDS.

the West Jersey Society," London, dated "Burlington, September 18, 1747." In this letter he writes:

"I find the people of this Province are in a poor situation for educating their children. I am, therefore, promoting the building of a college for the instruction of youth. This affair was in agitation before my arrival, and much contested between the gentlemen of the eastern and those of the western division, where it should be placed, and I have got them to agree to have it built at Princetown in the western division, being, I apprehend, nearest to the centre of the Province; and will add value to all lands that lie anything near it; nor can anything, in my opinion, more promote the interest of the Proprietors, as well as that of the Province and people."

In another letter dated Oct. 2d, to a friend in London, he says that "Princetown has been fixed upon as the site of the college."

It appears from their minutes, that the trustees, in 1752, made overtures to the people of New Brunswick to establish the college in that place; but the citizens failing to meet the requirements, it was voted that the college be "fixed" in Princeton on certain conditions being complied with, thus by authority sanctioning the agreement of 1747. In 1754, the foundations of Nassau Hall were laid. The origin of the name given to the first edifice is learned from a letter of Governor Belcher to the trustees, and read before the Board in September, 1756. He writes:

"I take grateful notice of the respect and honor you are desirous of doing me and my family, in calling the edifice lately erected in Princeton by the name of Belcher Hall; but you will be so good as to excuse me, while I absolutely decline such an honour, for I have always been very fond of the motto of a late great personage: *prodesse quam conspici*. But I must not leave this head without asking the honour of your naming the present building Nassau Hall; and this I hope you will take as a further instance of my real regard to the future welfare and interest of the college, as it will express the honour we retain, in this remote part of the globe, to the immortal memory of the glorious King William the Third, who was a branch of the illustrious house of Nassau, and, who, under God, was the great deliverer of the British Nation, from those two monstrous furies, Popery and Slavery."

In 1757, the new building was so far completed as to be fit for occupation, and the college, now numbering seventy students, was removed to Princeton, President Burr superintending the removal, but dying two days before the annual commencement of that year. Until this year all the commencements had been held in Newark except the second, which was held in New Brunswick.

A description of Nassau Hall as it appeared at that time is of historical interest. It was a large stone edifice, four stories high (just as its external walls stand now), with accommodation for 147 students, allowing three to each room. These were twenty feet square, and had two light closets cut off from the corners, to serve as bedrooms or studies. In the center of the building on the second floor was a hall forty feet square, with a gallery on one side, in which was a small organ; opposite this gallery there was a pulpit and stage, used for religious services and the rhetorical exercises of the students. On one side of the hall hung a full-length portrait of George II., and on the opposite wall one of the same size of Governor Belcher, both bestowed by him. The library, also on the second floor, contained in 1764, 1,200 volumes, most of which were destroyed when the building was occupied by the British in 1776. On

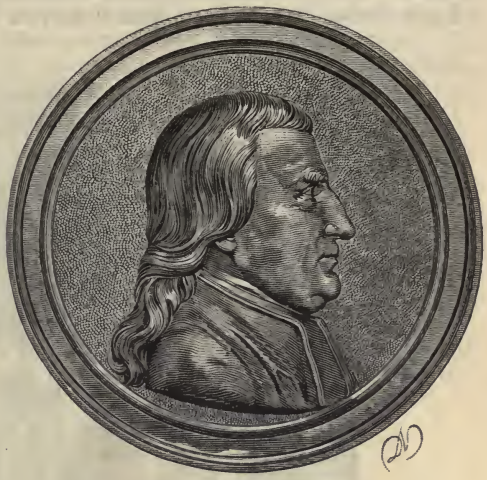
the first floor was the dining-room, and apartments for the kitchen. Nassau Hall, at the time of its erection, was the largest single building in the colonies. The studies of the institution were conducted by the president and two tutors.

In the light of recent events, it would be a grave omission not to speak of the influence of Princeton College during the Revolutionary war. The first twenty-five years of its existence would be considered remarkable years in the history of any country. Within this quarter of a century, the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty were forever settled for this land, and the influence of Princeton in their settlement is a subject of pride to all connected with the college. She seems to have been planted in almost the center of population in the colonies, to have been a rallying point and an aggressive post for the friends of freedom.

The first four presidents of the college, on account of their brief terms of service, made, perhaps, but little individual impression upon the minds of the young men; but their general influence was incalculable.

GRAVES OF PRESIDENTS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

We seldom find men of such mighty power succeeding each other in public station. Dickinson, Burr, Edwards and Davies—and Finley may be added—are living yet in the profound impression they made upon the mind of the nation. Princeton was borne



PRESIDENT JOHN WITHERSPOON.

along on the shoulders of these intellectual and spiritual athletes to the very verge of the Revolution, when Witherspoon, a very Hercules, received the trust. His power in molding the young men who came within his influence was truly marvelous. He reached back and guided and controlled the earlier graduates, exciting in them the same love of liberty which actuated himself.

Princeton College sent out in those days men of action, rather than mere scholars, and they were found in all places that demanded brave and strong men; and it can be said of her,—what is not true of any of the other colleges named,—that in the course of the Revolution, she had as her representatives, leading men in every one of the thirteen original colonies. This goes to show the wide extent of her influence, and the stanch patriotism of her sons. In whatever profession they are found, or whatever their peculiar gifts, the influence of all was brought to bear upon the solution of the great problem of civil and religious liberty. Of these, Richard Stockton, William Paterson, Oliver Ellsworth, James Madison and Luther Martin, the great lawyers of the day, and many like them, cast the weight of their influence on the side of freedom; Benjamin Rush, William Burnet, William Shippen and Charles McKnight, who stood at the head of the medical profession, were superintendents of the medical departments of the Continental army; Benjamin Youngs

Prime, Philip Freneau and Hugh Henry Brackenridge, fired the nation with their war songs and patriotic odes. Nathaniel Scudder, Francis Barbour, Joseph Reed, "Light-Horse Harry" Lee and Frederick Frelinghuysen are a few of the host who were renowned in the Revolutionary army; John Witherspoon, George Duffield, Alexander McWhorter and John Lathrop, all eminent clergymen, were bold and uncompromising in their devotion to the colonies. And it was not the distinguished ministers alone who stood forth in those stormy days, and "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" to the cause, for nearly every minister who graduated at Princeton, from New Hampshire to Georgia, was either a chaplain, an officer, or otherwise enlisted during the progress of the war.

INTERIOR OF MUSEUM OF GEOLOGY AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The following incident will show the wide influence of Princeton in distant colonies. A graduate* of the college was passing through North Carolina in the most excited period of the war, and, night overtaking him, he stopped at a farm-house and asked for shelter. The woman of the house, with some reluctance, her husband being absent, admitted him. In the middle of the night the traveler was rudely aroused from sleep by the owner of the house entering his room, saying: "I allow no man to sleep under my roof but a Whig."

"Let me rest in peace, then," answered the traveler, "for I was graduated at Princeton under Dr. Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence."

The explanation was entirely satisfactory.

It has already been stated that every one

* Stephen Bloomer Balch.

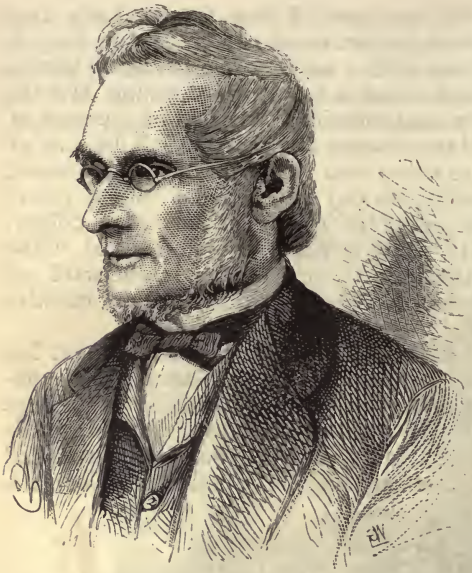
of the thirteen original colonies had among its leading public men graduates of Princeton. It may be of interest to know who some of these men were, and as New England seems to be the most unlikely place to find them, and as the numbers multiply so fast as we get further south, making a selection difficult, an example or two from each of those colonies must suffice. Beginning at New Hampshire, we find the names of Macclintock, Evans and Livermore, all men of mark in their day. The Rev. Samuel Macclintock was pastor of a church in Greenland. During the Revolution he repeatedly acted as chaplain, and his patriotic exhortations animated the soldiers in more than one conflict. He was known all over New England, and was regarded as pre-eminent for practical wisdom. Nathaniel Evans of Concord was a chaplain from 1777 to the close of the war. His sermons, published at that period (which are now among the rarest American pamphlets), prove him to have been one of the ablest preachers and stanchest Whigs of the day. Mr. Evans was immensely popular with all the leaders of the country. The third New Hampshire man of note was Samuel Livermore, a profound lawyer, and at the breaking out of the war, Judge Advocate of the Admiralty Court. He was a member of the Continental Congress for four years, and a Judge of the Superior Court for eight years. After the war he was United States Senator, and Chief Justice of New Hampshire.

But two names from Massachusetts will be mentioned, Thomas Melville and Nathaniel Niles. The first was the son of a Scotch merchant in Boston. Herman Melville, the well-known author, was his grandson. After graduating, he visited Scotland, but in 1773, the dangers threatening his country induced him to return, and he entered with all his soul into the conflict for liberty which was just beginning. Mr. Melville was one of that famous party that threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor. Some of that tea is still in existence, having been found in the shoes of young Melville the next morning. Another of the sons of Massachusetts was Nathaniel Niles, one of the ablest men New England has produced, and in his day he exerted a mighty power in behalf of liberty in his native colony. He wrote a Sapphic Ode entitled "The American Hero," which was afterward set to music, and was one of the most effective war songs of the Revolution.

Little Rhode Island was not without her representatives. James Manning, the founder and president of Rhode Island College (Brown University), was active in public affairs during the whole war, and represented his colony in the Continental Congress.

PROFESSOR GUYOT'S GARDEN.

Few men did more to mold public sentiment in New England than President Manning. His friend David Howell of Providence, was also a man of mark. He was one of the first lawyers of the day; and a most accomplished and varied scholar, as well as an ardent patriot. Mr. Howell also represented his colony in the Continental Congress for three years.



ARNOLD GUYOT,—BLAIR PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Even in Connecticut, the seat of honored old Yale, Princeton men were in the forefront during the Revolution. The name of Oliver Ellsworth will never be forgotten. In Congress and in the councils of his own State he shone as a star of the first magnitude. Jesse Root, a distinguished lawyer, was also from Connecticut. In 1777 he raised a company in Hartford and joined General Washington, by whom he was immediately promoted. But the public councils demanded such men, so that from 1779 till the close of the war he represented Connecticut in the Continental Congress.

The number of statesmen educated at Princeton is truly remarkable. At one period one-sixth of the Senate of the United States were her graduates, and in the Continental Congress ten of the thirteen colonies were represented by Princeton men.

Besides those already mentioned, glance for a moment at some names taken at random from the catalogue. John Bacon, of Massachusetts, the clergyman, judge and United States Senator; William Channing, of Rhode Island, Attorney General of his state, and United States District Attorney, and the ancestor of a distinguished line; Tapping Reeve, of Connecticut, an eminent lawyer and the educator of lawyers; Edward Livingston, the profound jurist and statesman, and his brother Henry Brockholst Livingston, who so long adorned the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States,—both of New York; Charles Ewing, the elegant gentleman and distinguished Chief Justice of New Jersey, and Samuel L. Southard of the same State, Senator, Secretary of the Navy and a brilliant orator; William Bradford, the first Attorney General of the United States, and John Sergeant, pre-eminent both in law and in statesmanship,—both from Pennsylvania; Gunning Bedford and James Ashton Bayard, of Delaware; Robert Goodloe Harper and Benjamin Chew Howard, of Maryland, whose reputations are continental; William B. Giles and Charles Lee, of Virginia, worthy successors of a noble race of statesmen; Alexander Martin and William Gaston, of South Carolina; William H. Crawford and John Forsyth, of Georgia, and

FOOT-BALL AT PRINCETON.

many other eminent men from the various states. To give in one view the number of Princeton graduates who have adorned public offices, we find: one President of the United States; two Vice-Presidents; one Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; four Associate Justices; four Secretaries of State; four of the Treasury; three of War; four of the Navy; five Attorney Generals; one Postmaster General; twenty-five Governors of States; one hundred and seventeen Judges of State Courts; one hundred and fifty members of Congress, and seventeen Foreign Embassadors.

Princeton cannot compare with the older New England colleges in authorship; her work has been rather in the field than in the study,—wielding the sword and baton rather than the pen. And yet she does not lack able writers. In a collection lately gathered of the publications of her alumni, are found 250 volumes and over 700 pamphlets, comprising, perhaps, one-half of the whole, embracing works on theology, men-

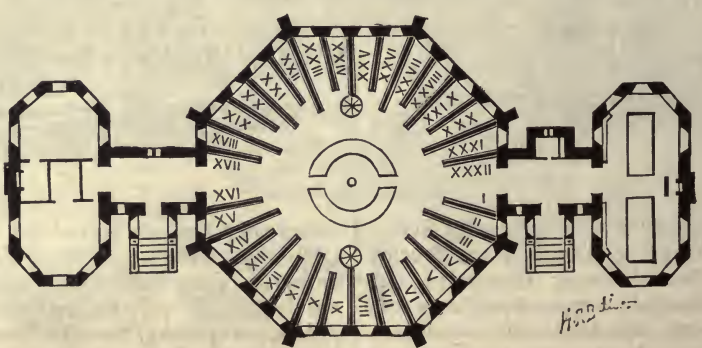
PRINCETON SKETCHES.

THE NEW DORMITORY, WITHERSPOON HALL.

tal and physical science, mathematics, medicine, law, fiction, *belles-lettres*, and poetry, some of them masterpieces in the various departments; and from present indications, Princeton is advancing in this direction rapidly. Perhaps a comparison of the little Latin Grammar, entitled, "The Newark Grammar," prepared and published by President Burr in 1752, with the admirable Latin Grammar and Reader by Professor Gildersleeve of the Johns Hopkins University, a Princeton graduate of 1849, will indicate the advance made.

The claim of Princeton to the title of "A Mother of Colleges" will be stated in a word: —Brown University, Union and Hamilton Colleges, the University of Pennsylvania (reorganized), Jefferson and Washington Colleges, Pennsylvania; Hampden-Sydney and Washington Colleges, Virginia; Greenville and Washington Colleges, Tennessee; Transylvania University, Kentucky, and the University of North Carolina, were all founded, and all but one presided over, by graduates of Princeton. She has given to the country 42 presidents of colleges, and 110 professors. —Some miscellaneous incidents of the olden times will not be out of place in this connection. In the early days of the college it was a serious business to go from New York to Philadelphia, and the bold adventurer might well ask the prayers of the church for a safe passage, as the good people of New York were said to have done when they took sloop for the voyage up the river to Albany. One starting from New York on Tuesday morning would arrive in Philadelphia, if no accident occurred, on Thursday morning. Wednesday night he would pass in Princeton at the "Sign of the College." Here the travelers found a billiard-table, and the host was celebrated for his hot punch and his fine wines,—a serious temptation to the collegians; but they were kept well under the eye of the authorities, and the tradition is that they very seldom transgressed. The name of this early Princeton innkeeper has never come to the surface in modern times, but some of his successors have been known all over the country, as every traveler between New York and Philadelphia passed a night under this hospitable roof. John Gifford in the last century was succeeded by his brother Archer Gifford, and he by "Lord Joline," as James K. Paulding dubbed him. In 1808 Washington Irving and Paulding were in Princeton, waiting upon a friend who was about to marry one of the village belles, and they doubtless made Joline's their headquarters. A few months after, they published that masterly description of the college in "Salmagundi." Its epigrammatic brevity permits its republication here:

"Princeton College—professors wear boots—students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire and burned the professors; an excellent joke but not worth repeating—*Mem.* American students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story, nothing at



GROUND-PLAN OF LIBRARY.

all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation and makes little boys fight;—students famous for their eating and erudition—saw two at the tavern who had just got their allowance of spending money—laid it all out in a supper, got fuddled and cursed the professors for nincoms."

A few years after this Paulding published his "Lay of a Scotch Fiddle," a parody of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which had just appeared. The fiddler arrives at Princeton,—but space will allow the quotation of only a few lines:

"With blistered feet they faltering came,
To where old Princeton's classic fane,
With cupola, and copper vane,
And learning's holy honours crown'd
Looks from her high hill all around,
O'er such a wondrous fairy scene
Of waving woods and meadows green
That sooth to say, a man might swear,
Was never scene so wonderous fair
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Even now he reached the welcome door
That ne'er was shut against the poor
Where *lord Joline* his merry cheer
Deals out to all from far and near."

INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY.

The voyage from Boston to Princeton in those days was like going to the antipodes in these times of rapid transit. John Bacon, a Boston boy, who afterward became distinguished as a member of the Continental Congress, a United States Senator and the Chief Justice of New Hamsphire, sailed from Boston on his way to college, in the sloop "Lydia" on the 10th of September, 1751. He has left a diary of the voyage, in which he gives us his outfit and the price of each article. Here is his statement:

5 quarts of West Ind. Rum	£1.	17s.	6d.
¼ lb. of tea, @ 48s		12	
Canister		6	
1 doz. fowls	2	10	
2 pounds of loaf Sugar @ 8s		16	
1 doz. and 8 lemons	1	9	
3 pounds butter		12	
Box		5	

His stock of clothes might well suit a collegian of the present day; it consisted of two close coats, one great coat, two jackets, thirteen shirts, seven pairs of stockings, six

caps, four cravats, three handkerchiefs, and one pair of breeches. His library was not so complete as his wardrobe; it contained, Bible, Latin and Greek Testaments and grammar, dictionary and lexicon, Ward's "Introduction to Mathematics," Gordon's "Geology," with Virgil and Tully. He carried letters of introduction to Governor Belcher and President Burr giving him the highest character for sobriety and studiousness. The West India rum and the lemons were probably intended as medicine.

From a little book published in 1764, now exceedingly rare, we catch a glimpse of the student of the day at his meals:

"Tea and Coffee are served up at breakfast. At dinner, they have, in turn, almost all the variety of fish and flesh the country here affords, and sometimes pyes. No luxurious dainties or costly delicacies can be looked for among the viands of a college, where health and economy are alone consulted in the furnishing of the tables. These however are plentifully supplied without weight or measure allowance; and the meals are conducted with regularity and decorum. The general table drink is small beer or cyder; chocolate is sometimes served as a change."

About this time the passage of the Stamp Act created quite a commotion in the little college world, and the students, with one consent, resolved henceforth to wear nothing but homespun clothes—a resolution which was faithfully carried into effect.

James Madison, then a boy at college, writes to his father under date of July 23d, 1770:

"We have no public news but the base conduct of the merchants in New York in breaking through their spirited resolutions not to import; a distinct account of which I suppose will be in the 'Virginia Gazette' before this arrives. The letter to the merchants in Philadelphia requesting their concurrence, was lately burned by the students of this place in the college yard, all of them appearing in their black gowns, and the bell tolling."

How truly was the boy the father of the man!

Just as the Revolutionary war was beginning in 1774, among the young graduates was William Stevens Smith of New York City. Returning home, he commenced the study of law, and had almost completed his studies when the disastrous battle of Long Island determined him to take up arms for his country. But his parents disapproving of this step, he enlisted as a common soldier without making himself known. Being one day on duty at the door of a general officer, he was recognized by a friend of his family, who spoke of him to the commanding officer. He was immediately invited to dinner, but he answered that he could not leave his post of duty. His corporal was directed to relieve him, and after dinner he returned to his post. Charmed with his zeal, the general in a few days appointed

JUDGE ELBERT HERRING.

him an aid-de-camp. In 1780 he commanded a battalion of light infantry under La Fayette, and the next year was made aid-de-camp to General Washington, with whom he remained until the end of the war. Colonel Smith attended John Adams to the court of St. James, as secretary of legation, and married his only daughter.

In 1783 the Continental Congress met at Princeton. As the president of Congress was a trustee of the college, and the president of the college had recently been a distinguished member of Congress, and as that body was holding its sessions in Nassau Hall, as an act of courtesy it adjourned to attend the annual commencement of that year. Upon the stage, besides the trustees and the graduating class, sat the Ministers of France and Holland, and the Commander-in-Chief of the American army. The valedictorian on that occasion was Ashbel Green, afterward president of the college. He concluded his oration with an address to General Washington. Let the orator finish the story: "The General colored as I addressed him, for his modesty

was among the qualities which so highly distinguished him. The next day as he was going to attend on a committee of Congress, he met me in one of the long entries of the college, stopped and took me by the hand, and complimented me on my address in language which I should lack his modesty if I repeated to you."

At the time this paper was written, the oldest college graduate in the United States was the Honorable Elbert Herring of New York City, who took his degree in 1795. He was also probably the oldest living lawyer in the country. At the inauguration of President McCosh in 1868, Judge Herring and his class-mate Joseph Warren Scott, a distinguished lawyer of New Jersey, were present on the stage; and attention was drawn to the singular fact that these two men were graduated the same year in which ex-President Maclean (just retiring from office on account of age and infirmity) was born. Judge Herring died, during 1876, in his one hundredth year. He was the last survivor of those who received instruction from the lips of Witherspoon, and followed his remains to its last resting-place.

THE ANNUAL CANE FIGHT ON THE CAMPUS BETWEEN FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES.

Princeton College of to-day is the fruit of the prayers, the self-denials and the faith of its pious founders. Old Nassau Hall still stands, although it has been purified by fire more than once. Modern improvement has entirely renovated the interior, while the grim old walls stand as they did one hundred and twenty years ago, bearing on their face the marks of hostile cannon-balls. The public hall, before described, has been doubled in size, and under the magic touch of Dr. Guyot, has become a Geological Museum, unsurpassed, for one of its size, in America. The frame which once contained a picture of George II. which was destroyed by a cannon-ball in the Revolutionary war, still hangs on the wall; but instead of the portrait of the king, it has for many years contained a painting by Charles Peale, of the death of General Mercer, who fell at the battle of Princeton. The most prominent figure in the picture is General Washington—a life-sized portrait. This picture was a gift of General Washington in 1783.

After the Revolutionary war, the college, which had descended to the lowest point, began to revive, and under the able administration of Presidents Samuel Stanhope Smith and Ashbel Green, it made great advances, but it was not until the administration of President Carnahan, with a faculty

THE JOHN C. GREEN SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.

embracing such men as John Maclean, James W. Alexander, Albert B. Dod, Joseph Henry and John Torrey, that it attained a commanding position. And now again, under an efficient board of trustees, with President McCosh and a most able faculty to conduct its internal affairs, it stands the peer of any institution in the land. And it has been advancing with the times. Within the last few years upward of $1,350,000 has been contributed by generous friends for its maintenance and extension. The late Mr. John C. Green gave, in all, about $750,000. The number of buildings has been doubled. Upward of a dozen new branches of study have been added, and half a dozen new professorships; and an entirely new department, the John C. Green School of Science, with a competent staff of professors, has been established. All the students pursue the same course of study for the first two years and then pass the biennial examinations. In the junior and senior years, while required to take certain studies, they have a selection allowed them in others; to a limited extent in the junior year and to a larger extent in the senior year, in which all the recent branches of science and literature have a place. Learning is encouraged by a number of high prizes and fellowships which are gained by competition. There are, commonly, half a dozen Princeton fellows pursuing high research at Princeton or some of the German universities. There is no reason why this system may not call forth as erudite men as proceed from Oxford, Cambridge, Berlin and Edinburgh. By raising the standard the number of students has been largely increased instead of diminished, as some feared. The number under instruction, which was 238 in 1865–6 at the close of the war, has risen steadily and is now 483—not including 46 at the preparatory school.

Nassau Hall is now the center of a cluster of noble buildings which have sprung up as if by magic within the last few years, all of them the gifts of generous friends in New York City, among whom the name of John C. Green must ever stand conspicuous. The number of public edifices is fourteen—all built of stone, and some of them peculiarly beautiful in design, and imposing in general effect.

Nassau Hall has already been mentioned. The interior, since the last fire, has been entirely remodeled, and furnishes admirable accommodation for many students.

East and West Colleges stand at right angles to Nassau Hall on opposite sides of the rear campus. These buildings are alike in size and form,—are four stories and a half high, and are used as sleeping-rooms and studies.

Whig and Clio Halls were built and are used by the two literary societies connected with the college. They are of stone, sixty-two feet long by forty-one wide, and two stories high. The columns of the porticoes are of the Ionic order, copied from those of a temple of Illissus; the model of the buildings in other respects, was the temple of Dionysius in the Ionian city of Teos. They are situated on the eastern side of the rear campus, and face Nassau Hall.

Reunion Hall stands on a line with West College nearer to Nassau Hall. The apartments for students are complete in every respect. This building is four stories and a half high, and was erected during the year of the reunion of the Presbyterian Church, and hence its name.

The Gymnasium is a unique and beau-

tiful structure, standing west of Reunion Hall, facing the south-east. It was the gift of Messrs. Robert Bonner and Henry G. Marquand, of New York City. Its appointments are complete, and it is under the direction of an accomplished master of athletics.

The Halstead Observatory is the gift of N. Morris Halstead, Esq., of Newark, N. J. It stands on a line with and west of the Gymnasium.

Witherspoon Hall is now in the course of erection. When completed it will be one of the most imposing buildings in Princeton.

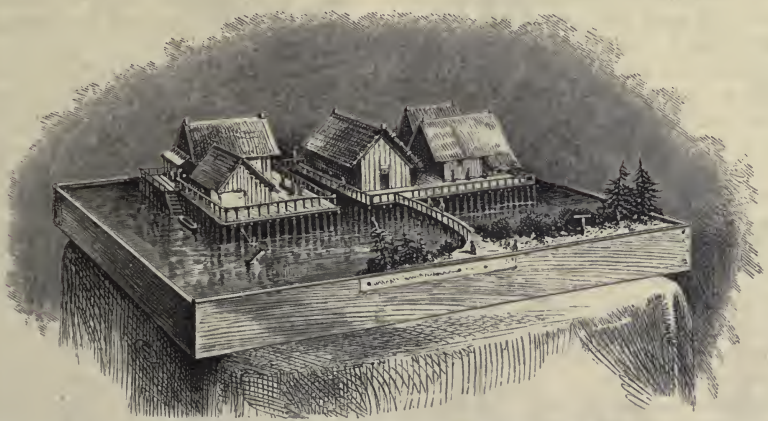
Philadelphian Hall is the oldest building of the group next to Nassau Hall, having been erected in 1805. It formerly contained the library and the halls of the literary societies. It is now occupied by the Philadelphian Society, an organization for religious culture, and contains also two or three lecture-rooms.

The Chancellor Green Library, standing on a line with Nassau Hall, and north-east of it, is a gem of architectural beauty and convenience. Principal Tulloch, of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, who visited the colleges of this country last spring, in a late number of "Good Words" calls it "the most perfectly adapted and beautiful building for a library I ever saw." It was the gift of John C. Green, Esq., of New York.

Dickinson Hall, on a line with the library, to the north-east, is occupied with lecture and recitation rooms. A more complete and comfortable suite of rooms for the purpose could not be designed. This was also the gift of Mr. Green.

The Chapel, in the rear of Dickinson Hall, is soon to give place to a more commodious and elegant structure.

The John C. Green Scientific Hall is a noble and striking edifice, standing at right angles to Dickinson Hall, and facing the front campus. It contains lecture and recitation rooms, chemical, physical and assay laboratories, drawing and photographing rooms and a Museum of Natural History, besides the private rooms of the professors. The laboratories are supplied with all the apparatus requisite for the study of all the higher branches of science.



MODEL OF ANCIENT SWISS LAKE-VILLAGE, IN THE MUSEUM.

TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, FEB. 27th, 1877.

COULD greetings meet from either hemisphere,
And speak at once what from the heart upthrongs,
How Babel-voiced the praises thou wouldst hear
Since all the nations love and learn thy songs!
What though thy life-clock strike the dusky hour!
With thee it is not that, but brilliant day.
Like Northern skies, thy light still holds its power
To bless both Toil and Travel on their way.
Thy Northern sun not hinting yet of night,
Well may we say, "The hour has not struck right."

THE YOUTH OF GILBERT STUART.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

GILBERT STUART, AT ABOUT THE AGE OF 22 (FROM A COPY BY MISS STUART OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THE ARTIST HIMSELF).

GILBERT STUART, the father of the painter of that name, was born at Perth, Scotland, where he was educated for the "Kirk of Scotland," by his father, who was a Presbyterian clergyman.

The young man, who was in opposition to the father on the subject of politics, joined the standard of the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, and was at the battle of Culloden. After that defeat he fled to the colonies, in 1746, and settled in Rhode Island.

Stuart (who now was a young man of nineteen or twenty years), in wandering about full of plans for the future, met a former friend and fellow-refugee, Dr. Moffit, who was in the same state of mind. The doctor suggested the idea of cultivating tobacco for the manufacture of snuff, one of the most "fashionable" articles of the time. They concluded to go into this business together, and so the mill-seat was selected in that part of the colony of Rhode Island called Narragansett. My grandfather's mechanical genius resulted in the construction of a

mill to grind their snuff; and there he settled and made some money for Dr. Moffit, but very little for himself. Afterward, he invented a machine for loading vessels, by which some other person was very much enriched, while the inventor never had the slightest benefit from it; so much for genius.

Some time after this he married Elizabeth Anthony, a very handsome woman, the beauty of whose person is mentioned in "Sabine's Loyalists." She was the daughter of John Anthony, originally from Wales, a farmer of large property, in Middletown, near Newport, R. I. His farm, called "White Hall," is celebrated as having been the residence of Dean Berkeley, author of "The Minute Philosopher," a man with "every virtue under heaven," as Pope says of him. Gilbert Stuart, with his handsome young bride, returned to Narragansett and built their house with the mill attached to it, at the head of Petaquanset Pond or Narrow River, about fifty rods above where it empties into the pond; the place was called North Kingston. Here they lived in the most primitive and happy manner. They had three children: James, who died in infancy; Ann (afterward Mrs. Newton, mother of Stuart Newton, the artist), and Gilbert Stuart, the subject of this memoir.

How well do I remember listening to my grandmother's stories of those dear old times; for instance, how they would both go to church on a pillion. On one occasion, my grandfather (who was the most absent-minded of men), while jogging along, lost in a reverie, dropped my grandmother on the road. He soon became aware of her absence, however, and turning suddenly, rode back, exclaiming, "God's-my-life, are you hurt?" There she sat, enjoying her anticipation of his surprise when he should discover her plight.

Their son, Gilbert Charles Stuart, artist, was born on the 3d of December, 1755. On the following year he was christened at St. Paul's Church, Narragansett. From the church records we copy the following:

"April 11th, 1756, being Palm Sunday, Dr. McSparrow read prayers, and baptized a child named Gilbert Stewart, son of Gilbert Stewart, the snuff-grinder—sureties, the Dr and Benjamin Mumford and Mrs. Hannah Mumford, St. Paul's Church, Narragansett."

The clergyman made a mistake in spelling his name; the family were very particular to spell it thus—"Stuart."

The house in which Gilbert Stuart was born is still standing in North Kingston, a quaint, gable-roofed old house.

Mrs. Stuart, my father's mother, coming into some little property about this time, removed to Newport, R. I., partly that Gilbert should have the advantage of a Latin school kept by the Rev. George Brissett, Episcopal minister, employed as assistant at Trinity Church (from 1767 until 1770). Here he remained for two years, sketching his boy friends and trying to acquire some knowledge of music. From childhood he showed a talent for the arts, and was remarkable for his keen observation. When he was about five years old, his mother and some friends were conversing before him and discussing some particular person, when they observed him drawing on the earth. In a few minutes he called their attention to what he was doing; imagine their astonishment when they saw a most striking likeness of the gentleman who had been the theme of their conversation. Once, while watching a criminal passing to his execution (a circumstance of such rare occurrence that it was a subject of curiosity to every one), he heard some persons expressing their surmises as to the individuality of the hangman, who was enshrouded to his feet. They wondered who in Rhode Island had been found to perform the office.

"Oh," said Stuart, "I know who it was."

"Pray, sir, who was it?" said my grandmother.

"John S ——" answered he, giving the name.

"What put that into your head?"

"I knew him by his sues" (shoes),—and he proved to be correct.

My grandmother, although she had only such an education as the colonies afforded at that time, cultivated her mind by reading, and was considered a very superior woman, and was anxious that her son should be well educated. He would often in after years laugh about her instructing him in his Latin grammar, without knowing one word of it herself; and yet, he said, she had laid the foundation of his Latin, in which study he afterward became proficient.

Young Stuart was, at this time, at the very head and front of mischief of every kind, but a great favorite with all his schoolfellows,—a sort of master-spirit, his companions willingly yielding him the lead on every occasion.

At fourteen he commenced painting. Thomas R. Hunter, of Newport, has in his possession two dogs (Spanish), painted by him at this time, that would do credit to a painter more advanced in the art.

About this time a Mr. Alexander came to Newport,—a Scotch gentleman who visited this country, it was supposed, from political motives, but in reality for the benefit of his health. He was an artist of considerable talent, and painted a number of Scotch gentlemen during his stay in Newport. This brought him in contact with young Stuart, in whom he became very much interested. He instructed Stuart, and finally took him to Scotland between 1771 and 1772, but, unfortunately, died soon after. He had, however, created for Stuart a strong interest with his friend Sir George Chambers, who had only time to secure an interest for him in the University of Glasgow, when he also died, leaving the young lad among strangers, with scarcely money enough to pay his way. However, he painted several portraits, which enabled him to remain long enough at the University to give him at least a classical taste. He did not remain here more than two years, as he had not the means to appear well among his companions. This was more than his pride could brook. He returned home, working his passage back, I have heard—though this I very much doubt. Here he soon found himself among his old friends, with as much employment as an artist as he could wish, painting some very fair portraits among the wealthy Jews,—one of these was a whole-length of the Jewish Rabbi, which is somewhere in New York now. He also painted all of the Lopez family. He made money enough, at any rate, to make him feel that he might venture to go to England. Accordingly, he sailed June 16th, 1775, and arrived in London in September, with the express purpose of studying with Benjamin West, the great painter of the day.

Arriving at London, Stuart went into cheap lodgings, now and then painting a portrait at prices so low as scarcely to give him bread. He seemed to be under some terrible ban at this time, for he had brought letters to the Honorable Mr. Grant, a Scotch gentleman, and painted a group of the children and a full-length of this gentleman, which were not seen until after he had been with Mr. West for some time. They afterward helped to make his reputation.*

He lived in this way for two years before he became acquainted with Mr. West, although it was the sole purpose of his visit to England. All of this time he had there an old schoolfellow (and friend, as he thought), who was his constant companion, and was also a daily visitor of West's, who could have introduced him at any time. Why did he not speak of Stuart, who he knew had all that shrinking which is the accompaniment of real genius in a young person? Why did he not,—particularly as the kind interest that West took in his own countrymen was well known? This friend makes it appear that he sustained him, and he even says that he spoke to some ladies to take care of him, as the best thing he could do. It would have been more to his credit if he had mentioned to Mr. West that a young artist, an American, had come all the way to England to study under him, and was too diffident to present himself. Stuart, however, in a moment of desperation, summoned his courage and called on West, without introduction. Mr. Wharton, of Philadelphia (who was in London at that time), happened to be at Mr. West's when Stuart called. He has often spoken of this fact with great satisfaction among his friends, and relates the circumstances as follows:

He was dining with several Americans at Mr. West's, when a servant told Mr. West that some one wished to see him. He made answer, "I am engaged;" but, after a pause, he added, "Who is he?" the servant said: "I do not know, sir; but he says he is from America," whereupon Mr. Wharton said: "I will go and see who it is." He went out, and saw a handsome youth in a fashionable green coat. He talked with him some time, and finding that he was the nephew of Joseph Anthony of Philadelphia, who happened to be a friend of Mr. Wharton's, he answered for him at once, and returning to Mr. West, told him that he was satisfied he was of respectable connections, and Mr. West came out and received him most cordially. Stuart told him of his long desire to see him,

* Stuart visited at Scion House (one of the country seats of the Duke of Northumberland), where he painted the Duke and two of his children. He inquired of the Duke if he had any particular fancy about the composition of this picture; after some little conversation, he said: "I think my girl has found out that she is very pretty, and the boy has discovered it; and, like a true boy, is fond of teasing her about it." Stuart took the hint, and painted a picture of the girl looking at herself in the water; the boy behind her, throwing a stone in it to spoil the mirror.

Stuart was very young and inexperienced at that time, and this picture must have been very inferior as a work of art, but I dare say it had some merit. Whether it is in existence or not, I cannot pretend to say. He loved the memory of the Duke, as the latter had shown a very great interest for him when he was young, struggling with his adverse fortune. This Duke was the Lord Percy who was in Newport at the time of the Revolution.

and of his great wish to improve himself in the arts—to all of which West listened with kindness and attention. He then requested Stuart to bring to him something that he had painted, which Stuart did; in a few days from that time he commenced his studies with West, and finally became domesticated in his family in the summer of 1777. Stuart was then twenty-two years of age.

The pretended friend, previously mentioned, finding that Stuart had such good fortune, and wishing to appear generous, called and told Mr. West that he was very much interested in a young artist by the name of Stuart. He was informed, however, that the young artist had already been introduced. I am sorry to say that Stuart could never quite forgive this unaccountable conduct in one who had known him from his boyhood, and who also knew the struggle he was enduring. They often saw each other in this country afterward, but there was an estrangement.

Stuart, previous to his acquaintance with Mr. West, had devoted much of his time to music, and went into every place in London where it could be heard. This accomplishment now became the means of his support, for the fact was that although greatly benefited by his sojourn with that artist, it was not in a pecuniary way, for Stuart still found his pockets empty. Walking, one day,—this was about 1776,—through a place called Foster's Lane, he heard the tones of an organ proceeding from a neighboring church. The door being open he walked in, and found the vestry listening to candidates for the situation of organist. He asked permission to try his skill, which was acceded to, and he was accepted with a salary of thirty pounds a year.

At this period he was attending the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds; studying anatomy with the celebrated Dr. Cruikshank; drawing during the evening in the life school, and painting with Mr. West, who was so fully employed that he could not complete the works he had undertaken as soon as required. The consequence was that my father's pencil was in constant requisition, and the employment gave him great facility in the execution of his work. There is no doubt that he acquired a great deal of information while with Mr. West, but little advantage in a financial point of view. There was a galaxy of men of distinguished genius in England at that period,—Johnson, Barry, West, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, Kemble, Fuseli, and Gainsborough. The rays from these great luminaries found their way into the mind and heart of young Stuart, fostering his genius and kindling his aspiration for fame.

The English school at this time was in harmony with his own idea of art,—the pursuit of nature,—an idea which is evident in his earliest efforts. France was then far in the background in this respect. Now we turn in that direction with admiration and humility.

One of my father's favorite artists was Romney. It is curious to observe that his name is now seldom mentioned; but it has been impressed on my memory from the fact that just previous to my father's last illness, he was making arrangements to send me to England to be under the care of his old friend, Sir William Beechey. He then very earnestly advised and urged that I should obtain heads painted by Romney, as being exceedingly beautiful and more true to nature than any others he had ever seen, not even excepting those of Sir Joshua, much as he admired the latter.

My father used to relate the circumstance of his going with some choice colors to Sir Joshua, as a present from Mr. West. Reynolds took him into his painting-room to show him his picture of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse. Sir Joshua, seeing him so delighted, invited him to come and see it when it was finished, which my father was only too happy to do. Going into Reynolds's room, he found him full of anxiety and busily giving the finishing touches, his hair (or his wig) very much disheveled, his stockings rather loose, and his general appearance disordered. The instant my father looked at the picture, he caught his breath with a feeling of disappointment. Sir Joshua perceived this, and asked him if he did not think he had improved it? Stuart answered, "It could not have been improved," and asked, "Why did not you take another canvas?" Sir Joshua replied, "That's true." My father immediately realized what a very great liberty he had taken, and was exceedingly abashed; but the good Sir Joshua bore the criticism very amiably, possibly thinking that the opinion of so young a man was not any great matter.

Stuart was at this time a pale-looking man, about twenty-two years old; of a sad expression and with dark brown hair, which curled slightly about his neck. It was often said that he looked like Charles I. When Mr. West was painting for George III. a picture of Charles arrayed in the

robes of the Order of the Garter, to be placed in Windsor Castle, he sent for Stuart to put the robes on him as a model. He was so struck with the resemblance that he called his students and other persons to see this "extraordinary likeness."

Stuart was five feet ten, with a powerful frame and graceful manners, and was exceedingly well-bred; but with an expression so searching that it amounted to severity—a quality which became more marked as he advanced in life. The writer never can forget accompanying Stuart once to see David's picture of Napoleon. The man who then had the care of the Boston Athenæum—and who was particularly disagreeable to him and to all the artists for his impertinence—came forward very officiously to assist Stuart up the stairs, a service which he did not require. When Stuart arrived at the landing-place, he turned and gave this man such a withering look that it seemed almost to annihilate him. The artists, who had all collected to hear his opinion of the picture, had difficulty to restrain their laughter at this successful rebuff, and often recurred, years afterward, with renewed mirth to the officious fellow's discomfiture. On one occasion, a lady, who was sitting to him, said to my sister Anne, "Oh, your father has such a searching look that I am frightened to death; he looks as if he knew everything I had ever done in my life."

In 1784, Stuart was in full employment. He made a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds for Alderman Boydell, which was afterward purchased by Lord Inchiquin for 250 guineas; a full-length of Lord St. Vincent, also Lord Rodney, from which the bronze statue was made (this nobleman was very much attached to Stuart, and evinced it in many ways); a portrait of John Kemble; a head of Mrs. Siddons for her brother-in-law, Mr. Twiss; also the Duke of Northumberland and his children; Admiral Barrington and Miss Charlotte Clive, daughter of Lord Clive. The last was a beautiful picture of a very lovely woman; she was named after the Queen, who had stood as sponsor in person for her. This circumstance, combined with her other attractions, marked her as a great belle. The girl died soon after her portrait was finished, much to the regret of all the fashionable world. Mr. West was then employed to make six copies of this picture, at 50 guineas each. Stuart painted also fine portraits of Alderman Boydell and Colonel Barré.

While painting Woollett, the celebrated engraver, Stuart's dog—who had taken a great dislike to the eccentric-looking sitter—would bark so furiously that he would have to be put out of the room. When the picture was finished it was placed on the easel. Dash walked quietly into the room, and the moment he saw it, it seemed as if he would tear it in pieces. Similar incidents occurred several times with Stuart's pictures. During the absence of Captain Gerry of the navy, whom my father had painted, some of the family going into his room where the picture was, found his dog with his two paws on a chair, looking up at the portrait, with a most melancholy expression.

Stuart seldom evinced any vanity about his own works, so that when he did, the occurrence is memorable. He often spoke with great pride of a sketch which he made of John Kemble, in the character of Macbeth,—when he comes in and finds the witches conjuring a charm over a cauldron, and exclaims:

"How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?"

He left England without ever knowing what had become of this picture.

In 1782, Stuart left Mr. West, and took a house in Berners street, at one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

He was, about this time, introduced to Miss Charlotte Coates, whom he afterward married. She was a daughter of Dr. Coates, of Berkshire, England. Her brother and Stuart had met at the anatomical lectures of Dr. Cruikshank. They soon became intimate friends; and, although the Doctor was very much attached to him, and admired his genius, he was perfectly aware of his reckless habits, and with the rest of her family opposed the match violently, but at length consented; and they were married May 10th, 1786, by the Rev. Mr. Springate. She was exceedingly pretty, but her greatest charm to Stuart was her singing. Her voice was a superb contralto, and, when speaking, it was remarkably attractive. The celebrated Fuseli was delighted with her singing, and would make her repeat her songs, which was a great source of pride to her as long as she lived, as he was remarkable for his fastidious and refined taste.

Stuart at this time lived in very good style, and was sought by the most eminent persons of the day. He was the delight of every place at which he made his appearance. He was then remarkable for the extreme ele-

gance of his dress. His musical parties were composed of the best musicians in London; and at these concerts he took a prominent part, as he himself played well on several different instruments.

The manner in which he lived should not be called extravagant, as his employment warranted the outlay; his distinction as an artist entitled him to it; the class of persons he painted for required it. His want of knowledge of business matters was his great difficulty. He could not comprehend the positive necessity of counting his pennies. He seldom took a receipt. If he did happen to obtain one, it was generally cast away as worthless. It is not surprising that he soon became very much embarrassed in his circumstances.

About this period he was invited to go to Ireland, to paint a portrait of the Duke of Rutland, then Lord Lieutenant. As he approached Dublin, he met the funeral cortège of the Duke. This was a severe disappointment, but the moment it was known that he had arrived, he was called upon by his friends and the public, and was soon fully employed by the nobility. Among others were the lamented Lord Fitzgerald, Lord Farnham, the distinguished Dean Beatson, Lady Dick, Lord and Lady Ormond, the Bishop of Ossory and many others.

He was delighted with the society he met in Ireland; the elegant manners, the wit, and the hospitality of the upper class of the Irish suited his genial temperament. He was so much beloved by them that they tried to claim him as a fellow-countryman. When Mr. Allston was there, he heard them express their grief that Stuart should have ever left Ireland; they would say: "Oh, nobody ever painted such a head as our Irish Stuart could." I am sorry to say that Stuart entered too much into their convivialities. The fact is, it was his misfortune—I might say his curse—to have been such an acquisition to, and so sought after by, society; particularly as he felt he must make some acknowledgment for such incessant attentions and cordial hospitality. The consequence was that he gave dinner parties, as was the fashion of the day. He lived at a place called Stillorgan Park, not far from Dublin. The gentlemen of the surrounding neighborhood constituted his principal society. By all accounts, a more genial and elegant set of men could not be found.

My mother used to relate numerous anecdotes of these gay reunions. After one of these dinner parties, composed of some of the wits of the day, among them the Rev. Mr. Best, Dean Beatson, and John Kemble, a violent dispute arose as to the possession of the truest eye; it was finally proposed that there should be a mark placed in the garden, that the question might be decided by pistols. Accordingly, they went out, and Stuart, soon seeing the exact state of things, walked deliberately in front of the target,—when they all exclaimed: "Stuart, Stuart, what are you about? By heavens, you will be shot!" "Oh, no," said he, in a very quiet manner; "from all appearance, this is the safest place."

I was always very fond of hearing these old stories; but it gave my mother pain to remember anything associated with reckless extravagance, or what she called his folly.

Notwithstanding all his employment and pleasant companionship, Stuart could not be prevailed upon to remain in Ireland. He was completely absorbed with the idea of returning to America. To execute a portrait of Washington seems to have been his grand purpose; for, instead of returning to England as he at first intended, having made a positive engagement to do so, he sailed for America, and landed in New York in 1792. He was immediately called upon by many persons, all so anxious to sit to him that he took a house in Stone street, which at that time was one of the most respectable streets in the city. Here he painted a great many distinguished persons, and his time was fully employed. Stuart must have made, at this time, his fine portrait of General Gates, of revolutionary memory, which, of itself, would have been sufficient to establish his fame.

About this time he received a letter from his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Newton, Collector at Halifax, Nova Scotia, requesting him to come there to paint the Duke of Kent, who offered to send a ship of war for him; but most unfortunately, he declined, as his fixed determination was to paint Washington at any sacrifice. He had also entered into a number of engagements which he could not abandon. He always looked upon his declining this offer as the most signal mistake of his whole life.

In 1794, while Congress was in session at Philadelphia, Stuart accomplished his purpose of painting Washington. [See the article by the present writer, in SCRIBNER for July, 1876, on "The Stuart Portraits of Washington."] Here he painted many other fine portraits, among them a most lovely head of Mrs. Greenleaf. I was told that Thack-

eray was very much delighted with this picture, also with the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, which he saw at Mr. Bancroft's; in passing through the library to the dining-room, he stopped before them in admiration. On his return to England, Thackeray wrote of Stuart as quite equal to Titian in coloring. His portrait of Bishop White, I believe, is considered a fine one, as is a head of Horace Binney, Esq., and a portrait of Mr. Hare, which he commenced in London, and finished in Philadelphia. On its completion, Mr. Hare made the requisite payment to my father, who at once said:

"Excuse me, this picture has been paid for."

"Excuse me for contradicting, Mr. Stuart, but it has not, I assure you," replied Mr. Hare.

My father could not remember the circumstances. Mr. Hare persisted in paying the amount due, and handed him six hundred dollars, which was a high price at that period. The picture was a full-length of Mr. Hare, with his little daughter introduced. This anecdote was related to me by the daughter herself, when quite advanced in life. I write it as an instance of my father's utter inability to transact business.

AN EXPOSITION OF LIFE INSURANCE.

Of all moneyed interests in America, Life Insurance is the least understood. Half a million persons are paying eighty millions of dollars annually,—money for which they have present use, but which, in three cases out of four, they have agreed shall not be returned while they live; they are paying it on contracts which they originally accepted without comprehending them, and which they do not yet fully understand; they know neither the value of the indemnity bought nor the financial condition of the company that sells it. No other payments are made upon so little knowledge, with such blind trust, and with such slight defense against disappointment, the great body of insurers having depended entirely on the interested statements of solicitors, accepting their explanations, following their advice, and believing their promises. At the same time,—perhaps because, although the need unquestionably existed, there has been no demand for it,—there has never been, and there is not now, any publication whatever suitable for use in studying the subject; official reports are practically inaccessible, and also of slender use to those who have not already learned the rules of discrimination; and most insurance literature is of the advertisement nature. But the disappointment of expectations and the non-fulfillment of promises, the failures already recorded, the apparent practical inefficiency of state supervision to conserve the business, and the general pressure of the times, bearing severely upon insurance operations, have at last produced such a feeling of disquiet as to induce the belief that the public now really desires to know what Life Insurance is and does, upon what foundation of fact it stands, what good ends it serves, and what is its present condition. In this view, the writer—who is in no manner connected with the business and is conscientiously independent as a critic—attempts in the present article, for the benefit rather of those who are concerned as actual or as prospective policy-holders than of those who make inquiry for its own sake, to supply, in a clear but untechnical manner, practical and trustworthy information upon which those who wish may found an intelligent opinion about all material points.

Life Insurance, in a vaguely experimental way, is about 170 years old in England, the earliest mortality table used having been based upon records from 1735 to 1780. The business there is peculiar in its slight employment of personal solicitation; it has been more checkered than here by amalgamations and dissolutions; and, as a whole, the American experience is the more notable and successful. In this country, although a number of states have Insurance Departments, the two possessing the chief importance are those of New York and Massachusetts; the business is concentrated mainly in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts. Excluding a few nominal and benevolent companies, such as the Massachusetts Hospital in 1823, and the New York Life and Trust in 1830, the pioneers in America were the Mutual Life of New York city (now the largest in the world), incorporated in 1842, and the New England Mutual, incorporated in 1835, but organized in 1843. The New York Life, originated for another branch, was diverted into its Life business in 1845; the United States

and Manhattan (1850), and the Knickerbocker (1853), were organized under the state Constitution of 1846 and the first general insurance act, dated April 10, 1849. The general act still in force was passed June 24, 1853, and the next organization was that of the Equitable, July 25, 1859,—that being only the sixth in the state. All following organizations were also under that act, and the process was hurried. There were two more in that year, three in 1860, two in 1862, one in 1863, three in 1864, two in 1865, five in 1866, two in 1867, eight in 1868, seven in 1869, and then the movement virtually ceased. During this period few organizations were made in the other Eastern states. The climax was in 1871 and 1872, the aggregate of policies in force having risen thus: for New York state companies, from $72,197,436 in 1859 to $1,059,593,408 in 1871, and $1,051,970,818 in 1872; for companies of other states doing business in that state, from $69,300,541 in 1859 to $1,062,771,773 in 1872; for both sets of companies combined, from $141,497,977 in 1859 to $2,114,742,591 in 1872. The number of companies has been reduced, by amalgamations and other modes of retirement, from 41 in New York state and 30 elsewhere, to 18 in that state and 25 other-state companies doing business there, the latter including several small Western companies not long in the state. The number of policies—the number of policy-holders being always somewhat less—was 774,625 for both sets of companies, at the beginning of 1876; the insurance in force, $1,922,043,146; gross assets, $403,142,981; liabilities exclusive of capital, $342,330,952; surplus as to policy-holders, $60,812,028. The last three items have naturally grown uninterruptedly, but the new business done and the insurance outstanding have been lessening for four years past, the crisis of 1873 having only hastened a backward movement already begun. Still, the interest is a vast one, the contingent and future liabilities, after all shrinkage, nearly equaling the principal of the public debt.*

THE FOUNDATION OF THE BUSINESS.

ALTHOUGH the mathematical calculations in Life Insurance are rather intricate, nothing can be simpler than its foundation principle, known as the law of average. This may be formulated thus: All ordinary human events, such as births, deaths, marriages, weather phenomena, crimes, casualties, are found to recur with a certain average regularity, when observation is extended over a wide area and a long period. A and B might insure each other at the schedule rates, but they would get no protection from average until they joined with them a large number of others. The application of average to Life Insurance is simply that while nothing is less certain than an individual life, nothing is more so than the duration of life in the mass. That is, if we take a large body of selected persons of the same age, it is utterly uncertain which ones will die in any year, but perfectly certain *how many* will die on the average yearly until all are gone; if more die in one year than is expected, some following years will bring a variance the other way and restore the average. Of course, the rate of mortality increases with age, and the "law" undertakes to affirm merely that out of a given number of selected persons of one age, say 828 will die on the average this year, 848 next year, 870 the next, and so on. To show this progression, the following extract of a few ages is made from the "American Experience" mortality table (the complete table starting with 100,000 selected lives at age 10), showing the number living at each age, the number of deaths during the year, and the ratio of deaths during the year to the number living at that time:

Age.	Number living.	Deaths.	Mortality Rate.
30	85,441	720	.843
36	81,090	737	.909
44	74,985	812	1.083
54	65,706	1,143	1.740
64	51,230	1,889	3.687
74	28,738	2,501	8.703
78	18,961	2,291	12.082
84	6,955	1,470	21.136
86	4,193	1,114	26.567
88	2,146	744	34.669
90	847	385	45.454
92	216	137	63.426

The number of deaths rises annually to age 73, then sinks rapidly, the class being nearly exhausted; the number surviving steadily falls; but the *ratio* of deaths continually increases and the rate of increase in this ratio itself increases.

* This article being written in December, before the accounts for the year are made up, its statements and figures necessarily come down no further than the end of 1875. The insurance field is treated as if limited to the 45 companies then doing business in New York; the statutory position sketched is that by New York law, unless otherwise stated; and all non-essential exceptions under general statements are passed without mention.

The problem in Life Insurance is therefore this: Assuming a large body of insurers at a given age, what annual payment by each, compounded at a given rate, will suffice to meet the death-losses until all are gone, the aggregate losses necessarily increasing for many years, and the aggregate payments necessarily diminishing from first to last? All Eastern companies assume four per cent. interest; their rates are substantially the same, and have been rigidly adhered to, even in the sharpest competition. To the theoretical or "net" premium a margin or "loading" is added, to cover working expenses and contingencies. The mortality tables affirm the familiar fact that, the older a person is, the likelier he is to die, and hence the theoretically exact rate would increase a little for every year a policy runs; but no one would pay in that manner, and so, to avoid the need of requiring it, "average" is again employed, the younger ages paying too much and the older ones too little, thus making the starting rate the continuous one. Starting at 30 and 40, two men pay $22.70 and $31.30 for the same insurance; the first, on reaching 40, involves the same risk as a newcomer starting at that age, but he need not pay as much, because he has been for ten years paying more than his risk cost and has thus laid up a surplus or reserve fund. There must be a large number of persons insured in different localities and occupations, or else the law of average does not operate; if these conditions are fulfilled and the medical selection of lives is judicious, the average mortality is as certain to follow the tables as the planets are to keep their places. If a company fails, some law of business has been violated either in organization or in management.

RESERVE, SURPLUS, AND DIVIDENDS.

As shown in the table, out of a particular body of insured the number surviving to pay premiums annually diminishes to the end, while the number dying increases annually until after age 70 is passed; the outgo for losses grows, and the receipts from the insured fall off. Life Insurance thus presents the apparent paradox of an increasing demand to be met out of a decreasing income. As it is impracticable, although mathematically correct, to charge an increasing premium to cover the increasing yearly risk, the difficulty and the paradox are disposed of by assigning to each age of entry a rate too high for that age, so that every man pays too much for his age at first; but this excess (his original rate standing unchanged) gradually lessens until he pays really too little. If this excess were not reserved for the purpose of accumulating a "reserve" out of which the heavier payments can be met when the receipts from premiums fall away, obviously insolvency would follow. "Reserve," "net present value," or "re-insurance fund," is that sum in hand which, together with premiums hereafter paid, and improved at a given interest rate, will suffice to meet all policy claims as they mature. Thus a company has $80,000,000 assets, of which $70,000,000 is sacredly held as "reserve;" the meaning is that if the company were to issue no new policies the $70,000,000, compounded at 4½ per cent. interest, with premiums hereafter paid included and also compounded, would suffice to pay the $305,000,000 of outstanding policies, one by one as they mature, until the last had gone. That the issue of new policies is *not* discontinued does not affect the case. In the mathematical or actuarial view, all persons of one age insuring at one time are regarded as a "class" by themselves. Every person who pays a premium, original or renewal, pays two items in one: First, what it costs to "carry" his risk for that one year; second, a contribution to "reserve," and why this is so must be now apparent. "Reserve" on each policy-group is computed separately; the total "reserve" is computed annually; and it is distinctly to be noted that the "liabilities" of a Life company—exclusive of its current and yet unsettled loss-claims, etc.—are *not* the aggregate of existing policies, but this "reserve" or "net present value" of the policies. Whenever a policy terminates, its reserve terminates as such; while the one lives, the other must be kept, for if it were done away the policies of those who died last would have no funds to call upon. About 83 per cent. of assets is held as reserve, and this explains the existence and imperative necessity of the vast accumulations of the companies. "Surplus" is not peculiar in Life Insurance, being the excess of assets over reserve and current demand-debts; the practice is now to divide it, generally annually, among policy-holders, in varying proportions.

"Dividends" have been the subject of more misrepresentation, misunderstanding, and disappointment, than anything else in Life Insurance. Their normal effect being to

reduce the cost of insurance, the solicitor has almost always—often in entire good faith—overstated them, in order to influence the taking of a policy, or to increase its amount. Ten years ago, "Dividends 50 per cent!" was not an unheard-of advertisement; "But consider your dividends" was a frequent phrase with the solicitor; and while it is true that dividends, if left undrawn, will sometimes so accumulate as to make further payments unnecessary, after a term of years, insurers have been pretty generally persuaded of too short a term, the "magical power of compound interest" being too much invoked. The term itself is a misleading misnomer. There are no dividends, and can be none, in the sense we all understand the word, and it was a long-enduring misfortune that the wrong term got into use instead of the correct one, "return premium;" for the public gathered the notion that, in some vague way, there were profits or "dividends" accruing to them, instead of simply the return of part of their own money. A man whose rate is $100 finds, when he comes to pay this year, that he has a "dividend" of say $20; instead of being profits accrued, it is an unnecessary $20 which he paid last year, and he may now pay $80, or pay the $100 and let the $20 be used in adding say $60 to the face of his policy. Dividends thus allowed to remain are known as "reversionary," and the additions payable with the policy are known as "reversionary" additions or insurance.

Why, then, have "dividends" at all? Why not reduce the rates instead? These questions are natural and proper. Rates could probably be safely reduced somewhat, and yet this must be done with great caution. Interest being a prime factor in the mathematical calculation, and the contracts being for life, assuming too high a rate would obviously be fatal. New York law assumes 4½ per cent.; Massachusetts law assumes 4 per cent., and on that the rates are cast. But the interest rate realized has always been higher; the mortality experience has been generally lighter than that assumed, and the "loading" for expenses has generally been above the expenses; hence after setting apart the "reserve" a surplus has remained for division. The "dividends" are an unavoidable evil. If their exact amount could be foretold, or if, in other words, the *exact* cost of insurance—literally the exact cost—could be foretold, it would be far better to abandon the system of returns and reduce rates accordingly. But this cannot be.

KINDS OF COMPANIES.

A FEW companies have always been purely Mutual; others have become so by withdrawing their original guarantee capital, on terms provided in their charters; a few are strictly Stock, the insured having no participation in surplus; the largest number are "Mixed," having a stock capital, the division of surplus varying according to charters and by-laws. As to New York companies, the presence of stock since 1853 has been compelled by law; the stock does not insure, nor is it a guaranty in a real sense; in principle the mutual form is the better and capital stock an excrescence; which form is better in practice is a question of management in each instance.*

* The following is a list of the companies doing business in New York or Massachusetts, with the date of commencing business. Those marked (1) do business in New York but not in Massachusetts; those marked (2), in Massachusetts but not in New York; those marked (3) are "Stock" or Proprietary companies, having somewhat lower premium rates; those marked (4) are strictly Mutual, never having had stock; those marked (5) had stock but have retired it; those not marked 3, 4, or 5 are Mixed:

NEW YORK COMPANIES.

1842	Mutual (4).	1864	Brooklyn (1).
1845	New York (4).	1864	Globe.
1850	Manhattan.	1866	American Popular.
1850	United States.	1865	Universal (3).
1853	Knickerbocker.	1866	Atlantic.
1859	Equitable.	1866	Metropolitan.
1860	Germania.	1868	Homœopathic.
1860	Home.	1868	West. N. Y. (1).
1860	Washington.	1875	Provident.

OTHER-STATE COMPANIES.

Massachusetts:	1823	Massachusetts Hospital (2).
	1843	New England (5).
	1845	State Mutual (5).
	1851	Massachusetts Mutual (5).
	1851	Berkshire.
	1862	John Hancock (5).
Connecticut:	1846	Connecticut Mutual (4).
	1850	Charter Oak.
	1851	Phœnix.
	1853	Ætna.
	1865	Connecticut General.
	1864	Continental (2).
	1866	Travelers (3).
	1867	Hartford.
New Jersey:	1845	Mutual Benefit (4).
	1865	New Jersey.
Pennsylvania:	1847	Penn Mutual (4).
	1865	Provident.
Vermont:	1850	National (5).
	1869	Vermont (2).
Maine:	1845	Union Mutual (5).
Ohio:	1867	Union Central.
	1867	Toledo (1).
Illinois:	1868	National of U. S. (3).
Wisconsin:	1858	North Western Mutual (4).
Missouri:	1868	Life Association (4).
Kansas:	1868	Missouri Valley.
	1873	Alliance (1).

KINDS OF POLICIES.

THERE are four kinds of policies: the "Whole Life," maturing and payable at death only; the "Endowment," maturing and payable after a specified number of years, usually 5 to 35, or at death if occurring sooner; the "Term," running from 1 to 7 years, and payable only if death occurs within that time; the "Joint-Life," two persons being insured for an amount payable to the survivor at the death of either. The last is nearly obsolete. The "Term" policy is applicable only to cover a special transient risk, and is little used. The "Life" is the simple and original form, covering three-fourths of all existing insurance. Premiums on either "Life" or "Endowment" may be paid annually during the existence of the policy, or for a specific number of years, from 5 to 20, or even in a single payment once for all. The sooner the policy is to mature, the higher the charge; and as the number of payments to be made is reduced, the amount of each increases. The long-term Endowment is nearly equivalent to the plain Life, and hence costs but little more; the short Endowment is necessarily costly, for on a contract to pay $1,000 in 5 or 10 years certainly, with the risk of doing it sooner, more than $100 or $200 a year must be charged. Hence *short* Endowments are unprofitable, unless for a person enjoying large receipts but unlikely to save up anything, so that the policy will probably result in placing in his hands, at the end of the term, money which otherwise he would not have at all.

The best form of policy is that best adapted to the insurer's circumstances. The ordinary Life is never payable to the insured; the Endowment falls to *him* in his advanced years, if he lives to receive it, and is always preferable—as far as any general rule can be given—if the cost can be afforded. The latter involves the investment or savings principle; the former is pure and simple insurance. A recent form of policy, the "Tontine," runs over a specific term, involves the positive forfeiture of all that has been paid in, defers all "dividends" until the end of the term, and is distinctly based upon the rule of dividing what is lost by those who do not keep up their payments among those who do; it is insurance, but with special hazards. Being of a speculative nature, it should be avoided except by the few who are willing and able to take speculative hazards and who choose it intelligently, never doing so, however, upon the persuasion of a solicitor. Whether the policy is Life or Endowment, it is generally wise to take a limited number of payments, if pecuniary condition admits; but it is never wise to undertake a heavier payment than there is a reasonable probability of continuing.

CASH AND NOTE.

NEARLY all companies have taken "premium notes," or have in some way granted credit to policy-holders. The notes and loans are 17 per cent. of the assets of the note companies, and 12 per cent. of those of all companies, but nothing could be more erroneous than the assumption that these notes are an unproductive asset, and that the Continental and the Security failed because they were "note companies." No asset can be more productive than the premium note, because it pays interest regularly, promptly, and at the full rate; and it is a perfectly good asset, for it is the obligation of the creditor and a lien on policy claims. A's note is good in settling A's policy, but not in settling B's; some cash is therefore necessary, but so long as the credit proportion is not excessive the credit system in no manner impairs solvency. One-third to one-half is the usual proportion, and the operation is in this wise: in lieu of paying $100 cash premium, A elects the "half note," and begins by paying $50 cash, giving a "note" for $50, and paying one year's interest ($3.50) in advance; the next year he pays the $50 as before, gives a second $50 note, and pays $7, interest on *two* notes; and so he goes on, each year giving a new note and paying $3.50 of additional cash. As to the effect upon the policy-holder, suppose that A, as above, insures at age 33 for $4,000, at $100 premium; at the fifteenth year, his half cash and interest on notes will require $102.50, or a little more than the entire premium he would then pay if he had set out on the cash basis, and he will have $750 in notes outstanding, reducing his policy to $3,250,—he having only half paid as he went along. Of course, the "dividends" avail to keep down the notes to some extent; the agent has usually given the impression that they could be expected to "take care of the notes," but this has rarely been realized. The advantage of this credit is that the man who has only a moderate and fixed sum in cash can secure for his family a larger return than if he insures merely for what his cash will buy, provided he dies during the early years of his policy; hence the "note" system is the best for feeble and probably short-lived persons.

The disadvantage is, that while the accumulating interest-demand is just, as far as the company is concerned,—because the company must have its interest,—the system makes a delusive appearance of cheapness, decreases the insurance annually, although the payments increase, and produces disappointment. The best companies are gradually abandoning it, and all will probably do so before the end of the century.

USES OF LIFE INSURANCE.

THE first and chief use is of course in supplying some inheritance to one's dependents after the death of the provider. "Wife's" policies, as a rule, are not assignable, and they are exempt by law from claims of the husband's creditors. To a limited extent, policies in favor of the insured himself are capable of becoming a business security for loans; and even a "wife's" policy may be a moral security, covering the risk that death may prevent a trustworthy debtor from repaying. Partners in business, by keeping policies on each other, may cover the money loss to follow the death of one, or may provide for the risk that the survivor may be forced either to purchase the interest of the deceased or have his own jeopardized. A mortgage, especially one upon the homestead, may be made less objectionable by covering, with an equivalent insurance, the risk of foreclosure in consequence of the mortgagor's death. Speaking generally, no man in active business can do a more prudent thing, in view of the perpetual hazards of business, than to take out, and pay up, a reasonable Endowment while he is prosperous.

THE "INVESTMENT" VIEW.

TAKING age 35 as an average example, and bearing in mind that, if dividends were estimated and included, the result would be rather more favorable, the plain Life policy, if maturing in 18½ years, will return all the premiums compounded at 7 per cent.; if in 21 years, will return them at 5 per cent.; if in 25 years, at 3 per cent. The 25-year Endowment issued at 35 will pay 7 per cent. if maturing in 14½ years; 6 per cent. if in 15½ years; 4 per cent., in 17½ years; 3 per cent., in 18¾ years. Comparisons are often made between Life Insurance and the savings bank; but they are things too unlike to be compared. The man of 26 who deposits $20.40 in the savings bank at 6 per cent. compounded will have $121.89 in 5 years, $285.02 in 10 years, $503.32 in 15 years, and $795.45 in 20 years; but his first payment of $20.40 to the insurance company secures $1,000 in the event of his death, as effectually as the twentieth. But he can draw out his money from the bank! Certainly, and the chances are that he will do so, or that he will not keep up his saving process; to make a man's course of saving in his own way the same as Life Insurance he must have a guaranty, not only that his self-denial will be unflagging, but that he will live to complete the process. It should be remembered that insurance is always and necessarily mutual; the stock does not insure; the policy-holders insure one another. Insurance is merely a distribution among many of the burden and loss of one; hence there can be no "money made" in it—nothing can be created by it. Speaking generally, therefore, Life Insurance is not to be sought as an investment return upon specific funds, but as a prudential matter of protection against loss. It is not to "invest," but to "insure." All variations upon the theme "To become insured is to become rich" are the recklessness of advertising.

SOME POINTS OF MISCONCEPTION.

As to the returns to the long-lived.—The return in the case of the early dying is enormous; and of course the risk of being one of that number must itself be paid for. It is irrational to say that because one has not died nothing has been received for the money from year to year; this plea is not made in respect to insurance against fire, and each must pay his share of losses and working expenses. Taking 80 as the limit of life, there can rarely if ever be a case where a maturing policy fails to return at least the money paid on it; hence, as a nearly invariable rule, nobody pays more for his insurance than the use of the premiums. But this statement applies only to matured policies, not to lapsed or surrendered ones.

As to requiring medical examination, thus denying insurance to those who need it most.—This is simply hard necessity. Healthy persons would not join diseased ones, and as to charging more on the latter, or taking them by themselves, the trouble is that as yet it has not been found practicable to construct any mortality tables for diseased persons.

As to enforcing forfeiture as penalty for non-payment of premium.—Irregularity would destroy the business, and without some penalty there would be nothing but irregularity. Massachusetts law prolongs policies for a certain time after lapse, and a recent

decision of her courts declares that the law applies to all policies *issued* within the state. Harshness of practice as to forfeiture is now generally mitigated, with all companies.

As to resistance made to the collection of claims.—Clearly, if resistance were the rule—as some assert it is—the procuring of new business would long ago have stopped. The proportion of claims resisted is probably not over two per cent., and that of litigated claims still smaller; in this respect at least, officers are very sensitive to public opinion, so much so that, for the sake of expediency, some claims neither legally nor morally good have been settled. It is only just to remember that a Life Insurance company is not a corporation at all, except in the legal sense. The members, and they only, are "the company;" each one is both insured and insurer; the assets, receipts, and expenditures, are all theirs only, and any unjust expenditure is their loss. The stock is an incident, and the stockholders have no moral right to control the affairs. So far as the company is mutual,—and entirely so if it is mutual solely,—the officers occupy the position of arbiters between the members; they may act unwisely and unjustly, but the ordinary motive for doing so is lacking, for if they rob one they favor all the rest, and if they favor one they rob all the rest.

As to the rate of settlement for policies lapsed or surrendered.—More dissatisfaction has arisen on this subject than on any other except "dividends," and there have been many instances of sharp and unjust treatment, quite indefensible. But, plainly, the retiring member cannot have back all he has paid; he is not even entitled to all of his own reserve. The mutual character of the compact must be considered; he morally agreed with his fellow-members that he would stay, and if he goes he must not be allowed to make them suffer. The option of terminating the contract rests exclusively with him. The member in impaired health naturally clings to his policy, while the one who gets tired of "throwing away money" is usually one who is in sound health, or thinks he is. If the "sound lives" withdraw freely and in large numbers, the solvency of the company may be impaired, to the injury of the remaining members; hence those who go justly forfeit some of their reserve as protection for the rest. There is a medium between over-liberality and over-harshness, but the living members and those who stay have their right to consideration as well as the dead and those who retire. The fact that the company is rich has therefore no just bearing upon the equities of particular cases.

As to the compensation of agents.—Competition has caused too much to be conceded to specially successful agents, but as a class they do not earn exceptional incomes; the work being always open to whoever wishes to try it, extraordinary average earnings would speedily reduce themselves. If the time ever comes when the general public will insure without being asked, working expenses will be somewhat reduced; until then, the agents must be paid.

MANAGEMENT AND DIVIDENDS ON STOCK.

THE following shows the average annual rate of dividend to stockholders in the eleven "Mixed" companies which have paid the highest, and also the rate allowed stockholders by the charters:

Company.	Per cent. dividends.	Charter allows
Manhattan (P)	38.48	7% int. and ⅛ profits.
Ætna	27.82	charter silent.
*North America (P)	24.80	7% int. and ⅛ profits.
United States	14.50	7% " ⅛ "
Brooklyn (P)	13.02	7% " ⅛ profits.
Home (P)	11.52	12% interest.
Continental (P)	11.33	7% int. and ⅛ profits.
Knickerbocker (P)	10.77	7% " ⅛ profits.
Germania (P)	10.39	12% interest.
Equitable	8.31	7% interest.
*Wid. & Orph. Ben.	8.03	7% interest, gold.

The companies marked (*) are now extinct. In Mutual companies, the policy-holders, legally, elect the trustees; practically, in all companies alike, they know nothing about the management. The companies marked (P)—and most other Mixed companies—allow policy-holders some participation in elections; a few Mixed companies are controlled, in law as in fact, exclusively by the stockholders.

The second company in the list has paid from 14.62 to 43.66 per cent., the latter rate in 1873; in 1874 and 1875 it paid 30, on $150,000 capital. The first named in the list, on $100,000 capital, from 1860–66 averaged 22.96 per cent.; since 1866 it has paid successively, 32, 52, 65, 55, 50, 50, 53, 43, 55. The early dividends, in general, averaged much less, yet they seldom fell below a fair interest; and inasmuch as the risk incurred is insignificant, with reasonably good management, and is at first infinitesimal, no just comparison can be made with dividends on Fire Insurance stock, which is exposed to the constant risk of annihilation in a great fire. The amount of stock being trivial, however, the burden imposed on policy-

holders is not heavy, being now not more than one to three per cent. upon the premiums paid; hence the subject is one of morals rather than of money importance. At the same time, strict justice compels the remark that in all corporate book-keeping the ways of concealing items in totals and otherwise making what is literally true convey a wrong impression are so many and so difficult of detection that the companies reporting the largest dividends to stockholders *may* be only more frank than others. Life Insurance stock seldom appears in market, but in closing an estate some months ago a few shares in a prominent company, $100 par, were sold at auction at $453 each, the officers afterward explaining that the price was run up in competition with "wreckers," who desired to acquire the legal footing of stockholders. Insurance officers who seek to retain and justify public confidence cannot act more wisely than plainly to depart from the notorious corporate habit of arranging statements, even those made upon oath to state officers, so that analysis and comparison are nearly impossible.

INVESTMENTS OF COMPANIES.

The New York law restricts ownership and holding of real estate to such as is actually needed for a company's use or such as is taken for debt and on unpaid mortgages; but this restriction has been liberally construed by several companies. Investments are permitted in first mortgages, to the extent of two-thirds of the value, upon real estate within the state, or outside the state but within 50 miles of New York City; in U. S. stocks, New York State stocks, or in stocks of any city in the state if at par or above; in county or town bonds; *or in any stocks created under the laws of the state, which at the time of purchase are at or above par* in the market in New York City. The mortgage restriction as to real estate outside of the state is highly absurd, and it puts the New York companies at a disadvantage in respect to interest, as compared with those in some other states; in sharp contrast with it is the strange looseness of the italicized clause, under which the companies might have invested their entire assets in petroleum stocks, in the speculative spring of 1865. That they have never done anything of the sort proves them to have been better managed than the law requires. Some uneasiness is now felt about their mortgages, which in New York State form 60 per cent. of their assets; there is unquestionably some nursing of them, and a caution about pressing foreclosures; but while the law permits loaning 66⅔ per cent. on the value, the rule with the best companies has been to loan no more than 40 to 50 per cent., and to do that only on the valuation by the company's own appraisers. Approximately, the assets of the companies are: mortgages, 54 per cent.; United States bonds, 6 per cent.; other stocks and bonds, 13 per cent.; premium notes, 12 per cent.; cash, 4 per cent.; other items, 11 per cent.

STATE SUPERVISION.

A deposit of $100,000 in bonds is required to be kept by each company in the hands of the Insurance Superintendent, as security for policy-holders. Any 13 or more persons may form a company, under the general act of 1853, upon raising a capital of at least $100,000, and may commence business upon making the required deposit. Every company must report its condition annually to the Superintendent, according to a specified form; and every fifth year, and annually if he chooses, he is to "value," or compute the "reserve" upon, all their policies, using for that purpose the New York "standard"—4½ per cent. interest—and the "American Experience" mortality table. Obviously, the needed "reserve" is less, if 4½ per cent. is assumed, than if 4 per cent., as the explanation of reserve already given shows; 4 per cent. is the severer and the Massachusetts legal standard, and the best companies voluntarily hold themselves up to that standard. At his discretion, the Superintendent may examine any company, and if he finds its assets insufficient to reinsure its policies,—in other words, if its "reserve" fund is insufficient,—he shall apply to the state Supreme Court for an order on the company to show cause why it should not be closed; if the Court is satisfied that the reserve is insufficient, it shall decree a dissolution of the company and the distribution of all the assets. If the company belongs outside the state, it may, in the event of unsoundness, be excluded from the state. The laws of other states are not widely different as to this point. This being the statutory mode of procedure, the appointment of a receiver on *ex parte* proceedings, as in the case of the Continental, is outside of the insurance act and is obtained by a stockholder in the name of the stock. Whatever may be the practices or the prospects of a company, the Superin-

tendent has no power to interfere by official action until its "reserve" becomes impaired; the presumption of the law is, however, that he will make sure of the correctness of its statements, will watch anything that looks like a downward course, and that as soon as "reserve"—which is another word for solvency—is in the least impaired, he will intervene by closing the company. The law itself is adequate for protection, if only it is ably, vigilantly, and honestly executed.

FINANCIAL SUMMARY FOR 27 YEARS.

THE following table—the first ever published—shows the aggregate receipts and expenditures of the companies, by items, for the 27 years, 1849–75:

Premium receipts	$877,577,307
Interest receipts	177,313,584
Total receipts	$1,054,890,891
Paid claims (20.22 per cent.)	$213,326,566
Paid dividends (14.70 per cent.)	155,040,900
Paid lapsed and pur. pol. (10.75 p. c.)	113,393,614
Total to policy-holders (45.67 p. c.)	$481,761,080
Paid to stockholders (0.55 per cent.)	$ 5,749,314
Paid expenses (15.92 per cent.)	167,925,637
Total expenditures (62.14 per cent.)	$655,436,031
Present assets less stock (37.49 p. c.)	$395,459,736

This leaves $3,995,097 (0.37 per cent.) unaccounted for. But this statement is not presented as a strict or exact balance-sheet, for no such can be made; nor is it complete, for the early reports were meager and the early book-keeping somewhat imperfect. In considering it the reader should understand that interest includes rents, profits on sales of gold and real estate, miscellaneous receipts, and the earnings of capital stock; that expenses include payments for "reinsurance" of large policies and for taxes, the latter being very heavy in most of the states; and that the number of companies reported has all the time been varying, some whose assets are not included in the total given having contributed to the figures. The statement is only a reasonably close approximation, interesting as showing the magnitude of the business and the general proportion of the several accounts thus far.

FAILURES AND RETIREMENTS.

FAILURES as yet have consisted of impairment of reserve, not of the ordinary inability to meet present demands of creditors; there have been some "amalgamations" made in conformity to the letter of the law, but in perversion of its unquestionable intent. The history of amalgamations in England is melancholy, and it is being repeated in New York, the failing companies being transferred, without the knowledge of their members, to other companies not always of the most desirable character; the explanation is that the best companies are not desirous of taking the assets and risks of mismanaged and run-down concerns, that companies of less strength have been less scrupulous about swelling their business in this way, and that there are some opportunities—concerning the use of which only those in the secret have knowledge—for private bargaining in the transfer. The law provides only vaguely for the voluntary retirement of solvent companies, and is defective as to closing insolvent ones, its intent being to *prevent* insolvency.

CONDITION OF THE BUSINESS.

PENDING the process of thorough examination, it is impossible to state any definite conclusion from actual knowledge, but it is useless to deny that there must be some further mortality in the companies. The first error was the fatal facility of the law of 1853 for organizations. The early Mutual charters required applications for $500,000 of insurance before issuing policies, and had this precedent been followed by the law, the mischief wrought in 1863–70 might perhaps have been prevented. But, excited by the success of others, and eager for salaried positions, a class of men indifferently successful in other occupations persuaded capitalists, and rushed into Life Insurance; they had all the disadvantages of competition, and their work naturally failed under trial. The next error was the courtesy of the Insurance Department in assuming the correctness of annual statements—although incorrectness does not necessarily prove conscious misrepresentation. The third and constant error has been ignorance and carelessness on the part of the public. The first has corrected itself, at least for the present; the second is likely to be corrected; the third is under the sharp tuition of experience.

The companies (about 25), not represented in New York or Massachusetts, are as a class small ones, claiming the advantage of higher interest on investments, and appealing to local pride for support. They are organized under meager statutory restriction; the idea of a *local* business is positively inconsistent with the principle of average; the obligation to sustain "home interests" should not be considered in con-

nection with Life Insurance; and although some sound companies may be excluded by it, the safest rule directs avoidance of those not admitted to one of those two states.

WHAT THE PUBLIC CAN DO.

THE actual facts of condition are the first thing it is necessary to know, and the time is come for a firm weeding out of the few remaining unsound concerns. A company now hollow and tottering is past restoration; the best course is to dispose of it publicly and under official supervision. The public, therefore, can and should insist upon rigid but not suspicious investigation of all companies; the weak need it, and the strong will be all the better for it. Next, the public can avoid panic and refrain from hasty and sweeping generalizations. Members of unsound companies must do the best they can, taking care lest they exchange bad for bad, and weighing the motives and merits of proffered advice before following it; those yet to insure can learn discrimination. It will be well to insist upon seeing the official Reports, for much can be learned from them; but care should be used not to compare things having no natural connection, such as assets to amount of risk, claims to premiums, etc. Such items as furniture, bills receivable, and agents' balances, are questionable assets, although the last are supposed to be secured. "Commuted commissions"—*i. e.*, money not on hand but money paid out in lieu of other money hereafter to become payable—have no just place in assets. "Deferred premiums"—*i. e.*, quarterly or semi-annual, remaining to be paid during the policy year—and "premiums in course of transmission," are properly treated as assets, provided the reserve on their policies is charged in liabilities. The Southern state bonds held by some companies were bought in obedience to state laws prior to entering the states by agencies.

ABUSES AND FUTURE OF THE BUSINESS.

THE legitimate termination of policies is by death or expiry; yet their average life is but five to eight years. In 1875, 133,095 were issued, aggregating $299,276,337; 129,404 terminated, aggregating $319,372,675. The modes of termination were:

By death, 9,002, aggregating	$24,988,434
By expiry (endowments, etc.) 5,772	7,309,765
By surrender, 29,174	79,774,666
By lapse from non-payment of premium, 61,055	142,903,483
By change, 5,937	21,251,653
By new policies "not taken," 18,464	43,144,674

The following shows the insurance terminating by death and expiry, and by surrender and lapse, together with cash repaid upon the latter class, during ten years past:

Year.	By death and expiry.	By surrender and lapse.	Repayments.
1875	$32,298,199	$222,678,149	$20,414,572
1874	28,859,177	271,819,985	22,453,953
1873	29,823,041	273,258,116	16,669,593
1872	25,845,288	264,362,142	13,932,013
1871	26,278,741	293,367,275	13,940,318
1870	24,163,892	229,094,309	9,909,762
1869	20,214,504	188,985,174	5,114,177
1868	11,546,930	128,723,575	3,760,829
1867	9,316,272	91,346,328	2,069,423
1866	5,659,340	50,292,369	1,212,273
Total.	$214,005,384	$2,013,927,422	$109,476,953

The total surrendered and lapsed during five years past is equal to about 76 per cent. of the issues during that time, and to about 70 per cent. of the amount outstanding at the end of the time; but against the figures of the second column must be set the cash repayments stated in the third, the insurance had while the policies existed, and the fact that the "surrender value" of the policies was used to some extent in purchasing new ones of changed kinds and amounts. How much was paid in upon the policies represented by column two there are no obtainable data for computing.

It is hard to say how far the companies are primarily responsible for substituting the modern "brokerage" of say 25 to 35 per cent. on first-year premiums in place of the old-fashioned commission of say 12 on original premiums and 7 on renewals. The brokerage plan is closely suited to agents who are in haste to be rich, and to managers whose pride and aim are a rapid development of business; but its tendencies are vicious, for it not only destroys all interest on the agent's part in the continuance of the policies, but fosters indifference about the character of the risk and about everything but having the first premium the largest possible. It even tempts him to rotate from company to company, that he may carry his policy-holders with him, thus making it his profit to foster lapses and changes. The most conservative companies assented to it reluctantly, and its abandonment has already begun.

The voting population of New York State being a million, and of the United States eight millions, the possible insurance field is evidently not exhausted; but the above figures prove that the business has been too much forced and has been overdone in the American fashion. Hard times do not

account for the visible waste and decline; there is a loss of confidence and a growing belief that officers and agents have the best part. The suspicion is not without reason. The salaries of officers may be justifiable; they can hardly be called niggardly, and some of the recipients have visibly risen to affluence. The erection of buildings was justifiable and necessary; but some of them are unnecessarily large and elegant, and although they may have once attracted business they now repel it. The half-million members who have dropped out in seven years are naturally more hostile than friendly. The disappointment as to dividends has been deep and general; the credit system has been practically an injury; there have been many cases of reducing liabilities by encouraging forfeiture of policies, on what is known in the financial world as the "freezing-out" plan, this being the readiest method of restoring an impaired company to solvency; the comfortable way followed by managers personally is partly known and indefinitely suspected; the business has been marred by instances of fraudulent collusion, morally wrong expenditures, and sharp practices in dealing with retiring members. Mingled with doubt as to the financial condition, the idea is probably more general than ever before that the business is practically a compound of cheating and untrue pretense. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, and the first step toward removing that idea is to admit its existence.

As already stated, officers of Mutual companies are strictly arbiters between the members; hence when they unjustly retain money they are aiming to hold their own in a competition which bases its claim, unsoundly but with popular effect, upon large assets and surplus and an astonishing growth of business. Thus the abuses mostly have root in excessive competition, and yet the strength and health of Life Insurance do not require a rapid growth, but are consistent rather with a moderate one. The best to be said in defense of the managers—and it should not be left unsaid—is that the custody of necessary accumulations, the too rapid growth, the general demoralization of the paper era, and the credulous indifference of the public, have tempted their prudence and somewhat dulled their sense of their fiduciary position.

Nevertheless, the decline is not proof that the business has been tried and found wanting, although one era of it is probably past. Its work is a perpetual one which nothing else can perform. But it must be purged of its nonsense and pretense; the rates must be reduced, if practicable; the ratio of working expenses—6¾ per cent. to 8¾ in the best companies and from that up to 35—must be lowered; there must be more conservatism and much less pressure. Full publicity, frank dealing, simple truth, and evident economy, are needed on the part of the managers; on that of the public, intelligent opinion in place of blind trust and hasty denunciation. The most effectual corrective of mismanagement would be applied if each man yet to insure would himself study the subject and make a *selection* of such company as he considers sound and properly conducted, refusing to deal with any other. If the logic of the facts is thus recognized on both sides, Life Insurance will rally, after reaching its level and instituting reform, and will yet realize its best experience.

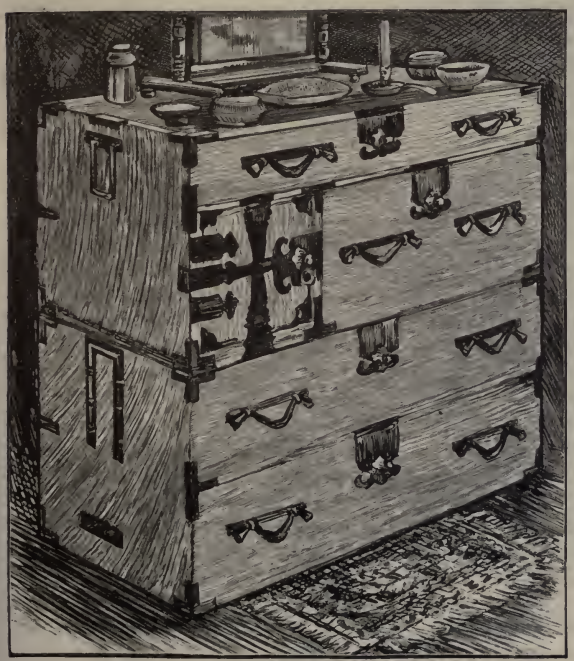
BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. IX.

STILL HARPING ON THE BEDROOM.

WHAT pleasant places our mothers' bedrooms used to be! In the old-time American formal and pretentious ways of living,—with the dining-room in the basement and on the principal floor the grave-yard parlor, in which none of the ornaments could be touched nor the chairs and sofas sat upon,—it was good that there was one room in the house where domestic feeling was allowed a chance to root itself at ease; where the sun had leave to enter and stretch himself upon the carpet; where the seats were comfortable, and lolling with a book delightful—a room where the soft-blooming fragrant flowers of the homely motherwort took the place of the testy "touch-me-not" that grew so prim and profuse in the handsome room below.

Up to this room that with its open fire and slipshod neatness seemed always sunny even on dull days, ran the children "home from school" and stormed the maternal citadel for luncheon. Then, out came the

precious tin box, much dearer to the hungry children than any "safe" with its metaphorical tin, and whose crisp inscription, "CAKE," had been improved by a youthful adept at acrostics, into "Can a kitten eat?" and the mildly delicious seed-cake it contained having been dealt out in generous hunks (oh, expressive vocabulary of childhood!), the pleasant, do-nothing, noonday hour was slipped along the rosary of time. No parlor, however free to let its luxuries or simple elegances be enjoyed; no nursery, even, made to play in and sensibly kept rid of things that might be hurt; no living-room,



No. I. GRAND COMBINATION TRUNK LINE.

with its furniture and fittings meant to be used,—can take the place, I think, of the "mother's bedroom," which still exists, I hope, as of old, in many and many a home. It would be a pity such an "old shoe" of a room should ever be given up, for, in our undomestic American life, unless the mother consent to make an early Christian of herself, and have, for a few hours of the day at least, "all things in common," she will find herself knowing as little of her children as their father does; and in America, it is a common experience that it is a very wise child indeed who has more than a speaking acquaintance with his own father.

To be a really tempting place, however, the "mother's room" should have an open fire in it and look toward the sun. Its free-and-easiness, moreover, should keep within the bounds of elegance, which need never be divorced from fitness and comfortableness. For the children's eye is forever being educated, and ugly things ought not to be brought superfluously before them. I do not believe in surrounding children with luxuries; on the contrary, their lives ought to be made as simple as possible, and the fortunate ones are they whose youth makes them acquainted with some hardship; but, what they do see ought to be of a character to refine the taste, accustom the eye to harmonies of color and form, and insensibly help it to form standards of judgment.

Nowadays, there is positively no excuse for having ugly things about. A few years ago, the carpets were almost all highly reprehensible. To say that they were barbarous would be to pay them a compliment, for no barbarous people ever made such crudities of line and color as the old "Brussels" and "ingrain" carpets showed us; though the "ingrain" designs were often better than those of the more expensive kinds. This was because fewer tricks were played with warp and woof in the cheap carpet, and the designs were more evidently structural. The objection to all the carpets of the former time, cheap and dear alike, was, that the patterns were too defined; whether "set" or "flowing," they could not be made to blend with what was placed upon them, but pushed themselves so impertinently to the fore, that the carpet became the chief thing in the room, instead of being, as it should be, only a background for the rest. Of late years, there has been a great improvement in the designs of all carpets, from the most expensive Wilton to the cheapest ingrain. In the richer sorts, dark, soft tones with patterns—if patterns they can be called—of spots and stains, that now appear, now hide, but are never in the way, are to be bought in many of the shops. Some of the best English carpets are as thick and soft as the best of Persian make, and the designs, when they are not too daring, or when the makers are content with copying the quieter Eastern patterns, are a great improvement on the older manufactures. But one may as well spend his money for an

Eastern carpet outright, as buy one of these English carpets. There would be the certainty of getting a design that had no taint of South Kensington in it, and that would be sure not to be the same through any square foot of its space. For one thing, Eastern art is valuable to us; it rebukes at every turn our scientific love of precision and symmetry, shows us the charm of irregularity, and teaches us how to make two sides of a thing alike, while keeping them quite different. Whether we shall ever get this into our blood, I don't know. It is an essential principle of all the best decorative art; and necessarily so, because all such design is as far removed as possible from mechanical assistance, and has no other rule or measure than the eye acting through the hand. No two Ionic capitals of Greek workmanship even in the same temple are alike in anything, except general size and character. No more are any two Doric caps alike, nor any two moldings of any style, nor any two successive feet of any Greek ornament. The notion instilled into our minds that the Greek architecture is all monotony and repetition is of English or German origin.

There needs to-day to be a protest made by some one against the mechanical character of our decoration, for, with an unexampled demand for decoration in our furniture, our furnishing, our jewelry, our porcelain, there has come an unexampled supply, and the manufacturers, of course, bring all the labor-saving appliances they can contrive to supply this demand. Immense furniture-mills are set up, and to such perfection has machinery attained, that the logs go in at one door, and come out at another fashioned in that remarkable style known here as "Eastlake," and which has become so much the fashion that grace and elegance are in danger of being *taboo* before long. Then "rugs" being all the rage, and the beautiful ones being, as they always must be, expensive, the manufacturers are turning out cheap rugs by the acre, which are no whit better—nay, are much worse—than the carpets of thirty or forty years ago. So with pottery and porcelain,—our china-shops are filled with things whose only recommendation to our novelty-loving people is their novelty and their loudness. And all these things—the furniture, the rugs, the pottery—are so cheap, that everybody gets them, and of the smaller, decorative things gets so many that our homes are overrun with things, encumbered with useless ugliness, and made to look more like museums or warerooms than like homes of thinking people and people of taste.

I dare say, however, that all this superabundance—superabundance in the supply and superabundance in the buying—is necessary, and that not only good to trade and to manufacture, but good to art and taste, will come out of it. The way of it will be something like this: Exclusiveness being natural to human beings (it comes simply and excusably enough from our dislike of monotony and of repetition), people will demand more than they do now things that show some individuality in design, that are not made "in quantities to suit purchasers," —that are not even to be had in pairs. Then we shall find the makers of furniture producing single pieces or single sets, into which the workman has put some special design which he does not copy in the next piece, even if he keep the general form. Design, and finish, and serviceableness, will be most considered, and cheap display—the bane of almost all our fashionable furniture nowadays—will be avoided. When a few rich people, who have an educated taste besides, will encourage the production of furniture that is worth admiring and keeping for its own sake, not merely because it is in the fashion, we shall see the turn of the tide. At present, there is hardly anything at all of this done even by the richest people (I mean, little that I hear of); and as for the general run of us, we don't so much as think of doing it. People naturally and reasonably count the cost, and when they find that it not only costs a good deal of money but a good deal of time and study to get a piece of furniture well designed, they just wont try to do it, and fare as well as they can without.

At present, then, we are in this strait. The things we see for sale in the shops are all either good or bad or indifferent copies of old-fashioned things, or of Oriental things of to-day. Hardly anything with the stamp of our own time and country is to be had. What, then, are the young people to do who want to furnish their houses, and have comparatively little, or really little, money to do it with? I say in the first place that there is no excuse nowadays for anybody having ugly things. If they have them, they are themselves to blame, for they must have chosen ugliness and rejected, if not beauty and elegance, then simplicity. "Wedding presents," I hear some reader whisper. Yes, I know. But wedding presents are almost always of silver, or ornaments, or

small things that after a year's display where they can catch the giver's eye on reception days and "calls," can be stowed away. Few people are cruel enough to send in furniture; for that the young housekeepers are responsible, and if they will take the advice of those who have been through the mill, they would begin with only what is absolutely necessary, and make up their minds that, though they want but little here below, yet they want that little long; they want to grow up with it, to use it, enjoy it, and make it a part of their domestic history. The main reason why people cannot go to an architect or a designer and get their furniture made for them in special, is that they think they want much more furniture than they do, and there is not money enough to supply all their needs. At least, one or two things might be so procured, and, for the rest, a steady search kept up, until the needful pieces are found, at once useful and handsome. Here in New York, people go to the houses which supply the needs and cater to the whims of the rich—houses where you are told plainly that they cannot afford, and do not propose, to sell cheap things. Then there is complaint and disgust, and those who have proffered their advice on the subject of furnishing are taxed with ministering to luxury and expense. But it may safely be said that many more people might become the owners of the things they admire, and justly too, at Herter's or Cottier's, if they would be content with one thing or two; but they want all, or want everything "in keeping," as the phrase is,—a thing not necessary at all. If people will have anything, let them be content to earn it. I am not writing, nor ever have been, for people who can go to Cottier's, Marcotte's, or Herter's, and buy what they want. Nor, do I see why anybody should think it necessary to spend a cent of money or a minute of time on furnishing his house with chairs and tables if he doesn't wish to. Here's an angry gentleman writes from Texas to complain that the prettily designed, delicately made sofa, of which a cut was given in SCRIBNER for November (page 92), is not suited to his needs. "Where would such a sofa be," he cries, "after four or five romping boys had played circus on it some rainy day?" Where, to be sure? But my Texan critic must reflect that he cannot have his cake and eat it, too. If he has four or five romping boys who have no barn or nursery or shed to play circus in on rainy days, he must be content with furniture that will stand being run over rough-shod. And I, for one, should never think of insisting that, such being his plight, he should make misery for himself by having everything handsome about him.* It is not for such as this gentleman I am writing, nor for the rich who can do as they will; but for those who have a desire to make their homes agreeable to the eye as well as comfortable, and yet who have to consider the cost at every step.

NO. 2. FRENCH BUREAU, WITH FINE BRASS MOUNTS.

* As this gentleman's note was intended for publication, I make no excuse for quoting a sentence of it. "The furniture of 1776 is nice for those who like odd things, and have a mania for such collections; but, for actual use, I don't like them. Most of them are square, angular, and 'spindling,' looking as if they would not last—not solid enough." Now, considering that this furniture of 1776 has been in constant use since it was made, and is in these times of revival of old fashions starting on a new lease of life,—what becomes of the doubts as to its solidity? The truth is, it is almost all of it first-rate furniture; well designed for use and good looks, and it is no mania for collecting that makes people snap it up wherever they see it for sale, but good sense and good taste.

If carpets are not desirable in the living-rooms of the house, much less are they desirable in the bedrooms. The French lay a strip of carpet or a rug at the bedside, which they call a "*descent du lit*," and in many houses this is all the concession made to comfort, but in our climate this is insufficient; we must have more than this for

No 3 A LOVE OF A BONNET-BOX.

"looks," even if we do not need it for "comfort." A good rug at either side the bed, and one of the long narrow rugs stretched at the foot of the bed between it and the fire-place, and reaching from one side of the room to the other, will cover the floor generously, and will not hinder the thorough sweeping and cleaning of the room.

The dearness and scarcity of handsome rugs have set our American wits to work to provide a substitute for them, and of course we have succeeded. In Boston, Philadelphia, and, I believe, in Providence, rugs are made of the ravelings of shawls and tapestry carpets, and they are soft and pleasant to foot, and at the same time very nice to look at. They have no pattern, of course, but they generally have a prevailing tint, and this is not a no-color, but has a good deal of life and freshness in it. A prime merit these rugs have in being of pure wool; they come in breadths like common carpeting and can be made into rugs of any size. They have no "right" side, but can be turned at pleasure, and the edges do not curl up, as rugs made of carpet are too apt to do.*

If we like, we can lay a large square of this material down over nearly the whole floor and over it put our Eastern rugs, if we have them; but, though I have seen this done, it seems to me superfluous, and for a bedroom the raveling-rugs alone are far more manageable than the thicker and heavier sort.

I give this month two more drawings of "bureaus" or "chests of drawers," as our ancestors used to call them.

Cut No. 1 is a Japanese affair, and in ten years' use has proved itself a good friend. It would be at home, I suppose, a common enough thing; but that has nothing to do with its substantial merits. In its own land it was at once traveling-trunk and bureau; and it is a good type of the article which in Japan serves both these needs, and which is, I believe, in effect, the only piece of furniture they can be said to have. Sometimes the affair is modified, and enriched with lacquer inlays and enamels until it becomes a splendid cabinet; but it almost always retains,

"In all its weal and in its moste pride,"

the symbols of its vagabond nature in the poles by which, when need is, it is borne from place to place on the shoulders of coolies. In the richer cabinets, these poles are elegantly made and richly ornamented, to sort with the rest of the piece; but I suppose that when these humbler bureau-trunks are to be carried about, the coolies use poles of their own for the purpose.

The present example is in two parts, one of which stands on the other; though there is no reason for their being placed so, except the convenience of the owner. The arrangement of the irons at the ends indicates that the lower one rightly belongs above. For while either can be lifted and carried off separately, yet it may sometimes be desirable to carry both off together. In this case, put the upper of the two boxes below the lower, and turning up the end handle, suspend it from the two projecting knobs; then pull up the other handles,

* William Pollock, carpet manufacturer, 937 Market street, Philadelphia, second door below Tenth street, makes good rugs out of ravelings, either of carpet or of shawl. One of his make was the first of these rugs I saw. 'Twas in the pretty house of a new-fledged pair of lovers who were sending admiring thrills through their staid society by not asking their neighbors how they should furnish their house.

one at each end, and slip the pole through, hoist to shoulder, and away! The adjustment of these handles is an illustration of simple common-sense Japanese contrivance. The handle of the box that is to go on top, when the two are to be carried off together, is pulled up vertically, slipping up and down in its iron staples. But the handle of the lower one turns out, and then up, because only so can it be passed over the two iron knobs. When its American owner has occasion to move, each part is easily lifted by its handles like a trunk. Everybody knows how unmanageable a monster a well-filled four-story bureau is.

My friend's reason for putting the lower part of his bureau above, was to get the shallow drawer, where handkerchiefs and collars, gloves, etc., are most easily kept, nearest the hand, and also to have the closet and the deep drawer for shirts, where they can be most easily reached. No one but a man knows what a blessing this shirt-drawer is. It will hold the week's wash of shirts without tumbling or crowding, and nothing else need be allowed to usurp a place in it. In these four drawers is room for all one man's linen; and in the little closet, which contains three drawers and a hiding-place for money besides (which the owner did not discover until after a year's possession), there is room for all his trinkets and valuables. When the two boxes are placed together, the whole measures three feet one inch in length by three feet four high, and one foot five deep.

This chest of drawers is made of a very soft and light wood, and it is, I think, only for protection against rough usage that it is so bound about with iron. This iron, however, is thin, and adds but little to the weight of the boxes. The handles are much heavier than they need be, but they are well shaped for the hand. Each drawer is provided with a lock, and one key opens all but the closet, which has its own.

Taking only the body of this Japanese contrivance, and rejecting all the iron-work, why does not some one of my readers who wants a good bureau have one made on this model, either of walnut, mahogany, or oak, and furnished with brass handles and key-plates, the door hung by brass strap hinges? These brass handles and key-plates are made now in England very commonly, and the Household Art Company of Boston used to keep them on sale; but there are plenty of ways of getting them. It is to be noticed that the boxes are made with absolute plainness; there is not a molding nor a chamfer to be seen, much less any tiles let in, or any rosettes stuck on. When it is done, and set up in its polished plainness (oiled and rubbed, not varnished), with its mild-shining brasses, my lady shall devise for the top a covering of plush or velvet hanging over a little at each end, and over this a strip of linen with fringed or embroidered ends; and then, with the swing-glass in its place and the needful nothings of the toilet in theirs,—the result ought to commend itself alike to the mind and the eye.

The French piece (Cut No. 2) is redeemed from commonplace by the fine brasses with which it is ornamented; the general form is good, and many years' use has proved the bureau a comfortable one; not too high nor taking up too much room on the floor. The ornaments are of that fine brass in which the French of the early part of this century worked with so much elegance of taste and fineness of finish, and which we see very coarsely imitated in our own time. The handles of the drawers of this bureau are designed as the necks and heads of swans issuing from a wreath of leaves. They are good, serviceable handles that cannot break nor come off, and they are besides elegant in form.

No 4. SOUTH AMERICAN WATER-PITCHER.

Very little of this early nineteenth century French furniture is met with in this country, nor is it often offered for sale even in Paris. But it is occasionally seen, and as it only gets to our second-hand shops after much domestic tribulation,—the ruin and decay of families,

or a forty years' wandering in the boarding-house desert, in places where neither quails nor manners are to be had,—it often presents a doubtful appearance to the rummaging eye. But if it prove to be a genuine piece, and if on close inspection the brass is seen to be as purely chased and sculptured as if it were gold or silver—buy it, by all means ('tis sure to cost but little), and when it has been polished up and set in its place, "I will warrant it to give satisfaction." For, all the French furniture of the old time was well made, and their cheap furniture of to-day is much better made than ours, so long as it is kept at home. When it is brought to this country, however, it does not stand fire at all. Nor, for that matter, does even the foreign furniture that has been made a hundred years resist the furnace heat of our houses. No sooner does winter come than the French furniture—and the English too—begins to gape and yawn and stretch out its arms for home.

Cut No. 3 is another combination lock-up; an antique this time, but with some serviceable modern points about it. It has three drawers on the lower half, which is furnished, as every such piece of furniture ought to be, with strong handles by which it can be drawn out from the wall on sweeping-days; and the upper half has a flap which closes its whole front, and which opens down, stopped at the right angle by a horse-hinge, or some one of the common contrivances for that purpose. A lady would find this a good place for her hats and furs (if there were not too many of them); or, if she were of a literary or financial turn of mind, here is the place for her account-books and her paper.

No 5. A HALF-WAY HOUSE.

Our people do not generally believe in pine, but I think that either of these chests (Nos. 2 and 3) would look very pretty made of pine and stained a good red, or a good black, or simply left the self-color of the pine, and shellacked. I was, the other day, in one of Mr. McKim's houses in which all the interior fittings were designed by him to be executed in common pine, and it is long since I have been in so cheerful and comfortable looking a house. The wood-

work was not skimped, there was enough of it to make you aware of its presence, and to aid the liberally welcomed sunshine in giving a warm and hospitable look to the rooms. I think of this house just now because the owner had employed the village carpenter to make some pieces of furniture of pine-wood, and they had proved more fortunate than such ventures often do. But it is greatly to be wished that more people would risk the experiment. It is the only way I see to get cheap furniture that shall be well made. In this case some picture in a book or journal was shown to the carpenter, and he was asked to come as near it as he could, and, being a workman with some taste and sense of proportion, he managed to solve his problem with considerable success. The work is often in these cases done with thoroughness: the trouble begins when the thing is to be ornamented. Then the fatal facility of machine work, scroll sawing, knobs and rosettes stuck on, comes in to spoil what might otherwise have proved a sensible piece.

Why would it not be a good plan for three or four or half a dozen people living in a country place, to club together, and, taking some one of the pictures in these SCRIBNER articles which they all agree to think well of, to ask some architect,—Mr. McKim, Mr. Babb, or any other man of taste and sense,—to make the necessary working-drawings for the village carpenter? Each contributor could then order his piece made of the wood he might prefer, and no two of the pieces need be exactly alike. This plan, I think, would give better results in most cases than trusting to any carpenter, however clever, to translate one of these drawings into *his* vernacular.

Cut No. 4 is a South American pitcher, members of whose family may be seen at china shops in this city, and which ought to find a readier sale than they do. They are made of red clay like that used for flower-pots; the cover is removable and can be used or not, and for once I am able to say with a cheerful heart and a clear conscience, that here is something that may fairly be called cheap. "Cheap, call I it, for to define true cheapness, what is it but to be nothing else but your money's worth?" This pitcher cost a dollar and a half, there or there-about, "a little more than one, and less than two," but it may be that no one of my readers who shall go to look for one will like it when he finds it. The ware is too coarse to suit many; ladies especially will object that it is not as agreeable to handle as the smooth French porcelain.

I recommended this particular pitcher the other day to a lady who wanted a water-holder to go with one of the painted and lacquered wooden bowls of which there was mention and a picture in the January SCRIBNER. There is a good deal of South American and Spanish, Italian and Portuguese peasant-pottery, that would be very useful to us in this country where nothing but French and English wares are to be had. I wonder some traveler with time and money (not much of the latter is needed), and wanting employment, does not go about Europe and collect a ship-load of the jolly water-vessels that are made by the hundred thousand in all the Mediterranean lands, and which we know would have a great popularity here, because every scrap that was sent to Philadelphia was caught up before the distracted owners had learned to translate *maravedis* into dollars.

The wooden bowls just spoken of were mistakenly called by me Siamese, whereas I am assured that they are Russian. I find, too, that they are by no means as uncommon as I fancied them, and I am glad to be able to add them, too, to my small but hopeful list of cheap utilities and prettinesses. They are so handsome and so useful that I think many of my readers will thank me for letting them know about them. They come in sets of four, and sometimes more. The sets of four cost two dollars and a half, or if the most ornamented ones are chosen, three dollars. They are to be had in New York and Boston.*

As for the rest of the toilet furniture, there need be no difficulty, surely, in supplying one's needs nowadays, for pretty and useful trays and small dishes may be found anywhere,—at Collamore's, at Vantine's, at Drake's, at Hawkins's, at Cook's,—that is, provided the searcher does not insist upon

* The address of the Boston dealer who has the Russian bowls for sale is Frank B. Norris, successor to E. C. Dyer, 56 Summer street, corner of Arch street, Room No. 8. The bowls I have lately seen were purchased of a New York dealer, and ranged smaller and larger than those bought in Boston. The smallest of the Boston bowls is six inches in diameter; the largest is about a foot in diameter. The largest of the New York bowls, I should think, must be thirteen or fourteen inches across, and this makes a comfortable bowl for washing. Their decoration is in red and black on a dull gold ground. No two are alike in design; the work is coarse but effective. These bowls will stand boiling water, and they are very light to handle.

having his soap-dish, his brush-tray, his bowl and pitcher all blood relations.

Cut No. 5 will be recognized by many of the readers of this article as an indispensable part of the furniture of the bedroom in old-time days. These bedside chairs, with their great ears, and their ample breadth, and depth, and height, were a sort of half-way house between the bed just left, or just about to be entered, and the world of active work. You slid out of bed into this hospitable lap, and having just put Satan behind you, with his multiform and multitudinous arguments against getting up in general, you now proceeded to meet a second series of objections to putting on your stockings. If my readers shall object to this chair as an encourager of laziness, I will change my commendation and speak of it as an excellent resting-place when one is tired, or convalescent. Having persuaded them to let me smuggle it into their rooms on this plea, I am sure they will end by agreeing with me as to the desirableness of having such a chair in the house. As for the making of it,—I doubt if one could get such a thing made nowadays. It is not elegant enough. But there are plenty of them to be bought out of old houses in New England; and once restuffed and covered with a flowered chintz, they are ready to serve a new generation as they served the last. It is worth while having a slight attack of the measles just for the pleasure of getting well and eating a baked apple out of an "old blue" saucer in front of a sea-coal fire, sitting in this chair.

No 6. FRENCH WASH-STAND.—JAPANESE TOWEL-RACK.

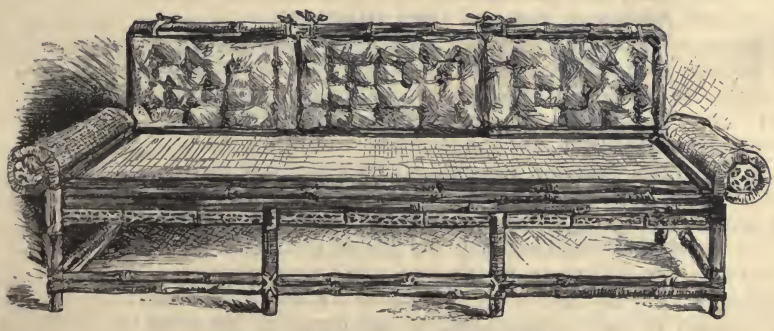
"For wash-stands," as Lord Bacon would say, "they are better open than closed." I think cupboards and shut-up places are to be avoided. The best for a wash-stand is a table, of a size appropriate to your room, with a drawer and a shelf below. Cut No. 6 is a good type of wash-stand,—a French example,—with perhaps more of a look of English comfortableness and enjoyment of the water-privilege than one associates with the French. In Paris, a large wash-basin is called an English basin, and certainly the basins provided for the French market by the manufacturers are of singular smallness. But I am not intending to join

the sniffers at French cleanliness. I found them every whit as neat as ourselves, or as their neighbors, the English, with their enormous appliances for "cleaning themselves," and "tubbing,"—two odious phrases which they are fond of, and with which they make washing and bathing seem very vulgar employment. Paris is abundantly provided with baths, none of them free, I believe, but all very cheap, and they are much frequented. A French lady was once asked why the wash-basins in general use in Paris are so small. Her explanation was, that French ladies are always washed before they get up by their maids, and that little bowls are more handy than big ones, and can be often emptied and filled.

At the time when this French wash-stand was made, English fashions were the fashion in Paris, and ever since they have rather gained than lost in favor. This wash-stand is an example more elegant than is commonly met with, of a style much used in Paris, and very little known here. In Paris they have great furniture establishments, on the same principle as our "Stewart's," where one can go with whatever purse and find what he needs. Here are the most modest outfits, and, in the fashion of the day, the most expensive; and here one can order made what he fancies. We have one vast establishment for the manufacture of furniture in this city, but it is only for the making of costly (or seeming costly) articles. No poor student, no young couple starting off in life with a purse that has a bottom, no people settling in the great city for a winter's social enjoyment, need go to this place to get their wants supplied. It is a pity there were not such a place; but in New York at least, if not in America, you are well enough off if you are miserably poor, and well enough off if you are comfortably rich; but if you are neither one nor the other, Heaven help you! Agar was not a New-Yorker; had he been, he never would have prayed as he did. He would have said: "Give me *either* poverty or riches"; and pert Nerissa, had she been born in Gotham instead of in Venice, would never have uttered her lady-in-waiting wisdom: "It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean." In New York, alas, it is very mean happiness indeed.

In these great warehouses of the Faubourg St. Antoine, then, you find the jolliest little wash-stands,—the lower half a chest of drawers, and on top, a marble slab with holes cut in it for the different vessels: the basin, the water carafe, the tumblers, the soap-cup, and brush-tray, over all which apparatus shuts down a cover, that when opened and standing upright, bears a mirror, of no particular use that I could ever see, since it is not, of course, high enough to reflect one's face; but the French are plainly of the mind that a mirror can never come amiss. In order to allow of this cover shutting down over the whole apparatus of the wash-stand, the pitcher is made of the most amusing *flatness*. It often looks as if it had been sat upon before it was baked! But it does its duty like a man for all that! Another Yankee contrivance in these wash-stands is to have the top slide out bodily,

No. 8. A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.



No. 7. CHINESE SOFA, MADE OF BAMBOO.

No. 9. SHELVES FOR A CORNER.

so that it will project two or three inches from the face of the drawers below. This is in order to prevent the front of the piece from being spattered when we are washing our face o' mornings. The towel-rack at the side of this stand is a Japanese affair made of wood stained black and lacquered, and mounted with brass.

Such a wash-stand as this was once brought home to America and had its marble slab broken (of course) in being carried a short distance from New York on the railroad. To do the company justice, they paid damages; but instead of attempting to replace the pretty French marble, its owner made a slab of tiles take its place. The tiles were small, an inch and a half square, and were laid in putty. The slab, when finished, was thicker than the marble one had been, for the French can cut their marble very thin, and I think the tiles alone were thicker than the original top. The wooden flooring on which from necessity they were placed, and the putty on which they were laid, made the whole thicker and heavier. But it cost a little less than to have replaced the marble, and the look of it when done was more attractive; and then, the tiles will not stain with water, and are far less liable than marble to resent the bangs that patient furniture of the unwary servant takes.

I have encouraged my little bamboo sofa, Cut No. 7, to believe that she will make many friends in society, and that all those who know how to value modest merit will invite her to visit them. She does not make the least pretense in the world,—her only claim upon our hearts is, that she will do her best to make us comfortable. The cushions do not belong to her by birth-right; and in order to show that the seat is of bamboo also, Mr. Lathrop has taken off the cushion that covers the seat from end to end. There are three cushions that rest against the back, to which they are further tied by pieces of the stuff with which they are bound. This sofa came from Mr. Vantine's.

Cuts 8 and 9 are only hints of simple picturesqueness. The three corner shelves, —the longest at the top instead of at the bottom,—and the corner stand, with its rounded top shelf supporting a water-cistern and its rectangular lower stories, may please some people by their unexpectedness as well as by their usefulness. Mr. Lathrop devised as well as drew them.

ELEGY ON A. G. L.

(Dec. 15th, 1876.)

I.

I stood at morn, amid tempestuous strife
Of wintry winds, and saw or seemed to see
All like a dim and cruel pageantry,
Thy gentle presence pass from out my life.
And voices wild and strange rose to the skies,—
The sounds of dolorous greetings, tear-choked sighs
Rang like a quivering echo through my soul,
And back into my solitude I stole;
For then the measure of my grief was rife.
They say, sweet friend, that in that realm enchanted
Where thou hast fled,—upon that unknown shore,
Amid unfading day thy life is planted
To bloom in health and joy forevermore.
But ah, the very thought is fraught with dread;
To me, sweet friend, to me thou still art dead!

II.

At thy deserted chamber long I stood,
What time the wintry daylight westward waned.
There desolation chill relentless reigned,
And thronging memories the pang renewed.
For all bore here the impress of thy thought,—
A subtle fragrance from thy being caught.
For evermore some essence fugitive
Of thy young voice will linger here and live
About this frame,—these sprigs of briar-wood.
Ah, tell me not then, other friends are left!
It gives but keenness to the sting of grief;
For sadder than all else to hearts bereft
Is the cold vision of time's sure relief.
To-day, O friend, I rather would foresee
A life of sorrow consecrate to thee!

III.

Thine was a spirit, tender, rich and rare,
And purer than the stainless Northland snow;
Still womanly, whose sympathetic glow
Ennobled all that breathed its finer air.
To me—alas! what thou hast been to me
I cannot tell thee now, though mournfully
I ponder on the riddles dark that meet
My gaze where'er I turn. Thy presence sweet
Still through long years of vigil I may share.
For if from that enchanted spirit-land
Thy healthful thought into my soul may shine,
(E'en though thy voice be still, and cold thy hand)
To lift my life and make it pure as thine;
Then, though thy place on earth a void must be,
Beloved friend, thou art not dead to me!

CLAUDIAN.

THE curricula of our universities and colleges, in the classical department, leave the graduates in ignorance of some of the most beautiful productions of ancient literature. This observation is made not as a matter of unfriendly criticism, but as a subject of regret. No preliminary course of study—and for a scholar the university or college furnishes nothing else—can be expected to embrace more than is needed to render the subsequent steps in the literary career a labor of love and not of compulsion. It is reserved to the Burtons, the Felthams, the Vincent Bournes and the Gladstones to gather the flowers which bloom beyond the range of the academic workshops. I remember, in reading one of Thackeray's works, which abounds in Latin quotations, to have found that, with two or three exceptions, they were taken from Horace and Virgil, indicating that his classical researches did not probably go much beyond the academic epoch; and yet there are few other of the Latin poets who furnish more passages worthy of being remembered than Ovid and Claudian. The latter, except to scholars, is nearly unknown among us; and it is with a view to reclaim him from this *quasi* oblivion that this article is prepared.

Claudian (the last of the Latin poets) had the pre-eminent merit of reviving, when the literature of Rome had reached a deplorable state of decadence, the poetic vigor and grace of the Augustan era. He appeared as a writer near the close of the fourth century; and, though a native of Egypt and educated as a Greek, his mastery of the Latin language, in his earliest productions, seems to have been perfect.

Niebuhr, in his "Lectures on the History of Rome," says: "Claudian's language leaves nothing to be desired; we see that

his acquisition of the Latin language had been a task of love. He is a truly poetic genius, though after the fashion of the later Greek poets. He possesses an extraordinary command of mythological lore; his language has a beautiful flow and great elegance; we read his poems with almost the same pleasure as we derive from those of Ovid."

Schoell, in his "History of Roman Literature," styles Claudian a poet worthy of a more brilliant age, and after a reference to some of his writings he adds: "In spite of his faults, Claudian is perhaps, after Statius, the Latin epic poet who approaches nearest to Virgil, particularly in some of his descriptions and comparisons; and his genius appears still greater when we consider the epoch in which he lived."

Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," renders him the following tribute: "He was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest, of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar, topics; his coloring, more especially in descriptive poetry, is soft and splendid; and he seldom fails to display, and even to abuse, the advantages of a cultivated understanding, a copious fancy, an easy and sometimes forcible expression, and a perpetual flow of harmonious versification. To these commendations, independent of any actions of time and place, we must add the peculiar merit which Claudian derived from the unfavorable circumstances of his birth. In the decline of arts and of empire, a native of Egypt, who had received the education of a Greek, assumed in a mature age the familiar use and absolute command of the Latin language, soared above the heads of his feeble contemporaries, and placed himself, after an interval of three hundred years, among the poets of ancient Rome."

Famianus Strada, the author of the "War in Flanders" (*De Bello Belgico*), in his "Prolusiones Academicæ," describes an imaginary pageant given to Leo the Tenth, in which Claudian is ranked with the most distinguished Latin poets, and is made to figure with Lucretius, Ovid, Lucan, Virgil and Statius, who recited compositions illustrative of their respective styles in the presence of the assembled multitude. The account of this fictitious literary exhibition is contained in the 115th, 119th and 122d numbers of the "Guardian." "Claudian," says the narrator, "had no sooner finished but the assembly rang with acclamations made in his praise. His finest beauty, as every one owned, was the clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings off so frequent in the works of other poets."

There are few of the Latin poets who will be read with more pleasure. The following translation of one of his lighter productions affords a tolerable illustration of the ease and grace of his style,—at least as much so as is attainable from a transfusion of his thoughts into a language differing so widely in its structure from the original. I have endeavored to render line for line—a task of almost insuperable difficulty.

THE OLD MAN WHO NEVER LEFT THE SUBURB OF VERONA.

Happy is he, who in paternal fields,
And in the self-same house his life has passed,
Whose sturdy hand, where once he crept, now wields
The staff of age:—one home, his first and last.
No fickle Fortune drags him in her train,
He drains no unknown cup in foreign lands;
Nor war, nor commerce, gives him fear or pain;
He never in the brawling forum stands.
To business and to neighboring towns unknown,
He breathes the freer air as 'twere his own;
By crops, and not by Consuls, marks the year—
The spring by flowers, by fruits the autumn sere.
The same field greets the risen and setting sun;
Within its sphere his daily course is run.
He saw the lofty oak spring from the mold,
He sees the grove, with him once young, grown old.
Far as dark Ind he near Verona deems,
Like the Red Sea, the Lake Benacus seems.
In limb and vigor firm he moves along,
At threescore years and ten, robust and strong.
Let others far Iberia's ways unravel—
He will have more of life, they more of travel.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM EGRESSUS EST.—CLAUD. LII.

Felix, qui patriis ævum transegit in agris;
Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem;
Qui baculo nitens, in qua reptavit arena,
Unius numeret sæcula longa caso.
Illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu,
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas:
Non freta mercator tremuit, non classica miles;
Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
Indocilis rerum, vicinæ nescius urbis,
Adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.
Frugibus alternis, non Consule, computat annum;
Autumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
Idem condit ager soles, idemque reducit,
Metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem.
Ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quercum,
Aequævumque videt consenuisse nemus.
Proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis
Benacumque putat litora rubra lacum.
Sed tamen indomitæ vires, firmisque lacertis
Aetas robustum tertia cernit avum.
Erret et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos:
Plus habet hic vitæ, lus habet pille viæ.

OF WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

DEAD AT PITTSFIELD, MASS. 1876.

O POOR Romancer,—thou whose printed page,
Filled with rude speech and ruder forms of strife,
Was given to heroes in whose vulgar rage
No trace appears of gentler ways and life!—

Thou, who wast wont of commoner clay to build
Some rough Achilles or some Ajax tall;
Thou, whose free brush too oft was wont to gild
Some single virtue till it dazzled all;—

What right hast thou beside this laureled bier
Whereon all manhood lies—whereon the wreath
Of Harvard rests, the civic crown, and here
The starry flag, and sword and jeweled sheath?

Seest thou these hatchments? Knowest thou this blood
Nourished the heroes of Colonial days;—
Sent to the dim and savage-haunted wood
Those sad-eyed Puritans with hymns of praise?

Look round thee! Everywhere is classic ground.
There Greylock rears. Beside yon silver "Bowl"
Great Hawthorne dwelt, and in its mirror found
Those quaint, strange shapes that filled his poet's soul.

Still silent, Stranger? Thou, who now and then
Touched the too credulous ear with pathos, canst not speak?
Hast lost thy ready skill of tongue and pen?
What, Jester! Tears upon that painted cheek?

Pardon, good friends! I am not here to mar
His laureled wreaths with this poor tinseled crown,—
This man who taught me how 'twas better far
To be the poem than to write it down.

I bring no lesson. Well have others preached
This sword that dealt full many a gallant blow;
I come once more to touch the hand that reached
Its knightly gauntlet to the vanquished foe.

O pale Aristocrat, that liest there,
So cold, so silent! Couldst thou not in grace
Have borne with us still longer, and so spare
The scorn we see in that proud, placid face?

"Hail and farewell!" So the proud Roman cried
O'er his dead hero. "Hail," but not "farewell."
With each high thought thou walkest side by side;
We feel thee, touch thee, know who wrought the spell!

A WINTER ON THE NILE.

THIRD PAPER.

By George B. McClellan.

THE DAHABEAHS "ALICE" AND "MIGNONNE" AT THE FIRST CATARACT.

We now started on our homeward journey,—very different from that up the river. In descending, when the head-wind is light, the men row, with a long sweep; but if the breeze freshens, rowing is of no avail, and the dahabeah is allowed to float down with the current. If the wind becomes so violent as to counteract the effect of the current, there is no alternative but to seek the most attractive spot on the banks, and tie up until better times arrive. Should there be, by a most unusual chance, a favoring wind, the little sail that in ascending did duty at the stern, is now hoisted on the foremast, and fair progress made. For instance, in passing the great bend from Derr to below Korosko, we traversed on our downward trip in about five and a half hours the distance that required three and a half days of steady tracking as we came up.

In the way of ruins, nothing on the Nile compares with the vicinity of Thebes in the variety and magnitude of the objects of interest. The great city, in the days of its glory, occupied both banks of the river with its temples and abodes for the living, while

its necropolis reached over the western desert into the high cliffs and far up the bleak ravines that intersect the desert hills. Egyptian chronology is still enveloped in great uncertainty, and, especially in regard to the earlier portions of its history, there are wide discrepancies between the dates assigned by different authorities. Quite recently, the well-known "Ebers Papyrus" has afforded the means of fixing the date of the reign of Mycerinus, a member of the Fourth Dynasty, and the builder of the Third Pyramid of Gheezeh. Based upon a statement made in this "Papyrus," independent calculations by two French astronomers have fixed the accession of Mycerinus at about 3000 B. C. If this be so (and there appears no reason to doubt it at present), the long chronology of Mariette Bey must be shortened by some 900 years from the close of the Fourth Dynasty, while that of Wilkinson must be lengthened more than 500 years. This new discovery tends to show that the First Theban Dynasty came into power somewhere from 2200 B. C. to 2500 B. C., while it does not necessarily affect the date of accession of the Tanite Dynasty that followed the last Theban. It may, then, pretty safely be assumed that for a period of from 1,100 to 1,400 years, Thebes was the capital of the Egyptian monarchy. This period embraces the most prosperous portion of its history, when its wealth was greatest, its area most extensive, and its foreign conquests were pushed to the furthest limits. Among the monarchs who rendered the Egyptian name illustrious, the greatest ruled while Thebes was the capital: the Osirtasens, the Amunophs, the Thotmes, Sethi, and the Rameses. It was probably during the sway of the Theban Dynasties that Abraham and Joseph entered Egypt, and there is good reason to believe that not long before the scepter passed into other hands, Moses led out his people upon the most memorable of journeys.

Yet, with the exception of ruined temples and violated tombs, there is not now to be seen a vestige of the City of the Hundred Gates; not another indication that one of the greatest cities of the world ever extended its streets and houses over the green fields that stretch out on the banks of the Nile. The space once teeming with the busy haunts of men and resonant with countless cries is now silent and forsaken, save for the petty village of Luxor, on the eastern bank, covering not much more than the ruins of a single temple; while on the western bank one sees only a few laborers in the fields, and hears only the shrill clamor of a few scores of beggars persecuting the strangers from far-off lands. When there, one is almost tempted to ask why these splendid temples were erected so far from the abodes of men, and whence were brought the occupants of the vast necropolis! The ruins and tombs of the western bank are all remote from the river, so that a visit occupies the greater portion of a day. Were I to make the Nile trip again, I should arrange to camp near the Rameseum for three or four days, and at the Tombs of the Kings for at least one night.

The most celebrated, probably, of the ruins in this quarter are the two colossal statues of Amunoph III., one of which is known as the Vocal Memnon. They were doubtless very grand when perfect, but are now much defaced, and more impressive

A GLANCE AT LUXOR.

from a distance than upon close view, so that it needs all the effect of the association of ideas and some considerable effort of the imagination to make them very admirable. Not far from the Colossi is the ruined temple known as the Rameseum, erected by Rameses the Great, that master builder to whom Aboo Simbel, much of Karnak, and so many other glorious structures are due. The Rameseum is sadly ruined, but still of great interest. Scattered through its courts are the fragments of the granite Colossus of its builder, the largest statue in Egypt. On the walls of the Pylon are sculptures of great interest, explaining many of the details of Egyptian warfare. Battles, pursuits and sieges are so well depicted as to require no explanation, and one fortified camp is shown. On the Pylon, as well as in other battle scenes depicted on other portions of the building, the great king himself is shown, the bravest of the brave, a giant among pigmies, routing armies by his single arm. The extensive and better preserved temples of Medinet Haboo are in the same neighborhood. The larger temple contains the remains of a portion of the supposed palace of its builder, Rameses III., the last of the great conquerors. On the walls of these ruins, the king is represented as surrounded and attended by the ladies of his harem, and these sculptures are worthy of study as perhaps giving some insight into the interior life of the palace. The principal court of the temple is remarkably fine, and has many interesting paintings representing processions in singular detail and perfection. On the whole, after Karnak, Medinet Haboo is one of the finest remains in Egypt. Turning northward from the Rameseum, one soon reaches the lower desert plateau, at the foot of the Lybian Hills. Proceeding for nearly a couple of miles over the waste, which is here a part of the ancient cemetery, every foot occupied by graves, one enters a desolate valley of sand and rock, and, climbing to its head, reaches the temple of Dahr el Bahree. This, like Abydos, is of a white limestone, almost marble, and contains brilliant paintings in excellent preservation. Many of the chambers are filled with mummies. The cliffs above and around it are honeycombed with tombs; the valley is crowded with them; nowhere else in the world, probably, is one so completely in the midst of the abodes of the dead as here. No royal tombs are known in this vicinity, but there are private tombs of every degree, from the pits into which the mummies of the poor were indiscriminately thrown, through the tombs of wealthy citizens, up to such a vast series of excavations as the labyrinth of halls, chambers and stair-ways that led to the last resting-place of the Priest Petamunoph. In many of these tombs the sculptures and paintings are perfectly preserved; and as they represent the avocations of the deceased, and almost all the processes of agriculture, manufacture, the arts, the chase,

GREAT PYLON OF PHILÆ AND APPROACHES.

the daily work of private life and its amusements, they are the source from which the most valuable information about the life of the old Egyptian has been derived. They are worth long and careful study, and, with "Wilkinson" in hand, are easily understood. The Tombs of the Kings are approached most readily from Goonah, a little below Karnak. The path soon leaves the green fields, and enters a savage valley that forms a fit approach to the royal cemetery. For some three miles you follow the gorge. Not a blade of grass, not a particle of vegetation greets the eye, but the path winds among steep slopes of rock as bare, hot and desolate as anything can be in nature, passing over the same ground as that on which trod the solemn processions that bore Sethi and the Third Rameses to their last resting-places. When the end of the journey is reached there is nothing to be seen but some small door-ways, here and there, leading into the rock. Traversing the long, descending gallery, you reach the great halls and rooms, and all the glories of a royal tomb are revealed. Save where the hand of man has been stretched out to destroy, you see the luxurious furniture of the palace, the weapons of war, the dress and lineaments of the king, his actions in life, the judgment he was to meet when dead—as clearly depicted and in as brilliant colors as when, long centuries ago, the artists' work was finished and the doors closed, as they thought, until the final resurrection. All the ingenuity of the architects was brought to bear in devising concealed doors, covered pits, blinded galleries, to mislead the intruder, and preserve intact the body of the king until, when the last trump sounded, his soul might return to the gorgeous resting-place of his body, and again re-animate it after the lapse of thousands on thousands of years. But, alas for human expectations, you search in vain for the royal mummies! All have disappeared, no one knows whither.

I have never met with any description of Karnak that conveys a just impression of that most wonderful of the works of human hands. It is a vast mass, a congeries, a city of temples that defies description. Commenced by Osirtasen, probably 4,000 years ago, added to by the Amunophs, the Thotmes, Sethi, the Rameses, and even by the Ptolemies, its construction covers a period extending from the beginning of the Theban Dynasties almost to the time when Egypt became a Roman province. The great temple is itself a series of temples of various ages; it is a vast mass of courts with gigantic columns, some standing erect in perfect condition, others prone on the earth; of shrines and chambers; of huge pylons; of obelisks, colossi, vast walls covered with historic sculptures, avenues of sphinxes, sacred lakes, detached temples,—in brief, of every construction that went toward the making up of Egyptian sacred edifices. On its walls are detailed the campaigns of some of the greatest of the conquerors. One finds there the names of many subject peoples, among whom are the Jews. Karnak requires many a visit;—by day, to examine the details; by the full moon, to enjoy the wonderful picture that presents itself, but which no pen nor pencil can describe. By the side of Karnak, the Coloseum, the Baths of Caracalla, the temples of Pæstum, sink into comparative nothingness, and are mere modern toys.

At Philæ we spent some eight days in all, and enjoyed every moment of the time, for in itself and its surroundings it is the most lovely spot on all the Nile. The photographic views give some faint idea of Philæ; but when so much depends upon coloring and atmospheric effects, no mere engraving, nor even a painting, can do full justice. It is a small island, a couple of miles above the First Cataract. Rising some thirty or forty feet above the water, covered with palm groves and massive structures, it is a beautiful object from any point of view, but particularly as approached from the Cataract. For some distance after leaving the head of the rapids, the view is limited on every side by sand and rock, until a sharp bend of the river in an instant brings Philæ into view. And what a picture! The framework, on either hand, is of lofty masses of dark granite, piled in such weird and fantastic forms that you cannot blame the simple Arabs for believing it the work of Titans or of devils. In the foreground flows Father Nile, swift, but shining and placid, in striking contrast with the roar and rush of tumbling waters just left behind. In the background, on the left, is the long line of rich palm-groves of Berbe, at the foot of the bare high hills bounding the Ababde desert; further to the right is the enchanting isle of Philæ, backed by the same desolate hills.

The island was once surrounded by a revetment wall, now perfect only in parts. The whole surface is covered by the ruins of temples, and the remains of an old Coptic village. The great temple skirts the western

side of the island, and is so well preserved as to afford an admirable study of the late Egyptian architecture, while in every regard it gratifies the taste for the picturesque. Irregular in the extreme, it quite defies description. From the southern end of the island a long colonnade leads to the main propylon. This colonnade was not entirely finished so far as the details of decoration are concerned, but presents the wonderful variety of ornament, so characteristic of the Egyptian taste; no two columns are precisely alike; in form, in details of decoration, a most fertile imagination presided over the planning of the work. The existing temple is on the site of an older one, and contains cartouches and inscriptions of the Ptolemies and the Roman emperors. Through the great propylon you pass into a large court, with corridors on either side; then through another propylon, into a corridor with lofty columns, —still preserving much of their brilliant coloring,—and thence into the adytum and its adjacent rooms. The mass of the temple is in excellent preservation, and the details of painting and sculpture in such condition that one can spend many days most pleasantly in careful study of the wonderful scene. Among the countless inscriptions upon the walls is one which tended to reconcile us with our own age. From the Pyramids to Aboo Simbel, one is constantly shocked by the odious vulgarity and vanity of modern travelers, who have painted and carved their names in most conspicuous places, defacing objects of art, and proclaiming their own idiocy. But the inscription I allude to dates from the times of the Cæsars, and shows that human nature is much the same in all ages. It is as follows:

I TREBONIUS PORICULA HIC FUI
C NUMONIUS VALA HIC FUI
CAESARI XIII C C VIII K' APRILES K

For Poricula read Smith, and for Vala read Jenkins, and no other change is needed to carry us at one leap over a score of centuries.

There is a modern inscription within the walls of the propylon which does not impress one as misplaced. It is that which records the passage of Desaix's Division of the conquering army of Bonaparte. At Edfoo, also, on the walls of some of the chambers of the propylon, are the names of soldiers of the "21me Regiment," forming part of the same expedition. These men had good right to inscribe their names, but the modern paint-pot of a cockney idiot is a very different thing. One of the most graceful objects on the island is a separate and unfinished temple overlooking the eastern bank. An arch of Roman times, in the midst of a little palm-grove, some detached chapels, and the crowded ruins of Coptic houses—with scarcely traces of a lane between them—complete the surface of the island. In the historical interest with which it is invested as the chief seat of the worship of Isis; crowned with imposing and beautiful ruins; lovely in itself and in its situation; far away from the common tracks of travel,—it is incomparable among the islets of the globe. Nothing can be more delightful than Philæ in the perfect repose and brilliancy of a full Egyptian moon, when one can wander from ruin to ruin, climb the lofty pylons, or rest on some fallen stone, without a sound or a living object to withdraw the mind from the exquisite beauty of the present, and the thought of the scenes enacted here in the past!

Nothing can be more pure, solemn, beautiful and grand, than a moonlight night in Egypt—whether upon the desert, or the sweeping Nile, or in some such mighty relic of the past as Philæ or Karnak; but it is more especially in the midst of the wreck of huge masses built by man, and intended for eternity, that the mind inevitably reverts to man himself, his power and his weakness, his mighty aspirations and weak performances, his self-sufficiency and utter helplessness.

But we did not devote our moonlight nights entirely to the ruins.

In our little boats, decked out with many bright-colored lanterns, we would row time and again around the lovely island, or down through the granite gates toward the Cataract,—the oarsmen singing their wild, almost unearthly, Arab songs, so weird that they accorded well with the hour and the moonlight scene. Talk of moonlight rides in gondolas on the Lagoon or the Grand Canal of Venice, in a caïque on the Bosphorus, or on the waters of lovely Como! I have tried them all, and in the best of company; but they are all tame and commonplace in comparison with a sandal ride around Philæ! Now in mid-river, with the wonderfully brilliant moonlight glittering on the silent stream, and illuminating temple, palm-grove and hills; now passing into the dense shadow of the temple, close under its dark walls; now emerging again, and descending between the black granite gates,

until the roar of the Cataract becomes plainly audible, and the golden sands of the desert lend to the moonlight a warmer hue; the purest air around, and the stars shining with a brilliancy unknown in our clime. No other land, no other place, can show the like; and it was always with keen regret that we returned to our floating home, and bade adieu to the gorgeous spectacle. While we loitered at Philæ, many travelers arrived who, after a hot ride from Asswan over the scorching sands, spent a few hours among the ruins in the hottest part of the day; lunched wearily, and then returned as they came to their dahabeahs at Asswan. These good people doubtless thought they had "done" Philæ. So they had; but they left as they came, without the faintest idea of its beauty and its charms.

Murray devotes a couple of lines to El Esserad, saying that it is noted for its numerous turkeys; he might have said that it possesses the best horses and riders on the Nile. Close to it lives Sheik Achmet, the descendant and representative of the warlike sheiks of the Howara Arabs, who long possessed this region and ruled it well. He owns large landed estates, under good cultivation, and lives surrounded by his younger brothers, numerous sons, and I know not how many retainers, who seem to look up to him much as their ancestors did to his. The family inherit that skill in horsemanship and love for fine animals that have made the name a synonym, in Egypt, for horseman. Very rarely and under special circumstances, Sheik Achmet has given to travelers exhibitions of the Arab sport of the Gereed. Having letters to him, I sent my dragoman to say that, if quite convenient to him, it would afford us infinite pleasure to see the game played by such distinguished players. The prompt reply was a polite and cordial invitation to visit El Esserad; so, with some friends who happened to be with us at the time, we sailed for the home of the Sheik of the Howaras. Immediately upon our arrival, he called, accompanied by his brothers, sons, and a numerous retinue. He is a fine old man, very dignified and courteous, a true gentleman of the East. After the indispensable pipes, coffee and sherbet, he left, it being agreed that we should go to his home at eleven the next day. I observed that on his departure he was accompanied only by his brothers and the retinue; the sons, of whom there were half a dozen or so, and a few of their attendants, remaining on the upper deck. Pretty soon my dragoman intimated to me that now the old people were out of the way, a little refreshment stronger than sherbet would be acceptable to the young gentlemen. They remained pretty late, and before departing managed, in a quiet way, to make so great an inroad into our stock of champagne, brandy, ale, etc. (for all seemed good fish that came into their net), that we had serious fears as to our ability to entertain future visitors, and were in no little doubt as to their ability to ride next day. But when they returned in the morning, they were fresh as larks; so I fear they had tried the same experiment before.

At the hour named we started in solemn procession for the house, not having, I confess, a very clear idea of what awaited us. Madame, who was not well enough to walk to the house, headed the procession, in the long sea-chair of bamboo that had been such a comfort on the trip, carried by the four strong men who had borne her on their shoulders on all our trips on shore; the rest of the party followed, and after us pretty much all the servants and crews, so that we must have counted more than fifty in all. I have spoken of the *house* of Sheik Achmet, but that does not describe his residence, which in fact consisted of a number of buildings, including even a mosque, built around the four sides of a square, leaving in the middle a large court,—the entrance being through a gate-way arched in the Moorish style. Most of the buildings were of stone, and some had no small pretensions to architectural effect. Before reaching the gate, we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of the dependents of the sheik, assembled to see the games and the guests. At the gate, Sheik Achmet met us, and we were at once assailed by an indescribable din of Oriental drums that nearly deafened us. Escorted by the sheik and his family and accompanied by the music, we proceeded across the court to a loggia, where divans and carpets were arranged for our accommodation. Everything in the establishment seems just as it was some hundreds of years ago,—thoroughly Arab,—and I cannot doubt that for many generations back, the forefathers of those who were about to play for us had taken part in the same sport in the same court-yard, and that, too, when the game was something more than a mere amusement—a preparation for the combats then so frequent. When we had seen the Gereed, it was evident that in its origin it was an exercise designed to accustom rider and horse

to those rapid movements required in the single combats so frequent in Arab warfare.

Soon after our arrival, five horses were brought in, richly caparisoned in the Moorish style: powerful Moorish bits, with the ring encircling the lower jaw; short stirrups, serving also as spurs; the high saddle, covered with velvet housings, embroidered and fringed with gold; heavy gold fringes on the neck and breast of the horses. All the horses were good, some very fine. Five sons of Sheik Achmet, all clad in Oriental robes of brilliant silks, all wearing the turban, now mounted, and the sport began. It consisted mainly of dashing across the court at full speed, and suddenly bringing up the horses on their haunches, and of riding rapidly around one another in various circles, lunging and parrying with long, light lance-poles, one endeavoring to gain the unguarded flank of another. It was an admirable display of horsemanship, and with the fine carriage of the animals, the superb riding, the rich and graceful robes of the men, and the housings of the horses, formed a remarkable spectacle. It was a scene of another age and of another race, and the first thought that occurred to all of us was that at last we could realize the games that graced the festivals of the Alhambra. Among those who took part were two very marked men who happened to be the best and most daring riders; these were the oldest and the youngest of those who rode. The elder was a powerfully built man of about forty, perhaps five feet eight in height, with an intelligent and very determined countenance, though there was nothing unpleasant in it. The other could not have been more than twenty; light and graceful as possible, with a charming face full of intelligence and good-nature, yet strong and full of courage, he was the beau ideal of a noble young man, while the elder looked like a soldier hardened by many campaigns. The youngster's horse was trained to kneel and lie down and rise again to the sound of a drum, and this was the amusing part of the exhibition. A brace of wild Arabs danced frantically in front of the noble bay, wildly beating their drums until he knelt, and at last stretched himself at full length on the ground, the young sheik keeping his seat until the horse rolled over on his side. After this part of the show was over, dinner was served in the loggia in pure Arab style. Large trays of polished brass, around which six or eight could sit, were brought in and placed on low stools, and we seated ourselves around them on the rugs. Then ewers and basins, with napkins none too clean, were passed around that we might cleanse our hands. The dinner was well cooked and very elaborate, consisting of soup, vegetables, various meats, sweet dishes, and at the end, rice. Of course there were neither spoons, knives, forks, nor plates. The soup was managed by dipping bread into the dish, the other viands with bread and the fingers as best we could. Unhappily, I occupied a place by the side of the master of the feast, and as, with his naked hand, he tore off huge shreds of flesh from the great joint before him, and handed them to me with a polite smile, I groaned at the oft-repeated, never-ending task. It was an excellent dinner, and we were very glad to partake of it, but I think none of us regretted that our ways were different. At last our eyes were gladdened by the re-appearance of the ewers and basins, and we rose from the floor richer in experience, and quite satiated with the Oriental table. The hospitable sheik entertained our followers as well, and none went away fasting. After dinner the ladies paid a very satisfactory visit to the harem, and exercised their medical skill, we hope with no ill effects to the patient. They saw here more beauty than anywhere else in Egypt, and were, I think, better pleased than with any of the numerous harem visits they made.

Then came more fine riding; this time accompanied by the throwing of javelins at each other when at full speed. The javelins were straight stems of the palm, and the skill consisted not only in the accuracy of throwing the weapon, but in the activity shown in avoiding the blow. At last we returned to our boats, attended by the Sheik and his sons. Such presents as we had to give—from a double-barreled breech-loader and cartridge, down to kid gloves, cravats, cologne, etc., were received with much pleasure, and I think we were well satisfied with one another. I regret to be obliged to state that the younger members of the sheik's family again outstayed their elders, and for the same reason as the day before. Toward sunset we bade our kind hosts good-bye, with many good wishes on both sides and kind invitations to repeat the visit. At length we floated down the river, with the feeling that the day just ended was the most satisfactory and enjoyable we had spent in Egypt. We stopped one day at Bedreshayn, and went through Memphis to Sakkara. From the landing, a very pretty

ride through green fields and superb palm-groves brings you to Mitrahenny, where are mounds covering the site of a portion of Memphis. The overturned colossus, a few granite blocks and fragments of columns, the foundations of some temples, and the mounds, are all that are left to show where Memphis stood. Continuing on through groves and fields, the pretty village of Sakkara is reached,—surrounded by palm-groves of great extent and exquisite beauty,—directly on the edge of the desert. The people of this village are quite white, and the women appear to be remarkably intelligent.

The path now ascends the desert plateau, passes close by the Pyramid of Oonoo-froon, supposed by some to be the oldest structure in the world, and by the house of Mariette Bey, to the mausoleum of Apis. This consists of great galleries cut in the solid rock, with large chambers on either side, in each of which is a huge sarcophagus of black granite, for the body of a sacred bull. Partially illuminated by our torches and Bengal lights, this was one of the most impressive objects in Egypt. From the mortuary tablets of the bulls, Mariette Bey has been enabled to supply many missing links in the old chronology, and has brought to light the names of several forgotten monarchs. Not far away is the tomb of Tih, a wealthy priest of the period of the Sixth Dynasty. This is excavated in a compact fine-grained limestone rock, and is in admirable preservation. The sculptures represent the pursuits of a wealthy land-owner of the time, and illustrate various phases of agriculture, the chase, commerce on the Nile, etc., with wonderful clearness. The beauty of design and the extreme delicacy of the execution of these sculptures prove the great progress already made by Egyptian art in that early day, some 4,600 years ago. In fact the researches of Mariette Bey among the tombs of the Sakkara plateau have brought to light some of the finest works of Egyptian art. For example, there is in the Boolak Museum the wooden portrait statue of a priest of the time of the Fourth Dynasty, which in grace and truth to nature forms a striking contrast with the stiff conventional style of later ages. There is also in the same museum a wonderfully fine pair of sitting statues of a noble and his wife, from the same vicinity and of the same period. Thus far it would appear that in the earliest periods of Egyptian history the arts were in some regards much more perfect than subsequently; and certainly there is no comparison between the oldest sculptures and statues of the old empire and those of the later periods of the new empire. In the former, truth to nature prevails, with great delicacy of execution; in the latter, conventional forms rule and the work is coarser, until at last, under the Ptolemies, it altogether degenerates.

Just one hundred days from the time we went on board our boat, we reached Cairo. The parting from the crew was really a trial, for we had become much attached to them. We had had no trouble, no disagreeable occurrence. Thanks to Achmet, everything had passed most pleasantly. We only regretted that we could not have spent another month in Nubia, and that the delightful Nile trip was among the things of the past.

HARMONY.

He who with bold and skillful hand sweeps o'er
The organ keys of some cathedral pile,
Flooding with music vault and nave and aisle,
While on his ear falls but a thunderous roar,—
In the composer's lofty motive free,
Knows well that all that temple vast and dim,
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm or hymn,
True to the changeless laws of harmony.
So he who on these clanging chords of life,
With firm, sweet touch plays the Great Master's score
Of Truth and Love and Duty, evermore,
Knows too, that far beyond this roar and strife,
Though he may never hear, in the true time,
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime.

THE PITCHER PLANTS.*

THERE are, besides the fungi, a number of plants which seem flatly to deny all the traditions of vegetable life; which do not live solely by the conversion, within their tissues, of the inorganic elements of earth, and air, and water, into organic matter; but which depend, in some measure, for their sustenance, on matter already organized. The distinction generally made by naturalists between the two great kingdoms of organic nature, as we have already seen, is, that while vegetables transmute inorganic, or mineral substances into organic, or those which possess the power of growth and reproduction, animals only reconvert the matter thus transmuted into new organisms. Though this is in a general sense true, yet it does not express the whole truth. Vegetables have, as we very well know, the power of appropriating for their support the results of organic life. The soil in which they grow, and from which they derive their nutriment, is largely made up of the decayed vegetation of a previous growth, and even of decomposing animal matter; while, on the other hand, animals are absolutely dependent for existence upon two elements belonging to the realm of inorganic nature, —air and water.

FIG. 1. UTRICULARIA JAMISONIANA.

A, Plant (natural size). B, leaf bearing utricles (10 diams.); C, single utricle (40 diams.); *a*, *a*, antennæ. [After Oliver.]

The plants to which reference is now made have, however, a power of appropriating organized material and living upon it which is altogether different from anything common to vegetable life. The name carnivorous, or insectivorous plants, is given to them all alike; but it is possible to arrange them into a series which shall represent the gradual divergence from the ordinary vegetable mode of nutrition, till that peculiar to animal life is very nearly approached. This series has nothing whatever to do with botanical classification, but is merely made with reference to organic and functional development. The insectivorous plants may be, for convenience' sake, classified as of two kinds,—those which really digest and assimilate food, and those that secure their prey within some leafy structure, retain it till it is decomposed (a process frequently hastened by some secretion of the organ), and then absorb the liquid compost. This latter class is best represented by our American pitcher plants; and, as its mode of nutrition is most like that of ordinary plant life, it comes first in our series.

In the study of nature, thousands of facts present themselves which must be accepted, and which have yet received no explanation; but besides and beyond this, there is constantly found some subtle link which binds these facts together without apparent reason, so that a development in one direction is invariably accompanied by a correlative development in another; though why this should be, no one has ever been able to guess. The invariability of these relations in anatomical structure enabled Richard Owen to describe, from a single bone, an animal so utterly dissimilar to any living creature that even Murchison, one of the best geologists of his time, entreated him not to give the description of such an anomaly to the public. But Owen's knowledge of comparative anatomy was a sure guide, and did not lead him astray, for a

* The beautiful microscopic slides, from which the drawings for this article are made, were prepared for it by Mr. L. R. Peet, of Baltimore, to whom I would make grateful acknowledgment.

S. B. H.

living representative of the mighty dinornis of geologic times was subsequently found, which proved the truth of his conclusions.

This simultaneous development in different directions from the original form, or correlation, it is, which gives the fixity of relation that enables the naturalist to work

FIG. 2. CELLULAR SURFACE OF UTRICULARIA VULGARIS.

a, Quadrifid processes; *b*, glands; *c*, *c*, cells of the walls of utricle with glands. [From nature.]

in his peculiar field of inquiry. It is the inflexibility of physical laws which alone enables man to use them in order to the carrying out of his purposes; it is the perfect certainty with which he can count upon their action which alone enables him to calculate results; it is the cleft in the rock and not the moving desert-sand that gives foothold to vigorous and upspringing life.

One of these singular correlations for which we can see no possible reason, is the contemporaneous development in plants of the true root and the fibro-vascular bundles of their stems. As the whole aerial portion of the plant becomes more highly organized, the subterranean portion also changes its character. In accommodation with this correlation we find that it is by means of special organs, performing the functions of roots, that plants are lifted one degree higher in the scale of being,—that they approach one step nearer to animal life. Before coming to our main subject,—the American pitcher plants,—there are a few very curious forms which are needed to complete the chain extending from vegetable to animal life, and so binding organic nature into one perfect and harmonious whole. These illustrate the gradual modifications of structure by which true plants gaining their nitrogen by means of roots are bound into unity with animals gaining theirs by means of a process of digestion.

A hasty recapitulation of a few points is here essential, and will be pardoned. In ordinary plant life among the higher organisms, roots assimilate by extending themselves underground and sending out upon their branches multitudes of delicate fibrillæ, or root-hairs, which come into direct contact with the moistened particles of earth around them. The water which adheres to these minute particles of soil, Sachs tells us, is directly continuous with the cell sap of the roots. There is in vegetation a continual loss of water in consequence of evaporation and of the vital processes of the plants, and this must be made good by an equal absorption of moisture by the roots. Not only is the necessary water thus supplied to the organism, but also such matter as the water holds in solution. But there are many substances present in the soil in an undissolved condition which are yet necessary to the plant. The tiny root-hairs, by their innumerable ramifications, come into contact with multitudes of particles of earth containing chemicals in the condition called "fixed." Though insoluble in water, these substances are dissolved by the carbonic acid exhaled by the roots, and thus rendered fit for appropriation by the plant. The largest element in atmospheric air is nitrogen, and though it is essential to the life of vegetation, plants possess, singularly enough, no power of assimilating the free nitrogen of the air, as they do its oxygen and carbon-dioxide. This essential element must therefore be secured by some other means. In the higher plants it is taken up from the soil by means of their roots, where it exists in

FIG. 3. UTRICULARIA VULGARIS (5 DIAMS.).

a, Utricle (10 diams.). [From nature.]

chemical combination with other substances. The insectivorous plants, which possess very minute roots, it will be seen, have an independent and novel mode of supplying them-

selves with the necessary nitrogen. They secure it in various ways; but in each case by means of some organ specially adapted to the needs and circumstances of the species upon which it is found.

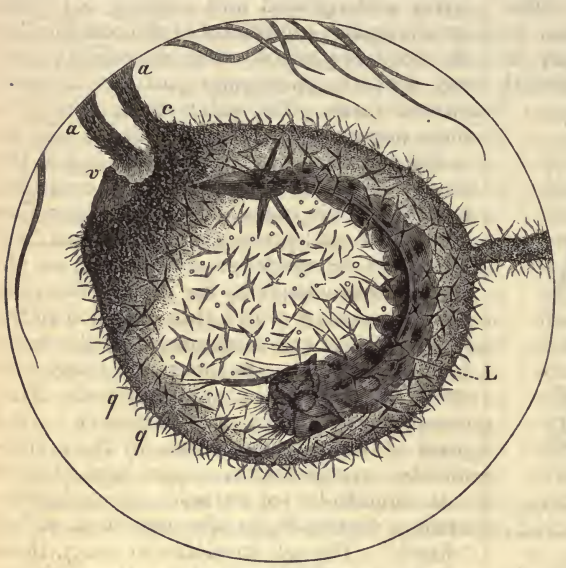


FIG. 4. UTRICLE WITH CAPTURED PREY.

v, Valve; *c*, collar; *a*, *a*, antennæ; *q*, quadrifid processes; L, chironomous larva. [From nature.]

The insectivorous plant which most nearly resembles in its mode of nutrition ordinary plants, is an insignificant little epiphyte found in tropical South America. It is generally grown as an air-plant; though it has been successfully cultivated in greenhouses in a very moist and peaty soil. Instead of roots the *Utricularia montana* produces colorless, thread-like rhizomes (creeping underground stems) which sometimes swell into tubers, and which bear upon them minute bladders or utricles of a very singular character. When grown in the soil, the rhizomes, with their bladders, penetrate it to the depth of two or more inches; but in its natural state as an epiphyte, they must creep in among the decayed bark and thick moss which cover the trees in the tropical forests of South America. Darwin mentions that some of the plants in his possession bore several hundred utricles. The bladders are, in form, compressed and rounded. The antennæ, as Darwin calls them, instead of spreading out and leaving a large opening to the cup-shaped utricle, as in *U. Jamisoniana* [Fig. 1, B, c], which is also an air-plant, curve around and downward on each side of the opening (or upward when the position of the utricle is reversed), thus guarding the entrance from being choked up by earth or decaying vegetation. The utricles are colorless and transparent, and measure only about $\frac{1}{20}$ of an inch in diameter. These walls are formed of two layers of cells of an angular shape, at whose junction small papillæ project. The entrance to the bladder is guarded by two prolongations of the cellular walls which dip sharply down into its cavity and form a perfectly fitting valve. [Fig. 4.] Of these two prolongations, the one nearest the stem, called the collar or peristome, is thick, stiff, and almost semicircular; against this the valve, which is thinner and more flexible, directly abuts.

Within the bladder and scattered along the borders of the valve are the organs which supply to the plant its necessary nitrogenous food. These are minute glands not more than $\frac{3}{4000}$ of an inch long, and a "serried mass of processes," called by Darwin, bifid, trifid, or quadrifid processes, according to the number of arms they possess. Each one of these consists of several divergent arms, generally four, mounted upon a short pedicel. A glance at Fig. 2, which shows the like processes in *U. vulgaris*, will give an idea of their form and appearance, though in *U. montana* the arms lie side by side, in pairs more closely, and differ somewhat in length. A number of experiments made by Darwin proved that, whether these glands and processes possess the power of secretion or not, they certainly absorb organic matter from their captured prey. The observations of Mr. Darwin, and the earlier ones of Mrs. Treat, left it doubtful whether the minute animals which found their way into the bladders merely forced their way in through the valve, or whether the valve possessed some power of movement which captured them against their will. Darwin evidently inclines toward the former opinion, though he gives some experiments which point to the latter; but Mrs. Treat's observations made and recorded since the publication of Darwin's book, seem to prove conclusively that these tiny vegetable bladders open their valves and snap up their unwary prey. In the figure of *Utricularia Jamisoniana*, drawn after Professor Oliver, no collar or valve is to be seen, though from the scale upon which it is drawn, as well as the manner in which it is delineated,

they would probably be imperceptible. The figure is given, however, without reference to the functions of the bladders; but in order to show that the utricles, which occupy the position and perform the functions of roots, are yet, in reality, modifications of the foliage leaves. In this whole group (speaking of them generally and not scientifically, as belonging to one group), the organs which appropriate formed matter for the sustenance of the plant are modified leaves; and these, where there is sufficient approximation to the possession of a root to determine the matter, are, with one or two exceptions, all radical leaves.

Most of the utricularias are rootless aquatic plants which float about in the water; upon the submerged portion the utricles are borne; these utricles first received the name of bladders because it was supposed that they served the purpose of sustaining the plant in the water. From this delicate floating plant, which may be seen in Fig. 3, at certain seasons, springs an aerial axis, bearing delicate flowers, very like some of the orchids. A writer in the "*Annales des Science Naturelle*" says with reference to one of these curious plants: "Each of these beings [the aerial and aquatic portion of the same plant] not only accomplishes a special function in a particular mode, but each possesses an intimate structure appropriate to this function, and to this mode; and the difference in this regard is so great between the two, that where any anatomist has isolated fragments of the two axes submitted to him, he does not hesitate to assign them to distinct and widely separated vegetable types."

The utricularias are the only family of those carnivorous plants which absorb decomposed matter rather than digest animal food, which have been carefully studied with reference to their functional peculiarities. The anatomy of the pitcher plants is very well known, but their physiology has yet to be learned. Darwin has subjected the glands and quadrifid processes of the utricles in this group of plants to the closest scrutiny; he has looked at them with an eye trained by a long study of other plants allied to them by their mode of life, and has shown that the glands do absorb organic matter which becomes changed within its tissues into protoplasm. The contrivances and cellular structure of our various pitcher plants leave no doubt that their mode of absorption is similar, but it is inference rather than observation upon which we have to depend in this matter.

In 1815, Dr. McBride, a physician of South Carolina, devoted some attention to a species of very remarkable plants which grew in a marsh near his residence: this was the *Sarracenia variolaris*, popularly called the American pitcher plant or side-saddle flower. A cluster of leaves spring from the ground: some of these are ordinary foliage leaves, while the others have enormously developed petioles, which curving around laterally and becoming adherent throughout their whole length, form a trumpet or pitcher shaped vessel, above which the leaf proper is developed.

The *Heliamphora* [Fig. 5], and the *Sarracenia purpurea* [Fig. 6], show this with perfect clearness. *S. variolaris* has a curved lid, formed by the bending of the leaf around and over into a dome-like roof to the pitcher [Fig. 7]. There are eight known species of the sarracenia family, which do not differ very greatly from each other; but as *S. variolaris* has been most closely studied, it will be best to confine ourselves to that, in order to illustrate the structure. In favorable situations, with plenty of air, moisture, and sunshine, these plants spring

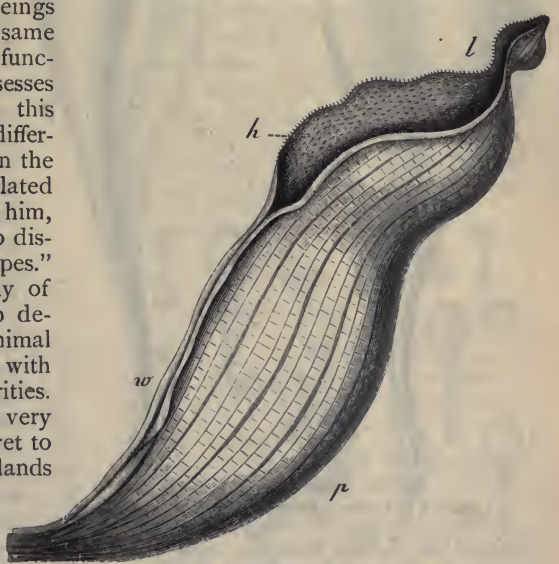


FIG. 5. HELIAMPHORA.

p, Petiole doubled to form pitcher; *l*, leaf, rudimentary lid; *w*, wing, formed by non-adherent edges of petiole. [After Bentham.]

up in great clusters, their trumpet-shaped leaves growing from a foot to eighteen inches in height. The lid or hood, as well as a portion of the pitcher down the back, or part adjacent to the midrib, *a*, *a*, is curiously marked with white translucent spots, *s*; between these may be seen green or red

reticulations, *r*. About the mouth, *m*, over the inner surface of the hood, *h*, and down the outer edge of the wing, there are seated glands which secrete honey. [Fig. 8.] Hooker, in describing the inner surface of the tube, divides it into four portions. The spotted and reticulated portion, including the hood and pitcher for about an inch below the cord, *c*, he calls the attractive surface; it is covered with hairs, and possesses some breathing pores and many honey-secreting glands. [Fig. 8.] The second

FIG. 6. SARRACENIA PURPUREA.
A, front; B, side view; *p*, petiole; *w*, wing; *l*, leaf forming lid. [From nature.]

surface, just below this, he calls the conductive surface; it is formed of glassy cells elongated into short conical processes which overlap each other like shingles upon a roof, and forms a very insecure foothold for insects. [Figs. 9, 11.] The third or glandular surface is also very insecure ground, and is covered with glands; this occupies a large portion of the tube. At the bottom is the fourth or detentive surface, formed of curiously shaped cells whose outer wall is every now and then drawn out into an enormously elongated sac, which form the detentive hairs. [Fig. 10.]

In April, the plants bloom freely, the pitchers are still tender and immature, and their lids are quite closed. Dr. Mellichamp —to whom we owe most of our information in regard to this species—examined many pitchers which had not yet lifted their lids, and into which no moisture could have penetrated. He found in each a small amount of fluid which was sticky and somewhat astringent, closely resembling the taste of the roots whose functions the tubes help to fulfill. No remains of insects were found in the unopened pitchers, but in the old ones, a mass of insect remains filled the small end of the tube to the height sometimes of six inches. In 1874, Dr. Mellichamp made a number of close observations on the sarracenia leaves [Fig. 7]; he found that the secretion of honey—up the front of the wing, *w*, from the ground—formed a trail along which ants and other small creatures crawled. On reaching the mouth, *m*, they crawled over the cord, *c*, into the tube itself. There seems to be some question as to the nature of the secretions. Dr. Mellichamp's observations led him to think that there was no intoxicating property either in the fumes of the secretion or in the honey itself. To test this point, insects were suspended by him in a gauze net above the liquor which fills the tube below; they were also allowed to feed freely upon the honey outside the pitcher, and in neither case was any peculiar effect observed. Mrs. Treat, however, in some late investigations made upon these plants, considers the honeyed secretion to be intoxicating. When an insect,—a fly, for instance,—which walks with such ease and security upon the smoothest surface, enters the tube, he slips and tumbles about in the most drunken way; this, Professor Riley says, is due, not to the intoxicating fumes of the liquor, or the effects of the honey, but to the nature of the pubescence upon which he has to walk. Just below the entrance, as has been said, are the delicate, overlapping, downward-pointing processes of the conductive surface. Flies walk upon smooth surfaces by means of a very complicated apparatus; the popular idea of each foot possessing a sucker is long ago exploded. Upon a surface presenting slight roughness, the foot clings by means of claws; on perfectly smooth surfaces, by means of a slight

viscous secretion, probably aided by atmospheric pressure. The surface of the conducting portion in the sarracenia tube affords

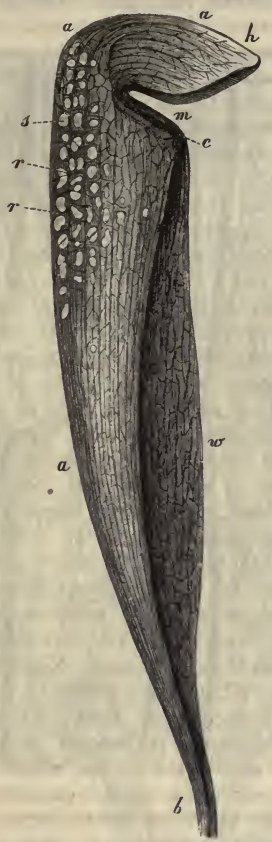


FIG. 7. SARRACENIA VARIOLARIS.

m, Mouth; *w*, wing; *h*, hood or lid formed by leaf; *a*, petiole forming pitcher; *c*, cord; *r*, *r*, reticulations; *s*, diaphanous spots; *b*, stems. [From nature.]

neither a smooth surface for the use of these pulvilli, nor one so formed as to admit of the claws taking hold. The delicate, downward-pointing hairs give under the weight of the insect. Even when the tube is laid horizontally the insect is seen continually to slip backward; and this effect would, of course, be much more marked if the tube was erect.

An insect which has once entered the fatal trap finds escape impossible; he slips on the glassy pubescence, and struggles to regain foothold, each effort only sending him farther into the abyss. Finally he is plunged into the pool below, and soon becomes insensible from its anæsthetic quality. The white translucent spots, *s*, appear to serve a purpose in this marvelous trap. The mouth of the pitcher is so completely overhung by the arched lid, that an insect once fairly in the tube cannot possibly see any opening above it, and would naturally direct its flight toward the shining white spots in hopes of escape; in this case it would, of course, fall back after striking these skylights,—as helpless as before, and often hopelessly lost. This is not a mere matter of conjecture; it is an observed fact, that flies are seen continually striking against these diaphanous spots, in their struggles to escape from the snare in which they had been caught.

There are, however, several insects which live, in safety, within this miniature charnel house. These are each supplied with some peculiar, though not exceptional, form of structure which enable them to brave the dangers of the pit. One of them, the *Xanthoptera semicrocea*, a beautiful and glossy moth, possesses upon its feet very long spines which penetrate the pubescence, and take firm hold upon the cellular surface below; the female deposits the eggs late in April, and when the larva hatches, it spins a delicate web over the surface of the hairs which enables it to move securely about. Then the larva begins to "nip" a little at the inner surface of the pitcher; and when it grows older and stronger it spins a web securely across the opening of the tube. Our larva having defined the limits of his preserve, sets himself to the work of retaliation in earnest, eating away the leaf till only the outer epidermal layer of cells is left. In

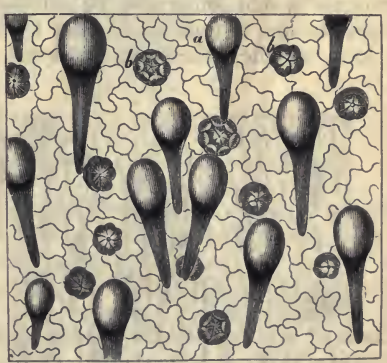


FIG. 8.

Hairs *a* and honey glands *b* just inside of mouth of pitcher; the different cell arrangements of the honey glands represent different layers of glands seen at a different focus of the glass.

small leaves, almost the whole tube is thus destroyed; but in larger ones only the upper third, which contains the honey glands, is devoured. The pitchers look blasted and burnt, the upper portions of the leaves generally collapsing and falling down, after the

work of the larva is done, the lower portions being held in place by the mass of packed insect remains that fills them.

The *Sarracenia purpurea* [Fig. 6], which is found in many parts of our country, and as far north as Canada, Hooker thinks, has no especial secretion of its own, or at all events does not secrete until it has been partially filled with rain. The upper portion is not guarded, as many others of the sarracenias are, from the entrance of rain-water [Fig. 6]; the hood, or leaf, as may be seen, stands at such an angle as to admit it freely. It possesses three instead of four surfaces, and is the only one of the family which has an especial glandular surface.

There is an obscure species of pitcher plant found only in British Guiana and in the Roruma mountains of Venezuela, at a height of six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Whether it is an insectivorous plant or not has not been determined; but it has a value as one of this family, in that it supplies to the eye an unanswerable argument in favor of the accepted theory in regard to the development of the pitcher. We are told by the botanists that these tubes are modified petioles, or leaf-stalks, while their lids are the modified leaves. A glance at the heliamphora [Fig. 5] shows this to be the case. The broad petiole curves around and meets, and becomes adherent at a line a little within the lateral edges, allowing them to fold back. That which in the more perfect pitchers of the darlingtonia and sarracenia would otherwise be difficult of comprehension, is thus made clear by a single look at the intermediate form. The

FIG. 9.

Development of detentive hairs on lower part of pitcher *S. Variolaris*; *d*, *d*, cells especially colored owing to some unknown peculiarity.

turned-back edges of the leaf represent the wing, which in some species is single,—in other words, the edges of the leaf are adherent throughout, and in others are separated in some portion. The hood finds its representation in the curious little curved leaf which crowns the tube. The presence of

FIG. 10. SARRACENIA VARIOLARIS.
Full-grown hairs on detentive surface (250 diams.). [From nature.]

an internal pubescence affords a strong presumption in favor of its being insectivorous.

The last of this singular family of plants which will be noticed is the *Darlingtonia Californica*, called, as the heliamphora might also be termed, "an insignificant geographical outlier" of the *Sarraceniaceæ*; for it is found only in the boggy morasses close under Mount Shasta,—one of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada,—and at a height of from five to seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is the most beautiful, both in form and color, of the pitcher plants. It rises, as they all do, out of the soil, as a cluster of radical leaves, from the midst of which spring the flower-bearing stems, with their nodding scapes. [Fig. 12.] It is cultivated with the utmost difficulty. A year ago there was a fine specimen in the green-houses of the Agricultural Department in Washington, from which the leaf showing the glandular sur-

faces [Fig. 13] was taken; but it died long ago.*

From the figure, it will be seen, that while the darlingtonia tubes present some resemblances to those of the sarracenias, they also present differences. In every description and figure of the plant which I have been able to find, all the leaves are pitcher-shaped; as is also the case with certain varieties in the *Sarraceniaceæ*. Each tube is twisted upon its axis about half a turn. All the leaves upon a single plant twist in the same direction, but some plants show a uniform twist to the right, and others to the left. The arched lid, instead of being formed of the leaf, as in all the other species of this family, except *Sarracenia psittacina*, is a prolongation of the tubular petiole, which itself curves over into a dome-shaped lid, *h*, that projects far enough over the mouth to make the opening, *m*, fall directly beneath the apex of the dome. The dome continues to curve around and inward till only a small orifice is left between its lower edges and the inner wall of the tube, *m*. Still further is this orifice guarded by the leaf proper, *l*, which springs from the outer edge of the opening, diverging rapidly into two long narrow wings. The tube itself is green in its lower portion; toward the upper, the spaces between the green veining of the leaf are of a translucent yellow, something like the white spots in the bright network of sarracenia. This makes the dome-shaped portion of the pitcher look, to the casual observer, "like a ripe jargonelle pear." The flap which flares out from the mouth is brilliantly colored,—of a dusky orange veined with red, like the petal of a

FIG. 12. DARLINGTONIA CALIFORNICA.

p, Petiole; *w*, wing; *m*, mouth; *h*, hood; *l*, swallow-tailed appendage; *c*, pitcher cut off; *f*, flower; *o*, opening for admission of insects; *b*, bud. [After Curtis.]

* The leaf from which these surfaces [Fig. 13] were drawn was a very small one, measuring not more than two inches. It was perfectly formed, but it is possible that the curious openings, *o*, and glands (or possibly stomata), *a*, *a*, are not fair representations of the surface of a larger leaf. Continually renewed efforts to obtain leaves of this plant were at last crowned by success, and this small leaf, which Professor Seaman, of the Agricultural Department, had reserved for his own examination, was kindly given to me. I would here make grateful acknowledgment not only to him, but to Dr. Mellichamp, Mr. Wilber, and Professor Asa Gray, for their extreme courtesy in this matter.

tulip, or arbutilon. On the inner surface of this appendage are multitudes of short, stiff hairs pointing toward the mouth. Down

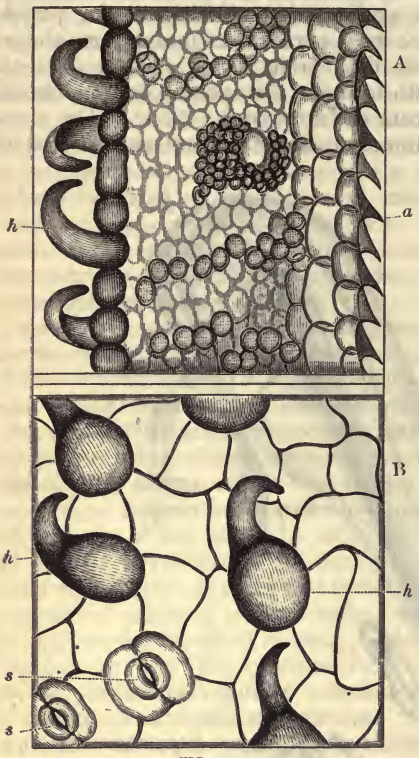


FIG. 11.

A, S. Variolaris vertical section of hood ; *h*, hairs of external portion ; *a*, conical downward-pointing processes on internal surface, like those on conductive surface (100 diams.). [From nature.] B, same tissue, seen from above ; *h*, hairs ; *s*, stomata (250 diams.).

the outer surface, opposite the midrib, *a*, *a*, runs a longitudinal wing, *w*, like that of sarracenia; this wing separates into two at its base, which is another clue to the fact that it is morphologically the doubling back of the two otherwise adherent lateral edges of the petiole, as we have seen it to be in heliamphora. There is some evidence to prove that this wing is supplied with honey glands, and serves as a lure. The swallow-tailed appendage is, however, in the case of darlingtonia, the real lure. Its inner surface is found to possess honey-secreting glands, which are still more frequent upon the inner surface of the hood; but this, of course, could attract and secure only flying insects. An examination of the insect remains in darlingtonia proves that it catches almost entirely flying insects, while sarracenia lives principally upon ants and other prey, which crawl up by the way of the wing and into the orifice.

The most singular fact in regard to the darlingtonia is that in its own person, at different stages of its development, it bears pitcher-shaped leaves, representing both the open and the close-mouthed tubes found in the two kinds of sarracenia. [Fig. 12, *d*, open-mouthed; a, close-mouthed pitchers.] These small tubes, as may be seen in the figure, have very oblique open mouths, the upper lip of which is drawn out into a long, slender scarlet hood, that does not close the mouth. The slight twist in the tubes causes them to face in every direction; these tubes, which correspond to the open-mouthed pitchers of *Sarracenia purpurea*, catch only small insects. As the plant grows older, however, it bears much larger sub-erect pitchers, A, of which the description and figure have been given. The flower of the darlingtonia is solitary, growing upon a tall stem about four or five feet high. In

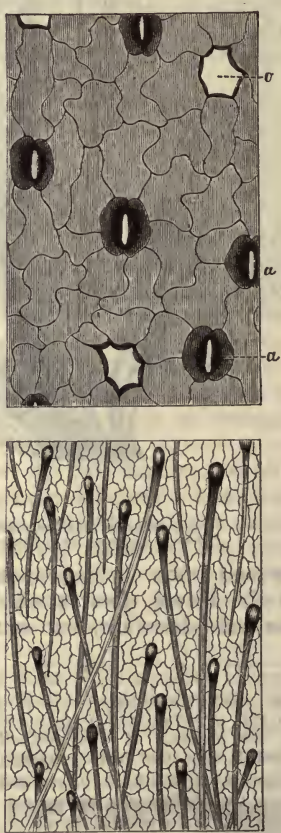


FIG. 13. DARLINGTONIA CALIFORNICA.

A, glandular surface; B, hairs of detentive portion. [From nature.]

the figure, the flower [Fig. 12, *f*] will be seen with a curious opening, *o*, between its adjacent petals. From the position of the pistil,

which hangs in the center of a dependent bell-shaped ovary, like its clapper, and of the stamens around and above it, it is impossible that the flower should fertilize itself; the pollen could, by no possibility, fall upon its own stigma; and Hooker, in his address before the British Association, in 1874, suggests a close connection between the floral and foliar arrangement of the plant. "Looking at a flowering specimen of darlingtonia," he says, "I was struck with a remarkable analogy between the arrangement and coloring of the leaf and of the flower. The petals are as highly colored as the flap of the pitcher, and between each pair of petals is a hole [Fig. 12, *o*] leading to the stamens and the stigma. Turning to the pitcher, the relation of its flap to its entrance is somewhat similar. Now, we know that colored petals are especially attractive organs, and that the object of their color is to bring insects to feed on their pollen or nectar, and in this case, by means of the hole, to fertilize the flower; that the object of the flap and its sugar is also to attract insects, but with a very different result, cannot be doubted. It is hence conceivable that this marvelous plant lures insects to its flowers for one object, and feeds them while it uses them to fertilize itself, and that, when this is accomplished, some of its benefactors are thereafter lured to its pitchers, for the sake of feeding itself."

Besides their intrinsic interest, these wonderful plants possess a special value, as a new link in the chain of physical truth, which now in our ignorance we may fear will lead us into darkness and doubt, but which, when it is perfected, can do no other than bind the frailest and meanest life with the omnipotent and glorious Life-giver; which, however meaningless it may seem now, will assuredly—when we come to know as we are known—prove to be the marvelous chain, whose every link has been forged by infinite patience and love, for the binding together of things material with things spiritual,—of earth with heaven.

"AN ASIATIC INVASION."

A PAPER on the Chinese in San Francisco, which appeared in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for last October, marked the introduction into magazine literature of a discussion which has seemed important enough to enter into the debates of the two great political parties, and to have its momentary result embodied in their platforms;—its momentary result only, for the discussion has only just begun in earnest; and though the matter is thrust aside for the time from all our minds by questions of much greater moment to the country, it is as certain to come back again as is every other of those political problems which demagogy is quick to turn to petty uses, but certain never to solve correctly.

It is fortunate when such a subject gains the more thoughtful attention it is sure to find in the cooler field of magazine debate; and Mr. Vivian's paper on "John Chinaman" was taken up with a different interest from that attaching to a newspaper article written in the heat of a "campaign." It was read by many students of political matters with unusual care, in the hope to learn something of a question the Eastern press has treated too little; yet it was laid down by many with regret both at its spirit and at its arguments. Without unfairness to its author, and without the least imputation upon his desire to write dispassionately and accurately, it must be said that Mr. Vivian's paper is of less value as a discussion than as a text; less important as a repetition of the customary Californian opinion, than as an illustration of the prevailing misunderstanding as to what the "Chinese Question" really is.

Taking the article, then, merely as a text for comment on a large number of similar expressions, it is evident that the Californians complain chiefly of three things with regard to the Chinese. First, that their emigration to California is not really voluntary, and therefore that their labor is "servile"—approximating to slave labor in a sense, at least. Second, that this labor is brought into unfair competition with white labor, not only to the great disadvantage of the latter, but so greatly to the advantage of the former, that Chinese will probably come to this country in overwhelming numbers, and "California will be bereft of white labor" altogether. Third, that the Chinese are in themselves a vile class, largely made up of criminals, and a terribly demoralizing, nay, destructive element to introduce into

the community. In support of these three complaints they bring forward what they consider to be sufficient facts; and as a remedy for the state of things they believe the alleged facts to indicate, they have thought themselves justified in going to the Federal government for aid. Let us look first at the facts.

Mr. Vivian makes the statement, rather surprising in the light of the attention attracted to Mr. Burlingame's undertaking the Chinese embassy, that the American-Chinese treaty of 1868 was agreed to by "Anson Burlingame, *on the part of the United States.*" A little further on he refers to an interview with Mr. De Long (who was some time minister to Japan), as "an interview with the Hon. C. E. De Long, late minister to China." These statements do not predispose one, certainly, to think that Mr. Vivian, however skilled an expert in this matter, can ever have read very carefully the treaty which he quotes, or the "Diplomatic Correspondence," which contains so much of the literature of his subject. Should he do so, however, he would gain information from both those sources as to the voluntary character of the Chinese emigration to this country. The fifth article of the treaty is an agreement of the two nations to make it a penal offense "for a citizen of the United States or Chinese subjects to take Chinese subjects either to the United States or to any other foreign country * * * without their free and voluntary consent." In the Diplomatic Correspondence for 1866 (part 1, pages 498 *et seq.*, where is printed the British and French agreement with China as to emigration), appear the laws which have prevailed for more than sixteen years in China itself upon this subject; punishing with extreme rigor all who induce Chinese to emigrate except as the humane regulations provide, and with death all who kidnap or compel them. That these laws are really sternly enforced, and that the most earnest efforts of the Chinese government to break up anything like a coolie trade in their own ports have been successful, any one familiar with China will bear witness. For years the seat of the coolie trade has been Macao, and not a Chinese sea-port.

All this, of course, the Californians concede,—that coerced emigration is forbidden by the treaty which they wish to see abrogated, and that both countries have laws to which they can appeal to have such emigration stopped. What they claim is that coercion is practiced by Chinese emigration agents in such a way as to escape punishment, since it forces its victims into declaring that they go willingly; whereas they have actually signed "a contract which is absolutely frightful in its conditions." The result is, says Mr. De Long in the quoted interview, "that the coolie is bound body and soul, and hence, when the inspector asks, 'Are you leaving China of your own free will?' the answer is, 'I am;' and when here called upon to testify he knows just how to answer to please his master." And yet the gentleman whose words are thus reported speaks of the "absolutely frightful" contract in the following comparatively mild terms: "The men we see drudging here are paying a debt contracted to keep their fathers and mothers from starving." It is generally said by those who compare the Chinese emigrant to a slave, that he has sold himself for a term of years to a contractor, leaving fearful penalties hanging over the heads of his relatives at home, should the contractor not gain the expected return from the profits of his labor.

Is it supposable that a system really involving a close approach to slavery could possibly exist for years, and continue in the midst of the prevailing excitement concerning it, without exposure in a single case? Carried on under the eyes of consuls, not a few of whom go to China under the belief that such abuse exists; under the eyes of inspectors and native officials whose prejudices are against emigration; would it be continued under government authorization and government arrangement, if it were actually a coolie trade, yearly reducing multitudes of Chinese to servitude? But there is ample evidence, outside the inherent improbability of the case, that no approach to such a state of things exists in regard to emigration to the United States. Mr. George Seward, who is now our minister to China, and who was for more than ten years consul and consul-general, and one of the most careful students living of all that relates to the Chinese, in a recent article, gives his opinion on this point in a single sentence: "This emigration has been entirely voluntary in its character."* This testimony has been confirmed by every official who, like him, has had actual opportunity to see the working of the emigration agencies in Chinese ports; it is confirmed by dispatches in which the contrast is especially drawn between the actual coolie trade and the authorized meth-

* In his article "China," in "Appleton's American Cyclopedia," new edition.

od of assisting emigrants. "It is well understood in all that region," wrote Dr. Williams, secretary of legation in China, "that *emigrants* go from Hong Kong, and *coolies* from Macao." In one of the last attempts made to entrap coolies wrongfully into an American ship, far back before 1861, Mr. Ward, who was then American minister, ascertained the design, and had the poor fellows taken from the vessel and examined at the Chinese magistrate's office in Canton. There all of them—more than 330—deposed that they were unwilling to emigrate; and all were released to return to their homes. If the same thing is now done openly that was then done secretly, why, it may fairly be asked, does no Chinaman now dare to follow the example of those three hundred, and tell the facts? Why do not Chinese in San Francisco do it? They are too shrewd people not to know that whoever did it now would gain not only protection, but favor. And how comes it—to ask a question, by the way—that those Chinese who are said to come here practically slaves, their earnings due to the men to whom they have sold themselves, can still keep up the reprehensible practice of sending back their wages to their relatives at home? That they do so is not only a point strongly urged against them by the anti-Chinese party in California, but it is also a fact for which any one will vouch who knows the arrangement of banks and companies in San Francisco for facilitating such remittances.

The labor of the Chinese in California, then, is in no sense servile. It *is* servile in Peru and the West Indies,—regions supplied through the real coolie trade of Macao or other places; that emigration, it is worth while to note, "has been promoted by foreigners, and attended with horrors scarcely second to those of the African slave-trade."* Some of the horrors of that traffic have been transferred by the excited imaginations of Pacific coast residents (largely aided by clamorous demagogues whom their better judgment would reject) to an organized plan for assisting poor emigrants from an overpopulated country to one where they may be self-supporting. That the emigrant does agree to repay expenses from the cost of his labor is as true as it often is in emigration schemes of other nationalities; that the emigrant's family give security of property, or substitute, in such case, is also true in its right sense; it is not true that there is anything in the arrangement that makes the emigrant approximate to a slave, or anything in which he sees injustice.

But, to take up the second point of Californian complaint—the fear for the safety of white labor, and the dread of an "Asiatic invasion" before which the "Caucasian" will be driven helplessly. This part of the subject has afforded so rich a field for the demagogues that it is almost necessary to put aside from the mind what they have said before one can get even an unobstructed glance at the real question. The less intelligent among the white laborers of California naturally enough lend a willing ear to denunciations of men who are underbidding them in the market; naturally enough help to elect the political leaders whose talk accords with that which comes of their own restricted knowledge. In justice to the intelligent and thoughtful people of California, the bluster of unscrupulous politicians who speak to such a sympathizing audience should not be taken into serious discussion; it should be sent to the limbo of other truculent generalities, "spoken for buncombe" in the heat of a mass-meeting.

What, however, do the Californians who should form the really liberal and thoughtful class say to this aspect of the matter? Even they do not speak with quite the care or moderation one might expect. At the great meeting held in San Francisco last April to consider this question, words were spoken which excite considerable surprise in the mind of the reader. Perhaps, some day, they may produce like effects in the minds of their authors; for did not the extravagance of the "Know-nothings" sometimes come home inconveniently, in later years?

At this meeting, Governor Irwin, of California, presided. In the opening of his speech is this passage: "You will accord me sincerity,—your minds will recognize in what I say a fundamental truth,—when I declare that in the continued emigration of the Chinese to this country, is involved a suppression of everything that characterizes distinctly Anglo-Saxon—aye, more, everything that characterizes distinctly European — civilization."* Ex-Senator Casserly wrote: "We should all rejoice that the cry of 'cheap labor,'—

* Minister Seward, in the article before quoted.

* The quotations from speeches, letters, etc., are from the "San Francisco Bulletin's" reports of the proceedings of this meeting, which was held April 5, 1876.

equally senseless and mischievous,—which has misled so many, has had its day among us. Who does not know that cheap labor means degraded labor?" There were many speeches of men whose positions should have made them conservative and thoughtful in weighing words, yet whose phrases sound like the talk of the old battles of races let loose again.

The address drawn up at this meeting certainly should have embodied the ideas of California upon this matter; and we are justified in turning to it for a full explanation of the Californian case. "West of the Sierras," it says, "there are, in round numbers, one million of white people. In California our population is, say, eight hundred thousand; in San Francisco, say, two hundred and fifty thousand. It is estimated that in California there are something over two hundred thousand Chinese. In San Francisco, about seventy-five thousand. So that, at the present time, the Chinese number the one-fourth part of our people." Hence, the address goes on, the people "feel justified in calling the nation's attention to an evil of vast proportion, which is now threatening to outnumber our Pacific coast population, and imperil the best interests of this side of our continent." * * * "Without wives or houses, and by reason of their ability to live upon rice, tea, dried fish, and desiccated vegetables, they [the Chinese] can subsist more cheaply than white laborers who have families to support, children to educate, houses to maintain, taxes to pay, and public duties to perform. Hence in the labor market the Chinese can underbid the white man or woman. The contest is altogether unequal, and wherever it has been waged, the Chinese have conquered and the whites have been driven from employment." Parts referring to other than the labor question, and that of the "overwhelming" immigration, have been omitted here, to be taken up farther on; but for the moment consider the sentences above quoted. On what are these confident assertions based, that the outnumbering of the Pacific coast's white population is threatened, and that white labor is driven from the field?

First, of course, on statistics. Where those used in the address came from can be only a matter of conjecture. Yet it is the customary estimate on the Pacific coast, that there are in California something over 200,000 Chinese. Cooler and more candid observers, like Mr. Vivian, admit that these figures are too large by half:—107,000, Mr. Vivian says; and this is, perhaps, the smallest estimate by a Californian writer. Let us look, however, at figures based on a better estimate than these,—on records and facts. In the Diplomatic Correspondence for 1868, part I, page 532, will be found the following table, covering the returns up to July of that year, according to the records of the San Francisco Custom-house (it will not be pretended that the Chinese first landed elsewhere on the coast).

Year.	Immigration			Emigration.		Remaining.
	Males.	Females.	Total.	Total.	Excess over Immigrat'n	Excess of Immigration.
1848	2	1	3			3
1849	323		323			323
1850	447		447			447
1851	2,716		2,716	261		2,455
1852	18,384	50	18,434	2,056		16,378
1853	3,917	399	4,316	4,405	89	
1854	14,450	513	15,063	2,386		12,677
1855	3,188	24	3,212	3,328	116	
1856	4,935	95	5,030	2,675		2,355
1857	5,383	423	5,806	2,675		3,131
1858	5,358	323	5,681	2,675		3,006
1859	3,100	427	3,527	2,907		620
1860	7,312	308	7,620	2,079		5,441
1861	5,997	510	6,507	2,151		4,356
1862	5,583	442	6,025	3,001		3,024
1863	7,149	32	7,181	2,510		4,671
1864	2,756	175	2,931	3,086	157	
1865	2,375		2,375	1,945		420
1866	2,350	1	2,351	3,015	664	
1867	3,779	27	3,806	4,167	361	
1868*	5,101	16	5,117	565		4,552
Total	104,605	3,766	108,471	45,887	1,387	63,859

* To July 1st.

It will thus be seen that up to July, 1868, nearly 64,000 of the emigrants had remained here, nearly three-eighths of the original number having gone back, or at all events gone away from California. Since 1868, according to reports of the bureau of statistics, and up to July 1, 1873, the following are the immigration figures:

1869	14,902
1870	11,943
1871	6,030
1872	10,642
1873	14,769
	58,286

Let us suppose that a less number than before, say one-fourth, had returned during these years (though considering the anti-Chinese excitement, a quarter emigration was probable), and we have

Remained before 1868	64,000
" from '68 to '73	43,715

giving a total of 107,715 remaining in the country, July, 1873; and showing that if Mr. Vivian's figures had been for the whole coast instead of California alone (he could not well have calculated from trustworthy figures for any later period) they would have been a correct or even moderate estimate—a result corresponding with what the general candor of his article would lead us to expect. He has forgotten, however, that in 1868, 21,000 of the Chinese then on the Pacific coast were in Oregon, Nevada, and elsewhere outside of California; and that a ratio nearly like this must have been kept up since; yet waiving this question, we may certainly claim that the excitement of the California mass-meeting nearly doubled the authorized estimate of Chinese population, and made the threatening terror twice as great as a cool observer should have drawn it.

"An examination of this table," says Mr. Daniel Cleveland, a California writer, commenting in an official letter upon the first exhibit given above, "will show several interesting and important facts. During five years the emigration exceeded the immigration, and among these years are the two last. This taken in connection with the really moderate immigration, the great number who have returned to China, and who are constantly doing so, and the fact that all Chinese hope and expect to spend their last days in the 'flowery kingdom,' ought to be sufficient to dispel the fears of some of our public men who, in our legislature and elsewhere, have expressed their apprehension that the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese empire were about to be poured into our State."

Observing, therefore, that the majority of Californians have greatly exaggerated the number that have already come, the question comes up, Are they right in expecting an enormous immigration that may come hereafter? If analogy, the nature of the immigrating race, and the lessons of political experience, are worth anything, the Californians are certainly wrong. The Chinese immigration, as Mr. Vivian fairly admits, and as careful students will certainly declare, has been as sensitive as possible to the public opinion of the country toward which it tends. Two messages from the Chinese companies of San Francisco, that the immigration was unpopular, have, Mr. Vivian says, sufficed to check it. "The history of the race and their timid character," says Mr. Seward in his article, "indicate that there is no occasion for the fear that they will come to this country in great numbers." "The great fluctuations in the immigration," says Mr. Cleveland, "* * * * have been owing to the action of our people and government." They are not an invading race, encroaching where they are not wanted, aggressive, driving out the possessors of the soil as the Englishman drove out the Indian. The laws of supply and demand are too well settled in our day for this. They will fill the places they can best fill, work at the work they can do better than others, in accordance with political and natural laws that are older than their own old nation; and then they will cease to come. With demand, the immigration will end. As long as demand continues, their coming is proper; as long as they can do work which no other offers to do more skillfully and with less expenditure of force and money, their coming will be advantageous.

Do they "drive out" white labor, in any proper sense—or indeed in any sense at all? The student of a broader political economy than that deduced from the appearance of a moment, knows that free trade in labor, so to speak, is as certain to become the law of the world some day as free trade in anything else. That the attempt artificially to keep one man at a branch of work for which another is better fitted, must in the end fail as certainly as the attempt to force upon a country a branch of industry or production for which nature has not made it. But, this general law aside, do the Chinese really threaten any important branch of white-man's industry? Mr. Vivian's figures tell us that in San Francisco there are of the Chinese 4,000 boot-makers, 2,200 wash-men; 3,500 cigar-makers; 2,300 clothiers and wool-workers; 1,400 domestic servants. Taking these figures as they are given (though other tables make it possible some of them are incorrect), it might have been pointed out, first, that the "boot-makers" are nearly all slipper-makers, or men engaged in the simplest mechanical processes of shoe-making, and that it would probably puzzle a San Franciscan to point out a white boot-maker, in the ordinary sense of the word, who had ever been refused work because of Chinese laborers' "monopolizing" his occupation; secondly, that the wash-men have taken up an industry which did not employ many males before their coming, and which does not to this day interfere with the existence of the white laundress, if

any person, as Mr. Vivian intimates, prefers to avoid a "few drawbacks" by sending them to her; thirdly, that the clothiers do in a large measure the work of their own people, and do not enter into active competition with the whites; and, fourthly, that the domestics least of all interfere with any legitimate labor-getting, but have acted as a highly salutary check to rates of wages that were making San Francisco fairly celebrated for the extortions of its household servants. These things might have been pointed out, and might show over how very small a mole-hill this outcry is raised; but they may easily be allowed to pass. Take the matter at the San Franciscans' own estimate; grant that some white men have been driven out of work; and one finds himself asked to join in a condemnation which is on its face both childish and imprudent—and which works both ways. Are we to condemn a class which has come into competition in trade and industry, and has gained possession of certain branches because it obviously carries on their simple work at a less cost to the community than another class? Will any capitalist or intelligent laborer be willing to make a general application of this theory?

Whether the Californians seriously believe that the rural Chinese population, working on farms and ranches, and doing well the merest mechanical labor, is "driving out" white industry; whether they seriously mean to fold their hands and wail instead of enforcing proper fishing laws when the Chinese fish their bays destructively (if they do) remain to be seen. Of these two points they have as yet said little. Farming by white men is not yet on the decline on the Pacific coast; and fish still abound in the streams and bays of China itself, though the Chinese have fished there for centuries.

"But," say the San Francisco writers of this part of the subject, "the Chinaman sends his money out of the country; he does us no good by using it here." He works for too little money in the first place; he defrauds the white laborer by the heinous crime of being "able to live on rice, dried fish, and desiccated vegetables;" and then he sends his ill-gotten gains out of the country or into the coffers of his own countrymen. "His industrial triumphs" (it seems he has them) "enrich another land, not ours," says the "San Francisco Bulletin" of March 27, 1876. "He is simply here on a foraging expedition. The bread which he takes out of the mouths of our laborers goes to China." But here some farther facts confront us.

In 1861, a Californian legislative committee examined a table of moneys paid into America by the Chinese population of the State. They paid $500,000 of duties at the San Francisco Custom-house; $562,683 for freight and passages in ships from China; $370,000 for rents and storage; $2,164,273 in State taxes and licenses; more than $5,000,000 for American products in the State (including San Francisco expenditures); more than $3,000,000 for water-rates and mining claims; and a great number of smaller items which swelled the total to $13,974,909.* This table is pronounced by a leading authority "substantially correct;" its leading items, from official sources, are so beyond question. For 1867, a careful estimate of the same matter placed the total at $18,000,000 in gold; that is, the Chinese contributed at the rate of nearly $45 gold for every white inhabitant then in California. In the meantime, too, their aid had rendered possible the building of the Pacific railroad. But these statements were for ten years ago; the ratio of this contribution has been kept up since; can any one show proof that it has ever failed to keep accurate pace with the immigration and Chinese industry? Do the Chinese send *out* of the country any equivalent for these amounts plus the value of their labor?

To take up finally and briefly the third California complaint: that the Chinese are in themselves a vicious class, and a vile and corrupting element to introduce into a community. It is well for us here in the East to remember how this point was stated by the San Francisco mass-meeting's address; it gives a clear idea of the spirit, both of justice and accuracy, that animates much of the anti-Chinese movement. "They fill our prisons, asylums and hospitals; are a grievous burden to our tax-payers; * * * they will not conform in their habits of life to our sanitary and police regulations. Their diseases are infectious and horrible; their vices are the result of four thousand years of practice. They buy and sell women for prostitution; they import peons and hold them to service, against the spirit of our laws, by the enforcement of their secret tribunals. * * * In the city of San Francisco there are not less than ten thousand Chinese belonging to the criminal classes, and [they]

* Tables in Diplomatic Correspondence for 1868, part 1, 538, 539.

number among them the most abandoned and dangerous of criminals. * * *

"Resolved, that the presence of these people in our midst has a tendency to demoralize society and minister to its worst vices; it aids to corrupt and debauch our youth; and the labor of this servile class comes in direct competition with the labor of American citizens. It degrades industrial occupation, drives white labor from the market, multiplies idlers and paupers, and is a menace to Christian civilization."

Thus far the address and resolutions; perhaps they carry so much of their character upon their face that the fewest words of all will be necessary here. In 1862, a joint select committee of the California legislature made a report to that body, in which occurred the following passages:

"It is charged that the Chinese demoralize the whites. We cannot find any ground for the allegation. We adopt none of their habits, form no social relations with them, but keep them separate and apart, a distinct inferior race. They work for us; they help us build up our State by contributing largely to our taxes, to our shipping, farming, and mechanical interests, without to any extent entering the departments as competitors; they are denied privileges equal with other foreigners; they cannot vote nor testify in courts of justice, nor have any voice in making our laws, nor mingle with us in social life. Certainly we have nothing to fear from a race so contemned and restricted; on the contrary, those Chinamen who remain here are educated to our standard. * * * The practice of Chinese prostitution by their women is as abhorrent to their respectable merchants as it is to us. They have made several efforts to send these women home to China, but their efforts have been frustrated, under the plea that this is a free country, and these women can do as they please. * * * The convictions in the police court, San Francisco, for the year 1861, were: Whites, 2,783; Chinese, 168. Average of Chinese about 1 in 16. The 24 hour sentences as above stated average about 13 per month. About three-fourths of the Chinese convictions are women (prostitutes) arrested from the alleys about Jackson and Pacific streets. Your committee were furnished with a list of 88 Chinese who are known to have been murdered by white people; 11 of which number are known to have been murdered by collectors of foreign miners' license tax, sworn officers of the law. But two of the murderers have been convicted and hanged. Generally they have been allowed to escape without the slightest punishment. The above number of Chinese who have been robbed and murdered compose probably a very small proportion of those which have been murdered, but they are all which the records of the different societies or companies in this city show. It is a well-known fact that there has been a wholesale system of wrong and outrage practiced upon the Chinese population of this State, which would disgrace the most barbarous nation upon earth."

What thoughtful observer who knows California will venture to say or hope to prove that since this report was made the state of things indicated has not increased and become intensified? And yet upon whom rests the burden of proof when an accusation like this is made against a whole race? Every intelligent witness who is not led by a demagogue knows that the idea that the San Francisco population—"society," as the address calls it—is in danger of corruption from the Chinese element is too childish to deserve a thought. San Francisco, like all great cities,—especially like all cities filled with life, energy, and speculation,—has a large criminal class which its pure and honest citizens must control by stringent laws, vigorously executed. This applies as well to the small Chinese element of the criminal class as to the large elements that other sources may contribute. To hold a meeting and seek the interference of the Federal Government because a class of immigrants "will not conform in their habits of life to our sanitary and police regulations," is a somewhat puerile attitude, to our American thinking, for the metropolis of the Pacific coast to assume before the nation.

But the California Chinese themselves have had something to say upon their moral relations to the community they live in; and even beside the eloquence of the mass-meeting, their statement may be found to have a certain force and dignity. In a memorial addressed to the President by the six companies and other Chinese of San Francisco, the following passages occur:

"The Chinese have neither attempted nor desired to interfere with the established order of things in this country, either of politics or religion. They have opened no whisky saloons, for the purpose of dealing out poison and degrading their fellow-men. They have promptly paid their duties, their taxes, their rents, and their debts."

And again, concerning one of the elements complained of:

"A few years ago our Chinese merchants tried to send these prostitutes back to China, and succeeded in getting a large number on board the out-going steamer; but a certain lawyer of your honorable nation (said to be the author and bearer of these resolutions against our people), in the employ of unprincipled Chinamen, procured a writ of *habeas corpus*, and brought all those women on shore again, and the courts decided that they had a right to stay in this country if they so desired. Those women are still here, and the only remedy for this evil, and also for the evil of Chinese gambling, lies, so far as we can see, in an honest and impartial administration of the municipal government in all its details, even including the police department. If officers would refuse bribes, then unprincipled Chinamen could no longer purchase immunity from the punishment of their crimes."

"The burdened city of the West looks loyally to the Congress of the nation for helping action," says Mr. Vivian, "and is willing to wait awhile for relief, provided that action is not persistently delayed." Shall we, then, abrogate a national treaty and make a precedent in utter contrast to all our previous course and the spirit of our laws, in order that a city, however great, may be saved the trouble of seeing its regulations enforced—may be saved this trouble by the easy, though somewhat mediæval, method of shutting itself up in an exclusive policy which the Chinese themselves have abandoned? To save it this trouble, shall we discriminate still further against a people whom State laws yet exclude from the witness-box, and against whom exactions and outrages are tolerated which we should not permit to be practiced against any other race?

Mr. Anson Burlingame (and of his opinions the writer does not speak without full knowledge) was no sentimentalist in this matter. He did not idealize the Chinese; and he knew their faults, ignorances and weaknesses as well as any of the men to whom it now seems so easy to magnify this side of the Chinese character. It was no part of his wish to foist the Chinaman into a position with regard to this country which he neither sought nor could ever fill. The treaty which Mr. Burlingame negotiated places no factitious aids within the reach of the Chinese immigrant into America; a clause of it expressly declares that its provisions shall not be construed as effecting the naturalization of any Chinaman; thus creating the same probability that the Chinese will not secure the suffrage till they are able to fully appreciate, ask and use it, that exists in the case of any other foreigner. Mr. Burlingame knew them too well to fear that they could ever form a massed and easily led ignorant vote.

He looked upon this whole subject through no deceptive atmosphere. But what he sought to gain for the Chinese—what the California committees now wish to take away from them—was "the inspiration of fair opportunity;" the right to take what place they found themselves fitted to hold without factitious aid, both among this and other peoples. He desired for them the international justice which had already been shown by us to every other known country. He knew that the status of a race is made by eternal laws to depend on what a race can do for itself and by itself, and he desired not to uphold the Chinese contrary to such laws, but simply to give them fair play, knowing that no agency could go farther. Should his treaty be abrogated, those laws will not cease; should it be sustained, they will still be in force.

In the same spirit this article is written. It is in no sense meant for a finished argument—its space is too short for the writer to do anything but choose a few facts from a great number. But it is meant as the expression of an earnest belief that there is another side to the complaints from the Pacific coast,—as the expression of an earnest hope that Congress will think well before it takes away from one nation the justice which it accords to every other.

STELLA GRAYLAND.

"So Miss Brainard's father's gone, Doctor." It was the minister's clear, hearty voice that spoke. "I feel very sorry for Miss Brainard, very sorry indeed. He has been a great care to her, and it's a release to both, no doubt; but it leaves a great void. She's very good and useful, and she has been a faithful daughter. She's very much overcome; it seems to her as if she were alone in the world."

Dr. Enfield's heart smote him. He knew Cora Brainard much better than the minister, but his thought of her had not been gentle of late. The picture of her in such trouble affected him with a remorseful tenderness. He turned his horse and drove to her door. He found her alone; she had been crying, and looked tremulous and downcast, but was trim and pretty, as always. She called him Lawrence and asked him in, then nestled herself childishly in the corner of the sofa and dried her eyes. Enfield stood before her, remembering many things.

"I am very sorry, Cora," he said. "Can I do anything for you?"

He spoke low and with something like contrition.

"You're long in showing it," she complained. "You've been very unkind."

"I used to come quick enough and often

enough," he rejoined in the subdued tone.

"Yes, and then you stayed away of a sudden, and when I asked you the reason, you laughed at me and deserted me altogether, when you knew I looked to you for advice and assistance and had most need of them."

Her reproach stung him. The charge of unfaithfulness to a friend was one he took keenly. There was a mingled sternness and entreaty in his voice when he replied:

"Wont you let that go now? This is no time for bandying reproaches. I think I was your faithful friend for a long while. If I failed in my duty to you, I am sure I did not know it. And if I changed, it was because I thought I had been mistaken. I thought I had been going for years with my eyes shut, and had not seen you as you were. I thought I had been a fool and it was time —— but that's of no account now. I am your friend still; let me prove it."

But she persisted in her high, child-like complaint.

"Was it my fault, then, you had not seen me, truly? I never tried to deceive you. I always put confidence in you and talked frankly to you, as I never did to any one else. And you know I've had a hard time. I was never meant for the tiresome, lonely life I've had. I never wanted to be a pattern and model of usefulness and self-forgetfulness, but they would have me so, and I couldn't go out in the streets and tell them I was not. I've had to play the part till I'm tired. I've had to walk demurely, and talk and smile to people I despised, and do all sorts of miserable things. But I never pretended to you. You knew I was not satisfied or happy. I used to tell you all my troubles and ask your advice about everything. And you know you said harsh things to me sometimes. You knew me better than any one else, and I did not think you would ever treat me so. Did you think only of what was due to yourself, and that our long friendship and the reliance you had encouraged me to place in you, gave me no claim upon you?"

Her words hurt and agitated him greatly. Was she right? and had he been doubly blind? In this grieved, reproachful, petulant humor, she seemed a different being from the Cora Brainard he had had in his thought these last months; she was the little girl that the big boy, Lawrence Enfield, had protected and drawn on his sled, the maiden he had cherished in his heart for many a day; and he had been purer and braver for the thought of her. Did he owe her nothing for that? He was very sensitive to people's claims upon him. His heart bled and was afraid for her. He could not see her way. He knew she had had a hard time,—harder than people dreamed. They thought her long service and support of her invalid father were made easy by a love of duty and by exceptional ability. Enfield knew that, though she had rare tact and succeeded admirably, all sordid care and labor were extremely repugnant to her. She had said she never had anything she liked; he would have expressed it, that she never liked anything she had. He thought that a very melancholy case. That she liked the society of spirited young men, he had learned to his sorrow more than once or twice; or, at least, that they were very apt to like her; but they were all sent (or went) about their business one after another. Enfield had a friend named Loramer, who had been one of the spirited fellows at one time, and the episode had been a severe strain upon their friendship. It was a summer vacation of Loramer's, when he made Miss Brainard's acquaintance, and he found her bright, piquant face, and light, laughing chatter very appetizing. He met her upon riding and sailing parties, sat and walked and drove with her. Enfield avoided them both awhile, then spoke offensively to Loramer, and got scornful laughter in reply. They did not meet again for some time. One evening Loramer brought Cora home from a drive. He lifted her out, and they stood talking there together under the trees. He made an appointment to go rowing with her the next day, and they parted, with some reluctance on his part, and low laughter on her's. He scratched a match and lighted a cigar, as he drove down the street. As he passed through the town, he saw some one walking before him on the foot-path. He let his horse walk and watched the man till he turned a corner. He turned the horse after him, overtook him, and stopped opposite and said:

"Enfield, come and ride."

He stood by a tree a minute or two, looking, then came and got in.

They rode along, each in his corner.

"Have a cigar?" said Loramer.

"No," answered Enfield.

Loramer took his own from his mouth and flung it away. He struck the horse with the whip, Enfield put his hand on the reins, and said steadily:

"Don't do that, the mare's willing enough; she's tired."

Loramer pulled her up, and let her walk a mile or more, up among the hills; then he turned her and rattled back toward the village, and stopped before his own lodging. He asked Enfield to hold the horse and went in. In a little while he came out and put a valise in the wagon.

"What time does the night train pass?"

"12.05."

He drove to the station, gave Enfield the reins and put the valise on the platform, then stood on the step of the wagon.

"Drive the horse to Mitchel's for me and tell him to send me his bill."

He lingered a moment, then offered his hand.

"Good-night, Lawrence!"

"Good-night!" and they held each other's hands firmly but gravely.

"Will you take a cigar now, Lawrence?"

"Yes!"

Loramer thrust his cigar-case into his hand, wheeled round and marched into the waiting-room, holding the valise with a strong grasp and putting his head a little on one side.

That affair was a part of the long, slow process of Enfield's alienation from Cora, but only one of many steps. He was tenacious and slow to change, and she held him by cords of memory and dependence as well as affection. But by degrees he came to see clearly that he had been willfully blind, that he had always known but would not regard that she was not at all the girl he had enshrined. The end was but a trifle—the proverbial last straw. And though he laughed when she took him to task and felt a barbarous enjoyment in their reversed relations, and in her show of something like consternation, he more than once afterward felt the yearning of the converted heathen toward his broken gods. Loramer and Enfield spent a week together on Cape Cod the same summer and took refuge in a storm in one of the huts provided for shipwrecked people. Listening to the deafening roar of the wind and the surf, they spoke of Cora Brainard. Loramer congratulated Lawrence upon his freedom. And he went on:

"I don't know what there is in the little minx. All the old ladies in Elmtree think her a kind of saint, but she didn't strike me in that light. She came near making a —— fool of me, but I can't remember anything she said, only how she laughed and her eyes sparkled."

"I can't laugh at her," Enfield answered. "She hasn't made herself and she hasn't had a good time. She doesn't know anything and doesn't care for anything. She has a wonderful tact, an eye for color and an instinct for the current fashion in what goes for literature and art. But she has no appreciation of anything permanent and no lasting enjoyment of anything. I think that is terrible. I can't think of anything much more pitiable."

Enfield lounged against the wall; Loramer watched him awhile, listening to the storm booming without, as he lay stretched on the straw. Then he went on:

"Do you think she's a good girl, Lawrence? It wouldn't be quite safe for her to run on with some fellows as she did with me."

He caught Enfield's eye.

"No, it wasn't quite safe for her to run on so with me. She's either very innocent, or very artful, or very reckless, I don't know which. If she is good, she's very, very good."

He laughed, but Lawrence smoked soberly and silent.

"Young Harlow, the ensign, was her last capture, wasn't he?"

Enfield nodded gravely.

"They say he was over his head, and would have given up the navy and flouted his people and everything, if she would have taken him, but she wouldn't let him sacrifice himself. That was a strange affair of theirs—being lost on a sleigh-ride and snowed up two days across the mountain. I never could understand it; both of them knew the country, and none of the rest of the party found much trouble."

"I don't know," Enfield answered slowly. I wasn't taking as much stock in her just then as I had been. I cut adrift about the time she took Harlow in tow; I suppose she thought I was jealous. I don't know how they managed it, but he left very suddenly and she was sick about that time,—a mere coincidence, probably."

All these things, and many more, surged through Enfield's mind now, as he stood before her and was swayed by her unrestrained upbraiding. She said that he had stood in her way, that she had put her trust in him and given him such a near place that others had been kept from her. He found that hard to swallow. He turned from her and threw himself into an arm-chair, with his back to her, and chewed the bitter accusation.

Finally she came slowly and stood beside

him a minute or two, then said sadly, laying her hand on his arm:

"Forgive me Lawrence, if I have said too much; I am in trouble; you will help me, will you not?"

"Yes, I will do anything I can for you," he answered. "Have you made any plans?"

She shook her head slowly.

"No; I don't know what I am to do. I can't live alone, and there's no one here I can live with. They don't know me and yet think they do, and they expect me to be always playing the character they have invented for me. I'm tired to death, and I want you to tell me what to do."

He sat with her awhile longer, then went away, and thought of her all night, and went back to her in the morning.

Loramer made him a visit soon after that. They sat up late together. When they were separating at Loramer's door, he laid his arm across Enfield's shoulder, and they looked into each other's eyes.

"Are you going to marry Cora Brainard, Lawrence?" he asked.

"Yes."

They continued to look at each other for a long breath.

"Are my eyes sound?" asked Enfield, but neither smiled.

"Yes, sound and true," answered Loramer, "but too deep for me."

The wedding came off a month later. Enfield had insisted upon Loramer standing up with him. "This must make no difference between you and me, Harry," he had said. And Loramer had consented with some hesitation. Cora looked very pretty, and bore herself with a demure dignity which he could not but admire. He got an idea of her then which he found hard to reconcile with his recollections. Enfield himself discovered an unsuspected capacity for enjoyment in her. They came back from the wedding-journey, and she took command of his house. And as they settled into the routine of home life and occupations, Enfield began to think of carrying out certain plans which he had had in mind.

Two or three months before his marriage, he had met a young lady whom he had known slightly for some years, named Stella Grayland. She was not strikingly beautiful, but of very pleasing appearance, fresh, rosy, and intelligent. But the charm Enfield found in her was her manner and what it suggested. Though entirely simple, her walking, standing, sitting, speaking, were perfectly poised. In all her motions and attitudes she made you think of some smooth and balanced mechanism which, however it turned, or went, or stood still, was in no danger of toppling over. She could stand still and sit still, and to see her do either was good for the eyes. She was not fluent in speech, but when she began you might be sure she would get to the end of what she set out to say and stop when she got to the end. The simplest things took a rhythmical quality in her mouth and clung to the memory with an agreeable tenacity.

Happy, thoughtful, modest, steadfast, Stella Grayland struck Enfield as the reverse of Cora Brainard, and he found the secret of the salient difference in the fact that Stella had had a thorough training in one direction. Her father was a musician, and his daughter had inherited his faculty and cultivated it by assiduous study at home and abroad. Coming away from her, Enfield had reflected how any ennobling pursuit broadens and deepens the whole character, as a journey up the latitudes on any side of the world, gives one the main features of all, and makes the rest intelligible.

If Cora had had the guidance of some strong, wise hand to set her right at the start, and lead her along the arduous beginning of some such path, until her feet found their strength and the growing joy of walking, and her eyes learned the delight of the ever widening and brightening prospect!—the thought of what might have been filled him with strong regret and pity. She had only had the training of sordid care and uncongenial tasks and associations. He was estranged from her then, and had been thinking hardly of her; but when he heard of her in trouble at her father's death, the pitiful yearning swept away all unkindness, and brought him back to her side. And that night, after she had appealed to him in such an abandoned humor, she seemed to him quite the child still and fit to learn of one who understood her, and had her confidence and the right to be with her a great deal. Who was there that knew her or could help her but he? It was in no proud spirit that he had answered. He wandered under the stars and was humble enough and lonely enough, God knew. He went back through the years, and gathered all the forgotten tenderness and trust between them. He felt again the purifying stimulus of his thought of her, and perceived how it had fostered all of him that was brave and of good report. Whether or not

he had deceived himself; whether she were truly the girl he had seen or not, the fact remained that he owed her, or his thought of her, a great deal. What was truth? Are there not as many worlds as eyes that see them? Are we sure there is any world outside the eye? Does not truth consist in standing by what one's eyes report? What better proof could there be of a thing's reality than that it had held you long, shaped and lifted and led you? Cora Brainard had been the most powerful modifying circumstance of his life.

It seemed to him that night that God had set before him a solemn trust, and that there was every reason why he should assume it. And slowly and reverently he took it up.

And now that she was his wife, he was anxious to begin the course he had determined to pursue. Cora had received the ordinary schooling of girls, but had somehow missed the true education. Her acquirements were a surface gloss merely, Enfield knew. She had never been touched by the sacred fire. She could not tell a good book from a poor one, he had said to Loramer. But he had taken her, and his heart yearned toward the companion of his choice. Yet there could be no true companionship where there was no common view or interest. It seemed to him that she had never learned the right use of her eyes, that the few and little things close to her shut out the sight of the great and innumerable company beyond, as if one reared among city streets should never see either the earth or the sky. He would teach her to use them, would show her the awe and beauty of the world. They would read together; he would find a new charm and inspiration in his loved books; she would catch his enthusiasm and insensibly learn the delight and true cultivation of all that is great and good.

He found no chance to begin for a long time. She was very busy and seemed very happy. There was the house to set in order, his friends and hers to entertain; she was learning to ride. But by and by came winter and shut them in more alone. He got out his books and proposed their reading together, and was pleased to find she welcomed the plan. She read with a clear intonation and a careful regard for pointing and pronunciation; but somehow as he listened to her the strength and flavor of his favorite authors escaped between the words. Her idea of reading poetry seemed to be that it should sound exactly like prose. She had apparently no conception of anything like rhythm, and seemed to think it a special grace to avoid any slightest pause at the end of a line when it could be done; so that the mind was kept on a strain to catch at the rhyme and measure. He said nothing, but one night took the book himself. He read things to her that had made his heart throb and dimmed his eyes, or filled him with delightful laughter, and they wearied or puzzled her and seemed cold and sterile to himself. He began to lose courage, but he persevered. One night he read to her in Ruskin's eloquent prose, and came to that powerful and impassioned, if somewhat mystical, interpretation of the Laureate's noble song:

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown."

He read on to the end. When he stopped he hoped she would not speak; he felt by anticipation the jar of her clear cold voice. But she did not speak. Her face was in the shadow, but he could see without turning his head that her bosom heaved and heaved. She was touched,—she understood. With a rush came a thought that the splendid song symbolized their relation. It was he who stood at the gate, alone, and called her out from "the dancers dancing in tune." He had almost wearied of calling, but she heard,—at last she heard!

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, She is near,'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait!'"

There was silence a while in the room; then he moved very gently and looked in her face. There was a smile on her lips, and her eyes were closed. She was asleep.

He left her there and went out. It was cold and still; the stars glittered, the earth was white. He walked far on the frozen snow, with a feeling as hard and cold as the bitter air. Some impish sprite seemed to mock him with the closing strain of the song:

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;

My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

All the charm had gone out of the words. Were such passionate yearnings actual, or at best more than empty delusions? He had yearned so toward her; she had been "his life, his fate." His fate, truly, but was she not rather his death? What kind of creature was it that words like those could not move? She cast a blight upon the noblest things, made him doubt and disbelieve where before he had walked with firm feet. And she was his fate; he was bound to her by his own hand. She sat there now by his table, and there she would sit and sit. The picture made his house seem a prison. He must go back there by and by. The thought of living at variance was very bitter to him, yet how could they prevent it who had nothing in common, whose instincts drew opposite ways. He was unequally yoked with an unbeliever.

The village clock recalled him from that dismal reverie. He had a call to make at the Marlakes'; the children were all three sick. Kate Marlake had been a Grayland, and her sister Stella was recently come to stay with her through that trying time. Lawrence gave one of the children a soothing potion, and said he would wait to see the effect. He went down-stairs, and Kate sent Stella to keep him company. She asked him about the children, and he explained to her the "self-limited" character of the disease and the necessity that they should grow worse before they could be better, but assured her there was no present cause for alarm. And while he thus re-assured her, she was unconsciously exerting fully as powerful a counter-influence upon him. Her steady, balanced carriage, her quiet, straight, brief questions, her direct glance, her strong but controlled interest, the simple, graceful motion with which she sat afterward, and her easy, restful attitude, altogether affected him with a great tenderness, mingled with despair. Why could not Cora be like that? Was it so hard to be simple, gracious, modestly satisfied? It seemed very easy in Stella's presence. She did not say much; her words were fit and sincere, to be sure, but simple and few, and as like as not to end with a depreciating, low, lapsing laugh. But somehow she made all brave and gentle and generous things seem easy and very desirable. Lawrence looked up from his abstraction and found her watching him.

"Don't you miss your music?" he asked.

"Well," she answered with her low laugh, "it would hardly be gracious to say I do, when Kate needs me so badly,—and hardly true to say no."

Lawrence recalled a remark of Dr. Kane's;—how when, on one of his voyages, in their ice-girt winter quarters, the whole ship's company, save himself, were prostrate below decks, and he with incredible strength and fortitude was literally doing everything, not even omitting to register regular observations of the instruments;—in the midst of that unsurpassable heroism among the polar solitudes, he felt at night a dissatisfaction with the day as having been spent to little purpose worthy of his powers.

Stella listened and was still a moment before she answered:

"Yes, I can understand that."

That was it. She could understand. She knew what he was talking about; she knew and cared. He had always remarked her peculiarly melodious, low voice; he thought now he had never heard one so expressive. It was never either loud or faint, but exquisitely modulated, like all her motions. He could say things to her; when he began to talk to Cora, his words came back upon him as in an echoing hall, and smothered him with the sound of his own voice. Stella Grayland, sitting composedly, saying little, stirred him like noble music,—made him strong and fervid.

They talked of many things, the dark background of his thought giving a somber undertone to his part. They came back to music.

"You enjoy it as much as ever?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I think it grows constantly upon you. One's deficiencies become painfully clearer and bad music seems to increase and become more of a trial. But it is a satisfaction to feel that one grows a little, taking the years together; and it is very pleasant to know that there will always be plenty to learn and enjoy."

She ended with a little sigh.

He was looking at her, but he only said:

"Yes."

Her words exactly expressed his feeling for literature. He felt as if they two had been climbing the same hill by different paths, and stood side by side for a moment looking up to the heights beyond that rose one above another,—where over the dark pine forests the glittering snow-peaks pierced the sky and the rivers of ice shone gloriously.

Kate came to tell them that Jenny was asleep, and they went up softly. Lawrence wrote out his directions for the night and came down, Stella accompanying him. At the door he paused a moment abstractedly.

"Don't you think it's a great loss for a person to miss the pleasure and appreciation of a noble art?" he asked, seriously.

She looked at him questioningly, but replied:

"Yes, it makes me very sorry sometimes; it is a great loss. But I reflect that there are a great many people who get on without it, and they seem quite contented and happy. I think those who have the advantage of the finer influences and delights should be very good and try to prevent the younger ones from growing up without caring for such things."

"Yes, that is true," he replied, and he went on with suppressed agitation: "But suppose one should grow up blind to all art and yet not contented or happy, without any true knowledge, or faith, or cultivation but the outward seeming, unsettled, unsatisfied, hungering for one knows not what, despising all that one has?"

He leaned back, and neither spoke for a moment. She turned either way with a shuddering movement.

"That would be terrible," she answered. "But do you think there are any so unfortunate?"

"Yes, there are some," he returned; "I hope indeed not many."

"And can nothing be done for them?"

"I don't know. I am afraid not."

"Oh, I think you should not say that," she continued warmly; "their friends should not despair. It would be like saving a soul from death!"

"Thank you," he said. "Good-night!" He offered his hand and she gave him hers frankly.

He came away softened and warmed; the night was not so hard and cold now. All that was compassionate and unselfish in him was re-enforced, and the view of his better nature confirmed. His feeling toward Cora was only gentle and pitiful. But there was a difference between them thenceforth that he could not equalize. He saw that the novelty and excitation of her altered position were going from her and that the quiet of the early winter was growing irksome. She said nothing, but he got the feeling of having a child in the house whose playthings were worn out and whom he felt bound to entertain. It unsettled and fretted him. He was necessarily at the Marlakes' a great deal for some time and his admiration for Stella grew with the sight of her unwearied and skillful care of the little ones; through the most trying scenes she was steadfast, though deeply concerned; she executed his directions with exactness. She was never taken at a disadvantage; under all circumstances she was the same simple, friendly, self-respectful, admirable person. He was always the better for seeing her; however confused and wrong-sided the world might seem, at sight or sound of her all things fell into order and marched to unheard music. He did not disguise from himself that he went to see the Marlake children oftener than he would have gone to others; he knew he was glad to go there and knew the reason. He knew that he sometimes thirsted to see her, to hear her speak. Why should he not? He did not know how he should get on if she were away. His wife soon wore out his better feelings; sometimes he was in a rage with her, sometimes affected with a great melancholy; she could not rest at home unless there were people there; she wanted to be at all meetings, fairs, parties, lectures, concerts. She would talk with most people glibly enough, catching the cue of each with wonderful adroitness and echoing each after his kind. Most people thought her charming when she cared to charm; to be confirmed in one's opinions by such pretty, vivacious eyes and lips few men would find distasteful. To Lawrence she had nothing to say. She knew that he knew that she had nothing worth saying. She resented his penetration; she resented his pity; and pity was the only light in which he found the thought of her tolerable. He had thought to show her through his eyes widening vistas of beauty and grandeur; and instead he caught glimpses through hers of awful heights and depths of vacancy, peopled only by thinly veiled phantoms of darkness and horror. But she could not look with his eyes, and if she caught sight of such dismal prospects now and then she could not be expected to want to look that way; it was as if she sailed with a strong swimmer to whom she instinctively looked for help and succor when storms came, but who could do nothing in fair weather but steer the boat. A cloud or a breaking wave might remind her of tempest and dark depths full of cruel creatures, but while the sun shone and the sea was smooth she could hardly be blamed for preferring merrier company than one who was forever

on the lookout for foul weather, and whose gravity and very reserve power of succor were suggestive of distasteful things. They came to no open rupture; what was there to say? His prevailing mood toward her was compassion as for a lost soul. But many times that mood broke down by its own weight. Her light, child-like laugh, her high, clear voice talking so glibly and cheerily to people whom, as like as not, he knew she despised, came to him with a hollow, heartless ring that was maddening. He could not study; he could think of nothing worthy. He would rush away from the sound that he was frightened to perceive was becoming hateful. Should he not go to Stella then? He must go. He believed he should never have married Cora but for the stimulus to his compassion that he got from Stella. He did not know what he should do now but for her stimulus of his forbearance, his tenderness, his whole better nature. He put confidence in her. He spoke to her again and again with increasing frankness when he found her alone. And she took his confidence with concern and respect, kept him steadfast, and by her refined and restrained sympathy made up to him part of what he lost at home. But the children got well after many weeks and Stella went away. When she was gone he missed her very much.

Some time afterward Lawrence had a letter from a friend: "I have an opening here for a young surgeon of parts and character. It will be the making of some one. Can you send me the name of some young fellow you can recommend?"

Now, Lawrence happened to know that Stella had a cousin, a young surgeon; in fact, she had asked him about his chance of success in that part of the country. He now invited young Winlock to come down and make him a visit with a view to recommending him. He was a handsome, lively young fellow, and Lawrence liked him from the first. He and Cora got on well together, and Lawrence found the house pleasanter than he had for a long time. Stella came back to Elmtree two or three weeks later. Kate had felt the long strain after it was over, and had stumbled and broken-down. When Winlock came to see his cousin, the morning after her arrival, she was struck with the change in him. He was a frank fellow, and he and Stella were good friends. She made him come and sit with her. She talked to him and watched him. He took out his watch and rose to go. She stood up before him.

"Eugene," she said, "where are you going, now?"

The tall fellow looked down at her and changed color.

"I am going to ride."

"With Mrs. Enfield?"

"Yes," he answered, doggedly.

She looked away slowly and then back, till their eyes met again. She spoke in a lower voice than usual, but steadily.

"What do you think of Mrs. Enfield?"

He did not turn away his eyes, but his face grew haggard.

"I think she's an angel," he said.

She threw herself into the chair beside her without moving her feet, and sat with her hands together in her lap, and her face bent out of his sight. He turned back, shaken and helpless. Her attitude affected him more than any words. Presently he came round and took her head between his trembling hands.

"Don't fret about me, Stel," he said. "I'm not worth it."

She sat up straight.

"Eugene, you must go away directly."

He turned away his head.

"I can't," he said.

She stood up.

"Come here a moment."

She led him to Kate's sick-room.

"Awake, Katy? You slept nicely. You feel better now. Here's Eugene come to see you. I have to go out and Lizzie's busy, so Eugene will sit in the next room and call her if you want anything. Good-bye, dear!"

She was gone before he could say a word. In fifteen minutes she was in Dr. Enfield's parlor. A riding whip and hat lay on a table. She walked from them to the back of the room. Cora came down in her habit. She had a cheerful greeting on her lips and advanced toward Stella, but stopped half way; and Stella backed a step.

"Will you take a seat, Miss Grayland?" Cora said, with cold politeness.

"No," she answered, only half conscious of her words, a burning shame and aversion enveloping her like a cloud and shutting out sight and sound. "I have come to speak to you about my cousin, Eugene Winlock. He's not coming to ride."

Cora was staring with a horrified expression past Stella's head. She answered hoarsely:

"That will do, Miss Grayland. Lawrence, you had better come in."

Stella turned. The door behind her into Lawrence's office stood open; he had come

in unheard and was leaning against the door-post, white in the face. Stella was startled, but she only bowed distantly and came out of the house. This was not altogether new to Lawrence; he had felt vaguely fearful before. Cora turned her back to him and looked out of the window; the prospect was sunny and bright with spring's promise, but it did not look so to her. He came forward and stood beside her.

"You cannot deny this," he said. "What do you suppose will be the end if you keep on?"

She answered without turning or lifting her head, and in a hard bitter voice:

"I neither deny nor admit anything. You are both jealous. And it does not become you who wore such a long face because she went away. I suppose you can see now that she cares more for some one else."

She caught sight of his face and would have slipped past him, but he stood before her. Then she was afraid. He was afraid of himself; he had to keep back his hands from taking hold of her.

"If you ever speak to me like that again," he said slowly, after a little, "I cannot hold myself responsible for the consequences. You are not fit to take her name between your lips."

Stella sent Eugene away the same evening. After that she avoided Lawrence; there was something abhorrent to all her instincts in meeting him now with that repulsive understanding between them. And, for his part, Lawrence found that detestable suggestion of Cora's coming between him and Stella at a time when he stood more in need of help than ever. But the effect was to throw him the farther from Cora, and in the end the more strongly toward Stella. Sitting down one night to write directions for her care of her sister, a great longing came over him to say something to her from himself. He wrote on another slip, "I want Winlock to have the place. Can you help me to do it?"

The next day she followed him downstairs and asked him into the parlor. A new timidity had sprung up between them; they spoke only of the one subject he had suggested. She had already written to her cousin. In a day or two there was an answer, part of which she read to him. Then Lawrence wrote; they were a week arranging it. He could not but admire her conduct of the affair. She read him a grateful letter from her cousin and expressed her own thankfulness; they were both silent a little while.

"I have decided on a very serious step in another matter," he said then. "May I tell you?"

"Certainly," was all she replied.

Then he told her that he had resolved upon a separation, that he would give Cora everything he had and begin life anew.

She turned away her face and sat still.

"Don't you think it would be best?" he asked.

"Not for both," she answered.

"And must I never think of myself? Have I not suffered enough? What can I do?"

"Have you counted the cost?—the scandal, the whispering, the looks askance?"

"Yes, I am not afraid. I will face it all."

"Still, there is one thing you seem not to have thought of," she added slowly. "You would have to go away from here."

A shadow passed over his face; his eyes and thoughts wandered, and it was a minute before he said, "Why?"

Her eyes were turned away, and they came back with a peculiar, slow, smooth motion of the head; and she answered:

"For my sake."

If he had needed any explanation, Cora's hateful insinuation leaped to his mind. Was the world bad enough to take up that construction? A heavy blackness fell upon everything. He sat looking down, then got up and came away as if carrying a load.

Her words had changed the whole outlook; where had seemed the way to the light was only a will-o'-the-wisp among deeper darkness and uncertain footing. A night or two later, he sat looking over his directions by Kate's bedside. Stella could not help noticing how suffering seemed only to bring out the finer lines of his face, yet it made her very sorry. He looked up and met her eyes, frank and serious. He wrote on the bottom of the paper, and when he was gone she read:

"I think you were right. I am going to keep on. You will help me, will you not?"

Watching late that night, she thought long and soberly of Lawrence's hard lot. She questioned her feeling sharply, but could find no reason for withholding such aid and comfort as she could give him. There seemed to be every reason for giving it. She met him with frank kindness in the morning.

They said no more of Cora, but by every word, and look, and touch of the hand, she helped him to be patient and forbearing. His frequent meetings with her became the green places in a thirsty land. So months passed by. Kate got up, but was a long while gaining her strength. They ceased to need a doctor at the Marlakes; he could see Stella but seldom. Then she went away south again. He found life hard to endure. One day, when it seemed quite intolerable and he was casting vainly about, his heart went out to his old friend Loramer. He went to see him. The grip and smile of the fellow warmed him like wine. They spent the day together. He brought Loramer home with him. They sat, walked, rode, talked together by day and by night, and were happy. They said nothing about Cora, but thought many things. The little that Loramer saw of her, he chaffed and made merry. One day, looking for Lawrence, he found him out, and Cora alone. She bade him come and sit down, and began a chat, but he would only laugh and answer quizzingly, working cat's cradles with her worsted and big needles. She grew silent under his banter, eying him furtively and stitching away with her head bent. After a while he held a comical figure before her face. She could not help joining in his laugh, but she stopped short and began to sob and cry. She stood up, letting her work go where it would.

"You've no business to laugh at me, Harry Loramer," she complained. "You and Lawrence are chatting and laughing all day and all night, and have no more regard for my feelings than if I were wood or stone."

She hid her face and went out sobbing. Loramer laughed less after that. Lawrence had to take a long ride and Loramer proposed they should all go together. He and Cora rode on a little way while Lawrence made his call. They rode together every day after that, but Lawrence could not always be one of the party.

Naturally, Lawrence and Loramer found less to talk about, and sat less together. When his time came, Lawrence did not press Loramer to stay, but he did not go. Three days later Lawrence came home and met Loramer coming out of the house. Their greeting was brief and cold. Lawrence went in and found Cora.

He could not speak at first.

"What deviltry are you at now?" he demanded.

She tried to pass out, but he took hold of her by the shoulders, and made her hear.

"Listen to me," he said. "Do you know what you are doing? If you have no shame or pity, have you no fear? Don't try me too far, I tell you it's not safe."

His grasp hurt her cruelly, but she kept her head away and made no sound.

Two hours later, Lawrence came home again and found no one in the house. He had a call to make to the west. Three miles out he turned into a bridle-path that led up to a height. Presently he came in sight of the top. The shadows were thick about him, but above the sunset flushed splendidly. On the crest sat two riders, close together. He bowed his head and rode away.

"Harry, you are a coward!" Cora was saying. "Oh, I wish I were a man!" She raised her arm with a passionate gesture. "We loved each other from the first, and he drove you away. I never cared for him; I had to marry him. And I tell you we live in misery. We are nothing but a torment to each other. And you do not know him. He is in love with another woman, and he is cruel. Look here!"

She threw back her mantle and slid her supple shoulder out of her dress.

"Those are the marks of his fingers!"

His gaze was bent upon her, his eyes seemed drawn beyond his control; he trembled, and caught his breath. But he broke the spell. He sat up. He found his voice, thick and low:

"Don't tempt me. I am his friend; you are his wife."

She looked to right and left, then turned and took hold of his arm.

"Listen to me!" she commanded. "Bend down your head,—lower, lower!" She looked in his face intently; she put her own close and said, "I am not his wife!"

A dumb, incredulous stare was his reply. He frowned and shook his head.

"You don't believe me?" she cried. "Come home, I will show you."

She turned her horse, struck him with the whip and plunged recklessly down the steep path. He could not overtake her till she reined up and walked through the village street.

"Go into the parlor," she said, "and wait till I come."

She ran upstairs. She asked for Lawrence. He was out,—would not be back till eight. She looked at her watch. Not quite seven. From a locked drawer she took a

locked jewel-box and from under the lining a written paper with a printed slip pinned to it.

She came down and into the parlor with her hand in her pocket, walked up to Loramer where he stood before the fire, gave him the paper and sat down to watch him. It was a certificate of marriage between Cora Brainard and Clarence A. Harlow, dated three years back and signed by an eccentric clergyman, across the mountain. A feeling of sickness came over Loramer.

"Then you are Harlow's wife," he said.

"No, I am no man's wife," she answered impatiently. "Read on; read the newspaper slip."

He read: "On board U. S. S. 'Tuscaloosa,' off Cherbourg, Oct. 20, Ensign Clarence A. Harlow, aged twenty-four, by the bursting of a gun."

As Loramer lifted his eyes the door opened and Lawrence came in. Cora uttered a low cry and reached for the paper, but Lawrence's look frightened her so that she fell back into her chair. He kept his eyes upon her, but went toward Loramer and reached out a cigar-case which he brought in his hand.

"Here's your cigar-case," he said. "You'd better take it back."

Loramer swore at the case and flung it into the fire.

"Look here!" he cried. "Read that." He thrust it before his face. "Go on! Do you see? She was his wife when she married you. You're a free man!"

A brutal exultation seized Lawrence. He shouted and laughed,—"Ha ha ha, ha ha! She's made fools of us both. You can have her, Harry, and welcome. I wish you joy. Ha ha ha, ha ha! She's the devil! she's the devil!"

Loramer answered with a scornful mention of where she might go for him. Neither took any other notice of her sitting there, sunken together, crushed, hiding her face with her hands. Loramer turned away and ran tramping up the stairs, crammed his things into his valise and came tramping down. Lawrence was backed against the post at the stair-foot. Loramer grasped his hand in passing. "Good-bye! Come and see us," he called. He went out and banged the door, and they heard his hoarse laughter far down the quiet street.

To Cora that laughter sounded like the knell at the end of all things. She sat as they had left her and did not move for a long while after Lawrence too had gone out.

Lawrence's mirthful humor passed very quickly. He grew full of a most delectable sense of freedom. It seemed as if a suffocating net-work had been tightening about his heart and, now that it had burst, the joy of the great and unexpected deliverance seemed more than his breast could hold. He could not breathe in-doors,—he wanted all the air he could get on the windy hills.

> And his heart, like a bird set free,
> That tarries not early or late,
> But flies, over land, over sea,
> Straight, straight to its home, to its mate!

All the night seemed to break out and sing. All the world yearned one way; the stars leaned out of their courses and looked, not at him, but south; the north wind went by him, crooning, hurrying, and the moon sailed southward past the ragged clouds. All his soul went out with them, and his body sickened to follow.

He came home and changed his dress. It was late. His eyes and ears were full of one steadfast face, one low, flute-like voice and lapsing laugh. He lighted no lamp; the ghostly moonlight streamed through the window, and a figure as still and ghost-like stood at the door.

"Lawrence! Lawrence!" she called despairingly. But he did not seem to hear. He felt no hardness toward her; she had brought him the great deliverance as well as the grievous bondage. But he could no more heed her now than turn back if he were drawn by unbridled horses and some one cried behind. But when at last he came to go out, he almost stumbled upon her lying across the door. He stooped and picked her up; she was as cold as stone. She clung about his neck. The tempest had come; her ship was a wreck, the dark waves tumbling about her and dashing her with their cold spray. She clung to the strong swimmer she had flouted when winds were sweet, but was afraid she came too late.

"I could not help it; he deserted me basely. Oh, Lawrence, do not cast me off!" she implored, "Do not go away. Pity me; I am very miserable. I should not have done that if you had not forsaken me. No one ever helped me but you, and I have not been happy, you know I have not. I do not know what will become of me if you put me away. I wont vex you any more; before God I will not! You have me at your mercy: will you not be merciful?"

He laid her on the bed and wrapped her up. He spoke in a deep, solemn voice:

"Be still. I cannot hear you to-night. I have been merciful. I will try to do what is right. I am going away now; wait till I come back."

He took the midnight train south. Stella was out of town. He followed her. He felt that he could not meet her before strangers with self-control, or go through formalities. He wrote a brief note at the hotel asking to see her alone. Then he shrank from the thought of meeting her with detestable things to explain, and he added:

"I should like you to know my altered position before we meet. I shrink from shocking you by a personal explanation painful to us both. Forgive me, then, for inclosing papers which will inform you."

The messenger brought back a note which showed marks of agitation:

"Please excuse me to-night. I will walk on the beach early in the morning."

As the sun came up out of the sea the next morning, and he turned away from watching the splendid vision, he saw one that affected him more. She stood a little way off, looking intently seaward; and he thought the morning took a new grace from the flush on her cheek and the light in her clear, calm eyes. His eyes grew dim as he looked at her. If she had felt any agitation, it was gone when she turned and waited for him to approach. She gave him her hand.

"Is it not a beautiful morning?" she said. "Don't you think it should make us very gentle and unselfish?"

The falling cadence of her voice was more musical than the waves that babbled at her feet. They walked side by side along the sands.

"Yes," he answered, "yes. If all mornings were like this——" he broke off and looked out to sea.

They came among scattered bowlders and stood still. With diffidence she took out of his letter the paper with the printed slip attached, and gave it to him.

"You were not offended at my sending them?"

"No, I was glad you sent them. It was thoughtful of you." She spoke low and seriously. "But do I quite understand?"

She asked him several questions, modest but straightforward, with her grave eyes on his face. While he answered he was thinking, "To the pure, all things are pure."

She dropped her eyes and sighed.

"It is a dreadful story; it makes me very sad."

Then after a minute she looked up again and asked:

"What are you going to do?"

He shook with vague apprehension, and leaned sidewise on the rock.

"With her?" he asked. "I hardly know. I thought you would advise me. You cannot think I am under any obligation to keep her any longer? I am not bound to her by any law."

She did not answer for a minute or look at him. When she did, there was a strong fervor in her voice:

"We are all bound; we are all under obligation to help, to guard, to rescue, to seek and to save them that are lost."

She stood before him. Her face was like the face of the angel of pity, her tones full of passionate pleading.

"Did you take her ignorantly? Have you kept her only because the law made you? I know you better. What will become of her if you cast her off? She might be worse than she is."

She turned away and shuddered. Her words pierced him the deeper because they were the same Cora had used, because they were his own smothered thoughts.

He was silent, leaning against a great rock as he stood before her, and she went on, with rising passion:

"And beware for your own sake. If you throw her off, she will draw you down with her, you and all—" she caught her breath—"all connected with you. You cannot punish her as a criminal. What could you say to justify your action? Think of the position you would stand in before the world, with your tongue tied. You could not bear it. In your heat you may think you could, but you might as well think to resist the sea. Beware lest in your haste you throw away the good you have gained. For you have gained. Your power over her is multiplied ten-fold. Your freedom is your power. She must know she is in your hands now; the fences are all down; you are held by no bond. She will know she can no longer presume; her instincts of self-preservation will weigh on your side, and your forbearance be a perpetual restraint upon her. I think you have no good alternative, and that your duty is plain. Don't think I am hard: we have all our tasks that seem too heavy at times. We can't understand; 'His ways are past finding out.'"

Her voice grew tremulous and she held her face away a minute or two, but then looked up and smiled faintly:

"'Theirs not to make reply; theirs not to reason why,' you know. Who knows what great things you may accomplish yet?"

All his sense went with her, down in some unseen depth; but above that rolled a stream whose waves bore him past all resistance. And now the billows swept over him and were bitter in his eyes and throat. He bent backward and rested his head upon the high rock, and stretched up his arms above him. The freshness of the morning turned to ashy pallor; the land and the sea sickened with pain.

Slowly he bent forward again:

"All that is true, I have no doubt. You have clear eyes, and some day I may see it so myself. But I can't see, I can't hear that now. There is only one thing I can see or hear. I disowned it, I put it away, I crushed it down; I was faithful to the galling bond; I did my duty!"

He raised his arms again; his voice was like a cry to heaven:

"She made my love her plaything; she wore it out with base uses. She has used me despitefully; she has been the curse of my life!"

And the low answer came back steadfastly:

"'Bless them that curse you; do good to them that despitefully use you!' You say you have done your duty; I know you have. Cleave fast to that. Take care, lest you have not that to say by and by."

Her voice faltered; there was a look of repressed tears about her drooped eyes. She had plainly been over the first part of this path before, but she was getting on untrodden ground.

"Duty is the principal thing; there is always some sweetness sooner or later with that; but without it, the best things will turn to ashes and dust."

"I know, I know," he cried. "But I can't feel that now. I can only feel one thing; I can only care for one thing. I only know that there is but one person in all the world for me, and that duty, and reason, and heaven itself, mean nothing beside her. And it is like death to hear her say these things to me, and to know that she could not say them if she cared for me as I do for her."

He thought her as steady as the rocks, and to her the solid earth seemed to heave round her more than the unstable sea. But she steadied herself and replied:

"Ought you not to be glad if it is not so? It would not alter your duty. Would it not make it the harder for you? Would it not make your way darker than it is?"

"Glad!" he called out despairingly. "Glad that the sun is put out in the sky; that the earth is a desert and my heart an intolerable ache; that there is no more purpose, or spring, or desire in my life! Oh, yes, I am glad, glad, glad!"

She clasped her hands; she laid her shoulder and face against the rock; she spoke eagerly:

"Would it help you if I could feel so? Would it make your duty easier?"

"Yes," he cried, "yes! If I knew *that*, I could scale the mountains and swim the seas, I could do anything, and endure anything!"

A light leaped into her eyes and her low voice rose like a trumpet-call:

"Then I could! I do!"

He bent toward her, but a horrible doubt seized him. He clasped his hands behind his head; he swung from side to side.

"For another? Not for me?" he demanded hoarsely.

She stood unsteadily; she lifted her joined hands; her upturned face was aflame but she could not speak. Then her self-repression broke down. She sank upon the rock and covered her face and wept uncontrollably. He threw himself down beside her.

"Oh, is it true?" he besought her. "Can it be true?"

"Yes!—yes!" she cried, sobbing vehemently. "I tried to keep it down; I would not hear it. I tried to do right. But I can't help it."

He turned his face up to the sky and groaned. "O God!" It was as if heaven came within his reach, and resistless hands stretched out and held him back. But it was too much. Fierce joy rushed upon him and swept away everything else. He stretched out his arms; he bowed over her; he caught her and held her fast. The sun leaped up in the sky. The waves and the winds sang together. There was a new heaven and a new earth!

"O Stella!" was all he said.

She lay still; she had no strength. But soon she found faint voice:

"O Lawrence, I am so weak! You must help me to do right."

"Help you!" he cried, piteously. "Help

the angels of light! O Stella, Stella! Don't trust in me. I have no goodness but yours, no right but you. I had rather the tide would rise over us here, than have to go away from you."

She sobbed, then turned her head with a long, long breath, and slowly, steadily, with weak, limp fingers began to loosen his clasp and raise herself up. He let her go. The world seemed slipping from him; the shadows of night fell about him. They sat side by side and looked at each other.

"Is there no way?" he asked.

"No,—no way but one."

She tried to stanch her tears, but they would flow.

"Don't cry, don't cry!" he besought. "I can't bear that."

"Oh, never mind," she replied. "It's a relief to cry; I am not altogether unhappy. It is very bitter at first and chokes me."

She bowed her face a moment, then lifted it and went on, with the tears in her eyes and voice:

"No; there is only one way. Even if it were easier, I could not thrust her out, I should hate myself if I did; you yourself would despise me. If we could enter heaven by shutting the door upon her, could we be happy walking together in the golden streets? Would not the thought of her wandering in outer darkness come in and torment us and make us afraid. I do not grudge her,—at least, at least——" Her voice faltered, but rose again. "I ought not; has not her folly been my great gain? I do pity her with all my heart. If I should take away the only good she has, would it not turn to my curse?"

They had risen and stood on the sand. His eyes were bent upon her; her words played upon him like the winds on a harp.

"Do right; do right?" he exclaimed. "Whatever you do or say is right to me."

Her head dropped. She lifted her hands; she spoke brokenly.

"Do not speak so; help me; I am weak too."

He caught her hands.

"Forgive me,—I will, I will, I know I could die for you. Can I not live and endure for your sake? Look up! look up."

She looked up and smiled through tears. He held her hands fast, she stepped upon the low rock and stood upon his level.

"Why should we mourn?" she cried. "Have we not the best things?"

Her eyes turned from him and looked out across the sea. And her thoughts went on beyond sea, and land, and sun. But he could only look at her.

And presently her eyes came back to his. They looked in each other's faces long, but did not speak.

Then slowly, slowly and bitterly they drew their eyes away and set their unwilling faces toward the north; and lingering, step by step, they came side by side along the sands again, parted and went their allotted, divided ways.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XXV.

It had been some time since Derrick on his nightly walks homeward had been conscious of the presence of the silent figure; but the very night after the occurrence narrated in the last chapter, he was startled at his first turning into the Knoll Road by recognizing Joan.

There was a pang to him in the discovery. Her silent presence seemed only to widen the distance Fate had placed between them. She was ready to shield him from danger, but she held herself apart from him even in doing so. She followed her own path as if she were a creature of a different world,—a world so separated from his own that nothing could ever bridge the gulf between them.

To-night, Derrick was seized with an intense longing to speak to the girl. He had forborne for her sake before, but to-night he was in one of those frames of mind in which a man is selfish, and is apt to let his course be regulated by his impulses. Why should he not speak, after all? If there was danger for him there was danger for

her, and it was absurd that he should not show her that he was not afraid. Why should she interpose her single strength between himself and the vengeance of a man of whom he had had the best in their only encounter? As soon as they had reached the more unfrequented part of the road, he wheeled round suddenly, and spoke.

"Joan," he said.

He saw that she paused and hesitated, and he made up his mind the more strongly. He took a few impetuous steps toward her, and seeing this, she addressed him hurriedly.

"Dunnot stop," she said. "If—if yo' want to speak to me, I'll go along wi' yo'."

"You think I'm in danger?"

He could not see her face, but her voice told him that her usual steady composure was shaken—it was almost like the voice of another woman.

"Yo' nivver wur i' more danger i' yore loife."

"The old danger?"

"Th' old danger, as is worse to be feared now than ivver."

"And you!" he broke out. "*You* interpose yourself between that danger and me!"

His fire seemed to communicate itself to her.

"Th' harm as is meant to be done, is coward's harm," she said, "an' will be done i' coward's fashion—it is na a harm as will be done yo' wi' fair warnin', i' dayleet, an' face to face. If it wur, I should na fear—but th' way it is, I say it shanna be done—it shanna, if I dee fur it!" Then her manner altered again, and her voice returned to its first tremor. "It is na wi' me as it is wi' other women. Yo' munnot judge o' me as yo' judge o' other lasses. What mowtn't be reet fur other lasses to do, is reet enow fur me. It has na been left to me to be lass loike, an' feart, an'—an' modest," and she drew her breath hard, as if she was forced to check herself.

"It has been left to you," he burst forth, "it has been left to you to stand higher in my eyes than any other woman God ever made."

He could not have controlled himself. And yet, when he had said this, his heart leaped for fear he might have wounded her or given her a false impression. But strange to say, it proved this time that he had no need for fear. There was a moment's silence, and then she answered low and soft.

"Thank yo'!"

They had gone some yards together, before he recovered himself sufficiently to remember what he had meant to say to her.

"I wanted to tell you," he said, "that I do not think any—enemy I have, can take me at any very great disadvantage. I am—I have prepared myself."

She shuddered.

"Yo' carry—summat?"

"Don't misunderstand me," he said quickly. "I shall not use any weapon rashly. It is to be employed more as a means of warning and alarm than anything else. Rigganites do not like fire-arms, and they are not used to them. I only tell you this, because I cannot bear that you should expose yourself unnecessarily."

There was that in his manner which moved her as his light touch had done that first night of their meeting, when he had bound up her wounded temple with his handkerchief. It was that her womanhood—her hardly used womanhood, of which she had herself thought with such pathetic scorn—was always before him, and was even a stronger power with him than her marvelous beauty.

She remembered the fresh bruise upon her brow, and felt its throb with less of shame, because she bore it for his sake.

"Promise me one thing," he went on. "And do not think me ungracious in asking it of you—promise me that you will not come out again through any fear of danger for me, unless it is a greater one than threatens me now, and one I am unprepared to meet."

"I canna," she answered firmly. "I canna promise yo'. Yo' mun let me do as I ha' done fur th' sake o' my own peace."

She made no further explanation, and he could not persuade her to alter her determination. In fact, he was led to see at last, that there was more behind than she had the will or power to reveal to him; something in her reticence silenced him.

"Yo' dunnot know what I do," she said before they parted. "An' happen yo' would na quoite understand it if yo' did. I dunnot do things lightly,—I ha' no reason to,—an' I ha' set my mind on seein' that th' harm as has been brewin' fur long enow, shanna reach wheer it's aimed. I mun ha' my way. Dunnot ask me to gi'e it up. Let me do as I ha' been doin', fur th' sake of mysen, if fur no one else."

The truth which he could not reach, and would not have reached if he had talked to her till doomsday, was that she was right in saying that she could not give it up. This

woman had made no inconsequent boast when she told her father that if deadly blows fell, they must fall first upon herself. She was used to blows,—she could bear them,—she was fearless before them, but she could not have borne to sit at home, under any possibility of wrong being done to this man. God knows what heavy sadness had worn her soul, through the months in which she had never for a moment flinched from the knowledge that a whole world lay between herself and him. God knows how she had struggled against the unconquerable tide of feeling as it crept slowly upon her, refusing to be stemmed and threatening to overwhelm her in its remorseless waves. She was only left endurance—yet even in this there was a gladness which she had in nothing else. She could never meet him, as a happier woman might, but she could do for him what other women could not do—she could brave darkness and danger, she could watch over him, if need be; if the worst came to the worst, she could interpose herself between him and violence, or death itself.

But of all this, Fergus Derrick suspected nothing. He only knew that while she had not misinterpreted his appeal, some reasons of her own held her firm.

As she turned the corner of a lane leading to the high road, she found herself awkwardly trying to pass a man who confronted her—a fine young fellow far too elegant and well-dressed to be a Rigganite.

"Beg pardon!" he said abruptly, as if he were not in the best of humors. And then she recognized him.

"It's Mester Ralph Landsell," she said to herself as she went on. "What is he doin' here?"

But before she had finished speaking, she started at the sight of a figure hurrying on before her,—Liz herself, who had evidently just parted from her lover, and was walking rapidly homeward.

It was a shock to Joan, though she did not suspect the whole truth. She had trusted the girl completely; she had never interfered with her outgoing or incoming; she had been generously lenient toward her on every point, and her pang at finding herself deceived was keen. Her sudden discovery of the subterfuge filled her with alarm. What was the meaning of it? Surely it could not mean that this man was digging fresh pitfalls for the poor straying feet. She could not believe this,—she could only shudder as the ominous thought suggested itself. And Liz—nay, even Liz could not be weak enough to trifle with danger again.

But it was Liz who was hurrying on before her, and who was walking so fast that both were breathless when Joan reached her side and laid a detaining hand upon her shoulder.

"Liz," she said, "are yo' afeard o' me?"

Liz turned her face around, colorless and frightened. There was a tone in the voice she had never heard before, a reproach in Joan's eyes before which she faltered.

"I—did na know it wur yo'," she said, almost peevishly. "What fur should I be afeart o' yo'?"

Joan's hand dropped.

"Yo' know best," she answered. "I did na say yo' wur."

Liz pulled her shawl closer about her shoulders, as if in a nervous protest.

"I dunnot see why I should be, though to be sure it's enow to fear one to be followed i' this way. Canna I go out fur a minnit wi'out—wi'out ——"

"Nay, lass," Joan interfered; "that's wild talk."

Liz began to whimper.

"Th' choild wur asleep," she said, "an' it wur so lonesome i' th' house. Theer wur no harm i' comin' out."

"I hope to God theer wur na," exclaimed Joan. "I'd rayther see thy dead face lying by th' little un's on th' pillow than think as theer wur. Yo' know what I mean, Liz. Yo' know I could na ha' caught up wi' yo' wi'out passin' thot mon theer,—th' mon as yo' ha' been meetin' on th' sly,—God knows why, lass, fur I canna see, unless yo' want to fa' back to shame an' ruin."

They were at home by this time, and she opened the door to let the girl walk in before her.

"Get thee inside, Liz," she said. "I mun hear what tha has to say, fur I canna rest i' fear fur thee. I am na angered, fur I pity thee too much. Tha art naught but a choild at th' best, an' th' world is fu' o' traps an' snares."

Liz took off her hat and shawl and sat down. She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed appealingly.

"I ha' na done no harm," she protested. "I nivver meant none. It wur his fault. He wunnot let me a-be, an'—an' he said he wanted to hear summat about th' choild, an' gi'e me summat to help me along. He said as he wur ashamed o' hissen to ha' left me wi'out money, but he wur hard run at

the toime, an' now he wanted to gi'e me some."

"Money!" said Joan. "Did he offer yo' money?"

"Aye, he said——"

"Wait!" said Joan. "Did yo' tak' it?"

"What would yo' ha' me do?" restlessly. "Theer wur no harm——"

"Ha' yo' getten it on yo'?" interrupting her again.

"Aye," stopping to look up questioningly.

Joan held out her hand.

"Gi'e it to me," she said, steadily.

Mr. Ralph Landsell, who was sitting in his comfortable private parlor at the principal hotel of the little town, was disturbed, in the enjoyment of his nightly cigar, by the abrupt announcement of a visitor,— a young woman, who surprised him by walking into the room and straight up to the table near which he sat.

She was such a very handsome young woman, with her large eyes and finely cut face, and heavy nut-brown hair, and, despite her common dress, so very imposing a young woman, that the young man was quite startled,—especially when she laid upon the table-cloth a little package, which he knew had only left his hands half an hour before.

"I ha' browt it back to yo'," she said, calmly.

He glanced down at the package and then up at her, irritated and embarrassed.

"You have brought it back to me," he said. "May I ask what it is?"

"I dunnot think yo' need ask; but sin' yo' do so, I con answer. It's th' money, Mester Landsell.—th' money yo' give to poor Lizzie."

"And may I ask again, what the money I gave to poor Lizzie has to do with you?"

"Yo' may ask again, an' I con answer. I am th' poor lass's friend,—happen th' only friend she has i' th' world. Because God has made me the stronger o' the two, I ha' stood by her; an' because I am th' stronger o' the two, I stond by her now, an' tell yo' as I will na see yo' play her false again."

"The devil!" he broke forth, angrily. "You speak as—as if you thought I meant her harm."

He colored and faltered, even as he spoke. Joan fronted him with bright and scornful eyes.

"If yo' dunnot mean her harm, dunnot lead her to underhand ways o' deceivin' them as means her well. If yo' dunnot mean her harm, tak' yore belongings and leave Riggan to-morrow morning."

He answered her by a short, uneasy laugh.

"By Jove!" he said. "You are a cool hand, young woman—but you can set your mind at rest. I shall not leave Riggan to-morrow morning, as you modestly demand—not only because I have further business to transact, but because I choose to remain. I shall not make any absurd promises about not seeing Lizzie, which, it seems to me, is more my business than yours, under the circumstances—and I shall not take the money back."

"Yo' will na?"

"No, I will not."

"Very well. I ha' no more to say," and she went out of the room, leaving the package lying upon the table.

When she reached home, Liz was still sitting as she had left her, and she looked up tearful and impatient.

"Well?" she said.

"He has th' money," was Joan's answer, "An' he ha' shown me as he is a villain."

She came and stood near the girl, a strong emotion in her half pitying, half appealing look.

"Lizzie, lass!" she said. "Tha mun listen to me,—tha mun. Tha mun mak' me a promise before tha tak's thy choild upo' thy breast to-neet."

"I dunnot care," protested Liz, weeping fretfully. "I dunnot care what I do. It's aw as bad as ivver now. I dunnot care for nowt. Ivverybody's at me—noan on yo' will let me a-be. What wi' first one an' then another, I'm a'most drove wild."

"God help thee!" said Joan, with a heavy sigh. "I dunnot mean to be hard, lass, but yo' mun promise me. It is na mich, Lizzie, if—if things is na worse wi' yo' than I would ivver believe. Yo're safe so far: promise me as yo' will na run i' danger—promise me as yo' will na see that man again, that yo'll keep out o' his way till he leaves Riggan."

"I'll promise owt," cried Liz. "I dunnot care, I tell yo'. I'll promise owt yo'll ax, if yo'll let me a-be," and she hid her face upon her arms and wept aloud.

CHAPTER XXVI.

At least twice a week Jud Bates made a pilgrimage to Haviland Park. Having been enlightened to the extent of two or three

chapters of "Robinson Crusoe," Sammy Craddock was athirst for more. He regarded the adventures of the hero as valuable information from foreign shores, as information that might be used in political debates, and brought forth on state occasions to floor a presumptuous antagonist. Accordingly, he held out inducements to Jud such as the boy was not likely to think lightly of. A penny a night, and a good supper for himself and Nib, held solid attractions for Jud, and at this salary he found himself engaged in the character of what "Owd Sammy" called "a many-ensis."

"What's that theer?" inquired Mrs. Craddock on first hearing this imposing title. "A manny—what?"

"A many-ensis, owd lass," said Sammy, chuckling. "Did tha ivver hear o' a private gentleman as had na a many-ensis?"

"Nay. I know nowt about thy manny-ensisses, an' I'll warrant tha does na know what such loike is thysen."

"It means a power o' things," answered Sammy; "a power o' things. It's a word as is comprehensive, as they ca' it, an' it's one as will do as well as any fur th' lad. A many-ensis!" and many-ensis it remained.

Surely the adventures of the island solitary had never given such satisfaction as they gave in the cheery house-room of the lodge. Sammy listened to them over numerous pipes, with a respect for literature such as had never before been engendered in his mind by the most imposing display of bindings.

"I've allus thowt as t' newspaper wur enow fur a mon to tackle," he would say reflectively; "but theer's summat outside o' th' newspapers. I nivver seed a paper as had owt in it about desert islands, let alone cannybles."

"Cannybles, indeed!" replied Mrs. Craddock, who was occasionally one of the audience. "I conna mak' no sense out o' thee an' thy cannybles. I wonder they are na shamt o' theirsens, goin' about wi'out so mich as a hat on, an' eatin' each other, as if there wur na a bit o' good victual i' th' place. I wonder th' Queen dunnot put a stop to it hersen if th' parlyment ha' not getten the sense to do it. It's noan respectable, let alone Christian."

"Eh!" said Sammy; "but tha'rt i' a muddle. Th'dst allus be i' a muddle if I'd let thee mak' things out thysen an' noan explain 'em to thee. Does tha think aw this here happent i' England? It wur i' furrin lands, owd wench, i' a desert island i' th' midst o' th' sea."

"Well, I wur hopin' it wur na i' Lancashire, I mun say!"

"Lancashire! Why, it happent further off nor Lunnon, i' a place as it's loike th' Queen has nivver seed nor heerd tell on."

The old woman looked dubious, if not disapproving. A place that was not in Lancashire, and that the Queen had nothing to do with, was, to her, a place quite "off color."

"Well! well!" she resumed with the manner of an unbeliever, "thee go on thy way readin' if tha con tak' comfort i' it. But I mun say again as it does na sound Christian to me. That's the least I con say on't."

"Tha'rt slow i' understandin', owd lass," was her husband's tolerant comment. "Tha does na know enow o' litterytoor to appreciate. Th' female intylect is na strong at th' best, an' tha nivver wur more than ordinary. Get into it, Manyensis. It's getten late, an' I'm fain to hear more about th' mon Friday, an' how th' poor chap managed."

Both reader and audience were so full of interest that Jud's story was prolonged beyond the usual hour. But to the boy, this was a matter of small consequence. He had tramped the woods too often with Nib for a companion to feel fear at any time. He had slept under a hedge many a night from choice, and had enjoyed his slumber like a young vagabond, as he was.

He set out on this occasion in high good humor. There were no clouds to hide the stars; he had had an excellent supper, and he had enjoyed his evening. He trudged along cheerily, his enjoyment as yet unabated. The trees and hedges, half stripped of their leaves, were so suggestive of birds' nests, that now and then he stepped aside to examine them more closely. The nests might be there yet, though the birds had flown. Where throstles had built this year, it was just possible others might build again, and, at any rate, it was as well to know where their haunts had been. So, having objects enough to attract his attention, the boy did not find the way long. He was close upon the mine before he had time to feel fatigue possible, and, nearing the mine, he was drawn from his path again by a sudden remembrance brought up by the sight of a hedge surrounding a field near it.

"Theer wur a bird as built i' that hedge i' th' spring," he said. "She wur a new kind. I'd forgetten her. I meant to ha'

watched her. I wonder if any other felly fun her. I'll go an' see if th' nest is theer."

He crossed the road to the place where he fancied he had seen this treasure; but not being quite certain as to the exact spot, he found his search lengthened by this uncertainty.

"It wur here," he said to himself; "at least I thowt it wur. Some chap mun ha' fun it an' tuk it."

At this moment he paused, as if listening.

"What's that theer?" he said. "Theer's some one on th' other side o' th' hedge."

He had been attracted by the sound of voices—men's voices—the voices of men who were evidently crouching under the shadow of the hedge on the other side, and whose tones in a moment more reached him distinctly, and were recognized.

The first was Dan Lowrie's, and before he had heard him utter a dozen words, Jud dropped upon his knees and laid his hand warningly upon Nib's neck. The dog pricked his pointed ears and looked up at him restlessly. All the self-control of his nature could scarcely help him to suppress a whine.

"Them as is feared to stand by Dan Lowrie," said the voice, with an oath, "let 'em say so."

"Theer's not a mon here as is feart," was the gruff answer.

"Then theer's no need to gab no more," returned Lowrie. "Yo' know what yo' ha' getten to do. Yo' ha' th' vitriol an' th' sticks. Wait yo' fur him at th' second corner an' I'll wait at th' first. If he does na tak' one turn into th' road he'll tak' th' other, an' so which turn he tak's we'll be ready fur him. Blast him! he'll be done wi' engineerin' fur a while if he fa's into *my* hands, an' he'll mak' no more rows about th' Davvies."

Impatient for the word of command, Nib stirred uneasily among the dead leaves, and the men heard him. Not a moment's space was given to the two listeners, or they would have saved themselves. There was a smothered exclamation from three voices at once, a burst of profanity, and Dan Lowrie had leaped the low hedge and caught Jud by the collar. The man was ghastly with rage. He shook the lad until even he himself was breathless.

"Yo' young devil!" he cried hoarsely, "yo've been listenin', ha' yo'? Nay, theer's no use o' yo' tryin' to brave it out. Yo've done for yorsen, by God!"

"Let me a-be," said Jud, but he was as pale as his captor. "I wur na doin' thee no harm. I on'y coom to look fur a bird's nest."

"Yo' listened," said Lowrie; "yo' heerd what we said."

"Let me a-be," was Jud's sullen reply.

At this moment a man's face rose above the whitethorn hedge.

"Who is it?" asked the fellow in a low voice.

"A domd young rascal as has been eavesdroppin'. Yo' may as well coom out, lads. We've getten to settle wi' him, or we'n fun ourselves in th' worst box yet."

The man scrambled over the hedge without further comment, and his companion followed him; and seeing who they were, Jud felt that his position was even more dangerous than he fancied at first. The three plotters who grouped themselves about him were three of the most desperate fellows in the district—brutal, revengeful, vicious, combining all the characteristics of a bad class. The two last looked at him with evident discomfort and bewilderment.

"Here's a pretty go," said one.

"Aye, by the Lord Harry!" added the other. "How long's he bin here?"

"How long'st bin here?" demanded Lowrie, with another shake.

"Long enow to look fur a bird's nest an' not find it," said Jud, trying to speak stoutly.

The three exchanged glances and oaths.

"He's heerd ivvery word," said Lowrie in savage answer.

There was a moment's silence, and then Lowrie broke out again:

"Theer's on'y one road to stop his gab," he said. "Pitch him into th' mine, an' be domd to him. He shall na spoil th' job, if I ha' to swing fur it."

Nib gave a low whine, and Jud's heart leaped within him. Every lad in Riggan knew Dan Lowrie and feared him. There was not a soul within hearing, and people were not fond of visiting the mine at night, so if they chose to dispose of him in any way, they would have time and opportunity to do it without risk of being interfered with. But it happened that upon the present occasion Lowrie's friends were not as heated as himself. It was not a strictly personal grudge they were going to settle, and consequently some remnant of humanity got the better of them.

"Nay," said the youngest, "one's enow."

"Nay," Lowrie put in; "one's not enow fur me, if theer's another as is goin' to

meddle. Summat's getten to be done, an' done quick."

"Mak' him promise to keep his mouth shut," suggested No. 3. "He'll do it sooner nor get hissen into trouble."

"Will ta?" demanded the young one.

Jud looked up at him. He had the stubborn North country blood in him, and the North country courage. Having heard what he had, he was sharp enough to comprehend it. There was only one engineer whom Lowrie could have a grudge against, and that one was Derrick. They were going to work some harm against "Mester Derrick," who was his friend and Miss Anice's.

"Will ta?" repeated his questioner, feeling quite sure of him. The youth of Riggan were generally ready enough for mischief, and troubled by no scruples of conscience, so the answer he received took him by surprise.

"Nay," said Jud, "I will na."

"Tha will na?"

"Nay."

The fellow fell back a step or two to stare at him.

"Well, tha'rt a plucky one at ony rate," he growled, discomfited.

Jud stood his ground.

"Mester Derrick's bin good to me," he said, "an' he's bin good to Nib. Th' rest o' yo' ha' a kick fur Nib whenivver he gits i' yore way; but he nivver so much as spoke rough to him. He's gin me a penny more nor onct to buy him summat to eat. Chuck me down th' shaft, if yo' want to."

And though he scarcely believed they would take him at his word, since the two were somewhat in his favor, it was a courageous thing to say. If his fate had rested in Lowrie's hands alone, heaven knows what the result might have been; but having the others to contend with, he was safe so far. But there was not much time to lose, and even the less interested parties to the transgression had a stolid determination to stand by their comrade. There was a hurried consultation held in undertones, and then the younger man bent suddenly, and, with a short laugh, caught Nib in his arms. He was vicious enough to take a pleasure in playing tormentor, if in his cooler moods he held back from committing actual crime.

"Tha'rt a plucky young devil," he said; "but tha's getten to swear to howd thy tongue between thy teeth, an' if tha wunnot do it fur thy own sake, happen tha will fur t' dog's."

"What art tha goin' to do wi' him?" cried Jud trembling. "He has na done yo' no hurt."

"We're goin' to howd him over th' shaft a minnit till tha mak's up thy mind. Bring th' young chap along, lads."

He had not struggled before, but he began to struggle now with all his strength. He grew hot and cold by turns. It might not be safe to kill him; but it would be safe enough to kill Nib.

"Let me a-be," he cried. "Let that theer dog loose. Nib, Nib,—seize him, lad!"

"Put thy hond over his mouth," said the young man.

And so Jud was half dragged, half carried to the shaft. It was as useless for him to struggle as it was for Nib. Both were powerless. But Jud's efforts to free himself were so frantic that the men laughed,—Lowrie grimly, the other two with a kind of malicious enjoyment of the grotesqueness of the situation.

"Set him down, but keep him quiet," was the command given when they reached the pit's side.

The next instant a dreadful cry was smothered in the boy's struggling throat. They were leaning against the rail and holding Nib over the black abyss.

"Will tha promise?" he was asked. "Tha may let him speak, Lowrie; he canna mak' foak hear."

Nib looked down into the blackness, and broke into a terrified whine, turning his head toward his master.

"I—I—canna promise," said Jud; but he burst into tears.

"Let th' dog go," said Lowrie.

"Try him again. Will ta promise, or mun we let th' dog go, lad? We're noan goin' to do th' chap ony great harm; we're on'y goin' to play him a trick to pay him back fur his cheek."

Jud looked at Nib.

"Lowrie said you had vitriol and knobsticks," he faltered. "Yo' dunnat play tricks wi' *them*."

"Yo' see how much he's heerd," said Lowrie. "He'll noan promise."

The one who held the dog was evidently losing patience.

"Say yes or no, yo' young devil," he said, and he made a threatening gesture. "We canna stand here aw neet. Promise ta will na tell mon, woman, nor choild, what tha heerd us say. When I say 'three,' I'll drop th' dog. One—two—."

The look of almost human terror in Nib's

eyes was too much for his master. Desperation filled him. He could not sacrifice Nib—he could not sacrifice the man who had been Nib's friend; but he might make a sort of sacrifice of himself to both.

"Stop!" he cried. "I'll promise yo'."

He had saved Nib, but there was some parleying before he was set free, notwithstanding his promise to be silent. But for the fact that he was under the control of the others for the time being, Lowrie would have resorted to harsher precautions; but possibly influenced by a touch of admiration for the lad, the younger man held out against them. They wrangled together for a few minutes, and then Nib was handed over.

"Here, cut an' run, tha young beggar," said the younger one, "an' dunnat let's hear ony more on thee. If we do, it'll be worse fur thee an' th' dog too. So look out."

Jud did not wait for a second command. The instant he felt Nib in his arms, he scudded over the bare space of ground before him at his best speed. They should not have time to repent their decision. If the men had seen his face, they might not have felt so safe. But the truth was, they were reckoning upon Jud Bates as they would have reckoned upon any other young Riggan rascal of his age. After all, it was not so much his promise they relied on as his wholesome fear of the consequences of its being broken. It was not a matter of honor but of dread.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was even later than usual this evening when Fergus Derrick left the rectory. When Mr. Barholm was in his talkative mood, it was not easy for him to break away. So Derrick was fain to listen and linger, and then supper was brought in and he was detained again, and at eleven o'clock Mr. Barholm suddenly hit upon a new topic.

"By the bye," he said, "where is that fellow, Lowrie? I thought he had left Riggan."

"He did leave Riggan," answered Derrick.

"So I heard," returned the rector, "and I suppose I was mistaken in fancying I caught sight of him to-day. I don't know the man very well and I might easily be deceived. But where is he?"

"I think," said Derrick quietly, "that he is in Riggan. I am not of the opinion that you were mistaken at all. I am sure he is here, but for reasons of his own, he is keeping himself quiet. I know him too well to be deceived by any fancied resemblance."

"But what are his reasons?" was the next question. "That looks bad, you know. He belongs to a bad crew."

"Bad enough," said Derrick.

"Is it a grudge? He is just the rascal to bear a grudge."

"Yes," said Derrick. "It is a grudge against *me*."

He looked up then across the table at Anice and smiled re-assuringly.

"You did not tell us that you had seen him," she said.

"No. You think I ought to be afraid of him, and I am too vain to like to admit the possibility that it would be better to fear any man, even a Riggan collier."

"But such a man!" put in Mrs. Barholm. "It seems to me he is a man to be feared."

"I can thrash him," said Derrick. He could not help feeling some enjoyment in this certainty. "I *did* thrash him upon one occasion, you know, and a single combat with a fellow of that kind is oftener than not decisive."

"Yes," said the rector, "that is the principal cause of his grudge, I think. He might forgive you for getting him into trouble, but he will never forgive you for thrashing him."

They were still sitting at the table discussing the matter, when Anice, who sat opposite a window, rose from her seat, and crossing the room to it, drew aside the curtain and looked out.

"There was somebody there," she said, in answer to the questioning in the faces of her companions. "There was a face pressed close against the glass for a minute, and I am sure it was Jud Bates."

Derrick sprang from his chair. To his mind, it did not appear at all unlikely that Jud Bates had mischief in hand. There were apples enough in the rectory garden to be a sore trial to youthful virtue.

He opened the door and stepped into the night, and in a short time a sharp familiar yelp fell upon the ears of the listeners. Almost immediately after, Derrick returned, holding the trespasser by the arm.

It was Jud Bates, but he did not look exactly like a convicted culprit, though his appearance was disordered enough. He was pale and out of breath, he had no cap on, and he was holding Nib, panting and excited, in his arms.

"Jud," exclaimed Anice, "what have you been doing? Why did you come to the window?"

Jud drew Nib closer, and turned if possible a trifle paler.

"I coom," he said tremulously, "to look in."

Nobody smiled.

"To look in?" said Anice. "Why, whom did you want to see?"

Jud jerked his elbow at Derrick.

"It was *him*," he answered. "I wanted to see if he had gone home yet."

"But why?" she asked again.

He shuffled his feet uneasily and his eyes fell. He looked down at Nib's head and faltered.

"I—" he said. "I wanted to stop him. I—I dunnot know——" And then the rest came in a burst. "He munnot go," he cried, trembling afresh. "He mun keep away fro' th' Knoll Road."

The party exchanged glances.

"There is mischief on hand," said Mr. Barholm; "that is plain enough."

"*He* munnot go," persisted Jud; "*he* mun keep away fro' th' Knoll Road. I'm gettin' myself i' trouble," he added, the indifference of despair in his pale face. "If I'm fun out they'll mill me."

Derrick stepped aside into the hall and returned with his hat in his hand. He looked roused and determined.

"There are two or three stout colliers in Riggan who are my friends, I think," he said, "and I am going to ask them to face the Knoll Road with me. I should like to settle this matter to-night. If I give these fellows the chance to attack me, they will be the more easily disposed of. A few years in jail might have a salutary effect upon Lowrie."

In his momentary heat, he forgot all but the strife into which he was forced. He did not question Jud closely. He knew Riggan and the mining districts too well not to have a clear enough idea of what means of vengeance would be employed.

But when he got out into the night he had not gone many yards before a new thought flashed upon him, and quickened his pulse. It was not a pleasant thought because it checked him, and he was in a mood to feel impatient of a check. But he could not throw it off. There rose within his mind a picture of a silent room in a cottage,—of a girl sitting by the hearth. He seemed to see quite clearly the bent head, the handsome face, the sad eyes. He had a fancy that Liz was not with her to-night, that the silence of the room was only broken by the soft breathing of the child upon Joan's knee.

He stopped with an impatient gesture.

"What was I thinking of?" he demanded of himself, "to have forgotten *her*, and what my madness would bring upon her? I am a selfish fool! Let it go. I will give it up. I will stay in Riggan for the future—it will not be long, and she need torture herself no more. I will give it up. Let them think I am afraid to face him. I am afraid—afraid to wound the woman I—yes—" passionately, "the woman I *love*."

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Political Training.

IT is the general conviction that, sooner or later, we are to have a reform in our Civil Service. It is more than this. There is a general determination that there shall be such a reform. The fair and sensible men of all parties—all men who are not given over to partisanship—all men who have ceased to believe that politics is a trade, to be pursued for personal gain, irrespective of the public good—believe in this reform, and look forward hopefully, and even impatiently, to the time of its accomplishment. But the question concerning men and materials for this reform does not seem to have occurred to these people. The fact that there is no competent school for the preparation of men for public life, is one which does not seem to have presented itself to them.

At present, men enter upon nearly every sphere of public life without the slightest special preparation for it. If a man can make a fair speech, if he is an adept at the pulling of wires, if by any tact in organization and in the working of party machinery in local elections he manages to win a degree of power and prominence, he becomes a candidate for office. He may know nothing whatever of the political history of his country, or of other countries. He may lack intelligence in all the great questions of political economy. He may even fail in a competent understanding of the issues involved in his own election. If he goes to Congress, he is simply placed at school, and is supported at the public

charge. By the time he is well in his seat, and has become fitted for service, some other demagogue, as ignorant as he was at first, supersedes him, and he retires. He goes to Congress in the first place, not because he is fit for its duties, but because he wants the office, and manages to get it. He retires as soon as he has learned something, that another ignoramus, who has outmanaged him at home, may receive an education at the public expense.

These statements are so well established in the political history of the country and the time, that they cannot be disputed. And here the question naturally arises concerning the preparation of the country for the reform which it would so gladly see effected. Where are we to find the men who have made politics, in all its scientific and practical departments, a long and careful study? What shall the new requirements be? and how shall we train men to meet them? Have we already a body of men, sufficiently large and sufficiently conversant with scientific and practical politics, to meet the requirements of a reform? We fear that this last question must be answered in the negative, and must continue to be so answered until some means are established to train men for the public service.

We have our military and naval schools for training men for the army and navy. After their graduation, they may go into civil life, but, in time of war, they are the first we call upon to organize and lead the forces of the country. They alone truly understand the business. They have been instructed in all the details of organization, subsistence, engineering and active war. Now, we cannot understand why the men engaged in legislation and administration—in the civil service of the government—do not need as careful a training as those who are called to its military and naval service. The knowledge demanded covers a wider field. The principles involved are a thousand times more complex. International law and polity, political economy, finance, the relations of the federal government to the states, the relations of the states to each other, constitutional history and constitutional law, diplomacy, and a vast aggregate of recorded usage and technical detail—all these need to be understood by the men in office. How are men to be grounded in the principles of government, and to acquire even the elements of this vast range of knowledge? At present, the only education we give them is in active service. We are not only at the expense of their subsistence and tuition, but we are at the still greater expense of their blunders.

Well, we do not propose another West Point, or another Annapolis. It would not be well, we presume, to establish a governmental school of politics. There are insuperable objections in the way. The partisans of free trade and protection, for instance, could never agree on the style of political economy to be taught. But there is no good reason why Yale and Harvard, or any other college, for that matter, should not have a department of politics, which should give a solid three years course of study. There is no reason why a man should not go before a high examining board at Washington, from such a school as this, and win his certificate of fitness for public office. There are a thousand good reasons why such a man should receive the suffrages of the people for any office which they wish to fill.

Aside from all direct influence upon governmental legislation and administration, the effect of the training which such a school would give would exercise a most beneficent influence upon the country. If the men who are trained there never enter office, they will add to the popular intelligence, and raise the public standard and the public tone. They will not only help to leaven the mass, but they will place the government under intelligent criticism. Under their influence, the demagogue would be subjected to a fearful discount. Their presence in public affairs and their distribution throughout the country would, of themselves, do much to reform a service that has sunk into deserved contempt. Ignorant men would be ashamed to show themselves in such a light. The simple establishment of such a school would call the attention of the public to the gross abuses from which they have suffered, and they would be glad to be represented by men who would not only serve the country well, but would honor them.

There is still another view to be taken of this matter. We can imagine no training to be more fruitful in its solid culture to young men of means than this would be. Neither law nor medicine nor theology offers to the young man who does not wish to enter those professions, and who is not content with his accomplished academic course, so fine a field for useful culture as this school would afford, and we believe it would be thronged with students from the best classes of society. What better can be given to a young man than a thorough knowledge of statesmanship and citizenship? It would be better than travel; it would furnish a splendid basis for literary life and literary acquisition. It would fit and furnish him for society.

So, whether we look at such a school, with its regularly established corps of professors and its great curriculum, as a training school for politicians, statesmen and diplomatists, or as a means of popular instruction and elevation, or as a minister to individual culture, it is in every way desirable. What institution will be the first to inaugurate it? What institution will first spring to satisfy the need of a great reform, and furnish the country with a means of culture so devoutly to be prayed for?

The Amusements of the Rich.

THE average rich man and woman, in adult life, have, it must be confessed, rather a stupid time of it. If they do not have a country house, to which they have bound themselves for the summer; if, when they break up in the spring, they can wander where they please, they manage to get along pretty well. The man attends his club in winter; the woman goes her society-round, and in the summer they are free. The theater does not have many attractions for the old resident. His society means dinners, receptions, dress; and it comes at last to be a bore, from which he retires in disgust to that

which is still worse—himself. Here and there among them there is a hobby-rider, who manages to interest himself in some trifle, and so gets rid of his time. Often without culture, nearly always without a stimulus to industry, his lazy hours hang upon his hands, and he is glad of the change which summer brings him. We really do not see what can be done for him. He is usually too old to learn anything—especially that he must go out of himself into some sort of service to others, in order to sharpen his interest in life, and win the content that he lacks.

The amusements of the adult rich can hardly be called amusements at all, for any pursuit that is entered upon for the simple purpose of killing time does not deserve that name. Amusement, or play, should be a spontaneous, recreative exercise of the faculties and emotions, during the intervals of work. Amusement, in order to be genuine, must be entered upon with hearty zest; and very few, except the young, and the adults who have some active and regular pursuit, are capable of this. A life of absolute leisure is, as a rule, a life without amusement. The young engaged in study, and the maturer men and women who are in active life, are the only ones who enjoy the conditions of amusement.

True amusement is of two kinds, viz.: active and passive. The active and weary man and woman—those who exhaust every day their vital energies in work—take naturally to passive amusement. A lady of our acquaintance, engaged daily in severe intellectual tasks, says that nothing rests her like seeing other people work. For this she goes to the theater, and the play upon her emotions there rests, and recreates her. Indeed, it is the emotional side of the nature, and not the active, which furnishes play to those who are weary with the use of their faculties. This fact covers the secret of the popular success of what is called emotional preaching. People who have been engaged all the week in exhausting labor of any kind do not take kindly to a high intellectual feast on Sunday. They want to be moved and played upon. This rests and interests them, while the profound discussion of great problems in life and religion wearies and bores them. They are not up to it. They are weary and jaded in that part of their nature which such a discussion engages. The emotions which have been blunted and suppressed by their pursuits are hungry. So every form of amusement that truly meets their wants must be emotive, and must leave them free to rest in those faculties which are weary.

On the other hand, the young, who are brimming with animal life, and who fail to exhaust it in study, call for active amusements, and they must have them. And here the parent is in danger of making a great mistake. Unless a boy is a milk-sop, he must do something or die. If he cannot do something in his home, or in the homes of his companions, he will do something elsewhere. It is only within a few years that parents have begun to be sensible upon this matter. The billiard-table, which a few years ago was only associated with dissipation, now has an honored place and the largest room in every rich man's house. The card-table, that once was a synonym of wickedness, is a part of the rich man's furniture, which his children may use at will, in the pursuit of a harmless game. A good many manufactured sins have been dethroned from their fictitious life and eminence, and put to beneficent family service on behalf of the young. Athletic sports, such as skating, boating, shooting, ball-playing, running and leaping, have sprung into great prominence within the past few years—amusements of just the character for working off the excessive vitality of young men, and developing their physical power. This is all well—a reform in the right direction. Much of this is done before the public eye, and in the presence of young women, which helps to restrain all tendencies to excesses and to dissipation.

The activities of young women take another direction, and nothing seems to us more hopeful than the pursuits in which they engage. The rich young woman in these days, who does not marry, busies herself in tasteful and intellectual pursuits. The reading-club, the Shakspere-club, the drawing-class, and kindred associations, employ her spare time; and now there is hardly a more busy person living than the rich young woman who is through with her boarding-school. The poor, who suppose that the rich young woman leads an idle life, are very much mistaken. The habits of voluntary industry now adopted and practiced by the young women of America, in good circumstances, are most gratefully surprising. One of them who is not so busy during the winter that she really needs a recuperating summer, is an exception. Our old ideas of the lazy, fashionable girl must be set aside. They are all at work at something. It may not bring them money, but it brings what is much better to them,—the content that comes of an earnest and fruitful pursuit. It may take the form of amusement, but it results in a training for self-helpfulness and industry.

So, while not much can be done for the adult in this matter of amusement, much is done for the young, and much that will help to give us a generation of older men and women, who will not be content with the poor business of killing time. For it must be remembered that while the young women "assist" at the athletic games of the young men, the young men are indispensable to the intellectual associations of the young women. They meet together, and stimulate and help each other; and it does not seem possible that either party should ever subside into those time-killers who haunt the clubs established for men, or those jaded women who drag themselves around to dinners and lunches and thronged assemblies.

THE OLD CABINET.

Now that the talk is about colleges, may not an outsider express surprise that in one department of study the colleges (with rare exceptions) fail to engage the services of experts. English literature is supposed to be a matter of considerable importance in the intellectual training of young persons; every college has a chair of *belles-lettres*, or English literature, or rhetoric, or modern and unclassic literature of some kind,—and yet how many of the colleges in this country have professors in these chairs who know what literature is when they see it?—three or four colleges perhaps—but not many more—so far as the public can be sure of.

There are plenty of men in such positions who have all the dates at their fingers' ends; who have systems, and theories, and what amount of insight and real knowledge the gods may allow. They can publish hand-books of English literature (very bad ones); they can lecture on æsthetics, on literary periods, on the influence of so and so on something or other, or on somebody or other; but in reality they do not know what they are talking about. There are comparatively few people, at best, who *do* know what literature is when they see it; generally such people prove their insight and ability either by writing criticisms on literature (like Sainte-Beuve), or by making literature (like Longfellow), or both (like Lowell).

We saw a letter written not long ago from a young fellow out West, of literary promise and ambition, to an Eastern man, asking him which of three Eastern colleges named he would advise him to enter. Two of these colleges were old and famous institutions; the third was new. The person questioned did not venture to advise in favor of any one institution; he told what he knew about each; but with reference to the new college he said that so long as a certain professor, whom he named, remained there, this would be a good place for his young Western friend. The professor to whom reference was made is a teacher of literature, who meets all the requirements mentioned above. He knows what the thing is when he sees it. He can criticise it. He can make it. He has the enthusiasm of the creative faculty. He stirs up the young men about him not only to keen appreciation of literature, both old and new; but he impels them to accomplishment in literature.

The effect of such an influence upon young people can hardly be overestimated. The history of literature—as of all the other arts—is the record of causes and effects of a character like this. We do not underrate the element of individual genius. But when we read closely the history of any art, we find that the men who are popularly cited as exceptions to all rules are, after all, in a sense, the mere legitimate outgrowths of circumstances; and the circumstance of a good and an inspiring teacher has always been one of the most fortunate and most productive. If it is answered that the "turning out of geniuses" is not the only function of an institution of learning, then it may be replied that the teacher best calculated to awaken dormant genius is also the one best calculated to correct and cultivate the taste and elevate the mental tone of the most ordinary member of his class.

We were talking the other day, to a college president, on this subject, and while his views were, in the main, in accordance with those here given, he presented certain explanations of, and apologies for, the present system. "What you are talking about," he said, "is genius, and genius is hard to find." In reply to this, it was easy to mention the familiar names of at least a few American men of letters who have proved their possession of more genius, let us say, than the majority of the professors of literature in American colleges. The reputations of some of these writers may not have increased greatly during the last decade or two,—may not have increased as much as might have been the case, perhaps, had they been placed, long ago, on regular salaries, in respectable institutions, with the temptation to prose or poetic hack-work—fortunately for themselves and the community—removed. "Besides," said the president, "if we try to secure the services of such men early in their careers, we run more than ordinary risk of moral disaster; genius is apt to be hot-blooded!" Assuming, if you will, that the risk is greater in such a case, we see no way for it but to run such a risk as, some time ago, Harvard ran, with a young man by the name of Longfellow; and later, with another young man by the name of Lowell. And, moreover, is there nothing to be said as to the steadying effect of a dignified professional position? "Again," said the good-natured president, "these chairs are almost invariably given for life, *i. e.*, during good behavior; and vacancies are of rare occurrence." But we take this to be a very insufficient explanation. If the colleges were awake to the necessity of having such men on their faculties, they would find means of getting them there. And if our own soil were not productive of them they would import them, as now they, on occasion, import experts in other branches.

We can conceive of but one motive which is likely to counteract the present system, namely, the competition which has lately shown itself in a rage for buildings,—as well as in a nobler rage for higher scholarship,—and which may, not unlikely, take the form of a competition for "literary stars." Such a motive is not the noblest,—but *men* are sure to prove of more force than bricks and mortar, no matter how important bricks and mortar may be when conveniently and imaginatively displayed.

In reading "Harold," * in the cold, skeptical way, alas! in which we are so apt to read the poets of our

* James R. Osgood & Co., Publishers.

own time, we come, after many pages of disappointment, upon Wulfnoth's poetic and pathetic picture of the life that Harold might fear in a Norman prison:

"And deeper still the deep-down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day—
In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon thy head.
And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come and go,
And men are at their markets, in their fields,
And woo their loves and have forgotten thee;
And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy side,
And all thine England hath forgotten thee;
And he our lazy-pious Norman king,
With all his Normans round him once again,
Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten thee."

Perhaps there is no passage in the book that has more of that kind of poetry which we are accustomed to associate with the name of Tennyson; there are but few, we think, that have so much of it.

The speeches which, after two or three readings, appear to have most fire and self-forgetfulness, are William's speech on the 78th page:

"Ay, for thou hast sworn an oath
Which, if not kept, would make the hard earth rive
To the very Devil's horns, the bright sky cleave
To the very feet of God, and send her hosts
Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of plague
Thro' all your cities, blast your infants, dash
The torch of war among your standing corn,
Dabble your hearths with your own blood," etc.—

and Harold's soliloquy (page 143), after waking from his sleep in which he was visited, in visions, by Edward, Wulfnoth, Tostig, and the Norman Saints upon whose relics he had sworn his false oath. He tries to calm his own superstitious fears:

"No—our waking thoughts
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed: only dreams—where mine own self
Takes part against myself!"—

and also, the same Harold's description of the death of Harold the Norseman (page 148):

"when all was lost, he yell'd,
And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,
And swaying his two-handed sword about him,
Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon us
And died so."

That is a very strong and natural scene when, just after Harold has taken the oath on the dead Norman Saints, he is bidden by William's page to the banquet, "Where"—bursts out Harold—

"Where they eat dead men's flesh, and drink their blood.

PAGE.—My lord!

HAROLD.—I know your Norman cookery is so spiced,
It masks all this."

There may be other passages in the book of equal power to move with those cited above, but we do not know where they are. To us, at least, the book has no strong dramatic interest, and no great poetic interest of any kind. It has historic interest, and, coming from Tennyson, is read with great literary curiosity. Furthermore, it seems on the whole to be nearer the mark than "Queen Mary." But has not Tennyson been unfortunate in the selection of subjects for both his dramas? There is no charm, not even the picturesqueness of ugliness, about the Queen Mary of history; and Tennyson certainly does not succeed in making Harold personally interesting. It would be a difficult task for a greater man. Browning's psychological insight might avail here, possibly. But there is something mean about Harold's tragedy,—the tragedy of a trick. He becomes an uncomfortable sort of a person, with a conscientious scruple. And as for Harold's love passages,—what is the matter with Tennyson? Is it that his women are of the fairy order, at home only in an atmosphere of dim romance, and fading into thin air in the garish light of the drama?

"Harold" is a closet drama. There was no demand upon Tennyson for a drama, unless such a demand may have been supposed by him to exist in the minds of the reading public. The greatest English dramas,—have they not been, in large part, results of the laws of "demand and supply?" Shakspere certainly did not write his plays to be read. We do not mean to say that "Harold" is not a success because it may not be "adapted to the stage." A powerful drama or dramatic poem might, of course, be written without any adaptation to the stage, or indeed any reference to it. But certainly, a close relation between a dramatic writer and a theatrical audience ought to have an educating effect upon one who aspires to be a dramatist, and it ought to help toward giving interest and fire to a dramatic poem.

Some of the critics say that "Harold" has more "strength" than Tennyson's preceding works. What do they mean by this? Would they call Shakspere's sonnets weak, and his plays strong? Would they say that Dante's "Vita Nuova" is weak, and that his "Divina Commedia" is strong? If by the expression, "strength," they mean "artistic strength," we do not agree with them, with reference to Tennyson. Artistic strength may be said to be the power to express fittingly a natural and powerful human emotion. And conceding "Harold" to be as successful as its most ardent admirers suppose, even then it would have no more artistic strength than that perfect and immortal song from "The Princess":

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."

If these critics had said that "Harold" shows a *different kind* of strength from that which Tennyson had been supposed to possess, we should not quarrel with their terms, though we might with their statement; for we believe that there is no valuable literary quality in "Harold" which Tennyson had not shown before. He had not before shown the power to write a good drama; but we do not feel that he has shown that power now. And as for his patriotism, his breadth, vigor and virility of thought and expression, the "iron grip" which the laureate is supposed to have "developed" at this late day,—we beg the critics to read again the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," published twenty-five years ago.

APROPOS of Delacroix, and his "Dante and Virgil" (or rather "La Barque du Dante"), mentioned last month,—M. Charles Blanc, in his book

just published, "Les Artistes de mon Temps," tells a story about the framing of that first great painting of the master. By the way, what a "sordid tragedy" is this of picture frames in the lives of so many painters. Not a few of our artists find it easier to paint a picture than to frame it. What petty annoyances, what humiliations, what amusing devices are known to those who are familiar with studio life! Sometimes the artist will have two or three frames, for purposes of exhibition, or in order to assist his eye in the last touches: to these sizes must he reduce all his pictures. Sometimes he resorts to the dealer, who frames the picture, hangs it in his shop, and when he makes a sale deducts a "commission," not only upon the price of the painting, but upon the price of his own frame! In this way the dealer not only obtains a commission on the picture and a legitimate profit on the frame, but he exacts an additional profit on the frame from the poor devil of an artist who has given him the opportunity of selling his own wares. And this is the custom of firms that call themselves respectable! We confess we do not understand the custom. If it is a mere technicality of book-keeping and bill-making, it would be well for these dealers not only to explain the system, but to adopt some more sensible way of rendering accounts.

But to return to the young Delacroix. He had completed, in his sister's garret, this immense painting which was destined, as he dreamed, to bring him so much glory. The picture was finished, but how was it to make its appearance before the judges? He had no money wherewith to buy a frame of such dimensions; to order one was to contract a debt,—the very idea of which filled him with horror. In the same house was a carpenter who seemed to be interested in him. This good man made a present to his young friend of four long laths of unpainted wood. On these laths the delighted artist fastened a covering of isinglass, which he "sanded" over with some sort of yellow powder; and thus framed the picture was sent to the judges. The day of the opening was awaited with feverish anxiety. Delacroix rushed to the Louvre, and hurried, breathless, through the entire gallery, searching vainly for that extraordinary frame. At last he sat down upon a bench, his heart full of despair. It was a miserable quarter of an hour. Then who should approach but one of the guardians of the Louvre, who knew the painter. "I hope you are satisfied now," said the man, smiling. "Satisfied, and with what? With being refused?" "Then you have not seen your picture in the Salon Carré, in a magnificent frame which the administration has made for it, at the request of Baron Gros,—your own frame having fallen all to pieces." "La Barque du Dante," writes Charles Blanc, "had in fact a place of honor. Delacroix could not believe his own eyes. And he owed this distinction to a man who had his entire admiration,—to the painter of 'Jaffa' and of 'Aboukir,'—to him who was regarded by Géricault as the greatest master of the French school! Never did the soul of an artist receive such a shock!"

ONE of the best pieces of art news that we have heard lately, is the appointment of Mr. Wyatt Eaton as teacher of drawing in the Cooper Institute. Mr. Eaton is one of the best instructed of our younger artists; he was, we understand, four or five years under Gérôme, and two or three years with a still greater painter, namely, Millet. Many of our readers will remember a painting by him called "Reverie," which was exhibited at the Academy two years ago. In the same school, of which Mrs. Susan N. Carter is the principal, so well-informed an artist as Mr. R. Swain Gifford teaches painting, especially with a view to decoration.

Although the main object of this school is to teach the arts as applied to the industries, the Cooper Institute has done a good work in laying the foundation of the education of some of our most promising young artists. Some of the teachers who have been employed there have been competent not only to impart technical instruction, but to awaken the enthusiasm and stimulate the industry of the young people with whom they were thrown in contact.

A Song of the City.

I.

YOU may talk of the song of the pine
  When a stiff north-easter blows,
Of the playing of Rubenstein,
  Or Thomas's fiddles and bows,—
Of the rain-drops' rhythmic beat,
  Of the fountain's silvery play,
But, to me, no music is half so sweet
  As the thunder of Broadway.

II.

Though landlords bully and grind us,
  And taxes are hard and high;
Though sleet or dust-clouds blind us,
  And it's either freeze or fry;
Though we're prey to "rings" and "reformers,"
  And living is fast and free,
There's a saint at dinner for every sinner,
  And New York is the city for me.

III.

Broadway, with its rush and roar,
  Its fun, and bustle and strife,—
One plunge in the mighty current,
  Is a year of tamer life.
New York, with its glitter and glow,
  And flags to the breeze unfurled,
With room and to spare, on its splendid bays,
  For the ships of all the world.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to a Young Mother: V.

THE CULTIVATION OF LITERARY TASTE IN CHILDREN

DEAR ———: When I wrote you the other day I said some things about the various ways in which little children can be educated long before they are old enough to go to school. Their literary taste, also, can be cultivated at a very early age. Now, don't misunderstand me, and say you don't like precocious children, like Macaulay, for instance—for between you and me, I think he must have been an insufferable little "prig" if he did all the wonderful things his "Life" says he did. Children can learn to like the good things in our literature, and need not be confined to a mental diet of "Mother Goose." Not that I don't believe in "Mother Goose." Nothing ever can take the place of "Boy-Blue" and "Bo-peep." But because children like molasses candy, are they never to have beefsteak and bread? And, *en passant*, let me suggest what an excellent basis "Mother Goose" makes for stories, when a mother's wits fail under the insatiable demands for "a story, a new one, something we have never heard before." Take "Jack Horner;" dress him up in a new name, and, with variations and details innumerable, *à la Susan Coolidge*, make a new story. You can even smuggle in a little moral about selfishness if you're skillful, and then end by repeating the immortal verse, and the children's shouts of laughter will repay you for the exercise of your imagination. And here let me whisper what a help such a story is, when you're doing disagreeable things, like washing their ears, or combing snarls out of their hair, at which even good children fret and twist about.

But I was speaking of cultivating a child's literary taste. I know two little girls, aged seven and four, who, quite unconsciously, have made the acquaintance of some of the writings of our best poets, and find great delight in them, and are learning to appreciate good things in a perfectly natural, child-like way. The oldest was a very nervous, excitable child; it was almost impossible to quiet her to sleep, and she was very wakeful at night. When she was about three years old, her mother began reading to her at bed-time some of those pretty little pieces of poetry for children—such as are found in so many collections like "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Our Baby" and the like, and found the rhythm so soothing to the child's restless nerves, that she committed several to memory, to use when the book was not at hand. She kept the little book or newspaper-scrap in her work-basket, and when she was holding the baby or could do nothing else, she learned a stanza or two. She soon had quite a collection at her tongue's end, and now it is part of the bed-time routine for mamma to repeat one or two. The little rollicking four-year old, a perfect embodiment of animal life and spirits, generally calls for Tennyson's "Sweet and low, wind of the Western sea," while the older one is charmed by Mary Howitt's pretty ballad of "Mabel on Midsummer Eve,"—sweet, pure, good English, all of it. I watched the older child, as she stood at the window beside her mother one wild November morning, looking at the dead leaves whirling in the wind, while the mother recited to her Bryant's lines, "The melancholy days are come." It was almost as good as the poem to see the child's gray eyes kindle with appreciation as she eagerly drank in the words. One can see the influence of this culture in the little songs they make up for their dollies,—a jingle and jargon, of course, but interspersed with remembered lines from their "little verses," and having withal a good deal of rhythm and movement about them. Their ear has been educated to a certain standard of appreciation,—just as German children who grow up in an atmosphere of good music find delight in harmonies which are hardly understood by our less cultivated American ears. Of course, you must carefully select beforehand to suit the children's minds, and must explain similes and allusions.

On the other hand, if children's minds are so susceptible to good impressions, they are equally affected by bad ones. A child's world is made up of the things he has already learned; and these things are conveyed to his mind by what he has actually seen himself, or by pictures and stories of what he has not seen. His imagination is as quick to supply "missing links" as the most enthusiastic Darwinian. What isn't there ought to be, so it's all right. Whether he lives in a world peopled by distorted, horrible, unnatural objects, or in one full of all lovely and pleasant ones, depends very largely on the pictures he sees and the stories he hears. If his picture-books are of the hideous order, in which a blue-bearded monster holds a sword over an equally horrible pink-and-scarlet woman, you must expect him to wake at night from dreadful dreams, shrieking with terror, and imagining grotesque figures leering at him from every dark corner; and much more so if he is allowed to hear ghost and hobgoblin stories told by superstitious servant girls. Besides this, if his ideas of art are built upon the basis of a Punch-and-Judy style of picture-books, agents' engravings, or newspaper and tea-store chromos, he must pass through a long course of training before he is capable of knowing what a good picture is, if indeed he ever does know. In these days of photographs and beautiful children's books, there is no reason why people of even moderate means should not educate their children into something like a sense of artistic appreciation. Why, you can buy at any print-store a good photograph, neatly framed, of any of the great pictures of the world (the "San Sistine" cherubs, for instance) for a dollar. And, yet how many people there are who would spend that money for Hamburg edgings without a thought, but would never dream of buying a good picture to hang on the nursery wall.

Now, I can hear you say with a sigh, "Oh dear! this all takes so much time and thought." Of course it does—so does everything that is good for anything. As to time, you have "all there is;" it depends only upon what you use it for. I feel almost like groaning, when a young mother shows me some marvel of embroidery or machine-stitching, saying triumphantly, "There, I did every stitch of that myself!" When will women learn that their time is worth too much for better things, to be spent upon such trifles. It is really pitiful to see a good, conscientious little mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls, at sixteen, regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and to make new dresses, and not as one to whom they care to go for social companionship! Yet, before they are snubbed out of it by repeated rebuffs, such as "Run away, I'm too busy to listen to your nonsense," children naturally go to their mothers with all their sorrows and pleasures; and if "mother" can only enter into all their little plans, how pleased they are! Such a shout of delight as I heard last summer from Mrs. Friendly's croquet-ground, where her two little girls were playing! "Oh, goody, goody, mamma is coming to play with us!" She was a busy mother, too, and I know would have much preferred to use what few moments of recreation she could snatch, for something more interesting than playing croquet with little children, not much taller than their mallets. She has often said to me, "I cannot let my children grow away from me, I must keep right along with them all the time, and whether it is croquet with the little ones, or Latin grammar and base-ball with the boys, or French dictation and sash-ribbons with the girls, I must be 'in it' as far as I can."

But really, the most difficult part of all this is to think of it. We are so preoccupied with our cares and plans that we haven't "the heart at leisure from itself" thus even to sympathize with our children. We brood over Bridget's deficiencies and our plans for trimming Mary's dresses, to say nothing of heavier burdens, till our poor heads are half distracted. Yet if we could only lift ourselves above these thoughts into a clearer atmosphere while we are with the children, we would find ourselves refreshed when we go down into the fogs and mists again. It is the everlasting monotony of our work, the same things over and over every day, that wear upon us mentally quite as much as bodily. If we could only be strong enough to make our intercourse with the children lift us out of the "ruts" of our dull planning and thinking, this culture of them would be a change and stimulus instead of an additional burden. (A change from saddle to harness often rests the galled horse, you know.) We should find ourselves snatching little bits of time to look into encyclopedias and histories to see if our facts are correct; brightening up rusty school-knowledge; perhaps even turning into account our school-girl accomplishments of drawing, and music, and composition; and certainly reading with some thought for the children, which of itself would supply the lack of purpose so usual in women's reading. The little we do is apt to be desultory and unsatisfactory, a hodge-podge of popular novels and the newspaper. We have so little time to read, we say, but we let slip five and ten minute chances, or waste them over some frivolous story, because we haven't or think we haven't any object to stimulate us. Our husbands read and study in the direction of their business or professions, and their minds are constantly sharpened by the necessities of their daily work. Ours, if we are not careful, are narrowed by the necessary and important attention to the detail of housekeeping, till we can talk an hour over the comparative advantages and disadvantages of Irish or colored help, or discuss "knife-plaiting" like philosophers; but beyond that ——. Yet, I am confident of my sex's ability, and sure that there are a good many of us who wish for better things, and if we could only once get into the way of it, would find ourselves accumulating knowledge and growing in culture from year to year, and that, too, without having dusty furniture, sour bread, or unmannerly children. Let the desire to cultivate and educate the children be an inspiration, and we'll find ourselves cultivated and educated by the same process.

We shall find some things crowded out of our busy lives,—we must have fewer clothes, less trimming, simpler cooking; but the mental furnishing of the family will be so much more complete. Hear what Gladstone says about man's work, and make the application to woman's: "To comprehend a man's life, it is necessary to know, not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser, who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best."

You will perceive that I have said nothing about religious education. I know so well how the joy and beauty of happy Christian living pervades your home that it does not seem necessary. A child cannot grow up in such an atmosphere without being religiously educated, any more than the morning-glory can avoid taking color and beauty from the sunbeams which surround it. In a home like yours, where every one is courteous to every one else,—the children included,—the grace of politeness will become incorporated into a child's nature as a genuine, hearty unselfishness.

Now, don't beguile yourself by thinking, "These things are well enough, but far beyond me now,—when my boy is older I'll begin." Your baby will be in college before you know it. Children have a curious way of growing older every week, and we must take them as well as old Father Time by the "forelock," if we are going to do much with them.

Very sincerely your friend,

MARY BLAKE.

Work for Winter Evenings.

THE Centennial Exhibition showed us where we had just cause for pride, and demolished much of our ignorant self-conceit. Earnest specialists in every department of labor, science and art, gained immeasurably by the chance for instruction thus set before them. There was hardly a trade or profession which did not hold its National Convention in Philadelphia during the year. But the great masses of the people who filled the Centennial grounds for months were not specialists, nor particularly in earnest in the matter. They came "to see the big show"—came by the millions from New England farms and California ranches —old men and young, mothers, boys and girls—people who never had left their own county townships before—people who never before had spent on their own amusement half the sum which the journey cost. The long-hoarded money was taken from the bank, or the winter's expenses were cut down, because of this trip to the Exhibition. Father is now wearing his old coat, perhaps, or the parlor goes without a new carpet. Now, did it "pay" here? If father and the girls have brought home only a blurred idea of vast glittering buildings, jewelry, meaningless pictures, and great surging crowds, it certainly did not. Can any of us, not possessed of especial culture or æsthetic tastes, reap real advantage at this late day from our outlay? A few practical hints may be of use in this matter.

1st. You have a certain mass of information, vague at present, but never to be obtained elsewhere. Write it out fully, with the assistance of your note-books. What we write we remember. There can be no better work for winter evenings than this, each member of the family supplying his share of recollections.

2ndly. The written description being furnished, take up each country in order, and, by the aid of globes, maps, books of travel, history, or description, give yourself as full and accurate an idea of it as possible. Your remembrance of its actual "exhibit" will clothe these ideas with living reality. You will read the history of Russia, and the story of its emancipated serfs, with new intelligence after having seen its display of barbaric gold and gems, and the bronzes by Lanceray. You will understand the condition of the working-peoples of Europe better after having examined the products of their labor and the prices set upon them; you will follow the course of Arctic explorers with fresh zeal. Have you not been there? Have you not seen the Esquimaux in their huts and boats, fingered Dr. Kane's dress, read the very log-book kept by one of the crew of the "Polaris" on the ice-floe? It would have been better that this study had preceded your visit; but even now it will make of vague impressions fixed facts.

3rdly. The most important benefit which the art and labor exhibits can confer upon men and women and young people who hitherto knew only the coarser kinds of labor, and nothing whatever of art, is to incite them to go and do likewise:—not to begin to work impossible flowers in Berlin wool, or to mold heads in butter, but to seek instruction in some branch of real art, for which they have even a moderate capacity. Before the first World's Fair in England, knowledge of art was no more widely diffused than it is here; now there are thousands of classes in which it is taught as practically applied, and a large number of men and women who support themselves by so applying it.

Coal Ashes.

A READER of SCRIBNER writes to inquire whether the value of hard coal ashes as a manure for fruit-trees and flower-gardens is great enough to pay him for carting them three miles for these purposes, the ashes costing nothing. The value of hard coal ashes rests in the amount of potash they contain. This is very trifling indeed, seldom reaching two per cent., and not enough to establish any fixed price per ton on them as fertilizers for garden or farm use. Practical men, who have experimented time and again with anthracite coal ashes as a manure, generally conclude that they don't pay for the labor of handling. The material will be found much more serviceable in the construction of walks around the house or barn, or through the garden. At one time it was currently believed that coal ashes were a useful agent in loosening and keeping open stiff clay soils. Experience has proved, however, that there are plenty of agents more efficient and less expensive than coal ashes for this purpose. Unless there are considerable wood ashes mixed with them, using them as a manure is doubtful economy.

Pruning Grape-Vines.

HOWEVER widely vine-dressers may differ in their summer treatment of bearing grape-vines, they agree in recommending one annual winter pruning to insure a crop of full-sized berry and bunch. This annual cutting consists in cutting back the great bulk of the previous year's growth, leaving only three or four eyes each on the shoots that produce the fruit the next season; removing, at the same time, all the unripened and superfluous wood. As a matter of course, the largest and most vigorous shoots are selected for bearing canes, and these left not closer than eighteen inches apart on the main branches. The time usually chosen for this annual pruning is from the 1st of January until the 1st of March. Most gardeners prefer cutting not later than February, so that the wounds will have time enough to heal before the sap begins to circulate, and obviate "bleeding," as it is technically called by the fraternity. This "bleeding" of the vines, or exuding of the sap from the ends of the cut shoots, is not looked upon by modern intelligent gardeners as doing much, if any, injury to bearing vines. The operator should always trim vines with a sharp pruning-knife, making in each instance a clean cut, a little slanting, and not nearer than two or three inches from the eye. In case cuttings are to be made of the new wood, then the earlier in the winter the vines are pruned the better; for the cuttings should be made, tied in bundles, and buried on or before the middle of January. These should be cut square on the lower end and slanting on top, with an average of three eyes to each cutting.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Morris's "Story of Sigurd."*

MR. MORRIS has not been heard from for some time; but we now have proof that his silence has not arisen from lack of work. The Norse legends, into which various episodes of "The Earthly Paradise" led him, have been thoroughly acquired, sifted and laid down in English, with all his customary readiness and more than his former vigor. Clang of armor and the mighty speech of heroes alternate with wild prophecies of evil, deadly vows of revenge, perjuries between fierce and ambitious kings. Mr. Morris has been content this time with nothing less than the whole Edda, arranged in correct order and even augmented and filled out by particulars found in other legends kindred to the Norse stock. He has related the series of mythological, legendary and historical events—historical because in "Atli, King of the Eastfolk," we have Attila, King of the Huns—in four books, averaging one hundred pages each. Therefore those thrifty folks who want their money's worth of poetry, as well as of anything else, cannot go amiss when they purchase this last achievement by Mr. Morris, for all the pages are solid; there is no eking out of space by verses with only a few feet in each line; on the contrary, all is full measure, since each line contains the orthodox sixteen feet, which we find in the oldest German legendary poems, or rather, to speak more correctly, the eight beats ending with a rhyme; for in the old songs many feet were dropped.

The gentle vein which Mr. Morris has so successfully cultivated in "The Earthly Paradise" has been exchanged, as in keeping with the subject, for something stronger, more martial. But for all that, there is a cloying effect about these pages of uninterrupted verse. The subjects are most exciting, and the mood in which they are rendered seems to have been a most heroic one. There are long passages where the veritable thrill of admiration may possess a sympathetic reader, and yet with all this there is a want somewhere. Under such circumstances some people put forward as an explanation the word "character." Mr. Morris, they would give us to understand, is a remarkable workman; but has not the character which is sometimes, when present in force, called genius. It is a thorny subject, and the most we can do is to fly to the old couplet—

> "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why I cannot tell."

It is not easy to make quotations from "The Story of Sigurd," although this is said without implying that this is a fault. But neither can great beauties be denied to it. The characters loom up like the drawings of Gustave Doré, but they have much the same legendary unreality. Of course they are unreal in the sense of being imaginative, but there is such a thing as unreality which is real, and unreality which is unreal.

* The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Nibelungs. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

"In Memoriam" (Mrs. Gould.)*

On opening the pathetic little volume which comes across the waters to Mrs. Gould's American friends, we are moved at the unconscious symbolism of the photographic portrait which fronts the volume. In the background are dim remains of Roman antiquity, lonely shafts from imperial grandeur, while at the lady's feet is a basket of fresh Italian flowers. Mrs. Gould did not turn her back on ruined Rome, yet she did bend graciously and with unremitting care over the tender blossoming of Italian life of to-day, gathering into her school the neglected Italian children who are to help in building the Rome of to-morrow. With what cheerful zeal she undertook a labor forlorn to all but Christian hope and faith, they can best testify who saw her in her hospitable home, listened to her or worked with her. Some such testimony, the more grateful for being gracefully indirect, is conveyed by the little book before us. The English-speaking authors, resident or visiting in Rome, offered contributions in prose and in verse to make up this book, which, printed by the children in Mrs. Gould's industrial school, was to be one way both of helping the school-fund and of developing the industry. It was begun gayly and in that spirit of brightness which was one of the radiating influences of Mrs. Gould, but when nearly completed became by Mrs. Gould's death a mournful tribute to her memory. The construction of the book forbids the elegiac element except in the introductory notes of T. A. Trollope and Mrs. Howitt, and doubtless it is best so; but we hope it may some day be supplemented by a more direct narrative of the unassuming yet noble work. The sympathy which attended Mrs. Gould's endeavors may be seen by the character of the writers who lend their aid in the book. Lord Houghton furnishes a quaint little prologue; Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, offers some pungent thoughts and aphorisms; Matthew Arnold has some verses on homesickness, and W. W. Story, a song, and Mr. Hemans, Miss Peard, William and Mary Howitt,—a pair always apparently joined like their royal namesakes,—Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, and other writers, help to make up a volume interesting in itself, and with the added value which comes from the associations gathering about it. It is in construction something like the old-fashioned annuals. The name *souvenir* was sometimes given to them, and this may rightly be so called, for it will help to keep in remembrance a noble life.

* In Memoriam. A Wreath of Stray Leaves to the Memory of Emily Bliss Gould, *ob.*: 31st August. 1875. Rome: Italo-American School Press, 106 Via in Arcione. MDCCCLXXV. For sale in New York by A. S. Barnes & Co., R. Carter & Co., and A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

Freeman's "Norman Conquest."*

WHAT the accomplished translator of Taine acutely says of his method may be applied to Freeman's manner of treating historical subjects. Detail takes the place of discussion in supporting his propositions. The frame of each chapter sets forth its theory, which is less developed than illustrated by iterated instances. Sharon Turner heaps up crude material, unconnected by any threads of system. Macaulay selects and adjusts, to create the unity of a picture. Freeman sets his outlines, and then fills and strengthens them by incessant stippling. The last method has this great merit—that it does not impose the author's views on the reader; but, while commending them to him, indicates also their sources, and thus supplies the means of correcting them by his independent judgment.

It seems to us that the author's theory of English history does need such a correction, so far at least as to restrict it to a narrower range than that he stretches it to cover. Certainly the pride of all people of English race—and that includes, in the historic sense, Americans—must approve his zeal in maintaining the identity of that English nation which existed continuously and independently for as many centuries before the coming of Norman William as intervened between his days and the coming of Dutch William. But had it as definite a national unity at the date of the first invasion as at that of the last? Does the degree of homogeneousness count for nothing in framing the idea of a nation? Harold, when William came, was King of England, and ruler of other countries that have since been fused into England. But it is not very clearly shown in what sense and to what extent the England he governed was a realm coherently compacted out of other elements than the Saxon one; nor that the term Anglo-Saxon is not as correct, if not so proud, a title for Harold's kingdom as English is. Again, the same intense nationality makes Mr. Freeman an optimist in his interpretation of history. All events in his view happened just as they should have happened for the best development of the national life. Because they drove nobles and people to the common defense of right, cruel kings could not have been spared—nor weak ones, because they taught the misery of lawlessness—nor selfish ones, because they won influence for England on the Continent. In his view, whatever England lost for a time, it was better for her to lose just at that time; and whatever she failed to gain, it was better for her just then to be without. We do not deny the ingenuity, the brilliancy often, with which this "best of all possible" view is presented. But it errs in taking it for granted that if the actual results had not followed events, different events must needs have produced a certain series of other results. It does some injustice to the stubborn and original character of the race to maintain that just these delays and thwartings were required to work out national greatness.

The author never loses sight of his main proposition—that the Norman Conquest was a step forward, and not backward, in English history: that it was a development and not a destructive political change. He finds support for this position in the continuity of institutions, language, and classes. He further demonstrates, or proves rather by illustrations, that the apparent breaks in this continuity are really only new forms under which old tendencies, already at work before the Conquest, made their appearance. Though men and methods changed, principles of government, and the reasons of institutions, remained the same as before. This continuity grew partly out of that community of origin that gave the same general frame of polity to both the invaded and the invading people, and partly out of the extreme caution which William observed to work all changes under the forms of legality. We have seen in the earlier volumes of this history how he crossed the sea with the pretext of a religious sanction, and the color of feudal right for his enterprise. We learn in this how he consolidated his rule by the like ostentation of obedience to law and precedent. After the first violent wrench in seizing the lordship of the kingdom and of all its land,—a seizure clothed with all the forms of legality,—William wisely adopted and molded English laws and customs to his purposes, instead of imposing strange ones. "To restore the ancient laws of Edward," Harold's predecessor, was the form of promise that preceded any change,—the form of protest that claimed any concession, during the Norman period. Least of all did William have any purpose or make any attempt to root out the English language, how much soever his followers may have disliked and despised it.

Part of this volume is devoted to tracing the effect of the Conquest on England's foreign relations, showing how, when she became a Continental power, her history grew involved with the general movement of the Western world. The reaction upon the island kingdom of that connection, both in its political and its religious aspect, is briefly sketched. The greater part of the work, however, pursues the study of the gradual fusion of Norman and English into one people during the two centuries between the Conquest and the reign of Edward the First,—the first king of the new stock who deserved to be called an Englishman. It is of course a study of institutions and manners rather than of individuals; only incidentally in the light of the effects of their reigns, appear the figures of the two kings, Rufus and Richard, called chivalrous, with pointed contempt better deserved than praise; —the figure of John, the worst of all English, or of most other, kings,—"a fellow by the hand of nature marked to do a deed of shame,"—and that of the first Henry, the cold-hearted enforcer of justice and peace. Of the pages given to the history of laws, the most interesting are those that deal with Domesday Book, the introduction of military tenures, the growth of courts of law, and Magna Charta. The great record of Domesday Book is described as having a fascination that may be easily understood.

* History of the Norman Conquest of England. By Edward A. Freeman. Vol. 5. Macmillan & Co. New York, 1876.

It is the supreme legal fiction, the monument of the absolute confiscation, under all the forms of law, of every man's land in England. As a minute and clear record of estates, customs, life, and men, it is unmatched in the annals of any other nation, and of incalculable value to history. The picturesque aspects of the story of Magna Charta have been often and in many ways represented. Our author confines himself to an outline of the courses that led to its concession, or compulsion rather; and a summary of its provisions, with a notice of their practical, business-like nature. It is, in the words of a late great writer on the English Constitution, "the first great public act of a nation after it has realized its own identity."

The separate chapters given to the study of the effect of the Norman Conquest on nomenclature, language, and art, contain the fruits of much curious research. While some of their suggestions are perhaps far-fetched, every one who uses our mother tongue will applaud the indignant warmth of our author's words in pronouncing the effect of the Conquest on English language to have been wholly and only evil. In criticism upon his earlier volumes, the present writer has had occasion to praise the research, acuteness, and fairness of the author. The latest one is marked besides by refinements of taste and subtlety for which some of his special subjects afford a fine field. History written after Mr. Freeman's method—and we are far from saying that it is not a good, though it must be owned to be a peculiar, one—cannot fail to leave deep and distinct impressions on the reader's mind.

"As to Roger Williams."*

THE fame which belongs to Roger Williams as an apostle of religious liberty has not only been magnified by the historic growth of the doctrine which he was one of the first to announce, but has prevented many from looking dispassionately at a career full of inconsistencies and contrasts. The founding of Providence Plantation, with its cornerstone of religious liberty, resulted so directly from the banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts, that popular feeling has made the banishment to be because of Williams' maintenance of the doctrine of liberty of conscience. The object of Dr. Dexter's monograph is to bring together, from records and writings of the time, the actual facts concerning the banishment, with the result in his own mind that the famous doctrine had little, if anything, to do with the banishment. The material for forming an opinion is abundant, and is drawn from incontrovertible sources. Thus, Roger Williams himself, in his answer to Mr. Cotton's letter, recites the following as grounds of his banishment:

"1. That we have not our Land by Pattent from the King, but that the Natives are the true owners of it; and that we ought to repent of such a receiving it by Pattent.

"2. That it is not lawfull to call a wicked person to sweare, to Pray, as being actions of God's worship.

"3. That it is not lawfull to heare any of the Ministers of the Parish Assemblies in England.

"4. That the Civill Magistrates' power extends only to the Bodies, and Goods, and outward state of men."

The whole tenor of the controversy at the time, and of comment upon it long afterward, is unmistakably that the rigid principle of separation which he maintained was what made him suspected. He was a rash, eager man, who pushed this principle to such extremes as to impugn the authority of the magistrates, and that at a time when there was need of the utmost caution in regard to all questions of authority, for the government of the colony, in constant peril of being dislodged from England, had no superfluous security with which to meet attack from within. The action of the magistrates was one of self-defense. The case of Roger Williams was one of a number, and was prominent, not by being exceptional, but by reason of the celebrity which afterward attached to Williams. The question of "soul-liberty" is touched in the fourth proposition above, and it is plain that it held a last place in the minds both of Roger Williams and his prosecutors.

It is curious here to observe how the doctrine of toleration, as held by Williams at the time, found place in his mind along with other doctrines which strike the modern reader as especially intolerant. Williams was pastor of the church at Salem when he was banished; and a dispute arising between that church and the other churches of the Bay, he demanded that it should renounce communion with the other churches; and when it refused to follow him to such a length, he renounced communion with the church, never entered it again, and "would neither pray with his own wife at the family altar, nor give thanks in her presence to God for food upon the family table, so long as she persisted in attendance upon the church assembly." Indeed, his principle of liberty of conscience, as first formulated, was but a meager anticipation of the larger law, which he afterward perceived, and did so much to define and proclaim.

Dr. Dexter's book, by its collection of authorities and dates, will enable any one for himself to study this controversy, and whoever follows the original records is hardly likely to dissent from the conclusion reached by such careful writers as Dr. Palfrey, Dr. Ellis and Professor Diman. It is only a partisan of a violent sort who is likely now to make out Roger Williams as a martyr for conscience, and we think Dr. Dexter's book would carry more weight if he were not so eager in his plea for Massachusetts. The case is a clear one, and calls for no special pleading. We wish he had expended some of his minute care upon the punctuation of his book. Either he has original views on the subject of the semicolon, or he is a very short-breathed writer. We must also hold up to light the outrageous use of *fellowship* as a verb. Ecclesiastical writers of a certain sort are doing their best work to that long-legged noun in illegitimate ways.

* As to Roger Williams, and his "Banishment" from the Massachusetts Plantation; with a few further words concerning the Baptists, the Quakers, and Religious Liberty: a Monograph. By Henry Martyn Dexter, D. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. 1876.

Two Books of Travel.*

IT is a fortunate thing that two such shrewd observers as Mr. Warner and Rev. Dr. Field should have given us their impressions of the land of the Turk at this precise crisis. To be sure, Mr. Warner's itinerary reaches from Jaffa and Jerusalem to Athens, and Dr. Field's observations are plentifully sprinkled over Western Europe before he reaches the Golden Horn. But both writers happened in Turkey during the stirring days of its later political life; and their attention was aroused by rumors of thick-coming events, though not distracted by the more notable occurrences which have since kindled anew the word's interest in the Eastern Question.

"In the Levant" is, in some sense, a continuation of Mr. Warner's "My Winter on the Nile." It is written in that charming style which the author has made peculiarly his own—humorous with a certain appearance of gravity. The very first line of the first chapter—"Since Jonah made his short and ignominious voyage along the Syrian coast"—is a good example of this delicate irony. Nowhere does the author relapse into dullness. It is possible for him to be irreverent and flippant at times but never prosy. The critic cannot fail to see how artfully the book is put together. The author has deliberately cut out everything which he considers might bore the reader, or seem impertinent to the main purpose of his tale of travel. With a few rapid touches he will give you a sketch of his travel in Athens: an allusion to the windows of his hotel suggests the Acropolis, and this leads him to that heavenly height, whereon we stand with him, after due delay. Were he less an artist, Mr. Warner would have tarried to descant upon the worries and the "points of interest" which intervened.

Nevertheless, one gets occasional glimpses into the private life of the people, and enough of their notions and opinions to form a good idea of all that they are and may be. And Mr. Warner has a happy knack of bringing his home experiences to bear upon his foreign observations. He never is so submerged in Orientalism that the memories of New York and Connecticut are flooded out of sight. He puts himself in the place of the reader, and not only tells him what he most wants to know, but illustrates it all with the things most nearly at hand to the reader. One of the quaintest pictures in the book is the author's account of his interview with an ancient relic of the Advent colony, near Jaffa, a New Hampshire woman, who found the natives "a low set," and the Mohammedans, as a rule, "shiftless." A chapter on "Some Specimen Travelers" is most agreeable reading; and another on "Some of the Private Houses in Damascus" is a remarkably good piece of descriptive writing. Indeed, Damascus, Jerusalem, Smyrna, Ephesus, Athens, Constantinople, and all the other famed cities of which we like to hear, are described with a touch that is as minute as it is graceful. This is the most refreshing kind of journal of travel.

It is easy to see that Dr. Field's book was written for a special constituency. It has the engaging frankness and confidential freedom of an editor's letters to his familiar readers. The writer was on the best of terms with the people to whom he told his story. He knew that they knew him well and would be interested in all the personal details which might seem impertinent from a stranger. Dr. Field never abandons the reader to himself; he is a faithful and constant guide and companion. He emphasizes his strong points with italics, and makes you feel that he is talking to you, not writing for effect. Such a book, utterly unpretentious and conversational, is sure to make its way.

The route of the author is sufficiently indicated by the title of his work. Naturally, he took the usual "grand round," from the British Isles eastward through Europe. He gives us a glimpse of Paris, and a brief dissertation on modern France, saunters through Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, dispatches Germany in a chapter, lingers longer in Austria, shows us a few pictures of Rome and the Italian cities, Athens and new Greece, and leaves us at the Golden Horn with much substantial information concerning the Ottoman nuisance in Europe. It is evident that much of this rapid observation must be desultory. Dr. Field does not aim to present an elaborate panorama, nor even to give a complete photograph of anything he sees in his travels. This is largely a personal narrative, made up of personal impressions, and mingled with personal opinions and conclusions which the author modestly disdains attempting to force on the reader. Dr. Field went around the world, and this volume is to be supplemented by another containing sketches of Egypt, India, Burmah, Java, China, and Japan.

French and German Books.

WAGNER.

Richard Wagner, eine musikalishe Reise in das Reich der Zukunft. Dr. Filippo Filippi. New York: Schmidt, 24 Barclay street, or Stechert, 2 Bond street.

THE noise that Richard Wagner is making in the musical world has been the moving cause of a number of books and pamphlets on the Music of the Future and its doughty apostle. Perhaps as good an introduction as any to the profession of Wagnerism are the letters written by a very clever Italian musical critic, Dr. Filippi, to the unbelieving compatriots of Rossini. They speak from the standpoint of an admirer of Wagner's genius, but one as yet uncontaminated by the extreme fury of the noisy sect. They seek to persuade with gentleness rather than to insist with blind dogmatism. This was indeed imperative in view of the prejudices of his Italian audience, who objected strongly to German music in general and Wagner's music in particular; and although he wrote in 1870, when

* From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn. By Henry M. Field, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.
In the Levant. By Charles Dudley Warner. Author of "My Summer in a Garden," etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

Weimar instead of Bayreuth was the trysting-place of the long-haired clans, yet the present German translation of his letters affords an agreeable review of Wagner's relation to modern music. Naturally enough, he makes the most of the outward appearance of the melodious throng at Weimar. He feels quite bald-headed from seeing such crowds of true-blue Wagnerians, who, he says, are at once distinguishable from their lion-like manes of hair. The genuine unalloyed Wagnerian wears long and rather matted locks, a long, spare, and untrimmed beard, and long untrimmed nails. The followers of Liszt, on the other hand, have their long hair carefully combed and brushed behind their ears, "with a touch of vanity." Moreover, these latter endeavor to remove every hair of beard from their faces, in order to do justice to the priestly connections of the illustrious *abbé*. "These seraphic countenances are so smooth, so clean, so trim, that one feels they must make acquaintance with a razor at least twice a day." Liszt's worshipers also pay great attention to their hands, and, like the mäestro, are fond of showing them, and from time to time raise them as if in blessing.

Nüchterne Briefe aus Bayreuth. Paul Lindau. New York: Schmidt, 24 Barclay street, or Stechert, 2 Bond street.

PAUL LINDAU is of a humor not unlike his Italian brother critic above mentioned. But he shows more signs of a heathenish unbelief, and a more abandoned purpose of making free with the "master" and his adoring crowds. This may arise from a difference in temperament; but it must also be remembered that six years intervened between the visits of Philippi and Lindau. Philippi went to Weimar to hear a number of Wagner's operas which had already won their way to public favor; Lindau goes to Bayreuth to hear the far-famed trilogy given in an opera-house erected for the special purpose, and rendered by a devoted band of musical artists collected together from all parts of Germany. Yet the verdict of the German critic on the supreme effort of Wagnerian genius is not as favorable as that of the Italian on the earlier operas "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Fliegende Holländer" and "Meistersinger." And Lindau is no trifler who turns the trilogy into ridicule in order to raise a laugh, nor is there any sign of prejudice on his part against Wagner or his work. Higher praise could not be awarded than some that he bestows on certain portions of the work. He always speaks earnestly of the powerful talent of Wagner, and dwells lovingly on the beautiful passages of his trilogy. When he does find a melody he bursts forth in uncontrollable delight. But he is also fearless in speaking of the puerilities and absurdities, the terrible spaces of drawn-out *ennui* which Wagner has insisted upon giving to the world. He makes a strong point of the fact that the passages which were most applauded by the foreigners present—that is to say, those not in the Wagner kingdom—were those in which some melody was vouchsafed their thirsty ears. Another point is the criticism of a lawyer, who finds in the drama all the crimes on the calendar, from those unmentionable in polite society down to violations of municipal ordinances. Such a view may have a touch of humor. As to the morality of the music, however, in the sense of its effect on the nerves, Lindau distinctly denies any bad tendency or inherent naughtiness,—a verdict to which attention should be paid just now, while musical people are disputing whether Wagner is a sensualist or not. It would be indeed very strange if Germany should produce a composer of just that quality. He might be coarse and possessed of unlimited bad taste, but hardly a voluptuary.

The general verdict Lindau allows one to receive is that the trilogy was as a spectacle a decided fiasco; as a chain of operas far from a success; but in respect to certain acts and certain passages, the work of a powerful and fresh genius, who has done things with the orchestra that no one else has ever attempted. As to the famous performance of Wagner himself,—the ungenerous and vainglorious speech he made before the curtain,—of that he speaks with the severity it deserved.

Ueber die Dichtung der ersten Scene des "Rheingold" von Richard Wagner. E. von Hagen. New York: Schmidt, 24 Barclay street; or Stechert, 2 Bond street.

IF there ever was a man who needed to be saved from his friends it is Wagner. Edmond von Hagen puts no bounds to his adoration, and succeeds in writing a book on the first scene of "Rheingold," so ridiculous that no one should be without a copy to laugh over. Folly can no farther go. His elaborate quotations from Aristotle, his parade of Schopenhauer's and Kant's philosophy, and his wild efforts at the etymology of some of the extraordinary words of Wagner's libretto, only make his silliness more apparent. It is an awful thought that a man can write a book of 170 pages on one scene from one part of Wagner's operatic series; what will become of us if he goes on? But if he can vary the treatment each time, and make all as absurdly burlesque as this one, we shall need no comic literature for a long time. Von Hagen starts with the assumption that Wagner is not only a musical genius so transcendent that it is an impertinence to question it, but also a poet by whose side Goethe pales and Shakspere would do well to look to his laurels. The quotations given from the libretto of "Rheingold" he explains, annotates and ponderously praises, just as a professor might treat the inspired words of a Greek poet whom the centuries have crowned with glory. The strange mixture of mythology from the Norse Edda and the German Nibelungen song, which forms the skeleton around which Wagner has built his opera, he treats as if original with the recent hero of Bayreuth; while he goes into ecstasies over the most grotesque and absurd expressions which Wagner has hunted up from the old German or deliberately made out of whole cloth to suit his music. Poor Paul Lindau, whose pamphlet is noticed above, is demolished in a foot-note, and the world in general is treated as ignorant,

slow-witted, envious and malicious, when it dares to be indifferent to the chosen god. Wonderful beauty and deep mystic significance are discovered in such imbecile noises as Wagner puts in the mouths of his Rhine nymphs, like *Weia, Waga! Wagalaweia! Wallala weila weia!* These are held up for admiration with a dull persistency worthy of Dogberry. Colossal indeed must be Wagner's conceit if he does not blush to read such balderdash as this wherewith his doating disciple closes his book:

"Look up, dust-born race, to the sunlit height! There in blessed solitude stands Plato, there stands Kant, there stands Schopenhauer! See, there they stand, the solitary geniuses of mankind,—all-powerful, giant-like, great,—but, towering over all, the genius, Richard Wagner!"

It is talk of this kind that prejudices some people so strongly against the Music of the Future that they have no patience to select the lovely or stirring musical passages out of Wagner's strangely beautiful but sometimes tiresome operas.

New English Books.

LONDON, Jan. 8, 1877.

THE grand settling-up time of the year having arrived, it is in vain to expect much novelty in literary matters until the result of past enterprises may perhaps encourage the undertaking of new ones. The statistics of the book trade in England for the past year show that the business has held its own, in comparison with that of 1875, though it cannot boast of any increase. The statistics are necessarily imperfect from the want of any official or authoritative register of new books and printed matter of all kinds, such as exists in France and other countries of Europe. To be exhaustive, the numbers given should probably be increased by one-third; but as the proportions would be the same they are sufficiently full to serve as a basis of comparison. Out of the total of 4,888 publications set down as being issued in 1876, very nearly 2,000 were new editions, showing an increase in that class of books of over 600, and a corresponding diminution of actual new books published for the first time, of nearly the same number. This may be regarded as a healthy symptom of trade, evidencing that the demand is continuous for works of approved merit,—sufficiently so indeed to employ the printer and book-distributor, while the outlay of capital on new adventures has been judiciously limited in obedience to the unsettled state of public affairs in Europe. The classes of books showing a decline in the production of 1876 are theology, fiction, voyage and travel, and illustrated art books; while legal, educational and juvenile literature, as also commerce and political economy, exhibit a decided increase, and other branches remain nearly balanced as compared with 1875. In view of the depression in trade, admitted to exist over most of the civilized world, and, first of all, affecting luxuries (such as books are in Europe), the position is considered to be by no means a discouraging one, and good hopes are entertained of a revival in 1877.

That wonderful country France seems to defy the general depression. Its annual list of new publications nearly doubles that of England in number, and though this is partly owing to the greater accuracy of its statistical arrangements, still the extent of business done exceeds in many cases anything that is attained in England. This is the more remarkable, as, though French is the current language of polite literature and intercourse through a large part of Europe, England has her colonies scattered all over the world, and all dependent on the mother country for their literary supplies. It is stated, on authority that cannot be questioned, that the sales of Littré's great "Dictionary of the French Language" in 4 volumes, quarto, exceed forty thousand copies. In England, on the contrary, five thousand copies would be considered a very large demand for a book of similar class and size. The returns for the last year of one publishing house in Paris, MM. Hachette et Cie, are stated to have reached fifteen millions of francs, or three million dollars; this is probably more than double the amount returned by any English firm engaged in the book trade. A new undertaking by this spirited house deserves mention. It is by M. Vapereau, the author of the well-known "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," and aims at nothing less than to furnish a "Universal Dictionary of Literatures" including the authors, books, literary history, criticism, and bibliography of all times and all nations. Such an object is evidently too vast to be accomplished with any degree of fullness even in a volume of 2,096 large double-columned octavo pages. A valuable book of reference will no doubt be the result, though the special prominence naturally given to French writers and subjects will most likely prevent its being translated. The work is said to have engaged the author's attention for the past fifteen years, and will be completed next May.

The honors of illustrated literature for 1876 unquestionably belong to Germany. There has been no work produced in England that for richness and elaborateness of decoration, combined with high artistic merit, can compare with the edition of Goethe's "Faust," illustrated by Professor A. Von Kreling,—an artist whose name is not familiar to English ears. The printing of the volume indeed, beautifully executed by the successors of the famous "Whittingham Press," may be claimed for England, and the translation made use of is that of Mr. Theodore Martin; but the embellishments, consisting of 78 wood engravings and 14 folio permanent photographs from oil paintings, are entirely of Teutonic origin, and have evidently been a labor of love with the accomplished artist, whose care has extended to the binding of the volume. The superior style of this—rich in artistically designed metal chasing—gives it the aspect of a massive mediæval folio, worthy of the study of Faust himself.

Mr. Tennyson's "Harold" has met with a respectful rather than a warm or impassioned reception from English readers. The number "subscribed" by the trade (that is, sold previous to publication at a slight reduction) is, in London, about ten thou-

sand, and for the rest of the kingdom, four thousand additional, and the demand still continues. This, though more than the work of any other living poet could command, is by no means equal to the interest excited by the Laureate's earlier works, and seems to confirm the verdict of his critics, that the dramatic form and method is one evidently unsuited to his powers; his admirers hope that his next production may be cast in a different mold.

Many good books suitable for libraries and private collections are now being issued, that have little chance of being republished in the United States while the depression continues. Some of these may be mentioned, as "The Life and Times of Titian," by J. A. Crowe and C. B. Cavalcaselle. These gentlemen are known as accomplished historians of Italian painting. The present work forms indeed a continuation of their labors, as they have now reached the Venetian school of art; but the career of that wonderful man who preserved his life's vigor for a century of earnest and admirable work, and who died in his hundredth year,—not of natural decay, but prematurely cut off by the plague,—was found to require a different treatment, so the new portion of their work assumes a biographical form. It includes an account of Titian's family, chiefly from new and unpublished records, and an examination of his extant works. When it is considered that the well-attested productions of this master, in the public and private galleries of Europe, are about one thousand in number, the labor of such an undertaking conscientiously performed may be conceived. The "Life" forms two large octavo volumes, and is illustrated with a portrait and engravings from some of Titian's famous paintings.

The work on Egypt and Nubia by Miss Edwards (who will be recognized as the authoress of "Miss Carew" and many other popular novels) is issued in a style superior to most of the publications of the season, forming an elegantly ornamented small quarto volume, with nearly one hundred illustrations of Egyptian scenery and remains, etc., from the drawings of the author. The taste, knowledge, and enthusiasm of the writer give interest to her work, and some new discoveries of historical importance at the famous temple shrine of Aboo Simbel, made by Miss Edwards and her companions, show how much remains to be done even on so well-beaten a track. While excavation is putting a new face on the past history of the world at the well-known classical sites of Troy, Mycenæ, Cyprus, etc., it is not to be supposed that the "Holy City," Jerusalem, could be forgotten. Accordingly, we have in a handsome octavo volume, "Underground Jerusalem," an account of some of the principal difficulties encountered in its exploration, and the results obtained; with narrative of an expedition through the Jordan Valley and a visit to the Samaritans, by Charles Warren, Captain Royal Engineers, in charge of the explorations in the Holy Land, with maps, plates. It seems remarkable at the first aspect how much greater are the obstacles and impediments to exploration encountered in sites that have continued to be the habitations of men, than in long-deserted and half-forgotten localities. In Jerusalem, too, these difficulties are intensified by the bigotry of the Turks, who regard as sacrilege the intrusion of an infidel within the sacred precincts. Nevertheless, much has been accomplished for the illustration of the Scriptures. Complete plans and surveys of the temple areas have been obtained; the wonderful subterranean system of caverns, water-courses, etc., underlying the ancient city have been explored; the true site of Mount Zion determined, and many other important results obtained, as described in Captain Warren's book.

The latest addition to Mr. Murray's world-renowned series of "Hand-books" is one that will commend itself only to those American travelers who have more leisure and inclination for quiet study and research than usually falls to the lot of that ubiquitous class. It is a hand-book to the environs of London, containing an account of all places of interest within a circle of twenty miles round London, by James Thorne, 2 vols., post 8vo. As the author says: "How rich and varied are the subjects and associations, historical, literary, picturesque, or antiquarian of this district, the lightest draft on the memory will determine;" but they are usually overlooked in the rush to more conspicuous attractions. A week or two devoted to its exploration, with the guidance of Mr. Thorne's capital book, would be a pleasing episode in a European tour by those who delight to trace the footsteps of the worthy men of old,—and a stranger might well be surprised at the quaint nook,—the "unspeakable rural solitudes" dignified by the memory of great writers, painters, actors, etc., that yet remain to reward the explorer within an hour's reach from his hotel, in the center of the modern Babylon. A good companion work is "Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England," by A. Rimmer, with introduction by Dean Howson, of Chester. It relates chiefly to spots further afield from the capital, in the west and north of England; but the same beautiful air of the domestic picturesque gives a charm to its one hundred and fifty wood-cut embellishments. They illustrate the true "Old England" of our forefathers. Its vanishing traces naturally grow fewer and fainter with every year's progress, and it is matter for congratulation that so much still remains. All who would begin the now fashionable study of early English literature, from the very beginning, must be thankful for Mr. Thomas Arnold's handsome edition of "Beowulf": an heroic poem of the eighth century, Anglo-saxon text, and English translation,—with an introduction and notes by the editor, one volume, 8vo. The philological, antiquarian, and literary value of this grand fragment—the earliest extant expression of the thought of our Northern ancestors,—has always been recognized and becomes more apparent with its closer study. It is remarkable that though it is at least four centuries earlier than the Nibelungen songs and sagas now brought into prominence by the poetry of Morris and the music of Wagner, the story, and its hero Sigurd, are unmistakably alluded to in a passage of "Beowulf," showing how deeply the myth or legend

of the accursed thirst for gold, and the fatal consequences of its possession, had impressed the rude minds of the conquering races of the North.

However high may be the prices given for book rarities in the dispersal of collections like that of Mr. Menzies and others, it is consolatory to real students to know that no really valuable book will be allowed to become scarce, while paper and print are so easily accessible and the taste for reprinting continues so general. A curious instance of the vicissitudes of the career of a book is afforded by the work of a Scotch advocate—"Primitive Marriage," by J. F. McLennan. It was published in Edinburgh in 1865, at 7s. 6d. Relating as it did to a rather abstruse subject connected with the early history of society, it found few or no purchasers, and in a couple of years was sold off by the publisher as dead stock for about 1s. 3d. per copy. Shortly afterward, the works of Sir Henry Maine, Sir John Lubbock, and others, dealing with the same class of subjects, appeared, and inquiry was duly made for Mr. McLennan's book. It accordingly went up in price from 2s. 6d. to the original sum, and still onward until as much as two pounds have been given for a copy for America. It is now handsomely reprinted with some other papers by the author, as "Studies in Ancient History, Comprising a Reprint of 'Primitive Marriage,' an Inquiry into the Origin of the form of Capture in Marriage Ceremonies," and is accessible at a moderate price. To the same publisher we also owe an elegant reimpression of a truly classic book, that had also become very scarce and expensive, "The Saxons in England: a History of the English Commonwealth till the Norman Conquest," by John Mitchell Kemble. New Edition, revised. 2 vols. 8vo.

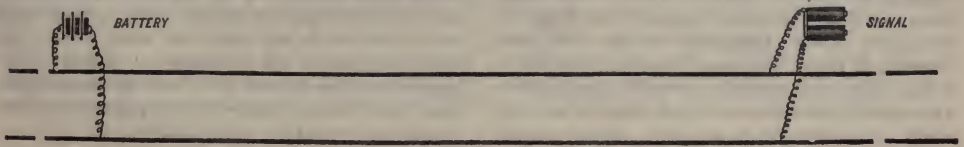
Of all the series of libraries and cheap publications originated by the enterprise of Constable and his popular "Miscellany," and encouraged by the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the only survivor at the present day is the well-known series of "Bohn's Libraries." These series retain their hold on the public taste, and are still receiving additions that increase largely their value and interest, and their adaptation to communities where it is desirable to obtain the best literature at a moderate rate. Among the volumes lately added are the first complete translation of "The Tragedies of Alfieri," with his life, etc., by G. A. Bowring, two volumes; Jean Paul Richter's "Levana," an essay on education, and Autobiography, one volume; Molière's "Dramatic Works," a revised translation, by C. H. Wall, to form three volumes; "Shakspere's Dramatic Art; the History and Character of Shakspere's Plays," by Dr. Hermann Ulrici, translated by Dora Schmitz, two volumes, and "The Betrothed," by Alessandro Manzoni,—a translation of "I Promessi Sposi," one volume. The last mentioned forms the commencement of a new series, "The Novelists' Library," to be followed by the works of Fielding, Miss Burney, Smollett, Godwin, Maturin, etc.

CHARLES WELFORD.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Wireless Block Signal.

ELECTRIC signals, designed to show the progress and position of trains on railways, are already in use on many lines. Nearly all of these systems of electric signals employ telegraphic wires, erected on poles along the line, for transmitting the signals from one end of the "block" or section to the other, and are constructed upon the open circuit plan. The wheels of the engine, on entering the block, depress a spring near the rail, and this closes the circuit, and the banner, light, bell or other signal is operated by means of the wires and the usual machinery employed to change electric action into motion. On leaving the block, the engine again depresses a spring and operates the signal, now a mile behind, and the "danger" sign is restored to a "safety," thus showing that the train has passed on, and that the block is clear. A valuable and interesting system of block signaling has recently been put in operation that reverses this system by using a closed circuit and employing the track itself as a means of electric communication. To accomplish this, the block (a section of one or two miles) is insulated at each end by inserting a non-conducting material between the ends of the rails. Four of these insulators are used, one at each end of the two rails forming the block. The two lines of rails within this insulated district are carefully joined rail to rail so as to make good electric connection from end to end of the block. A small battery is then placed at the distant end of the block, and an electric danger signal is erected at the near or approaching end, and each of these is connected with the rails by heavy wires, so as to form a closed circuit, as in the accompanying diagram. Here the main line is insulated (by the spaces) at each end, and the switch is cut out by insulations on each side, while the electric circuit is maintained by a loop of wire taken round the switch at one side. The signal is shown in the form of an electro-magnet, and relay batteries are also added, but are



not shown in the drawing. No other insulation is needed, as the great mass of the rails makes the most ready electric communication, and the current follows the rails through the whole circuit without regard to rain, snow, or contact with the earth. While the current is established through the two rails, the signal is at rest and records "safety." The moment the first pair of wheels of an engine or car enters the block at the signal end, the current is shortened through the wheels and axle or practically broken, and the magnet is released and the banner flies at "danger." This is explained by the fact that the current will seek the shortest route, and the wheels of the train make this short circuit, the current leaving the wire at the end of the block and passing through the wheels and axle from rail to rail. As the engine or car advances on the block, the circuit is continually shortened till the battery is reached, when the current leaps from wheel to wheel through the entire train, each pair of wheels becoming in turn a part of the short circuit. Finally, the last pair of wheels leaves the block, when the long circuit through the rails is restored and the signal flies at safety again. A train backing down the line, or a single car at rest or in motion on any part of the block, thus serves to make a short circuit and to display the alarm. An iron bar or rail laid on the track will also shorten the circuit and cause the signal to record danger; a broken rail will also accomplish the same result by breaking the current. In the diagram, no switches is shown in the block. When a switch is closed, the circuit is complete through the loop wire taken past the switch. The cross rail in any switch is also insulated, to prevent a short circuit in that direction. On opening the switch, the loop wire is broken, and, by means of a device not shown in the drawing, a short circuit is also formed. Either one of these is sufficient to display the danger signal, so that the switches are doubly secure, and the slightest movement of any switching bar is instantly recorded half a mile away. This system of block signaling is simple and inexpensive, and, in practice, is said to work quickly and surely in all weathers. The machinery for working the signals will run for a month without attention, and in case of breakage or disorder, or stoppage of the clock-work, the signal will automatically show "half-moon" or caution.

Zinc as a Preventive of Boiler Incrustation.

OF the many attempts that have been made to prevent the formation of the dangerous crust or scale found in the interior of steam-boilers, the latest and most successful experiments have been with zinc. In one of these experiments, two boilers, one over the other, were used, and in these the zinc was placed in the form of cast bars, 35 millimeters (1⅜ inches) in diameter, and of a convenient length to reach from side to side of the boilers. Six bars, weighing in all 44.5 kilos (98.02 lbs.), were cut to fit the shape of the boilers, and were placed, three in each boiler, 35 centimeters (13¾ inches) above the bottom, and supported at each end. Sheets of zinc, weighing 2 kilos (about 4 lbs.) were also laid on the bars and fitted in between the ends of the bars and the sides of the boilers. The boilers were then fired steadily for seven weeks, and, on opening them, it was found that the bars of zinc in the lower boiler had disappeared. In the upper boiler, the bars had sunk down and rested on the bottom of the boilers, and had lost their metallic texture, and had turned into a mass resembling brittle clay. The sheets of zinc had also disappeared, only here and there a small bit being left imbedded in the mud on the bottom of the boiler. An analysis of the remains of the zinc gave 2.30 per cent. of metallic zinc, and 88.70 per cent. of oxide of zinc. Besides this, there was a trace of iron, tin, antimony and lead, and a small percentage of gypsum, chalk, soda, etc., that probably came from the water used in the boiler. There was no trace of incrustation in either boiler, though, previously, a layer, 4 millimeters thick, had often formed in the same length of time. It is suggested that this change in the zinc resulted from a galvanic action set up by the action of the zinc on the iron, and that this action prevented the formation of scale. Bits of sheet zinc imbedded in the mud, and thus prevented from contact with the iron of the boiler, were found to be unchanged, and it is thought that this also points to the galvanic nature of the experiment. The amount of zinc employed here may be regarded as excessive, and further experiments must be made to discover the minimum amount that may be needed to prevent incrustation.

Revolving Fire-grate.

AMONG the more novel grates and fire-boxes for open domestic fire-places is a revolving grate resembling a cylindrical iron cage. This grate is made of two circular plates of iron joined together by a central rod or axis and a series of iron bars placed in a circle near the edges of the plates. Some of these bars are joined together so as to form a hinged door the length of the grate. The grate is about 35.5 centimeters (14 inches) in diameter, and may be made as long as the fire-place is wide. When in place, it is supported at each end, so that it can be freely turned upon its axis. At the back of the grate, and extending part way under it, is a curved iron plate or guard to prevent the draft from passing through the lower part of the grate, and thus confine the fire to the front of the cylindrical cage. A ratchet and pawl are also added to cause the grate to turn in one direction only. On starting the fire, the cage is opened and nearly filled with coal; kindling is placed in front, more coal is added till the grate is full, when the door is closed and the fire lighted. The coal in front and at the top burns freely till consumed, when the grate is turned over and fresh coal is brought up into the fire from below, while the ash falls over at the top and back. Fresh coal may be added at any time, and when all is consumed, the grate may be easily refilled. The advantage of this form of grate is found in the introduction of the coal from below, thus preventing the formation of excessive gas and smoke.

New Form of Edged-tools.

In making tools for mining and agricultural purposes, a new combination of iron and steel has been introduced that is reported to give increased strength, greater lightness, and greater ease in keeping the tools in repair. A rod or plate, consisting of a steel core covered by an iron wrapper or envelope, is first formed, and out of this the rods or plates to be used in making the tools are drawn or rolled. This compound bar, when forged into the shape of a pick, hay-fork, or cutting-tool, gives an edge or point of steel protected by an envelope of iron. By paring away the iron, the steel core is exposed, and may then be sharpened, reshaped, or repaired cheaply and quickly.

Memoranda.

A new lamp for use in mines has been introduced, that is extinguished by the admission of explosive quantities of carburetted hydrogen and other dangerous gases. The lamp is of the usual pattern, and is so constructed that all the air needed for combustion must pass through a chamber in the bottom of the lamp. Gases entering the lamp fill this chamber and shut off the pure air, and the light is extinguished before an explosion can take place. Experiments with the lamp are reported to give excellent and uniform results. At the same time, such a lamp has the objection of requiring relighting,—a dangerous operation, if the gas is so abundant as to put the light out in the manner proposed.

A portable steam-hammer for ramming down street pavement blocks has been introduced. In general design, it resembles a small steam-hammer such as may be used in smith's work; and to make it portable, it is suspended on a crane attached to a common road-engine. The steam is taken from the boiler of the road-engine by means of a flexible tube, and by moving the crane about, the hammer may be made to work over a large circle about the engine. The advantages of such a pavement rammer are perfect regulation of the blows and a high rate of speed in the work.

In testing milk, some cheese factories now employ small cups placed in a water-bath. Each sample of milk is placed in a cup, and the water in the bath is raised by steam to 90° Fahr. At this temperature, the peculiar odors that characterize garlic, puridity, and the various diseases of the cow, are brought out, and may be readily detected. To prove milk that has been skimmed or adulterated with water, sugar, annatto, the samples are coagulated with rennet. The curd is then pressed to expel the whey; and by comparing the weight of the curd with standard weights of pure curd, an approximate estimate may be made of the percentage of adulteration.

A new form of emery-wheel for knife-grinding has been introduced. It is made in the form of a cap, and is hung horizontally on its longer axis. The knife to be ground is placed before the open end or tops of the cap, and held against its circular edge as the cap is turned rapidly on its axis. This style of grinding surface is said to give a smooth edge admirably adapted for grinding straight knives.

In washing table-linen, it has been the custom in some places to sprinkle a little lime-water on the cloth before pressing, as it gives the linen a hard and brilliant surface. This practice has been found to destroy the fabric in a short time, through the grinding action of the crystals of hydrate of lime formed in the threads.

Hai-thao.—This is a colorless and odorless gelatine, obtained from a sea-moss common on the coasts of China and Mauritius. It is insoluble in cold water, but melts in boiling water, and forms a dull white solution that hardens to a yellow jelly when cold. It is reported to be found useful as a finishing material for fine cotton fabrics. Mixed with glycerine, it gives a soft finish to the goods, filling the threads more completely than starch or dextrine. It is not available for heavy fabrics.

Ventilators for admitting fresh air at windows are now made with screens of cotton supported by fine wire webbing, after the manner of a respirator. The design of this pattern of ventilation is to imitate the filtering action of the respirator, and to thus exclude dust and dampness from the house while securing a constant supply of fresh air.

An improved mortar mill for crushing lime, brick waste, slag, ores, etc. recently constructed, employs a portable boiler and engine, fixed to the frame, supporting the mill, and the whole mounted on wheels so that it may be moved from place to place. The boiler and engine are of the common upright type, with an inverted cylinder connected directly with the gearing that turns the mill. The mill is mounted on the same frame over the forward wheels and is supported on friction rollers. The pan is made to turn on its central axis, and the two heavy rollers keep in position, the shaft on which they are placed being secured to heavy framing. The chief advantage this mill has over others is the application of power, and the ease with which it can be moved about.

The Theory of Color in its relation to Art and Art Industry. By W. Von Bezold. L. Prang Co., Publishers.—This book, translated by S. R. Koehler, and supplied with an introduction and notes by Professor E. C. Pickering, is designed to show, by a series of simple experiments, the modern theory of color and the relation of the tones of the spectra one to another. For the scientific student, the book has great value; and to the artist and art manufacturer, it will prove exceedingly useful. The numerous experiments described by the author are of the most interesting and entertaining character, and may be readily performed by the unscientific reader, and with cheap and simple apparatus.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

"Hey, Annie, kin we affoord to clane this off for ten cents?"

Jessie.

AND I have loved thee, Jessie! and have seen
Thy mind and form expanding with thy years,
From timid eight to ravishing eighteen,
Have shared thy joys, thy woes, thy hopes, thy fears.
Possessed of all that pleases and endears
Wert thou! and sweet the captive's chain I wore,
But now, alas! that love, thy charms, my tears
Of grief that thou wert wed, alike are o'er,
For thou art seventy and I am seventy-four.

DAVID S. FOSTER.

Mrs. DeLisle does not like to have Arthur go to see the animals in the Park, he is so timid. She much prefers the Aquarium.

Quatrains.

DAY AND NIGHT.

DAY is a gorgeous butterfly,
That hovers aloft in the azure sky;
Night is a beetle, grim and black,
That rolls the world on its ebon track!

THE WORLD AND THE POET.

What is the world compared to me?
Its shallow thoughts are foam o' th' sea;
My thoughts are priceless pearls that grow,
And light up the sunless deeps below!

GAIN AND LOSS.

One prates of gain, and one of loss,
But neither knows the gold from dross;
They use these idle words in vain,—
For gain is loss, and loss is gain!

CURSES AND BLESSINGS.

Curses vanish, but blessings stay;
Forever the High Ones work their will:
The thunder of battle has passed away,
But the blithe little crickets are chirping still!

THE SPHYNX.

All things in nature go on fours;
So babies creep on nursery floors;
Old men on crutches do, methinks,—
This is the meaning of the Sphynx.

THE CUCKOO.

What bird would I be, if bird I could be?
I think I prefer the cuckoo best,—
For he don't go building nests, you see,
But lays his eggs in another's nest!

THE TEST.

If you would a good critic see,
Whose taste is sure and fine;
Ask whether he likes poetry,
And whether he likes mine.

COMPARISONS.

Goethe,—poet none more high,—
Wrote quatrains, and so do I;
Shakspere did not, but *I* do—
Shakspere, how I pity you!

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Reading to-day in a shady nook,
The leaves came off on my open book;
Autumn, what would you have me do?
You don't mean I should leave off too!

COALS AND SOULS.

When sunlight strikes on smoldering coals,
It puts them out; 'tis so with souls.
Wouldst have *thine* brighter than before?
Put up Adversity's dark blower!

ANACREON.

Anacreon was not stricken down,—
History should not to fiction stoop;
No turtle falling cracked his crown,—
He died of too much turtle soup!

OLD AND NEW.

Senex is old, Juventus cries,
Look at the crow's feet round his eyes;
But he's not so old, my boy, as you,
For his hair, and his teeth, and his clothes are new!

NUMBERS.

Nature is dual; Art is one;
The colors of the Bow are seven.
Through all things mystic numbers run,—
Arithmetic's the Key to Heaven!

QUATRAINS.

If your thoughts are thin and few,
Don't write prose, whate'er you do,
But verse; you needn't take much pains,
I've shown you how—in these quatrains!

E. R.

Kyarlina Jim.

FISHERMAN'S HUT, CHESAPEAKE BAY, 1876.

WHEN you was here some sixteen year
Or so, aback, you says
A darkey named Kyarlina Jim,
He fished f'om dis here place?

Dat yonder's him, Kyarlina Jim,
On de bench dar by de do';—
He have been po' an' weak an' bline
Sence dat long time ago.

Yes,—dat's de way he spen's each day
O' de blessed year, 'dout fail,
Wid face turned out'ard to'ds de bay,
Like watchin' fur a sail.

Eben when clouds 'ull come in crowds,
An' de beatin' win's 'ull blow,
He still keeps settin', pashunt, dar
In his ole place by de do'.

An' de sweet sunlight, 'tis jes like night,
Ter po' Kyarlina Jim,—
He's weak and bline; so rain an' shine
Is all de same ter him.

Dat chile you see dar on his knee,
She never fails ter come
About dis time o' ev'ry day
Ter fetch Kyarlina home.

I seldom cries, but when my eyes
Lights on de chile an' Jim,
Dar's sumpin sort o' makes me feel
Kind,—ter his gal an' him.

Another chile he los' long while
Ago, I'se heerd him say,
Is out dar waitin' in a boat
On de blue waves o' de Bay.

I 'specs, bekase o' what he says,
Dat chile he los' 'ull come
'Fo' long, jes like dis here one does,
And fetch Kyarlina home.

A. C. GORDON.

"For all healthy minds, economy has its pleasures."—GEORGE ELIOT.

The Changes of the Hours.

FROM OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

THE corn sways gently on the breeze,
The birds sing blithely in the trees,
The brook glides by with song quite gay,
And ripples on its cheerful way.

The shadows fall upon the grass,
The tired cattle homeward pass,
The sun sinks down behind the hill,
And everything on earth is still.

The moon soars upward, clear and bright,
The stars shine down this lovely night,
Upon the landscape brown and green,
And cottage homes with fields between.

The children's merry romps are o'er,
They gently kneel upon the floor,
And breathe quite low their evening prayer
Upon the cool and silent air;

Then off to bed with footsteps light
And faces full of pleasure bright;
The mother wraps each little form
Around with blankets thick and warm.

Meanwhile the moon arises high
Upon the dark blue vaulted sky,
And on the grave-yard throws her beams,
With shadows strange enough for dreams.

Yet still the hours are waning fast,
Till in the east the dawn at last
Makes her appearance rosy red,
While gently sinks the moon to bed.

LAURA DEXTER.

The Difference.

IN ancient story we are told
That Midas' touch turned anything to gold.
But we, to-day, a stranger thing behold,—
Men turn to anything when touched with gold!

JOSEPH A. TORREY.

"Can't you go no faster, Tommy?"

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CHINCOTEAGUE.

THE ISLAND OF PONIES.

CATCHING A PONY.

OFF the north-eastern shore of Virginia, and about five miles from the main-land, lies a small island known as Chincoteague —an island possessed of peculiarities shared by no other portion of the eastern United States; for here roams, in an entirely untamed state, a breed of horses, or rather ponies, as wild as the mustangs of Texas or the Pampas.

How these ponies first came upon the island is not known except through vague tradition, for when the first settlers came there, early in the eighteenth century, they found the animals already roaming wild about its piney meadows. The tradition received from the Indians of the main-land was that a vessel loaded with horses, sailing to one of the Elizabethan settlements of Virginia, was wrecked upon the southern point of the island, where the horses escaped, while the whites were rescued by the then friendly Indians and carried to the main-land, whence they found their way to some of the early settlements. The horses, left to themselves upon their new territory, became entirely wild, and, probably through hardships endured, degenerated into a peculiar breed of ponies.

In 1670 the island was first prospected; it was subsequently granted by King James II. to a person by whom it was sold in minor sections to various others. At present it is greatly subdivided, though one land-owner, Kendall Jester by name, holds over six hundred acres of marsh and pine land, and there are other holdings scarcely less in extent. Among the earliest settlers were the Thurstones, Taylors, and

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Mifflins; the head of the last-named family was a well-known Quaker, who, upon the introduction of slavery to the island, removed thence to the town of Camden, in the upper part of the province of Maryland, near Delaware.

It was long before Chincoteague was fairly settled, and even as late as 1838 there were but twenty-six houses there; now, however, many strangers, tempted by the exceptionally good fishing and oyster-dredging of the place, are pouring in from the main-land to settle there. To mere visitors the ponies are still a great, if not the main, attraction, and during the periods of "penning"—driving them into corral—numerous guests arrive daily from the coast.

When one puts foot aboard the puffing, wheezing little steamboat "Alice," it is as though the narrow channel, across which he is ferried in about an hour, separates him from modern civilization, its rattling, dusty cars, its hurly-burly of business, its clatter and smoke of mills and factories, and lands him upon an enchanted island, cut loose from modern progress and left drifting some seventy-five years backward in the ocean of time. No smoke of manufactories pollutes the air of Chincoteague; no hissing steam-escape is heard except that of the "Alice;" no troublesome thought of politics, no religious dissension, no jealousy of other places, disturbs the minds of the Chincoteaguers, engrossed with whisky, their ponies and themselves.

Chincoteague is land-locked. Assateague Beach—a narrow strip of land, composed of pine woods, salt marshes and sand flats—lies between it and the ocean, separated from it by a channel about half a mile in width. Midway upon this beach stands Assateague light-house—a first-class light, and one of the finest on the coast. Between this beach or island upon the one side and the main-land on the other, in a calm, sleepy bay, lies lazy Chincoteague. There is but little agriculture; the inhabitants depend upon the sale of ponies and upon fishing for the necessaries of life, and mere necessaries suffice them. A little pork and bread, rank tobacco and whisky, in the proportion of Falstaff's sack, and the acme of the Chincoteaguer's happiness is attained.

Thick pine woods cover the island, in virgin growth, here and there opening into a glade of marshy flat, stretching off for a mile or more, called "the meadows," where one occasionally catches a glimpse of a herd of ponies, peacefully browsing at a distance.

Tramping through the island, which is barely a mile in width, one emerges suddenly from the pine woods upon the western shore, where broad extended salt marshes, rank in growth, lie weltering in the hot sunlight the whole length of the island. A fence protects this marsh from the encroachments of the ponies, which are turned out here in the winter, and find a plentiful supply of fodder in the dead sedge underneath the snow.

There are two distinct classes of inhabitants upon Chincoteague: the pony-owners—lords of the land—and the fishermen. Your pony-owner is a tough, bulbous, rough fellfellow, with a sponge-like capacity for absorbing liquor; bad or good, whisky, gin, or brandy, so that it have the titillating alcoholic twang, it is much the same to him. Coarse, heavy army shoes, a tattered felt hat, or a broad-brimmed straw that looks as if it had never been new; rough homespun or linen trowsers, innocent of soap and water, and patched with as many colors as Joseph's coat; a blue or checked shirt, open at the throat, and disclosing a hairy chest,—these complete his costume. Your fisherman, now, though his costume is nearly similar, with the exception of shoes (which he does not wear), is in appearance quite different. A lank body, shoulders round as the bowl of a spoon, far up which clamber his tightly strapped trowsers; a thin crane-like neck, poking out at right angles from somewhere immediately between the shoulder-blades; and, finally, a leathery, expressionless, peaked face, and wiry hair and beard complete his presentment. Hospitable in the extreme are these rough people. Any one visiting them at the time of their noonday meal will find some ingenuity necessary to parry their pressing solicitations to share those nodules of fat pork fried and floating in a dead sea of black molasses, fried potatoes, and chunks of bread—the last to be dipped in the molasses, and eaten with the pork. If sickness is pleaded in excuse, equal difficulty will be found in avoiding the administration of a dose of villainous whisky.

In visiting their houses, you pick your way with some trouble through a flock of geese, over a pig, a dog, and probably a nearly naked baby rolling over the floor, and find yourself at last safely ensconced in a rickety chair. The good-woman of the house, who is smoking a very dirty pipe with a short stem, is profuse in the offices of hospitality,—spanking the rolling baby with one hand and handing a tin cup of water with the other. She may then, if

you are a good listener and quiet enough, recount in much detail the ins and outs of her last attack of fever-'n'-ager, or how our Mariar married Jim Strand; in the meantime you can be making your own observations of an interior well calculated to repay the trouble. A rusty stove, a broken pitcher, a griddle, a skillet, two tin cups, a coffee-pot, and a dirty bucket, the smaller properties deposited in a rickety wash-tub in one corner of the room, which is mounted upon a crippled chair with a broken back; walls highly ornamented with cheap prints, labeled respectively "Ellen" or "Maggie," circus bills and advertisements of patent soap; and, to crown all, a dozen or more bottles with little bits of red flannel in them hung here and there, enlivening the monotony like Turner's daub of red in his gray sea picture. Then, lastly, the bed! We of the North have no conception of such beds—rising, a voluminous mountain of feathers, five feet in height, and bedecked with a gorgeous patch-work quilt, the valance slats at the top of the narrow spindle posts hung here and there with parti-colored worsted bobs. Let the family be ever so poor, the bed is the glory, the soul of their cottage. It is the pride of the good-woman's heart, and in it she will swelter and suffocate in the hottest day of summer. Visiting, one day, a house where the woman was sick with bilious fever (quite a common complaint in Chincoteague), we saw nothing of her upon first entering, but a smell of tobacco-smoke stung our nostrils like vapor of oil of vitriol. Looking toward the bed, we saw a thin column of smoke ascending, and, approaching, saw the patient peacefully reposing and smoking in the midst of a feathery Yosemite.

Quaint and unique are the characters one meets. Kendal Jester, more popularly known as "Uncle Ken," the beau-ideal of a Chincoteague pony-penner: one need have no fear of failing to make his acquaintance. An old fellow approaches, his face good-humored and redolent of innumerable potations of the favorite beverage. His daily life is comprised in three stages of existence: morning, when he is sober; noon, when if his thoughts are steady, his tongue is thick; night, when his thoughts are wool-gathering, and his stumbling tongue in vain tries to overtake them,—like a man pursuing one of his own ponies in the dark. He approaches with, "My name's Kenneljester" (pronounced all in one word), "'s no harm in me."

We assure him we know that.

"I drink a little whisky now an' then."

We know that too.

"Doctor says got's drink quart 'er whisky day—keep away bilious. Drink quart an' pint—never have bilious."

To do Uncle Ken justice, he implicitly follows the advice of his physician.

Should you imagine that when Uncle Ken is drunk he no longer has his wits about him, you will be vastly mistaken. A man who came over from the main-land to buy ponies from him thought that by mak-

A SON OF THE SOIL.

ing him drunk he could "skin him out of a bargain," but his horror was unbounded when upon every drink that Uncle Ken took he increased his original price by ten dollars.

Here, too, is old Dan Tucker, boot-black and white-washer, with his pock-marked face and rich guttural "ki-he!" of a laugh. The artist wanted to make a sketch of this worthy, and ten cents were offered as an inducement for him to stand.

"See yeh, mars'! Guess I'se ugly 'nough 'out puttin' on me on paper."

"But we only want you as a—ah—memento,—a remembrance of our trip to Chincoteague."

"Ke-he! Can't fool me, wa–wat yo want me fo'?" (A sudden burst of righteous indignation.) "Go long, sketch some o' de gals, dey's heap puttier 'n me. Black yo' boots fo' ten cents. An' I wants money, too.

Money takes a man anyways—'cept to Hebben!"

Nothing could induce him to be sketched, though we subsequently caught him on the fly, so to speak, in front of the hotel.

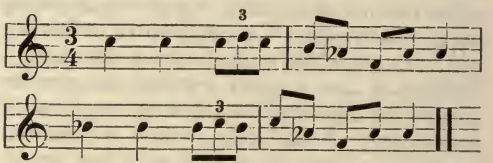
Here, too, is old Uncle Benny, ex-slave and

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

now boot-black, freighted with glorious reminiscences of by-gone plantation days, possum and coon hunts, pumpkin pie and turkeys.

"Thankye, Mars'; sarvent:" says the poor old cripple, as he takes our ten cents, little knowing that we had made a hasty sketch of him as he bent over our shoes putting on the old-fashioned gloss he had acquired as a "boy" on the plantation.

Many more rise to memory: old Aunt Sally Jones, with her great scoop bonnet, her blue yarn stockings and her manifold complaints; old Mrs. Grant, who charms away cancers; and scores of others, the enumeration of whom would tire the patience of the reader.

Once or twice in a year the ponies of the island are driven together in a pen or corral for the purpose of branding the foals or for sale. Then is there excitement in Chincoteague. The natives are all agog. Rose and Hannah in the hotel kitchen are hard at work broiling, baking and stewing, preparing a brisk campaign against the appetites of the guests that assemble at such periods. Every now and then, above the frizzling of mutton-chops and frying of potatoes, arises a sudden burst of that rich minor hymn music heard only at its best among the southern plantation negroes—the wild music holding something half savage in its cadences—a music one might imagine their barbaric ancestors sang at some secret sacrificial feast.

And so on *ad infinitum*, now rising full and lusty, now sinking into the sputtering of the frying-pan.

It is a still morning and the broad white sand beach stretches far up the island. Here and there lies a pool of salt water glassily reflecting the clear sky.

Suddenly some one cries, "Here they come." Down the beach come the ponies, pattering over the moist sand and dashing the placid salt pools into a myriad sparkling drops. Close behind ride the drivers, men and boys, gesticulating wildly. For saddles most of them have tanned sheep-skins, the woolly side out, strapped around the bodies of their ponies. Now a driver, bending almost level with his pony's back, dashes on to head off some fractious animal. At length they approach the pen into which, after some trouble, they are headed, a tumultuous crowd, kicking, biting and squealing; then a rush and they are in! Now comes the tug of war, the lassoing and haltering; but that is left till the afternoon. It is well; for there goes the dinner-bell and we are ready for the summons.

Merciful Providence! What a crowd of hungry excursionists are coming from the main-land in the little steamer to attend the sales! From upper deck to lower the vessel is crowded with passengers. Can even Rose and Hannah's labors suffice to stay the appetites of all these hungry wights? But to look at the face of Mr. English, the hotel-keeper, re-assures one. He is as calm and courageous as Napoleon at Austerlitz, or Nelson at Trafalgar. But we hasten into the dining-room and are seated by the time the boat touches the wharf, and then the rush begins. Meal tickets are given, and Captain Caulk (pronounced Cork) stands at the door and collects them.

"Sir," cries he to one old man, as the crowd pushes tumultuously against him, "for the love of Heaven do not tread on my cork foot!"

"Have you a cork foot, sir?"

"Two of 'em."

"Tut, tut, tut! Well, I'm sorry!" cries the sympathetic old gentleman from Snow Hill.

At length dinner is completed, and we start once more for the pony pen. The momentous time arrives for casting the lasso; not as they do in the West, but by hanging it on the end of a long pole, and then dropping it skillfully over the pony's head. Uncle Ken takes the pole. Holding the noose well aloft on the top of it, so as not to frighten the intended prey upon which he has fixed his eye, he cautiously approaches the herd, around which the crowd has gathered. One of the ponies takes a sudden fright and a stampede follows, the spectators scattering right and left. For a moment the intended captive is wedged in the midst of the rest of the herd. Uncle Ken sees his advantage. He rushes forward, the noose is dropped and settles around the pony's neck. Immediately six lusty negroes, with glistening teeth, perspiring faces and glittering eyes, are at the other end of the rope. The animal makes a gallant fight. This way and that he hauls his assailants, rearing and squealing. Now he makes a sudden side dash and sends them rolling over and over, plowing their heads through the shifting sand till their wool is fairly powdered; still, however, "the boys" hold on to the rope. At length the choking halter commences to tell; the pony, with rolling eyes and quivering flanks, wheezes audibly. Now is the moment! In rush the negroes, clutching the animal by legs and tail. A wrestle and a heave, a struggle on the pony's part, a kick that sends Ned hopping with a barked shin like a crazy turkey, and Sambo plowing through the sand and stinkweed in among the spectators, and then over goes the pony with four or five lusty shouting negroes sprawling around him. The work is done: a running noose is slipped around the pony's nose, his forelock is tied to this by a bit of string, and soon his tantrums cease as he realizes that he is indeed a captive.

Many of the ponies are taken over the narrow channel that separates Chincoteague from Assateague, to run wild upon the latter island, which is largely unclaimed land. We were so fortunate as to witness the lively scene of the swimming of a number of ponies across this channel or inlet. For a mile we tramped through salt meadows rank with sedge, while everywhere from beneath our feet scattered innumerable ridiculous little fiddler-crabs about the size of a silver quarter of a dollar, one claw of enormous magnitude and conspicuousness and the other preposterously small and insignificant, like the candidates for President and Vice-President. At length we arrived at the edge of the channel, the ponies whickering as their nostrils fill with the salt air. One man enters the boat and poles it along, the channel being very shallow, while another with a rope in his hand drags at a pony. The pony is stubborn and will not enter. Kicks and blows rain freely upon him, the negroes running up to give him a kick and then rushing frantically away in mortal terror of the returning kick of the

UNCLE KEN.

animal. Presently, with a splash the pony is in, and then all goes smoothly until his feet touch the sheltering bank on the other side, when the plunging recommences, and one poor wretch who has hold of the halter, and whose thoughts are wandering, awakes to find himself where he has not been for a long time—in cold water.

Among the visitors to the island we made some pleasant acquaintances, chief among whom was a learned naturalist from the Baltimore Academy of Natural Science. The professor was puzzling the natives greatly by his strange proceedings, his butterfly nets and insect-collecting, his seines, dredges, and deep-sea fishing. During a trip we took together through brake and thicket,—the professor wide-awake for specimens,—we made,

unknown to ourselves, some very unpleasant acquaintances. As we returned to the shore and seated ourselves leisurely upon a stranded boat to smoke and chat, we suddenly discovered that we were literally covered with seed-ticks, minute insects that

OLD DAN TUCKER.

burrow beneath the skin, causing a maddening irritation. After vain endeavors to pick them off, we started in haste for the hotel, there to scrub, in the secrecy of one's chamber, in a tub of salt water.

Everything at Chincoteague seems conducted in unique and unconventional fashion. The only butcher-shop is no shop at all, but only a spot in the woods, where from two cross-pieces between the trees cattle are strung up by a block and tackle and slaughtered, after which their skins are stretched and dyed. It is a wild, gloomy place, surrounded by towering pines of a century's growth, straight as arrows. The piney needles have sung to the wind many a dirge of slaughtered cattle.

The chief restaurant of Chincoteague is a piece of sail elegantly draped over a few upright posts, with a canvas streamer above it bearing conspicuously the sign, "Stewed Oysters."

Upon the western side of the island is a bluff that overlooks the Atlantic toward the south. It is a barren, sandy spot; here and there a cactus crawls along half hidden in the shifting sand, or a clump of coarse grass shivers and whispers in the breeze. It is called the Old Grave-yard, and in this lonely, desolate, silent spot a few rounded stones and pieces of carved wood without letter or sign mark the last resting-places. There is something touching in the sentiment that impelled those rough, uncultured people to lay the weary, fever-burnt bones of their companions here in this lonely spot, facing the ocean they knew so well. Every year, as from the south the tumultuous waves of the Atantic roll up the shore, the bluff washes away, and the bones of the departed are brought to a premature resurrection. The burial-ground now in use is farther up the island and in the interior; a ridge dotted with head-stones runs up beneath the shelter of aged pines, with branches crooked as the cedars of Lebanon and draped with pall-like festoons of gray Florida moss.

Upon "Uncle Ken's" estate of six hundred and sixty-five acres, valued at about four thousand dollars and called Wild-Cat Marsh, numerous flocks of domesticated wild geese are feeding. Every year numbers of those birds are shot in their passage south. The natives sink a barrel into the ground close to the beach in which they hide, and when the geese swimming far out at sea approach the beach to "gravel" they fall an easy prey to the gunners. Those that are only winged are saved and subsequently domesticated. One frequently hears the peculiar resonant "hank" of the wild geese, and, looking in the direction from which it came, sees the black head and neck of a bird stretching above the surrounding sedge. These birds cross freely with the ordinary domesticated geese, producing a hybrid which is called a "mule goose."

The fishing and gunning of Chincoteague are excellent. Innumerable snipe are shot and sea-trout caught, some of the latter weighing as much as two pounds. The bathing would be excellent were it not for numerous neighboring sharks, some of them twenty or twenty-five feet long. When one sees a triangular fin cutting the glassy surface of the water near at hand, much of the pleasure of bathing is taken away.

Sharing the interest with the pony penning is an occasional camp-meeting in the woods, occurring once in a year or so. In among the great pines of Chincoteague is a noble place for such a gathering, when at night their huge trunks are illuminated by the light of the "pine

chunk" bonfires, in the gleam of which the distant trees flash forth for a moment and then vanish into obscurity again,—and when the solemn measured chant of the Methodist hymns is heard and the congregation sways with the mighty religious passion that stirs them, while over all hang lurid wreathings of resinous smoke.

So far as one sees, geese, dogs, children and pigs compose the chief population of Chincoteague. The last thing to be heard in the evening and at intervals during the night is the cackling of geese, and when one wakes in the morning the geese are cackling still. Pigs are almost as much a feature of the place. The natural born Chincoteague porker is a thin, scrawny animal like his owner, the fisherman. He has a meditative air of curiosity and will watch a stranger askance, at the same time grunting in a low tone to himself, as though making his own observations. Quite a different character is the porcine nobleman from the main-land. He is regarded with affectionate reverence by his owner and grows fat upon fish and succulent mollusks, taking his *siesta* in undisturbed possession of the softest sand-bank.

It is difficult to say to what extent the law may be exercised in Chincoteague, for certainly there is not a place of confinement upon the whole island. We witnessed, however, what we imagine must have been

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

a sample of the enforcement of the law. Two negro "boys" were fighting, rolling over the ground and biting at each other, when up rushed the magistrate of the island, seized a heavy barrel stave and delivered such blows right and left upon the heads of the belligerent blacks as would have stunned any ordinary white man.

Many traditions of the island are handed down from mouth to mouth by the natives, but few of them being able to read or write. It is thus we receive a full account of the great storm and accompanying tidal wave of the year 1821; telling how the black wrack gathered all one dreadful day to the southeast; how all night the breathless air, inky black, was full of strange moaning sounds, and pine needles quivered at the forecasting hurricane that lay in wait in the southward offing; how sea-mews and gulls hurtled screaming through the midnight air; how in the early morning the terrified inhabitants, looking from their windows facing the ocean, saw an

CROSSING TO ASSATEAGUE.

UNCLE BENNY.

awful sight: the waters had receded toward the southward, and where the Atlantic had rolled the night before, miles of sand-bars lay bare to the gloomy light, as the bottom of the Red Sea to the Israelites; then how a dull roar came near and nearer, and suddenly a solid mass of wind and rain and salt spray leaped upon the devoted island with a scream. Great pines bent for a moment, and then, groaning and shrieking, were torn from their centuried growth like wisps of straw and hurled one against another; houses were cut from their foundations and thrown headlong, and then a deeper roar swelled the noise of the tempest, and a monstrous wall of inky waters rushed with the speed of lightning toward the island. It struck Assateague, and in a moment half the land was a waste of seething foam and tossing pine trunks; the next instant it struck Chincoteague, and in an unbroken mass swept across the low south marsh flats, carrying away men and ponies like insects; rushing up the island, tearing its way through the stricken pine woods.

Many a time by the side of his bright crackling fire, the aged Chincoteaguer, removing his pipe from the toothless gums where he has been sucking its bitter sweetness, will tell, as the winter wind roars up from the ocean, how Hickman, with his little grandson clinging to his neck, was swept by the great wave to King's Bush marsh, far up on the main-land six miles away, and caught in the tough branches of its bushes; or how Andrews, with wife and family swept away in his sight, was borne up the island on the waters, and the next morning was discovered hanging in a pine-tree, by his waistband twenty feet from the ground.

Chincoteague, united by no ties of interest to the rest of East Virginia, and dependent for its necessaries, its flour, tobacco, whisky, and calicoes, upon Philadelphia and New York, claims to have been during the war the only loyal portion of the eastern coast of Virginia. When the ratification of secession was returned to the votes of the people, only one man in Chincoteague,

THE PONY PEN.

THE STORM OF 1821.

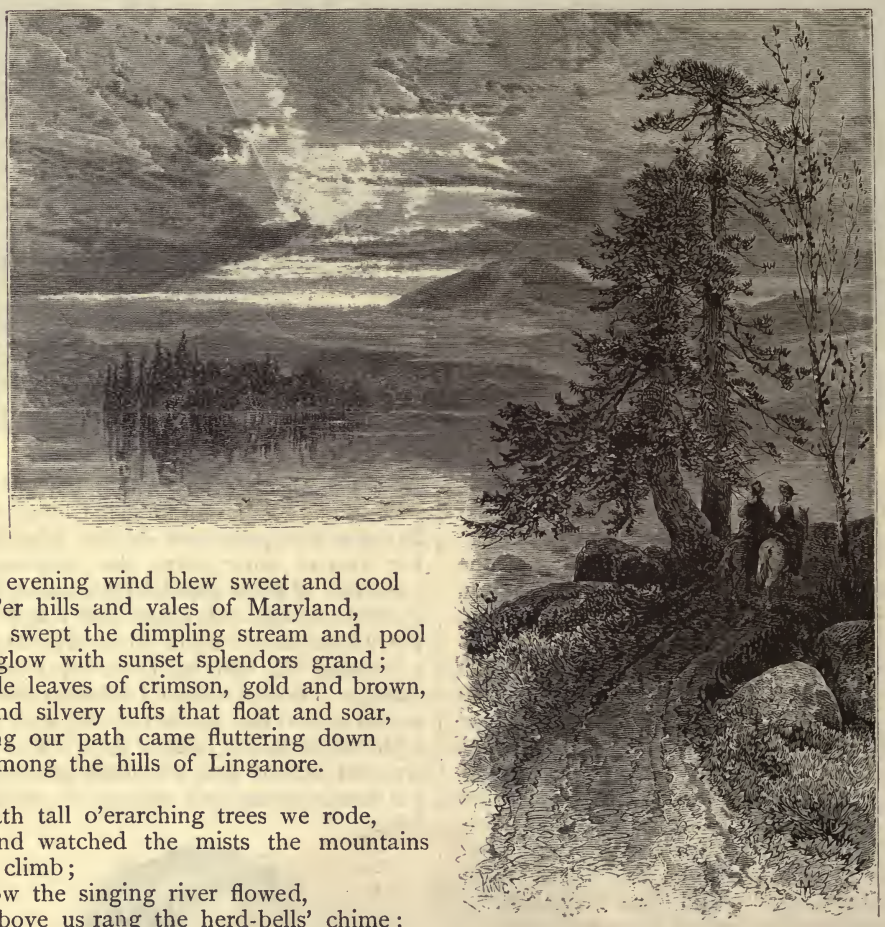
Joseph Hill by name, cast his vote for it—and then died. An immense Bell and Everett flag-pole, one hundred and twenty feet in height, was erected,—chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. J. A. M. Whealton, one of the most prominent of the present inhabitants of Chincoteague,—and to the top of the pole were raised a great bell and a United States flag. It was distinctly seen from the main-land, and a deputation soon visited Mr. Whealton, demanding its removal.

"Gentlemen," said the gallant little Unionist, "I erected that flag and bell, and when they go down, I go down with them; but so long as I have a dram of powder and an ounce of lead, and am able to use them, there they stay." And there they staid.

But when the northern ports were closed to southern trade, Chincoteague suffered much. No flour, calico, or tobacco, and, what was worse, no whisky, could be obtained from the North. As to the South, it was more bitter against the so-called renegades than against the Yankees proper. A boat was loaded with oysters and sent to Philadelphia, only to be immediately captured. Another was started, and met with a similar fate. Then Mr. Whealton went himself, and, after much difficulty, secured the desired articles and conveyed them in triumph to Chincoteague. He then employed Dr. Snow of Snow Hill to plead the cause of the loyalists in Washington, and so well did the Doctor fulfill his mission, that the gun-boat "Louisiana" was sent to lie in Chincoteague Bay for the protection of the inhabitants. For two or three days the Secessionists, some two or three hundred in number, stood upon the main-land, about half a mile from the "Louisiana," upon which they kept up a running fire, without, however, doing any damage. Soon General Lockwood was stationed upon the eastern shore, and then, with the protecting arm of the Federal Government around her, Chincoteague enjoyed her hominy-pots and whisky in unbroken felicity.

J. A. M. WHEALTON.

THE HILLS OF LINGANORE.



THE evening wind blew sweet and cool
O'er hills and vales of Maryland,
And swept the dimpling stream and pool
Aglow with sunset splendors grand;
While leaves of crimson, gold and brown,
And silvery tufts that float and soar,
Along our path came fluttering down
Among the hills of Linganore.

'Neath tall o'erarching trees we rode,
And watched the mists the mountains climb;
Below the singing river flowed,
Above us rang the herd-bells' chime;
The distant mountains dimly blue
Leaned soft against the bending skies,
While towering o'er the homes we knew,
We saw the spires of Frederick rise.

The flock went bleating to the fold;
The song-bird fluttered to her nest,
And purple waves of twilight rolled
O'er all the crimson-flooded west—
As fast we rode o'er hill and dell,
The river rambling on before;
While night and silence softly fell
Upon the hills of Linganore.

Then, musing as we homeward went,
"Oh! friend," I said, "how fair would seem
A life in some low cottage spent
Beside yon softly flowing stream!
My robins there should build and sing,
My roses bloom, my ivies climb,
And every golden moment ring
Some note in joy's bewildering chime."

Ah! well, if these things might be so;—
But who shall ask, and who can tell,
How smooth the stream of life may flow,
By mountain crag, or dreamy dell?
Far back among the peaceful years
A maiden roamed these pathways o'er,
And trilled her songs for happy ears
Among the hills of Linganore;

The violets brightened as she passed,
The daisies nodded sweet good-day,
And perfumed cups of clover cast
Their honey-dew along her way;
The mocking-bird with merriest trill
Sang sonnets to her star-like eyes,
And every wondering brook and rill
Leaped laughing up in glad surprise;

Till, standing where her roses grew,
One summer's eve beneath the stars,
She felt the eyes of one she knew
Beam on her through the lattice bars;
Then glancing up with timid gaze
She answers what those eyes implore,—
A pledge of love for future days—
Alas! sweet maid of Linganore.

Alas! sweet maid, for who may know
What depths of sorrow love must sound?
Or whence shall come, or whither go
The issues of its life profound?
Ah me! ere one sweet moon was past,
With quaking heart, o'er hill and glen
They heard the warrior's bugle blast,
They heard the tramp of armèd men.

Upspringing from his calm retreat,
To strong heroic manhood grown,
The lover gained his war-horse fleet
To sound the battle-cry alone:
Then fast and far the brave ranks filled,
Dark plumes went fluttering on the breeze,
And war-drums beat, and armies drilled,
And women wept on bended knees.

Where bold Catoctin's rugged crest
Looms dark against the western sky,
They knew the bravest and the best
Went boldly forth that day to die;
They saw the black cloud rise and swell,
They heard Antietam's battle-roar,
And night and sorrow shuddering fell
Upon the hills of Linganore.

Alas! sweet maid, the west wind brings
No tale of hope to charm thine ear;
The wood-dove in the shadow sings,
But sings no song for thee to hear;
The air is full of wails and groans,
The sky with smoke is shrouded o'er,
And breeze and bird in plaintive tones
Bewail the lost of Linganore.

Ah! dreary days that come and go,—
Long nights that wear away in tears,
While heavy clouds hang dark and low
O'er all the sorrow-burdened years,
Till rose and ivy kindly grow
O'er many a cruel battle-scar,
And graves oft hid by friendly snow
As things in dreams remembered are.

Yet still the maiden's fancy sees
Her lover's plume go down the west,
And still she watches, through the trees,
Catoctin's dim and clouded crest;
And "Tell me when the soldiers come,"
She moans and falters o'er and o'er,
Nor knows his lips are pale and dumb
Among the hills of Linganore.

A TRIP TO THE BLACK HILLS.

SCENE IN CUSTER CITY.

THAT portion of country, away in the interior of Dakota, which has come to be known all over the world as the Black Hills mining region, has probably been the subject of more newspaper discussion than any other discovery in America, if we except the excitement of 1849 over California. And yet this newly found El Dorado is at the present time enshrouded so completely in vagueness, that the greater part of the conversation which it excites still takes the form of uncertain conjecture, perhaps not unblended with willful misrepresentation. A majority of those who have personally visited the region are men who went there, endured the privations, and took upon themselves the necessary risk of losing their lives, with the express purpose of making an immense fortune in an exceedingly short time. Many who discovered their error, returned as soon as circumstances would permit, and some of these, being deeply imbued with the species of lunacy which a miner's life is apt to impart, or else sacrificing their regard for veracity to their false sense of pride, have circulated reports of the vast resources and abounding beauty of the country, and excited exaggerated hopes of the brilliancy of its future.

The four great routes to the Black Hills are the Cheyenne, Sydney, Fort Pierre, and Bismarck trails, named from their relative points of departure. Provisions and other necessaries of camp life are usually purchased at the last railroad point, and the full equipment of a large party, even for a few weeks, costs a very considerable sum of money. It is with the purpose of securing the patronage of as many exploring parties as possible, that each of the frontier railway cities, perhaps better known as outfitting posts, makes the utmost endeavors to induce unwary people to venture into the mining country, incidentally announcing that the easiest, quickest, cheapest, etc., route is through that particular town. With this end in view, the newspapers, amply repaid by the advertisements of the business men, say all they can in favor of the richness of the Land of Promise beyond, and as far as possible, suppress contradictory reports. This latter means of irresponsible inducement has been made use of more particularly at Cheyenne, which has the advantage of proximity to the Hills.

From this point a telegraphic dispatch has recently been sent stating that two men had just arrived at Cheyenne with 1,900 pounds of gold, valued at $300,000, the result of seven months' work upon one claim in Deadwood Gulch. Reckoning the gold at $18 per ounce, which is a fair estimate of the value of the Deadwood Gulch product, nineteen hundred pounds would be worth $410,400. Evidently there was an error either in writing the weight of the gold, or the amount of its value. In either case, the dispatch is calculated to create false impressions, and shows beyond all doubt that the person who wrote it was very careless about his facts, or, worse,

knew nothing of what he was saying. It is just such paragraphs that start young men upon a chase after fortune, which so often proves disastrous, not only in the first particular adventure, but because it leads to a life of perpetual endeavor to accumulate money without giving its equivalent in labor.

It was upon the morning of July 22d, 1876, that the party of eight men, of which I chanced to be a member, left Fort Laramie for the Black Hills.

Our vehicles consisted of what is commonly termed a "jerky," and a large freight wagon, each drawn by four horses. I believe the "jerky" derived its name from the peculiar, not to say sportive, manner in which it switched the driver from his seat whenever any rough road was passed. The prospect of riding three hundred miles on a springless wagon was not inviting; but it was much preferable to the other arrangement; so I chose my seat on the lumber wagon. Our course lay up the Platte for several miles, through deep and heavy sand, and the sun poured down with greater fierceness than I had ever before known. To add to these discomforts—which we were assured formed but mild precursors of those still to be encountered—we were surrounded and harassed all the morning by innumerable sand-gnats, which darted into our eyes, crawled into our nostrils, buzzed in our ears, and wriggled down our necks in a most annoying fashion. About eleven o'clock, our wagons reached a ranch, known as the Government Farm, fifteen miles from Fort Laramie, where we indulged for the first time —for one of us at least—in a meal cooked by ourselves as amateurs. I don't think the dinner was a very decided success. Everything became covered with bacon-grease; I burned my fingers in a most unprofessional manner, and there was more dust in the food than I was accustomed to eating. This, however, ceased to be an annoyance after a while, and I grew to like anything that absorbed the flavor of bacon-fat. After about two hours we got under way once more, and pushed on toward Rawhide Buttes, where we were gratified to learn that a long train was to encamp that night. We were anxious, for the sake of safety, to overtake this train before dark, but our speed was not so great as it might have been under more favorable circumstances. During the afternoon the country over which our road trailed its sinuous course grew rougher and more jagged,—the rolling plains of the earlier part of the day giving place to sharply outlined bluffs, and great mounds of yellow earth, sparsely covered with buffalo-grass and a stunted growth of oak. Our road was crossed at frequent intervals by deep and precipitous gulches. About three in the afternoon, the Buttes first came in sight, far off and blue against the distant horizon, and at dusk we saw, a mile or two in advance, the long train of canvas-covered wagons which marked our destination. They were on the summit of a commanding hill, drawn up in a circle, formed by driving each wagon close in after its predecessor, until the round yard or "corral" was complete. In travel-

LOWER END OF DEADWOOD.

ing through dangerous regions, this is the usual mode of stopping at night,—selecting some high point for the camping-ground; the wall of wagons serving both as a barricade against the intrusion of foes and as a fence to prevent stampedes among the stock, which are always penned inside the circle during the night. When our somewhat jaded teams had overtaken the party in advance, we unharnessed the horses, and led them down the steep hill-side to an almost imperceptible creek for water and grass. Then followed the tedious and horrible mockery of supper. Two of us slept that night in the wagon, wrapped in blankets, while the rest occupied the more spacious bed afforded by Mother Earth.

Concerning the following day I quote from my note-book: "July 23d. Cold and damp. The horizon completely hemmed in by clouds, and a drizzling rain setting in. The party has eight colds, all told. Breakfast—a swindle. We started at four o'clock in the morning, traveling along the side of the Buttes until about ten, when Running Water was reached. Here we went through the one-act farce of dinner, and fed our horses; never animals needed it more! Two men who had up to the present time been following beside the coach, having overtaken us at Government Farm, turned back at this point, being afraid to go through with so small a party. We sha'n't miss them much, however, except at dinner-time, when it has been their habit to borrow our frying-pans and coffee-pots."

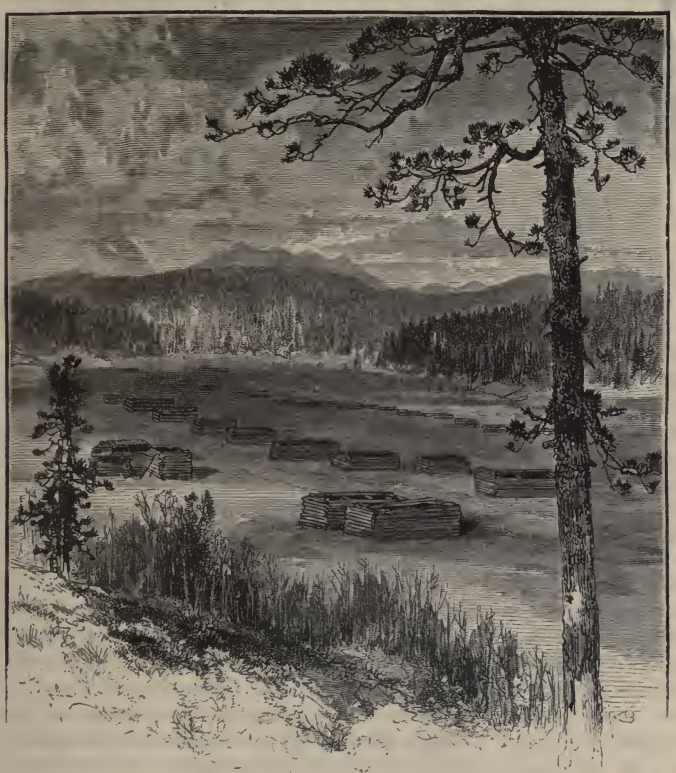
As the day advanced, the ascents and descents of the road became more and more precipitous, and indications of alkali were everywhere to be seen. The land on either side was dry and unpleasant to the eye, producing little besides sage-brush and cactus. About four o'clock we met six men in a huge freight-wagon, returning from the Hills. They proved to be gamblers going to Cheyenne to purchase a new equipment of implements for their business. One of them, a sharp-visaged, determined looking fellow, proved to be an old acquaintance of one of our party, who addressed him familiarly as "Bill." Exchanging news, we learned from them that a "bull-train" (by which is meant wagons drawn by many oxen), heavily freighted with flour and merchandise, was waiting at Hat Creek, ten miles further on, for an opportunity to get through. Concerning the prospects for gold in Deadwood and the adjacent region, they were reticent. Although they had come alone over that portion of the road most dreaded, they had seen no Indians, and seemed to attach so little importance to their safety that our hearts were greatly encouraged.

DEADWOOD GLUCH.

Proceeding slowly toward the summit of a precipitous bluff surmounted by towering rocks of a chalk-like formation, we saw, far off in the valley, a line of shrubbery, the rich green hue of which stood out in marked prominence against the gray of the surrounding country, denoting the banks of a stream which we reached an hour or so later, just as the storm we had been threatened with all the afternoon broke over us. The train of heavy "prairie schooners," as these lumbering freight-wagons are termed, was drawn up in corral, and the "bull-whackers" were at supper. They had been detained by accidents which had occurred to their teams, and were repairing everything into good shape before moving into the worst part of the Indian country, where delays might prove dangerous. Just across the creek was a soldiers' camp garrisoned by six men. The regular number kept at the Hat Creek camp is from forty to forty-five, but the majority of the soldiers were now away on a scouting expedition with General Merritt. Close beside the camp is a building ordinarily known as "Johnny Bowman's Ranch." These ranches, which abound along the lines of all the stage and freight roads in this wilderness, form a peculiar phase of frontier life. They are hotels, bar-rooms and stores for general merchandise, all combined in one, and the whole business is usually transacted in a single room. In fact, but few of them can boast of more than one apart-

ment. At any of these places a traveler can purchase almost anything, from a glass of whisky to a four-horse team, but the former article is usually the staple of demand. The proprietor of the Hat Creek Ranch is known and highly esteemed from Cheyenne to the remotest parts of the Black Hills district.

In the evening, we held a council around the cheerful log-fire in the ranch. Hat Creek forms the boundary line between the "safe" country, and that which is infested with Indians. Some of our party were in favor of starting within an hour, and going straight through to the Cheyenne River before stopping, and urged that the storm howling dismally out-of-doors would aid us materially in eluding any savages who chanced to be in the vicinity. I forgot to mention that at Running Water, where we had stopped for dinner, such a course had been decided upon, at the suggestion of one or two of the party, whose bravery at that time was extraordinary; but when it came to the moment for action, these men, in the terse and expressive language of a buck-skin-clad spectator, "went down into their boots." They refused point-blank to proceed until morning, and a final vote decided that the party should remain, and perhaps take up the line of march the next evening. Some of the "schooners" were offered us for lodging-rooms, but "Van" and I chose to remain during the night in the jerky. It proved to be an unwise choice, for at midnight the storm became extremely violent, and the rain which had soaked through the canvas dripped down upon us in great chilling drops. My companion finally rose and prowled around the camp until he found a wagon which was better sheltered, while I was left to the solitary enjoyment of our previous quarters. After daylight I fell into a doze, under the impression that by twisting and doubling myself into serpentine form, I had managed to evade the pools of water which had gathered at various places upon the blankets; but I awoke an hour or so later to find that they had all united so as to form a kind of lake, in which I was an island. That morning at breakfast the party was not a cheerful one, and the blind desperation which possessed all of us inspired the proposal to hitch up the horses and go ahead, Indians or no Indians. The proposition was sullenly assented to, and ten o'clock found us once more upon the road. The mud was thick and deep, and our progress was far from rapid. In about two hours, after passing through a number of deep and miry water-courses, our teams swung around under the shadow of a great overhanging bluff of yellow earth, and we found ourselves upon the banks of Indian Creek, which, our driver announced, was the most dangerous part of the whole journey. The bed of the creek is about two hundred yards in width, and the banks are steep and high. Sharply outlined mounds of earth rise at frequent intervals in the stream-bed, and form places of protection from which the murderous savages may fire upon their un-



HILL CITY, BETWEEN CUSTER AND DEADWOOD.

suspecting victims, without any risk of being killed or wounded themselves; moreover, the course of the creek is heavily timbered, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish forms a short distance away. The slight

"WILD BILL."

stream of water which passes down through the valley (I had almost said gorge) winds its sinuous way from one bank to another. The road follows its bed for two or three miles and the general course of the creek for about fifteen miles, gradually working toward higher ground. Through this valley the party marched, rifles in hand, and ready for an attack. The storm had settled into a regular driving rain from which no refuge could be found. The wind was very cold,—more chilling than some of the bleakest of New England air currents, and the discomforts of our situation were greatly increased. But the bad weather no doubt added to the security of our position, for, as my companion on the lumber-wagon, a greater portion of whose conversation was carried on in profane monosyllables, found time to say, "Any Injun who would venture out on such a day was a sight bigger fool than most of his race." We were then in the midst of the region covered by alkali. In many cases the ground was white with it, and the pools of water which had gathered from the rain were thick and of sickening flavor. When the ground impregnated with alkali is damp or wet, it forms the most villainous clinging compound imaginable. The revolving wheels quickly became solid masses of heavy mire, the spaces between the spokes and between the wheel and the wagon-box being completely filled, so that every hundred yards or so it became necessary to dismount and pry it away with a crow-bar. In order to relieve the jaded horses, the greater number of the passengers dismounted. But after half a dozen steps their boots would pick up great slabs of the earth, and they too were forced to resort to the crow-bar. By five o'clock in the afternoon we had gone about fourteen miles, and one of the horses had given out entirely. In another hour we came in sight of an old and deserted cabin away to the right of the road, on the edge of Indian Creek, now swollen to a rushing torrent. Toward this shanty our steps were directed, and by dark the horses were picketed out, and we ate another melancholy meal of raw ham and hard-tack. Some water which we brought from the creek was as thick as molasses, and so white with alkali as to resemble cream. A pailful of this delectable beverage was set inside the roofless hut, and seven or eight prickly pears, pounded to a pulp, were put in to "settle" it for our morning meal. The travelers were divided up into watches, and spent the night in a miserable and dreary way. My watch came from one o'clock until three, and my companion on guard was named O'Neil. He was a quiet man with a face that denoted an iron will and a brave disposition. When we were called, it seemed to me the darkest night I ever saw. We shouldered our guns and started out in the direction of the horses. When we had reached a place where we could hear the animals nibbling at such grass as they could find among the cactus and sage-brush, we sat down and tried to be cheerful. It was an effort born of desperation, but O'Neil began telling stories of his rough mining life in Arizona and Montana, which diverted our thoughts and made us partially forget our miseries. I shall ever remember him with gratitude. Occasionally we would rise from our seats in the mud and walk over to the edge of the bluff by the creek, in order to guard that point from attack. Just as our time had about expired, we heard a most fearful splashing in the water, as though all the Indians between New York and the Pacific Coast were crossing the creek. But silence instantly followed, and we crept on hands and knees to the edge of the bluff. Nothing was visible but the white stream of water rushing along below. We strained our eyes to see what had caused the noise, but the search was fruitless, despite our anxiety. The next two on watch had a similar fright, which was explained in the morning by the dis-

covery that a large portion of the bluff, washed away at its base, had fallen into the creek.

All were up at daylight, and ate a cooked breakfast,—an event worthy of particular mention, although we had ceased to be fastidious about eating long before. At the moment when we began to move, there came from the rear a series of the most infernal yells I have ever heard. Weapons were lifted and everybody expected to see a horde of savages, when, hastening to the brow of a slight eminence, we caught sight of two coyotes, or prairie-wolves, watching our movements at a safe distance, and yelping with all their strength. Have the readers of these lines ever listened to a coyote? Heard in the night, their shrill cry is a fearful and blood-curdling sound. The coyote is the only animal living that is meaner than an Indian, and the two have many traits of character in common. They are both natural thieves, and murderers of the helpless.

Toward ten o'clock the mud began to dry up and our progress grew proportionally rapid. The country was wilder than ever, and we crossed many huge waves of land, the ascents and descents of which were in some cases more than two miles in length. Away off to our right, two long bluffs were seen skirting the horizon. A clear break of a mile or more between the ends of the bluffs was pointed out to us as Buffalo Gap, through which lies the trail leading to the Red Cloud Agency, a few miles farther on the other side. A mile or two more having been passed, we began the ascent of a high ridge which crosses the road at right angles and is many miles in length. We were told by the driver, that on the summit of this ridge we should cross the Red Cloud trail, and that if Indians were prowling around, we should be pretty certain to find them here. I had heard much about the Red Cloud trail within the last few days, and had formed an idea that it was about as broad and as much traveled as Fifth avenue. When we reached the place where it crossed, they showed me a little path about a foot wide; I have seen more respectable cow-paths. This trail leads from the Red Cloud Agency to the head-quarters of the Northern Sioux, and probably twenty-five or thirty warriors go over it each day; yet, like all Indian trails, it has the appearance of an unused bridle-path. We found a number of these trails during the next few miles, and upon one of them the pony tracks had been made since the rain. Early in the afternoon we reached the highest ridge in the chain and began the descent into the valley of the Cheyenne River. Just as we crossed the summit, our party saw far off to the west a small body of mounted men who were evidently bearing toward us. Inspection through a powerful field-glass showed that they were savages, probably returning along the trail from the north to Red Cloud. They came toward us for a mile or so, when a bend in the trail hiding them from our view, we saw no more of them. We were glad they didn't want anything to do with us, for we certainly had no business to transact with them. Just before dark, dusty, worn out and thirsty (for we had not tasted water since morning), we came to the banks of the Cheyenne River. In the morning the course of the stream was dry, and passing drivers had had to dig for water to give their stock. When we arrived, the river was fifty yards wide and from four to nine feet deep. This is not an unusual occurrence in the West, and is explained by the fact that the stream-beds are very few in comparison to the great extent of the water-sheds. Our driver was warned by persons on the opposite shore that it would be impossible for us to cross, but in spite of that, he determined to make the trial. The result was that the horses got into a quicksand, the wagon became fast in the mud and some of the passengers were obliged to spend more than two hours in the water before the outfit* was again on dry land. This was the second drenching for us, and we were not very amiable,—in fact we almost came to blows two or three times within an hour. "Van" and myself mounted horses and went over to the ranch on the other side. In the house we found three old frontiersmen to whom danger was as pleasant as safety is to ordinary mortals. We obtained

* This word "outfit" is a peculiarly Western expression. Naturally, the combined furniture of several persons in a party is included under the same elastic term; and the party itself with all its belongings and concomitants—animate, inanimate and spiritual—is designated collectively as "an outfit." It, therefore, becomes very easy to speak of any collection of objects or ideas in the same way; and if a Denver man were disgusted with the Democratic party, or the Methodist Church or the fraternity of Freemasons, he would call the institution an "outfit," and wish it out of the way, with no thought of any harm to the King's English.—ED.

some dry clothes, our own garments were hung up before the huge fire-place, and a supper of fried venison, coffee, and bread was prepared.

Remaining here until the afternoon of the third day, we reached the soldiers' camp at the mouth of Red Cañon about eight in the evening, and halted for supper. At that point we found the first palatable water since leaving Hat Creek. As soon as our evening meal was over we started into the cañon, which has proved a death-trap to so many. For a few hours the moon partly illuminated our path, but after midnight the sky grew "as dark as Egypt." On both sides of us rose precipitous walls of loose rocks many hundreds of feet high, formed of red sandstone, and affording excellent shelter for savage assassins. Several parties have been waylaid in this natural trap and massacred. From Red Cañon there is no escape, and in it no means of shelter. It was here that the party known as the "Metz outfit" was attacked and murdered. This company consisted of five men and two women, one of the latter the wife of the leader, Mr. Metz, and the other a colored servant. They had stopped at "the spring on the right" for supper, when the Indians fired upon them, killing all but Mr. and Mrs. Metz and the servant. The latter was found a quarter of a mile away from the rest. Mrs. Metz, when found, had five bullet-holes through her body, and was atrociously mutilated.

Surrounded by localities whose very names are derived from such bloody scenes, it is no wonder that the frontiersman hates the Indian with an implacable hatred, and has but one solution for the Indian question—extermination.

The driver, having for an hour or more been trying the somewhat perilous feat of guiding four horses and sleeping at the same time, succeeded in overturning the wagon about 2 A. M. I have a dim recollection of executing a semicircular transit through the air, followed by a kind of ricocheting movement along the surface of the ground. When my surprise gave way to a full realization of what had happened, I found myself sitting upon a rock, surrounded by boxes, bundles, and such dancing lights as one is apt to see in times of skating accidents. The mishap delayed us until after daylight, when repairs were made and we pushed on. In Pleasant Valley, near the grave of another victim to Indian cruelty, we camped for an hour or more, and then pushed on toward Custer City. Prospect-holes began to appear at intervals along our road, deserted cabins were seen at short intervals, and soon a sharp bend in the trail brought us in sight of town.

Custer City lies in an open park hemmed in on all sides by gradually rising hills, rock-ribbed and crested with towering pines. The streets are regularly laid out, and the buildings are made of logs or rough boards taken from the hill-side forests. The number of houses was roughly estimated at a thousand, but when we arrived, not more than one hundred and fifty people were in town. As far as mining went, Custer City was a delusion. Not more than $20 per day has ever been taken out on French Creek, along the banks of which lies the town. Last spring when the Deadwood region was first opened, the people "stampeded," leaving Custer City for what was supposed to be a more attractive region. But in case the excitement in the Black Hills continues, this will become the leading post for supplies, and there seems no reason why it should not be as important a center to that district as Denver is to the Colorado mines. At Custer we enjoyed the privileges extended by a regular hotel, and did ample justice to what was termed a "square meal." Late in the afternoon we started again on our road, and soon reached the head-waters of Spring Creek, having crossed it thirty-one times. The origin of the name "Deadwood" was soon apparent. On all hands the hills rose rocky and blank excepting at points where they were sparsely covered by dead timber. The high ground was devoid of any sign of life, but the valleys were covered with a heavy growth of buffalo-grass. Our party camped that night about twelve miles north of Custer City on Spring Creek. Early the next morning we passed through Hill City,—a collection of about 200 partly built houses which were deserted at the time of the Deadwood excitement, not a single person remaining in the place,—and at noon reached the Rapid Creek district, where mining was going on extensively. Twenty-seven hours later, our teams, by this time utterly worn out, reached the brow of a steep hill, down the side of which the road wound its way into the lower end of Deadwood Gulch. The gulch is about ten miles long, and very winding in its course. Through its bottom stretches a long line of shanties and tents, forming, in all, four towns. At the lower end is

Montana City, then come Elizabeth Town, Deadwood City, and Gayeville (or Gaye City). Our train finally halted in Deadwood City, and we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of miners, gamblers and other citizens, all anxious to hear from the outer world. It was Sunday afternoon, and all the miners in the surrounding neighborhoods were spending the day in town. The long street was crowded with men in every conceivable garb. Taken as a whole, I never in my life saw so many hardened and brutal-looking men together, although of course there were a few better faces among them. Every alternate house was a gambling saloon, and each of them was carrying on a brisk business. In the middle of the street a little knot of men had gathered, and were holding a prayer-meeting, which showed in sharp contrast to the bustling activity of wickedness surrounding it.

I had been in town only a few moments when I met Charley Utter, better known in the West as "Colorado Charley," to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who at once invited me to share his camp while I remained in the region. On our way over to his tent, we met J. B. Hickock, "Wild Bill," the hero of a hundred battles. Bill was Utter's "pardner," and I was introduced at once. Of course I had heard of him, the greatest scout in the West, but I was not prepared to find such a man as he proved to be. Most of the Western scouts do not amount to much. They do a great deal in the personal reminiscence way, but otherwise they are generally of the class described as "frauds." In "Wild Bill," I found a man who talked little and had done a great deal. He was about six feet two inches in height, and very powerfully built; his face was intelligent, his hair blonde, and falling in long ringlets upon his broad shoulders; his eyes, blue and pleasant, looked one straight in the face when he talked; and his lips, thin and compressed, were only partly hidden by a straw-colored mustache. His costume was a curiously blended union of the habiliments of the borderman and the drapery of the fashionable dandy. Beneath the skirts of his elaborately embroidered buckskin coat gleamed the handles of two silver-mounted revolvers, which were his constant companions. His voice was low and musical, but through its hesitation I could catch a ring of self-reliance and consciousness of strength. Yet he was the most courteous man I had met on the plains. On the following day I asked to see him use a pistol, and he assented. At his request I tossed a tomato-can about 15 feet into the air, both his pistols being in his belt when it left my hand. He drew one of them, and fired two bullets through the tin can before it struck the ground. Then he followed it along, firing as he went, until both weapons were empty. You have heard the expression "quick as lightning?" Well, that will describe "Wild Bill." He was noted all over the country for rapidity of motion, courage, and certainty of aim. Wherever he went he controlled the people around him, and many a quarrel has been ended by his simple announcement, "This has gone far enough." Early in the forenoon of my third day in Deadwood, word was brought over to camp that he had been killed. We went immediately to the scene, and found that the report was true. He had been sitting at a table playing cards, when a dastardly assassin came up behind, put a revolver to his head and fired, killing his victim instantly. That night a miner's meeting was called, the prisoner was brought before it, his statement was heard, and he was discharged, put on a fleet horse, supplied with arms, and guarded out of town.* The next day, "Colorado Charley" took charge of the remains of the great scout, and announced that the funeral would occur at his camp. The body was clothed in a full suit of broad-cloth, the hair brushed back from the broad forehead, and the blood washed from the pallid cheek. Beside the dead hero lay his rifle, which was buried with him. The funeral ceremony was brief and touching, hundreds of rough miners standing around the bier with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes,—for with the better class "Wild Bill" had been a great favorite. At the close of the ceremony the coffin was lowered into a new-made grave on the hill-side,—the first in Deadwood. And so ended the life of "Wild Bill,"—a man whose supreme physical courage had endeared him to nearly all

* As I write the closing lines of this brief sketch, word reaches me that the slayer of Wild Bill has been re-arrested by the United States authorities, and after trial has been sentenced to death for willful murder. He is now at Yankton, D. T., awaiting execution. At the trial it was proved that the murderer was hired to do his work by gamblers who feared the time when better citizens should appoint Bill the champion of law and order,—a post which he formerly sustained in Kansas border life, with credit to his manhood and his courage.

with whom he came in contact, and made his name a terror to every Indian west of the Missouri.

My stay in the Deadwood region was of five days' duration. The mines now in operation are all gulch, or sluice mines, although prospecting for quartz mining is constantly going on. Five or six, possibly ten, mines in the whole region pay from $200 to $2,000 per day. The largest amount I saw taken from any one excavation in a single day was $1,085, which was the result of the work of seven men employed by the owner. The average Deadwood gulch mine will just about pay "grub," and those that pay good living wages are rare. Seven out of every ten men in the whole region have no money and no means of getting any. The Deadwood ground is all taken up, and men do not dare to go out prospecting away from the main body, on account of the Indians. Summed up briefly, the condition of mining affairs is this: placer mines all taken up; quartz mines the only resource left. In order to work these, capital, machinery and mills for the crushing of ore must be introduced. Men of wealth will hesitate about sending capital into a country so far from railroad communication, and about which so little is definitely known. Most of the men now in the Black Hills are laboring men, inexperienced as miners. Their chances for employment in the mines, then, are small, and their prospects in quartz mining are even poorer. The mineral riches of the Black Hills cannot be developed for fully twenty-five years to come. So far no great success has followed the best efforts; what future work will bring forth is a matter of uncertainty, of course, but there seems little reason for prophesying anything remarkable. Farming there is out of the question. Throughout a greater part of the district heavy frosts begin in September; snow-storms did not cease last spring until the eleventh day of June. Every farmer will see that a country where winter reigns from September to June cannot support its inhabitants upon its agricultural products. It follows, then, that the necessaries of life must always be imported at immense cost. There is to be considered the collateral fact that during a greater part of this long season of ice and snow, placer-miners cannot work. Men can earn enough money in two months of labor to subsist with profit through ten months of idleness? It is asserted by miners and engineers, grown gray in experience, that a region where mining cannot be carried on at least seven months out of every twelve, can never be of any permanent value to its operators.

The facts I have used in regard to the rigor of the seasons in the Black Hills, I have gathered from people who were in that region from the autumn of 1875 until late last summer. Some of these persons had traveled extensively through the country before, and are thoroughly conversant with its different phases. I have no hesitation in saying that I think the Black Hills will eventually prove a failure. The trip thence would be a severe trial for most men, even if the danger of being murdered were removed. At present the journey is exceedingly dangerous, and if by good fortune the gold-hunter succeeds in surviving its hardships and getting through alive, his chances for success are few and his expenses necessarily will be large.

FARM-VILLAGES.

"God made the country and man made the town."

COWPER'S view of the charm of country life as compared with life in the town is a very natural one. The same view suggests itself to every cultivated denizen of the city who finds himself in the country on a beautiful June morning, or under a warm September sun, or during the time of brilliant autumn foliage, or when the sun sets with a warm glow, gilding the clean, bare boughs of November trees, or when the whole country side is covered with spotless snow, or when grass and leaves and buds and birds first feel the awakening warmth of spring. The scene is full of a charm and a novelty which appeal to him most strongly, and he believes, for the moment at least, that nothing could make him so entirely happy as to spend his life away from the noise and confusion of the town, and amid such scenes of rural peace and beauty. Filled with this enthusiasm, one builds with reference to a magnificent view, and without regard to the practical inconveniences of the site, fancying that true happiness re-

quires only a continuance of the novel charms which have enraptured him.

The cultivated countryman, too,—one who has learned to use his eyes and to see what nature has to offer him,—appreciates even more thoroughly, if not so keenly, the never-ending and ever-changing interest by which he is surrounded. His admiration and enthusiasm, however, are tempered by familiarity with some disadvantages of country life,—just as the romantic house-builder finds on closer acquaintance that, magnificent though a hill-top view may be, a hill-top residence is not without its grave drawbacks, nor free from annoyances and practical objections which too often throw a veil over the most majestic outlook.

A blue-sided, white-capped mountain, reflected in a broad, placid, shimmering lake, and framed between fleeting clouds, graceful trees and verdant lawn, is beyond compare the strongest inducement and the best reward one can offer to a visiting friend; but vile roads, distant neighbors, discontented and transitory servants, and all the thousand and one obstructions to the machinery of domestic life, soon blind the eye of the unhappy householder to the beauty which lies ever before him; until, at last, the one great good thing which commands his constant thought is that romantic and pecunious friend who shall come some happy day to purchase his estate.

There is another class, and a very large one, whose opinion concerning the god-like character of the country, it is our especial purpose to consider here. The farmer and the farmer's family may or may not be cultivated persons. Cultivation does not come by nature; and the incessant and increasing duties of farm life leave one, however well-disposed, but little time, and but scant strength, for æsthetic study. The farm-house is the center of the home life and of the homely thought and feeling of its inmates. The farm on which one has been born and bred is the center and standpoint from which he regards the world without. All those more tender emotions which are common to our nature, and which attach themselves to the home, find their development on the farm as well as in the town. Sentimentally considered, it matters little whether the object of these emotions be on the farm, in the wilderness, in the village, or in the city. Fortunately, man is by no means a creature of emotion alone, and the satisfaction and good of living are less a matter of feeling than of activity, industry and intelligence. The place in which one lives is more or less satisfactory in proportion as it facilitates and encourages the better and more useful living.

Just as the citizen feels the attractions of the country, which are so novel to his town-bred taste, so the countryman finds a charm in the novelty of the town. As one is led toward the quiet and solitude of the fields and woods, so the other is drawn by the life and interest of the community.

As a rule, at least in America, where the facilities for pleasant country living are far less than in England, the countryman who goes to town is less likely to wish himself back on the farm than is the town-bred farmer to long for the comforts and conveniences of his former condition.

"Man is a social animal,"—and the aphorism is especially true of his wife and daughter. As the lives of the wife and daughter are much more confined to the immediate surroundings of the domicile than is that of the man himself, so the question as between town and country should be considered more especially with reference to them.

There is a certain amount of truth on both sides of every question, and the one which we are now considering is not to be answered by a decision in favor of the heart of a great city, or of the entire solitude of an out-lying farm. As is so often the case, its solution lies between the two extremes; and if one may be permitted to imagine the conditions best suited to the perfect physical, intellectual and social development of the human being, one would naturally think of a small town or a large village where society is sufficient, where the facilities for instruction are good, where communication with the large centers is easy, where the conveniences and facilities for household economy are complete, and where the country with its beauty and quiet and freshness is close at hand,—where one feels on this side the influence of a complete social organization, and on that the sweet breath of mother earth.

Unfortunately, these imaginings can never be freed from the practical bearing of the bread-winning and money-making interests. Men must live, not where they prefer to live, but where their interests compel them to live. The town and the country have their mutual economic duties by which their life must be controlled. All that we can hope to do is, on one hand, to ameliorate the hardness and solitude of country living, and

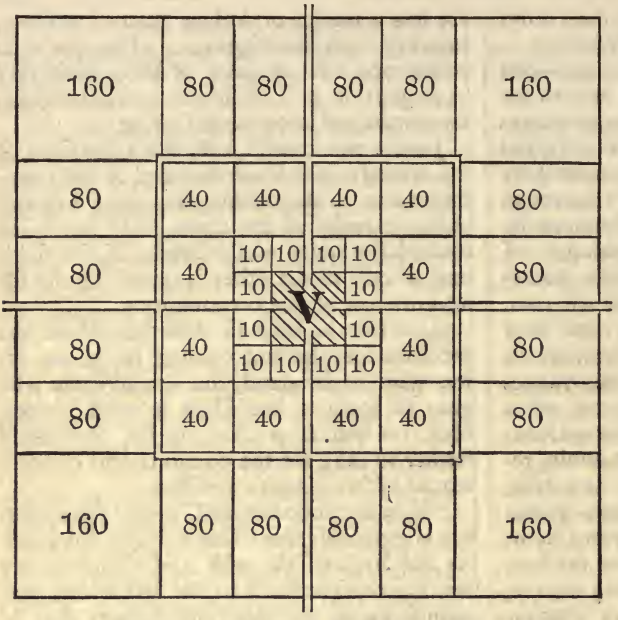


FIG. 1. DIVISION OF FOUR SQUARE MILES WITH CENTRAL VILLAGE.

on the other, to bring the citizen into nearer relation with the invigorating fields and woods and boundless air of the country.

Devising no modern Sybaris, where all possible good of life may follow from the unaided operation of a perfect social and industrial organization, I propose to confine myself to the simple question of the best practical development of village life for farmers. The village or its immediate vicinity seems to me to offer to the urbanist the nearest approach to the country that is available for his purposes; and in like manner village life, so far as it can be made to fit his conditions, offers to the farmer as much of the benefit of town life as the needs of his work will allow him to obtain. If those who now seek the pleasures of retirement in costly and soul-wearying country-seats would congregate into spacious and well-kept villages, and if those who now live in the solitary retirement of the mud-bound farm-house would congregate into villages, we should secure far more relief from the confinement of the town and a wider-reaching attractiveness in agricultural life: this latter leading to the improvement of our farming by a solution of that long mooted problem:—"How to keep the boys on the farm."

Nearly everywhere on the continent of Europe those who are engaged in the cultivation of the land live in villages. An observation of the modes of life and industry of these villagers has led me to consider whether some similar system might not tend to the improvement of the conditions of our own farmers, and to the amelioration of some hardships to which their families are subjected.

In Europe, as here, the methods of living have grown from natural causes. There, it was a necessary condition of agricultural industry that those who tilled the soil should be protected by the military power of their lord or chief, and their houses were clustered under the shadow of his castle wall. The castles have crumbled away, and the protecting arm of the old baron has been replaced by the protecting arm of the nation.

The community of living, which grew from necessity, having proved its fitness by long trial, is still maintained; but there seems to have been no general tendency toward the formation of such little communities here. Save in a few exceptional cases,—as in the old villages of the Connecticut Valley, where protection against Indians, or safety from inundation, compelled the original settlers to gather into communities,—the pioneer built his cabin in his new clearing, and, as his circumstances improved, changed his cabin for a house, and his small house for a larger one, and finally established his comfortable home in connection with his fertile fields. This method has been adopted throughout the whole country, and the peculiarly American system of isolated farm-life has become almost universal throughout the length and breadth of the land.

I am not so enthusiastic as to believe that a radical change from this universal system is to be hoped for at any early day, but I believe that it is worth while for farmers to consider how far they may, without permanent harm to the interests for which they are working, secure for themselves, and especially for their families, the benefits of village life.

To this end are adduced the following examples, both of which are of course purely imaginary. The first has reference to a new settlement of wild land, where, by the Government's system of division, the boundaries are rectangular, and where the political sub-

divisions are of uniform measurement. The second relates to the necessary change of conditions now existing in the longer settled parts of the country.

For this latter, the illustration is taken from an actual accurate survey* of a purely agricultural district in Rhode Island, showing the roads, houses, and field boundaries as they now exist,—followed by a suggestion as to the manner in which the same divisions of estates might be made to conform to the assembling of their owners into a village.

The Government division is into townships, six miles square. It is proposed to divide each township into nine settlements, giving to each a square of two miles, or 2,560 acres. Each of these settlements should have its whole population concentrated in a village at its center. A suitable method of division would be that indicated in figure 1, where a public road crosses the middle of the tract north and south, and east and west. The outside of the tract, for the width of half a mile all around, is laid off in farms of 80 acres and 160 acres. These are bounded on the inner sides by a road. Inside of this road again is a series of smaller farms (40 acres), and inside of these a tier of still smaller places (10 acres), separated from the central village by a narrow road. The village itself occupies 40 acres.

The division of the agricultural land is as follows:

4	farms of	160	acres.....	640
16	"	80	"	1,280
12	"	40	"	480
12	"	10	"	120

—in all, 44 tracts, aggregating 5,220 acres, and averaging nearly 60 acres each, the most distant being less than a mile from the village green. This division is arbitrary; in practice, the more industrious members of the community would buy land from their less industrious neighbors, and the size and arrangement of the farms would vary. Often, too, the division would be into farms, averaging more than sixty acres. In such cases there would usually be about the same population, as the larger holders would employ more workmen.

What is attempted is chiefly to show how four square miles of land may be so divided that its occupiers may be conveniently gathered into a village, and it may fairly be assumed that, except in the more remote grazing and grain-growing regions, the population (including laborers) would generally be about one household for each sixty acres. In the more thickly settled regions, this limit is exceeded now, and as population increases, this condition will extend. In any case, the principle advanced remains the same whether there be thirty households or sixty.

A suitable division of the village is shown in figure 2. Its center is occupied by a public square at the intersection of the main roads. The road surrounds a piece of ornamental ground, containing about one acre. North and south of the square are the sites of two churches, a school-house and a store and public-house. This is again arbitrary; the purpose is to have these spaces occupied by somewhat important buildings, which it will not be necessary to inclose by fences, so that an appearance of more size may be given to the central feature of the village.

The spaces set apart for these buildings, as well as the village green, should be surrounded by regularly planted trees, such as

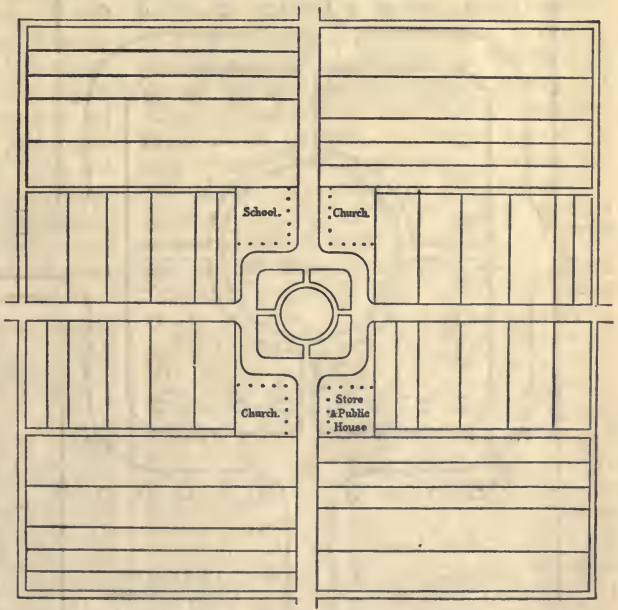


FIG. 2. DIVISION OF THE CENTRAL VILLAGE.

will grow to a large size, like the American elm. But the whole open space should remain otherwise free from planting. Smooth, well-kept grass, and large trees planted in

* A map of United States Coast Survey.

formal lines, with an entire absence of fences, posts, chains, bushes, and all decorations, will give a dignity and character which an excess of ornamentation would spoil. A certain amount of judicious bedding would be permissible, but it would be best that even this should be confined to private places. Any fund available for embellishing the village green will be best used in keeping its grass cut and its walks clean,—entire neatness and simplicity being its most effective characteristics.

On the streets leading east and west from the green there are shown sixteen lots 100 × 250 (one-half acre), eight 50 × 250 (one-quarter acre). These lots all open on narrow lanes at the rear. On the streets leading north and south there are twelve lots 50×650 (three-quarters acre), and eight lots 100 × 650 (one and one-half acres). These are the village lots proper, but the twelve ten-acre tracts which front on its surrounding street would be the residences of their owners, and these semi-detached houses—the most distant not a quarter of a mile from the green—would form a part of the village, and come within the operation of its rules of association. Probably the blacksmith, the wheelwright, and the builder would occupy these outlying places, with an "annex" of farming to supplement their trades.

The village lots proper are all large enough for a kitchen-garden, barn, barn-yard, etc., and all have means of access from the rear, so that their street fronts may be kept for ornamental purposes.

It would be a good rule that no house should stand nearer to the street line than thirty feet, and that no fence should be made nearer to the street than sixty feet. This would add very much to the largeness of appearance of the whole village; would decorate every street with the ornamental fronts of the houses, and with their plants and shrubbery, and would, at the same time, shut off from the ornamental parts everything belonging to the working department of the village life. Even the baker and the shoe-maker should conform to this rule, and their shops should be made to help the neatness of appearance of the village.

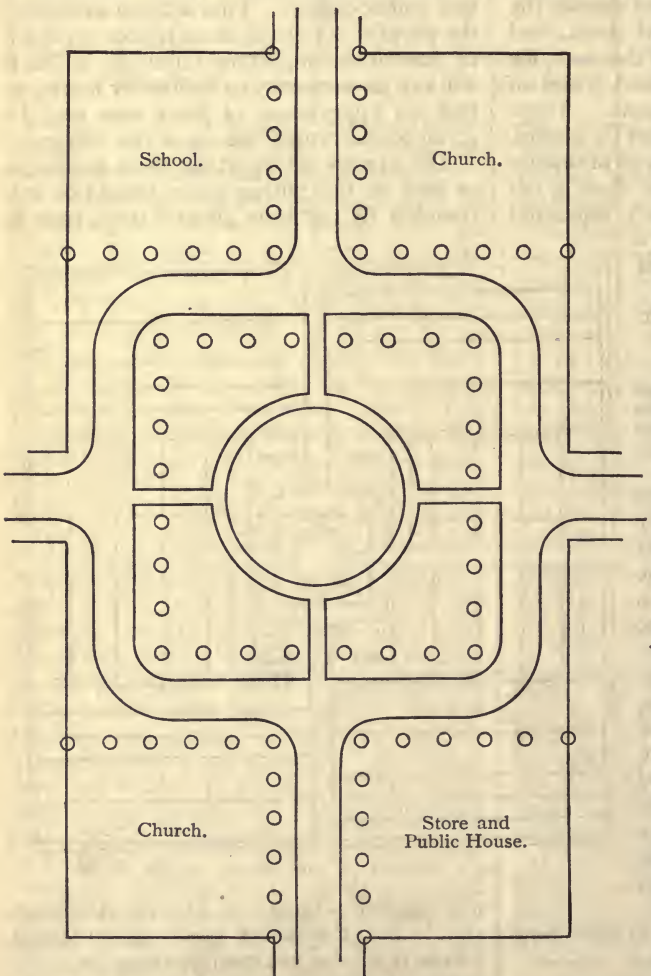


FIG. 3. DIVISION OF THE CENTRAL OPEN SPACE OF THE VILLAGE.

The larger farmers, having the most cattle, would occupy the largest lots, which would readily accommodate their larger needs. The more ambitious of them would probably buy land, for night pasture or for cultivation, from a ten-acre neighbor opposite their rear line.

The village population would be somewhat as follows: 2 clergymen, 1 doctor, 1 teacher, 1 baker, 1 shoe-maker, 1 tailor, 2 store-keepers, 1 carpenter, 1 wheelwright, 1 blacksmith, 1 dressmaker, 1 inn-keeper, 44 farmers;—total, 58 heads of families. Probably, including hired laborers and servants, the average would be six persons to each household. This would make the population

of the village about 350. No part of the whole scheme is more arbitrary than this arrangement of its human element; and no part of it would be more modified in different cases by the element of human nature. Still, this sketch of the industrial division of the community would probably be approximated in any purely agricultural village of this size,—with such changes in the detail as would come from individual enterprise or indolence.

Taking the whole area at 2,560 acres, and the population at 350 persons, we have an area of about 7⅓ acres to furnish the support and home of each member of the community,—an amount ample for the purpose.

Figure 3 suggests the arrangement of the central open space of the village,—all of which should be in well-kept grass, except where roads and paths are needed. Paths should be reduced to the least amount that will furnish the necessary accommodation, and they should be kept in neat condition. If no provision can be made for this, it will be better to leave the people to beat their own tracks across the grass as their needs direct. These beaten foot-paths are never unsightly (in small villages), for the reason that they are never large, and that they are only of such width as their regular use will keep clean,—the grass maintains its effort to spread, and grows always close up to the necessary foot-way. Even in Hyde Park (London), where the people have made short cuts across the broad lawns, the paths thus marked out, and receiving no attention, are not only unobjectionable, but are a charming feature of that beautiful pleasure-ground.

The foot-path indicated for the village green will be demanded by the more ambitious village improvers; but were I making an ideal village for moderate and tasteful people, the road surrounding the green should inclose only a level close-cropped lawn, neatly trimmed at its edges, surrounded by fine and simple trees, and traced here and there with the foot-paths that honest use had marked out and made, and by the suggestive diamond-shaped track and bases of the village base-ball club. It should be perfect in grade, in outline, in regularity of planting, and in mowing; but it should be a perfect lawn, *plus* the wear of constant use and frequent pleasure.

The second example is taken from existing conditions in my own neighborhood. The United States Coast Survey has furnished all the necessary details save the *farm* boundaries. The field boundaries and roads are exact.

The tract is of the same size with the one just considered,—two miles square. Its center is in one direction about two miles from a small village, and in the other about seven miles from a large town,—which furnishes the chief market for its agricultural products, and is the source of all (or nearly all) of its supplies.

FIG. 4. PRESENT DIVISION AND SETTLEMENT OF TRACT IN RHODE ISLAND, TWO MILES SQUARE.

Figure 4 shows the present settlement of this area, the houses—about sixty in number—being scattered over the whole tract, with no near approach to a "neighborhood" at any point. These are practically all farmers' houses,—some trade being carried on here and there in connection with the farm-work. A few of the houses belong to farms which lie mainly outside of my lines. Deducting a fair proportion for this and others for the wheelwright, blacksmith, etc., we shall have about the same number of farmers as in the former instance (say forty-four), and taking the same area for the village, we shall have the same amount of farm and village property for their support.

Figure 5 shows a suitable division of

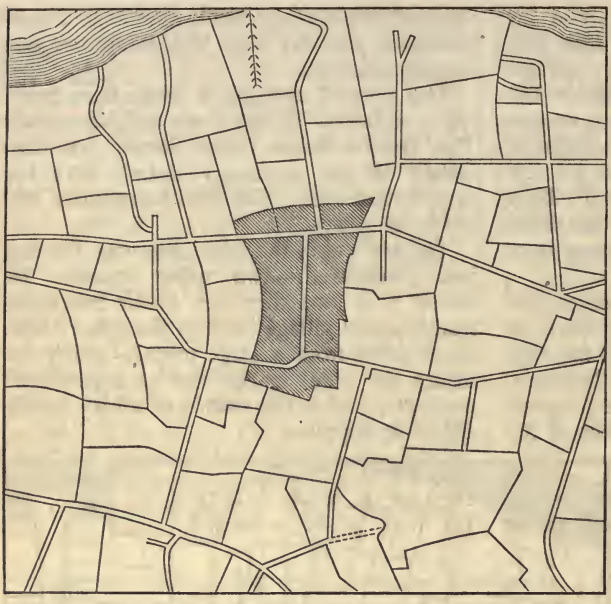


FIG. 5. THE RHODE ISLAND TRACT, WITH ITS BUILDINGS GATHERED INTO A COMPACT VILLAGE.

property and the location of the village,—on a short cross street running from one to the other of the main north and south roads, and extending a short distance up and down these roads.

It would be a necessary condition precedent, that the whole property taken for the village should be set apart for the purpose. This requirement and the cost of moving buildings from the farms to the village would doubtless be an insuperable obstacle to the immediate carrying out of the plan. And thus the theory must long remain a theory only. No sudden change of the sort could be made in practice.

It would not be impossible, however, to bring about the end in time, if a few of the larger proprietors could secure possession of the village tract by exchange, and would dedicate it to the purpose, agreeing at any future time to sell small lots for building at a fixed low rate. In the instance under consideration, the village tract is thinly settled, and so situated as to be available at moderate cost. If a church, a school-house, and a store could be established as a nucleus of the village, the young couples of the neighborhood might incline to settle there, and in time the settlement could be made so attractive—as compared with the outlying farm-houses—as to lead to the concentration of the whole population.

This part of the subject is, however, foreign to the present purpose. If the *desirability* of village life for farmers can be established, the ways and means may safely be left to those interested in securing it. The influences now at work to make the farmers' children seek a better social condition, together with the necessity which confines them to some form of agricultural work, must be depended on to secure the relief suggested unless some better relief can be found.

In this case, as in every other of village construction, the original plan should include some quality or feature that, while appropriate to the modest end in view, will give character to the place.

Every village has in its situation, its uses, or its origin, some characteristic which may be developed into a leading and an attractive feature. Especially when the work is to be begun from the foundation, and when there are no buildings to be torn down or removed, a consistent and dignified result may be planned for at the outset.

The characteristic feature of the village we are now considering is that it is to consist of a single long, straight street cut off at each end by other roads. After removing one unimportant house, there remains no obstacle to the laying out of one straight street 200 feet wide, with either two or four rows of spreading elms. This street, 2,000 feet long, mainly in well-kept grass, with only the necessary width of road and the requisite paths,—having perhaps a well-kept and home-like private place opposite each of its ends,—would stamp the village at once with an attraction which would have a constant civilizing effect on those living under its influence.

Such a village street, entirely without costly ornamentation, and requiring only the simplest care, would soon take on a look of appropriate neatness and freshness, and as the trees grew, it would acquire a dignity and beauty which could in no other way be so well secured.

The church and the school-house, being placed in broad recesses opposite the central point of the street, would gain importance from their position; and these main features being attended to, the *character* of the village would be fixed, and it would be difficult

to make any arrangement of its private places which would spoil its beauty. Neatness and a reasonable care in the matter of house-gardening, the planting of flower-beds, vines, etc., are all that would be needed.

With so wide a street, it would be as well to bring all house-fronts to the street line, completing this line with simple fences, and paying some attention to the ornamentation of the inclosed yards.

In this village as in the other, all meretricious ornamention should be avoided, whether public or private. All money available for such improvement should be spent in securing perfect neatness. In fact, the two radical requirements of good taste in all such cases are an absence of obvious money-spending and the evidence of constant care and attention. "Showiness" is common in every trumpery village in the land. What we should seek in our farm-villages is the most modest simplicity, shining with the polish of an affectionate care. Every spot should breathe of homely influences and moral peacefulness.

Figure 6 shows the general plan of the village. If other public buildings are needed, they might very well be placed opposite the ends of the main street.

It is not possible, in remodeling an old farming district, where boundaries and roads are irregular, to apportion the division of land among the population with especial reference to its distance from the village; so, for example, that the small farmers, who have little team force, shall not have so far to go as the larger ones who are better equipped; but even in this case, the most distant farm will be rarely a mile from the village, where all the farmers, their families, and their work-people, and their flocks and herds, would be gathered together, under the best circumstances for getting out of their lives as much good as the need for earning a living by arduous work will allow them to get anywhere,—more than they could hope to get in the isolation of the distant farm-house.

Having now considered the methods by which farmers may congregate their homes and their farm-buildings, and live in villages, let us take up the more important question of policy.

Which would be better for a young man, just starting in life with a young wife,—to go to a distant farm-house to found his home, or to settle in a well-ordered farm-village, under substantially the conditions described above?

There is much more to be said, on both sides, than there is room to say here, but certain points are worthy of consideration.

There is no doubt that in a strictly money-making aspect there is an advantage in having the animals on the land from which they are fed, and the men on the farm which they are to work. It is certain, also, that the men and the women must be near the stables, that the early and late work of feeding and milking may be promptly and regularly performed. If the family is to

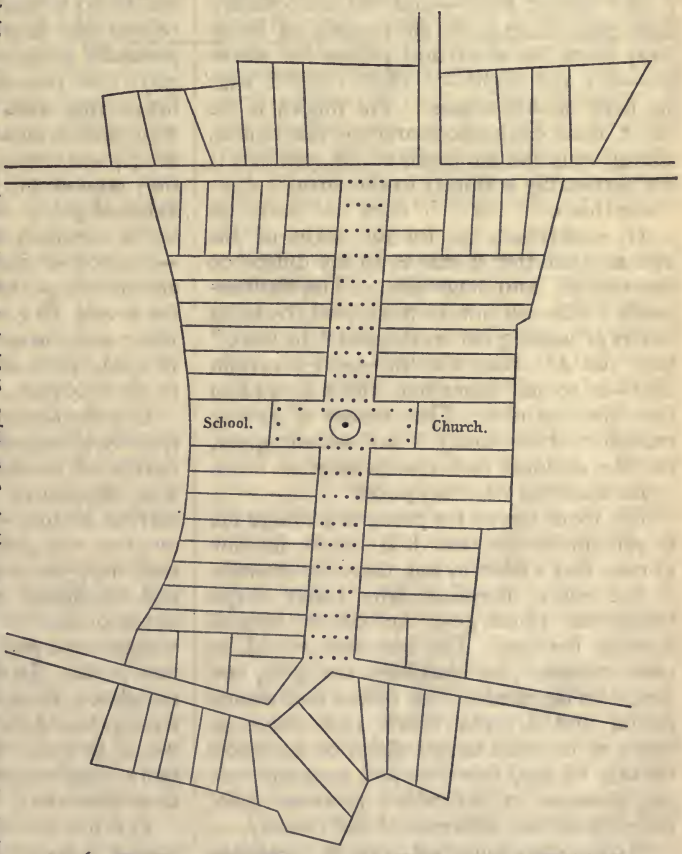


FIG. 6. PROPOSED ARRANGEMENT OF THE RHODE ISLAND FARM-VILLAGE.

live in the village, the cattle must live in the village too. This involves the hauling home of all the hay and grain, and the hauling out again of all manure,—no slight task. If the work is all concentrated on the farm, under the immediate supervision of the farmer, there will be a certain convenience and economy of time.

The same principle holds true in all other relations. The merchant would find a certain advantage in living at his warehouse; the engine-builder at his factory; the cotton-spinner at his mill; the carpenter at his shop; and the grocer at his store. All of these have found that, so far as may be, they get certain other, and greater, advantages in living away from their business. One and all carry to their homes, at least occasionally, books, papers, and plans for work that needs attention out of the regular business hours.

The farmer alone—and in this country especially—disregards the benefits of living away from his shop, and passes his whole life—day and night—in close contact with his field of operations. He might, if he chose, make his home nearer to other homes, taking with him so much of his work as is not necessarily confined to the farm.

For his own sake, it does not make so much difference, but for the sakes of his wife and children it makes all the difference between life and stagnation. The business needs which call him to town, and the habit he has of passing his evenings at "the store," give him a certain amount—and a certain kind—of social intercourse which keeps him from absolute rust. The amount of society available for his family is not usually great, and the dullness and confinement of farm-house life need no description.

The main reason for preferring village life is principally because it is better for the women and children, but there are reasons, in the same direction, why better social conditions would give the farmer himself decided benefits. The life, too, would be more *attractive*, for both boys and girls, and would be divested of that naked and dismal gloom and dryness which now drive so much of the best farmer blood of the whole country to work-benches and counters,—to any position, in fact, which promises relief from the stifling isolation of the country.

While conceding that, just as a cabinet-maker would make more money if he lived in his back shop and had little thought from early dawn until late evening except for his work, so the farmer may make more money if he lives on his farm than if he lives at a distance, still it must be said that the difference in profit is by no means so great as would be supposed.

It may be fairly assumed that, at least in the more thickly settled farming regions at the East, the average distance at which farmers live from the nearest center of population that supplies their "shopping," and from church, is not less than three miles. The visiting acquaintance of the family is nearly or quite as remote, and there is, altogether, so much driving to be done, as to make it necessary to keep a decent carriage and horses, and to supply a certain amount of extra horse service. Indeed, among those who are tolerably well off it would be moderate to set down the total services of one good horse as needed to supply the family's demand for transportation.

Then too, the need of the farmer himself to go to town to sell and to buy, to get repairs and information, and—a much more generally gratified taste than he would always care to confess to his wife—to satisfy his craving after intercourse with his kind: who shall estimate the aggregate of all this travel,—or even of that part of it which, under the pretext of business, is really only an habitual going for gossip. All of this driving is confined to no season; it is perennial,—in good weather and in bad,—and it costs an amount of time and money that few farmers would like to put down in black and white and charge to their expense accounts. It would form one of the most serious items of their budget.

Did the farmer live in a pleasant and attractive village, among neighbors and friends, nearly all of this driving would be saved. The appliances for the family's pleasure-driving might be entirely done away with, for the wife and daughters would gladly exchange the means for occasional visiting and for distant shopping—for an agreeable circle of friends near at hand and a good village store and post-office within five minutes' walk. In such a settlement as is contemplated, most of the business needs of the farmer would be amply supplied, and he would find the companionship at hand even more satisfactory, because more familiar, than that which he now finds in the town.

It is not worth while to calculate the cash saving that would come of this reduction of road-work. It is enough to consider it as an important offset to the cost of carrying men and manure to the field and of bringing crops to the village.

Under the present system, the women have the worst of it. They have the confinement and seclusion and dullness. Under the village system the men would have the discomfort,—and this is why it will be less easy to secure its adoption, for the men control, and prefer *not* to have the heavy end of life's log to carry.

Under either of the plans given herewith, the greatest—not the average—distance from the house to the farm would be less than one mile, and it would have to be traveled only during the working weather of the warmer months, and during the good wheeling of winter. In summer all hands would have to set off early and come home late, often carrying their dinner with them, as mechanics do; but when field-work did not call them out, as during rains, or when the ground is too wet to be disturbed, their barn-work and shop-work would be at home,—and all the winter through, the only road-work to be done would be to send the teams to haul out the manure and to bring home the hay, which would be best stored under "Dutch hay-barracks" in the fields when it was made. This work would be systematic and simple, and it may fairly be questioned whether it would not, in many cases, amount to *less* than the cost of the "driving" that is now done, and which, in the village might be foregone. Especially would this be the case when all the heavy farm-work is done by oxen,—which, when idle, instead of eating their heads off like horses, are accumulating valuable flesh. With sufficient ox-power to do the work easily, the whole transportation of tools and men, and all the hay-tedding and hay-raking would be easily done by one horse,—with leeway enough to allow for a fair amount of business or pleasure travel.

So far as the presence of the farmer himself is concerned, it is to be considered that if his farm and cattle are near his house in the village, he will be within easy reach of them very often at times when his visits to the distant town would take him away from them if they were on the farm. In the village, during the whole winter, and in bad weather at other seasons, he would have little necessity or temptation to absent himself from home. Indeed, those who have had an opportunity to watch the life of the exceptional farmers, whose houses and barns and stables are in a village, cannot have failed to notice how much more home-like and engaging is the whole farm establishment than it usually is in the country. It is hardly too much to say that the few instances that we have, as in the farm-villages of New England, show that these village-living farmers are apparently more attentive to their home duties than are their isolated brethren, at least in the matter of tidiness.

To complete the comparison with the merchant or manufacturer who takes his papers or plans home with him for work out of regular hours, one might say that the farmer who lives at a distance from his land, with his flocks and herds gathered about his homestead, has such of his work as needs early and late attention close at hand, while his regular workshop, the farm, calls him away for certain regular hours and regular duties.

It is not worth while here to enter into the details of the question. They are of serious moment, and involve among other things the driving of animals to and from pasture *versus* the raising of soiling crops to be fed in the stall or yard. All of these questions have been satisfactorily solved in the experience of many exceptional cases in this country, and of the almost universal conditions obtaining in Europe. They present no practical difficulty, and need constitute no serious objection to the general plan.

The items of economical working and money-making being fully weighed, the more serious considerations of the mode of life and the good to be got from it demand even greater attention. It may seem a strange doctrine to be advanced by a somewhat enthusiastic farmer, but it is a doctrine that has been slowly accepted after many years' observation,—a conviction that has taken possession of an unwilling mind,—that the young man who takes his young wife to an isolated farm-house dooms her and himself and their children to an unwholesome, unsatisfactory and vacant existence,—an existence marked by the absence of those more satisfying and more cultivating influences which the best development of character and intelligence demand. It is a common experience of farmer's wives to pass week after week without exchanging a word or a look with a single person outside of their own family circles.

The young couple start bravely, and with a determination to struggle against the habit of isolation which marks their class; but this habit has grown from the necessity of the situation; and the necessities of their own situation bring them sooner or later within its bonds. During the first few years

they adhere to their resolution and go regularly to church, to the lecture, and to the social gatherings of their friends; but home duties increase with time, and the eagerness for society grows dull with neglect, and those who have started out with the firmest determination to avoid the rock on which their fathers have split, give up the struggle at last and settle down to a humdrum, uninteresting and uninterested performance of daily tasks.

In saying all this—and I speak from experience, for I have led the dismal life myself—it is hardly necessary to disclaim the least want of appreciation of the sterling qualities which have been developed in the American farm household. But it may safely be insisted that these qualities have been developed, not because of the American mode of farm life, but in spite of it; and as I think over the long list of admirable men and women whose acquaintance I have formed on distant and solitary farms, I am more and more impressed with certain short-comings which would have been avoided under better social conditions. If any of these is disposed to question the justice of this conclusion, I am satisfied to leave the final decision with his own judgment, formed after a fair consideration of what is herein suggested.

If American agriculture has an unsatisfied need, it is surely the need for more intelligence and more enterprising interest on the part of its working men and women. From one end of the land to the other, its crying defect—recognized by all—is that its best blood—or, in other words, its best brains and its best energy—is leaving it to seek other fields of labor. The influences which lead these best of the farmers' sons to other occupations is not so much the desire to make more money, or to find a less laborious occupation, as it is the desire to lead a more satisfactory life,—a life where that part of us which has been developed by the better education and better civilization for which in this century we have worked so hard and so well, may find responsive companionship and encouraging intercourse with others.

It so happens that the few farm villages to which we can refer—such as Farmington, South Hadley, and Deerfield—have become so attractive by means of their full-grown beauty, or have been so encroached upon by the wealth that has come over the district to which they belong, that they are no longer to be taken as types of pure country villages; nor do I recall a single village in the land which is precisely what I have now in mind.

Assuming that a farming neighborhood—two miles, or, at the utmost, three miles, square—had been so arranged as to have all of its buildings (with the exception of hay-barracks in the fields, and cattle-shelters in the pastures) in a village, let us consider what would be the advantages in the manner of living which it would have to offer.

The social benefits and the facilities for frequent, neighborly, and informal intercourse are obvious. To say nothing of the companionships and intimacies among the young people, their fathers and mothers would be kept from growing old and glum by the constant friction of their kind; and in so far as a more satisfactory social relation with one's fellow-men gives cheerfulness and the richness of a wider human interest, in that proportion would the village life have a wholesome, mellowing effect that is not to be found in the remote farm-house, nor even in the sort of neighborhood we sometimes find in the country, where several farm-houses are within a quarter of a mile of each other. The habit of "running in" for a moment's chat with a neighbor is a good one, and it gets but scant development among American farmers. This view of the case will suggest itself quite naturally in the first consideration of the subject.

If the first need of the rising generation—the men and women of the future—is education, then the village beats the farm by long odds. The country school district, sparsely settled and chary of its taxes, is apt to obey the law in the scantiest way possible. Three months' school in winter, and three months more in summer, under the supervision—it can hardly be called the instruction—of a young Miss who is by no means well educated herself, and who is entirely without training as a teacher, gathers together all of the school-going children of a wide neighborhood. Big and little, boys and girls, are huddled together in a sort of mental jumble, where the best that the most skillful manager can hope for is to regulate the instruction and the discipline to suit the average of the scholars. The best result attainable is to secure a certain amount of *schooling;* the word education would be quite misapplied here.

In the village, the number of scholars would be sufficiently large to warrant the establishment and to bear the maintenance of one good school, with one, if not more,

teachers, regularly employed and worthy to be called teachers rather than "school-marms." Pupils would be graded according to their ages and acquirements, and a due use could be made of the stimulus of competition. A real school—a real instrument of education—would take the place of the noisy congregation of uncontrolled boys and girls who, in the country district-school, are apt to acquire less of valuable learning than of the minor viciousness that prevails among country children.

In this connection, I was forcibly struck with the announcement of a German farmer once in my employ, whose reason for leaving me, after his children had reached the ages of seven and eleven, to return to his little village in Germany, was that it was impossible in this country—and this, be it remembered, was in New England—to secure satisfactory instruction for them. He thought that in their experience at school here they had gained little beyond a familiarity with English, and with a large admixture of "bad words" at that. At home they would have, within the elementary range of a primary school education, a thorough training and a severe drilling which he could not hope for here, and without which he was unwilling that they should grow up. I have seen his village school in Germany and the cloud of tow-headed children who fill it, and I am prepared to believe that his preference was not without foundation. Of course we have all the material for as good, or better, schools in this country. What we need is longer terms, better trained and educated teachers, graded classes, and better books and appliances. These cannot be afforded in the small country school-district. They can be had in their perfection in even a small village, and this consideration alone, even if this were all, should be a controlling argument in favor of village life.

But this is by no means all. Another great benefit is to be found in the post-office near at hand, with its daily mail as an encouragement to correspondence and to interest in the affairs of the outside world. A village, such as is here pictured, could afford its weekly or semi-monthly public lecture, furnishing a means for instruction and entertainment, and for frequent gatherings. The church, too, would probably be conducted in a more satisfactory way than is usual in the country; and the conditions would be the best suited for fostering that interest in the collateral branches of the church, the Bible-class, the Sunday-school, and the Dorcas society, by which the women of the community get, aside from the other good that they receive and do, advantages of a character somewhat corresponding to those which men get from their clubs.

I should hope further, as an outgrowth from the community of living, for a modest village library and reading-room. Indeed, if I could have my own way, I should not confine the attraction and entertainment of the village to strictly "moral" appliances. It would probably be wiser to recognize the fact that young men find an attraction in amusements which our sterner ancestors regarded as dangerous, and I would not eschew billiards, nor even, "by rigorous enactment," the milder vice of social tobacco. Better have a little *harmless* wickedness near home and under the eye of parents than encounter the risk that boys, after a certain age, would seek a pretext for more uncontrolled indulgences in the neighboring town.

One might go on through the long range of incidental arguments—such as lighted streets, well-kept side-walks, winter snow-plows, and good drainage, and a wholesome pride in a tidy, cozy village, until even the most close-fisted of all our class would confess that the extra cost would bring full value in return, and until he would recognize the fact that the attractions of such a home as the village would make possible would be likely to insure his being succeeded in his wholesome trade by the brightest and best of his sons,—a result that would surely be worth more than all it would cost.

But my purpose has been only to suggest a scheme which seems to me entirely, even though remotely, practicable, and in which I hope for the sympathy and help of the country-bound farmers' wives and daughters,—a scheme which promises what seems the easiest, if not the only, relief for the dullness and desolation of living which make American farming loathsome to so many who ought to glory in its pursuit, but who now are only bound to it by commanding necessity.

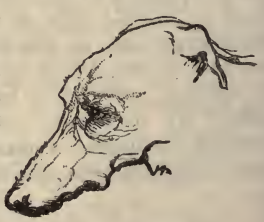
SOME AMERICAN SPORTING DOGS.

To WRITE of sporting dogs, or, in other parlance, of dogs used for field-work, without mentioning the fox-hound, would be like representing the play of "Hamlet" with the melancholy Dane himself omitted. Yet I am fain to confess that this noble dog is the one with which I am least familiar. Certainly, I have heard his deep-toned voice while following the trail of a deer in northern woods, but he was only a degenerate scion of a noble race. I have followed another, still more degenerate, when the light snow showed the tracks of poor bunny where she wandered through the swamp in search of bud or berry for her morning meal. But the true fox-hound, without a cross, and bred with care, is a *rara canis*, at least in the northern states. And yet the fox-hound—certainly if we judge by the proclivities of the original settlers of different regions—was probably the first dog introduced into this country. It is not likely that the Pilgrim Fathers were given to the sports of the field; and yet what glorious shooting there must have been in the old commonwealth when the "Mayflower" first dropped her anchor. How the ruffed grouse must have bred in the deep pine-woods! How the snipe must have swarmed in the meadows! and the woodcock in the swamps! And the deer, undisturbed by the sound of fire-arms or the bay of hound, how they must have increased and multiplied!

HEAD OF GREYHOUND.

But whatever the Roundheads did, the Cavaliers who went to Virginia certainly carried their amusements with them, though tradition says not whether John Smith had dogs with him, or if the gentle Sir Walter discovered the nicotian weed through the medium of a sharp-nosed hound. Still, the fox-hound was introduced into Virginia at a very early day, and in that state, and perhaps in one or two others, he is to be found, and is still bred in comparative purity,—not that I would infer that pure-bred hounds are not to be seen elsewhere. Individuals are occasionally to be met with, and in the pack of Mr. Joe Donahue, who hunts near Hackensack, are to be found some fine specimens. Nor is it of any use for the most ardent fox-hunter of to-day to import dogs from England. It was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century that fox-hunting and the breeding of fox-hounds were pursued systematically in Great Britain, and it was probably in the middle of the succeeding century that the sport was brought across the water. It is a well-known fact that fox-hunting was a fashionable amusement in Virginia long prior to the Revolution, and it is not improbable that the old style of Spanish pointer, then fashionable in England, shortly followed the fox-hound. To fox-hunting, however, we must give the first place as a sport followed with the aid of a dog, and in spite of vicissitudes and tribulations of every kind, the Southern gentleman still follows his pack, and enjoys the chase with the same zest as his forefathers. The fox-hound of to-day in America, however, is a very different animal from the hound now fashionable in England, and the choicest draft from the Quorn or the Pytchley would be found almost useless in a country so thickly timbered and with such high rail-fences as ours. In the earlier days of the colonies, the hounds then imported were much better suited to the needs of the sportsmen. A slow dog, such as was fashionable in the days of Squire Western, before hunting came to more closely resemble steeple-chasing (as it does now), was the dog which found favor with our Virginia gentlemen, and whose characteristics have been since adhered to. Not but that speed is desirable in a hound, but in our country it would be difficult, if not impossible, to follow him; and the introduction into the pack of one dog, such as is now used in England, would most probably result in spoiling the sport.

Whatever may have been the quality of the first hounds imported, some of the bluest blood of the English kennels was subsequently crossed with it. In 1825, Robert Olive, the merchant prince of Baltimore, imported some celebrated black, white and tan hounds from Ireland, whose descendants are still highly prized. Subsequently, Commodore Stockton was presented by Sir Harry Goodricke, master of the Quorn,



HEAD OF DEER-HOUND.

with several couples from that pack, some of whom were given to the late Mr. John S. Skinner of Baltimore, who sent them to Wade Hampton, Esq.,—father of the gentleman at present bearing that name,—who used them for hunting deer in the neighborhood of the

to follow his dogs, but takes his station by some run-way or pond where the deer is almost sure to pass. Great strength is also a capital quality, as a buck at bay is no mean antagonist, and a first-class deer-hound should not only possess the intelligence but

THE MEET AT "THE HARP AND EAGLE," NEAR PHILADELPHIA, 1823.

White Sulphur Springs, Va. Afterward they went to his estate in South Carolina, where their blood has been mixed with that of the older strains until probably none of it remains in its purity. Fox-hunting, however, was not entirely confined to the Southern States, as will be seen by the following notice which appeared in the "United States Gazette," published in Philadelphia, on October 29th, 1823:

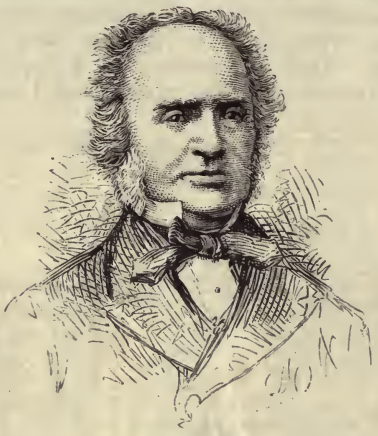
TO GENTLEMEN SPORTSMEN.—A FINE red fox (lately caught) to be started from the house of Mr. James Greenham, sign of the Harp and Eagle, near the Upper Ferry Schuylkill Bridge, on Friday, the 31st instant, at half-past one o'clock P. M. Gentlemen sportsmen desirous of attending said chase will be thankfully received, and are particularly requested to bring their dogs, as this is for no benefit, any more than hoping said sportsmen will put their mites toward paying the cost of this advertisement.

The fox appears to have been only a "bagman," and the hounds a scrub pack selected for the occasion. I have been writing now only of the hound as he is used in fox-hunting; in almost every section of the country where deer are found the fox-hound is used for hunting them. Here speed is most desirable, as the hunter does not expect the ability to catch a deer by the hind leg and throw him.

Fox-hounds, generally mongrels, are also used for hunting rabbits (hares) in this country; but a much more valuable dog for this purpose, and one which is fast coming in demand, is the little beagle, a miniature fox-hound, being from ten to twelve inches only in height at the shoulder. Merry workers they are, and to see a pack of them working on the scent of a hare (for we have no true rabbits, wild, in this country) is worth going miles to see. I am astonished that some gentlemen do not get together a pack of beagles. They can be followed on foot, and there are numbers of places within an hour or two's ride of New York where hares can be found in ample quantities for sport. Somewhat similar to the beagle, in size at least, although they differ in having crooked fore-legs, is the dachshund, a dog of German extraction. (John Phenix said of some one bred in a like manner, that his father was a Dutchman and his mother a duchess.) Dr. Twaddell, of Philadelphia, has some of pure breed, the finest in this country.

As a rule, however, nowadays, when one

speaks of a sporting dog, he is generally supposed to refer to a dog used in connection with a gun; and it is more particularly with those varieties that I feel at home, and regarding which I proposed to write; premising that I am addressing the general reader as well as those young sportsmen



EDWARD LAVERACK, ESQ., THE OLDEST BREEDER OF SETTERS IN ENGLAND.

who for lack of time and opportunity have yet to learn their A, B, C's in dog matters. The interest in dogs, particularly those used in shooting, has of late so increased that scores of would-be critics and authorities have sprung up. Without pretending to the erudition of those professors in canine lore, my object is to impart to the class first mentioned such information, the result of my own experience, as will aid them, not only in deciding what description of dog may best suit their purposes, but also in keeping their dogs in health and right condition. To further assist my endeavors, I have selected for illustration such dogs as are types of their various classes, and who have attained celebrity on the show-bench and in the field. Those who are not in the habit of reading the sporting literature of the day—and I mean by this the literature provided for the sportsman, not the sporting man—would be surprised were they made aware of the amount of paper spoiled and ink spilled in the wordy warfare which has been carried on for two or three years past, relative to the merits and demerits of various strains. Nor is the discussion confined to strains alone. I find myself at the outset called upon to decide, or at least so to describe that the reader can decide for himself, upon the relative merits of the two principal varieties of the dogs over which we shoot our game: namely, the setters and the pointers.

If our country were more circumscribed in its limits; were our shooting confined, say, to the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the question would be one easily solved; for, if we except snipe-shooting on the meadows, most of our gunning is done in coverts; filled, perhaps, with low growing underbrush or thick and tangled vines and briers. It is true that quails feed in the stubble, and the bevies are usually first flushed in the open, but they immediately seek the recesses of swamp or wood, where they must be followed and routed singly if the bag is to be filled. The woodcock, the king of our game birds, haunts, in summer particularly, only the densest cover, where by some little stream or marshy thicket he finds in the yielding ooze and soft earth the worms and larvæ which form his diet. It therefore stands to reason that the dog for our purpose would be one like the setter, whose thick coat of hair would enable him to withstand the attacks of briers and brush, and all the effects of wet and cold; whose feet, provided by nature with tufts of hair between the toes, carry him without injury over the sharp flints of the mountain-side where the ruffed grouse (partridge) loves to bask among the old logs and dead trees.

But our country is not all briery thicket

RABBIT-HUNTING WITH BEAGLES.

or rough mountain-side. At the West there is the "boundless prairie," the home of the pinnated grouse, or "chicken;" where "cat" or "bull" briers are not found, and where wading is comparatively unknown. Here the sleek-coated pointer is in his element; for "chicken"-shooting in most states begins in August, and the heavy-coated setter suffers from the heat and want of water, while the pointer with his close hair hunts on, asking only for an occasional lap of water, until the day's work is done.

POINTERS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

In many places also the Canada thistle abounds, the burrs of which become so entangled in the coat of the setter as to cause him perfect misery. I have quite recently known of several instances of dogs positively refusing to work until the burrs were removed. In all such places the pointer is undoubtedly the best dog to shoot over. But all sportsmen do not go to the prairies in August, nor is the pinnated grouse the only game bird to be found there. In the latter part of September the ducks and snipe begin to arrive on their annual southern migration; and then we have not only the cold weather which makes the setter comfortable in his thicker jacket, but we must go into the wet lands to find snipe, and the ponds or lakes for ducks. Here the setter undeniably has the advantage; for although the pointer will go into the water if ordered, or, if highly bred, into the most tangled thicket, his shivering and shaking discomfort in the one instance, and his lacerated and bleeding skin in the other, make him an object of compassion to a considerate master, and militate against the pleasures of the hunt. But the question is by no means, as yet, decided against the pointer. There is another thing in his favor which is well worthy of consideration before we arrive at a conclusion, and that is the comparative ease with which he is broken, and his excellent quality of retaining his education when once it has been fully perfected. Indeed, so much am I impressed with the value of that quality, that I should almost be tempted in spite of a strong *penchant* for the setter, to suggest to a friend who would shoot but occasionally, and desired to break his own dogs, to choose a pointer in preference. But to those who are skillful in handling dogs, and who are so situated as to be able to keep their dogs in work during the shooting season, there can scarcely be a doubt that the setter is the better dog. Certainly he is the choice of the larger number of sportsmen, although it must be admitted that fashion prevails here as everywhere, and the setter is the fashionable dog of the day. Of course in both setters and pointers there are exceptions to the general rules I have given, and individuals of either variety are to be found possessing the best qualities attributed to both.

Leaving the question of superiority, let us look at the different breeds and strains of both setters and pointers to which the choice must be narrowed down. There are now in this country two public tests for sporting

dogs at which their qualities may be decided, —bench-shows and field trials. At bench-shows dogs are exhibited in raised pens or boxes, and being taken before a duly appointed and presumedly competent person, are judged by a certain standard for each variety, which I shall presently mention. This test, of course, is similar to one which a race-horse would pass in his box, and although it might be an indication, through form, of speed, endurance and intelligence, it would be no index of the possession of those two great requisites, "nose," or scenting power, and "stanchness," without the former of which the most highly bred dog would be as valueless as the most worthless cur. At field trials dogs are pitted against each other on their game, and judgment given through a certain scale of merits and demerits: they are awarded points for pointing their birds, for stanchness, pace, style, backing and retrieving; or deprived of them for flushing birds, for backing, or for refusing to drop to shot or wing. It is obvious, however, that in the limited time allowed for a "trial," that the best dog might not always have the same opportunities to show his qualities as one his inferior. Still, when the rules shall have been perfected, the field trial will be a satisfactory test of the qualities of a dog for the purposes required.

RETRIEVING.

Setters are divided into three classes, the English, Irish and Gordon; these being usually divided again, at bench-shows, into native and imported classes. It is principally over the English setters—and the term is supposed to include those of every color but red, which would indicate Irish blood, and black and tan which is the color of the Gordons—that the fight has been carried on, one side claiming that the native dog, that is, one whose pedigree could not be traced directly to some imported celebrity, was a mongrel; and the other maintaining with equal persistency that the "blue blood," or imported dogs, were utterly unfit for our work, and that the careful but in many instances "in and in" breeding had resulted in deterioration. Of course both sides were, to a certain extent, right; but, as is usual in violent partisanship, overeagerness had carried the matter beyond solid argument, and the outsider was left as much as ever in the dark. It must be admitted that, until the inauguration of bench-shows, breeding in this country, as a rule, was conducted in a most careless and slipshod manner, yet I believe we had strains of dogs, as well as individuals, which, even allowing each the benefit of its own ground and training, were fully equal, certainly as field performers, to any across the water. That we would have *continued* to possess them I very much doubt. Careless breeding, with no regard to the selection of the fittest, and no attention to pedigrees, combined with the fact that there are ten men today who shoot over dogs to where there was one twenty-five years ago, would soon have worn out the stock, had it not been renewed and regenerated with imported blood. There is no comparison between the amount of work demanded of our dogs and that required in England. Here, the average sportsman owns but one dog, and that one is expected to work from morning until night, day in and day out; while across the

water no one thinks of going to the moors without at least half a dozen dogs, which are worked alternately in braces. Nor are their dogs taught or allowed to retrieve. A curly-coated retriever follows at the keeper's heels and brings in the dead,—British sportsmen having a theory that fetching dead birds injures the dog's scenting powers. The crossing of these "blue bloods" with the best of our natives is the true theory of breeding by which we will perpetuate the best qualities of both. Unfortunately, however, if a dog comes with a long pedigree from a widely advertised English kennel he is bred to indiscriminately without regard to his qualifications for begetting good offspring, and much disappointment is the result. "Imported" is the magic word which covers a multitude of imperfections. Fortunately, very many dogs of well-known excellence have come to this country, and now that the matter has been fully discussed and a proper impetus given, our breeds are rapidly improving, and I believe it is an admitted fact that we have field dogs whose superiors are not to be found. As a specimen of the high-bred dog from imported stock, I have chosen "Guy Mannering," bred by Charles H. Raymond, Esq., of Morris Plains, N. J. This dog is the produce of "Pride of the Border" and "Fairy,"—

BLACK AND WHITE SETTER "GUY MANNERING."
Winner of the Scott special prize for best "native English" setter at the Centennial Bench-Show. (Owned by Dudley Olcott, Esq., of Albany, N. Y.)

RED IRISH SETTER "DICK."
(Owned by Wm. Jarvis, Esq., Claremont, N. H.)

a pair of celebrated Laveracks, imported by Mr. Raymond from the kennels of the gentleman whose name is given to the strain and who has bred them in purity for more than fifty years.

The setters known as the native English (a misnomer, as native American would be more proper) are generally in color, orange and white, lemon and white, black and white, red and white, liver-colored and white, or all black; although they are to be found of a liver and tan, or in fact of almost any known combinations of the colors mentioned except those of orange and lemon and black. The points by which they are judged in this country—perfection in these points is supposed to make the acme of a dog—are as follows:

"Head long, and somewhat narrow, with a fair distance from the eye to the end of the nose, which should not be snipy or ant-eater-like; skull a little prominent; ears set on low and flat, not thrown back; the least stop just above or across the eyes; jaws level, with a little fullness of lip just at the back of the mouth; eye large but not protruding, with a quick appearance; neck thin and deep at setting-in on chest, moderately long and slightly arched, with no appearance of throatiness; shoulder-blades long and well receding at the points, with a flatness at shoulder-sides not noticed in any other dog; narrow at shoulder-point, but great muscular development in the shoulder-blades and fore-arms; chest very deep, not over narrow between the fore-legs. Fore-legs strong and muscular in the fore-arm; leg straight, with a slight, elastic-like appearance; foot moderately round, but oftener flat; back wide, deeply ribbed, lowering slightly from the shoulder to the hip; loins wide and very muscular; stifles full and well developed; hock well bent; stern [tail] carried almost level with the back, a moderate length, well flagged from the root, wearing off to nothing at tip of stern; coat wavy or

straight, fine and silky, free from curl, especially on hind-quarters."

The Irish setter is a dog now fast coming into fashion with us. He is wiry and enduring, but headstrong, requiring a deal of work to keep him in command. When well bred they are remarkably handsome dogs, as will be seen from the portrait of Mr. Jarvis's "Dick." His bench-show points are as follows:

GORDON SETTER "LOU."
(Owned by William M. Tileston, Esq., New York City.)

"Head narrow, widening a little in the forehead, skull slightly arched; ears a fair length, slightly folded, hanging straight, set well back in the head, and moderately feathered; eye hazel or brownish, with a sensible and loving look, not prominent; nose dark flesh-color, or black; chest but moderately wide, with great depth; back straight, but slightly receding to the hip, with good loins and well-bent stifles; stern carried slightly up, not much flagged, but slightly; coat inclined to be harsh, not soft and silky, smooth or wavy, and thick, but not too long; color a deep mahogany-red, but not any black; white, however, is allowable in some Irish breeds on chest and legs and neck."

The Gordon setter, in spite of a well-known English authority, from whom indeed we have received our points for judging, *does* possess the "go-ahead qualities now required." How any one who has shot over well-bred Gordons can make such an assertion, I am at a loss to imagine. Those that I have seen in the field have been dogs of remarkable endurance, and the rich beauty of their silky black and tan coats, and their affectionate dispositions, are unsurpassed by any other breed. "Idstone" says he has seen better setters of the black and tan than of any other breed. Their heads are a little heavier than the English setters, they have more flew, are deeper in chest and body, with more bone; otherwise their points vary but little. Much, however, depends upon their coats, which must be a glossy black with a slight wave allowed, but no suspicion of a curl, and the tan with which they are marked should be of the richest red. Before leaving the setters, a word as to their origin may not be out of place. Most authorities claim that the setter was known in England long before the pointer was introduced, he being a direct descendant of the spaniel. In fact they are spoken of as "setting spaniels," being used before the introduction of fowling-pieces, to aid in securing game by first finding the birds and then "setting" or pointing in that position while the net was passed over dog and birds together. In time, after the introduction of the pointer, they came to point their game in the same manner, although even now we occasionally find a setter that drops or crouches to the ground immediately upon scenting his birds.

Although the colors of pointers at the present day are quite as varied as those of setters, there is but little doubt that the color of the old Spanish pointers from whom they are all descended was a liver and white. Color is quite a matter of fancy, but I confess to a preference for orange and

HEAD OF POINTER "SENSATION."
(Owned by Westminster Kennel Club, New York City.)

white in the setter, and lemon and white in the pointer. But whatever the color, the good points of this dog are to be seen almost at a glance, from his build and the shortness of his coat. The fashionable pointer of the present day is a very different animal from his heavy, lumbering ancestor. Many years ago, a cross of fox-hound was introduced, and to that we are indebted for the lighter framed, more elegant animal we now possess, and probably also for the variations in color from the old orthodox liver, or liver and white. "Idstone" says that the pointer should be modeled to a great extent after the fox-hound, but that his head should be finer, his nose square, the upper lip slightly in excess of the lower, the corners of the mouth well flewed. The forehead should be raised but not round; it should be depressed in the center, almost forming a ridge. There should be a well-pronounced "stop" between the eyes; the ears should be thin, flexible and silky, of moderate size, set rather far back, but lying close to the head. The nasal bone should be depressed in the center and should turn upward slightly. The head of "Sensation," in the cut, conforms more closely to these conditions than that of any other dog I have seen. The other proportions by which the pointer is judged in this country are as follows:

"Body rather inclined to be long, but not much so, thickening from the head to the set-in of the shoulders, no looseness of the throat-skin, shoulders narrow at the meeting of the blade-bones, with a great amount of muscle, long in the blades, set slanting, with arm of the leg strong and coming away straight, and elbow neither out nor in; the legs not great, heavy-boned, but with a great amount of muscle; leg pressed straight to the foot, well rounded and symmetrical, with foot well rounded, that is, the fore-legs and feet; chest moderately deep, not over-wide, but sufficiently wide and deep to give plenty of breathing room; back level, wide in loins; deeply ribbed, and with ribs carried well back; hips wide and full of muscle, not straight in the hock, but moderately bent; stifles full and well developed; the stern nearly straight, going off tapering to the point, set in level with the back, carried straight, not above the level of back; symmetry and general appearance racy; and much beauty of form appears to the eye of a real pointer breeder and fancier."

At our bench-shows, pointers are divided into two classes, those weighing under, and those over, fifty pounds. It is difficult to name the period when pointers were first brought to this country. I have traced some as far back as 1810, when a gentleman from Sheffield, England, brought a brace to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where the "bird dogs" were objects of great curiosity. I know of no one at the present day who has bred them more carefully or for a longer time than Mr. Frederick Schuchard, of this city. For high courage, keen nose and most perfect stanchness, I know of no pointer the superior of Mr. Dilly's "Ranger,"—a dog who is worked on the prairies almost every day of the season, and of whom it is said by his admirers, "he never flushed a bird."

LIVER AND WHITE POINTER "RANGER."
(Owned by S. B. Dilly, Esq., Lake City, Minn.)

BLACK AND WHITE POINTER "WHISKY."
(Owned by Westminster Kennel Club, New York City.)

There is a dog which is destined to become a great favorite in this country, and I doubt not that we have a much larger sphere for his usefulness than they have in England. This is the little cocker spaniel. He is a merry, active worker, not pointing his birds, but giving tongue when he strikes the scent, which he follows until the bird is flushed. In our thick, almost impenetrable covers, particularly where woodcock are shot in summer, the cocker is especially valuable, as he can make his way under briers and into places where a larger dog could not penetrate. In such shooting the dog is almost always out of sight of his master, and a stanch setter or pointer might be lost on his point, whereas, the cocker, by giving tongue, apprises the gunner, not only of his own whereabouts, but also of the presence of game. Could I countenance such an unsportsman-like proceeding as shooting a bird while sitting, I might say that they would be useful for treeing ruffed grouse instead of the mongrels now used; but their real value is in woodcock shooting. The illustration of Mr. Bestor's fine imported dogs sufficiently describes their general appearance. There is another variety of spaniel, the Clumber, which is deservedly popular in England, as possessing all the advantages in cover shooting of the cocker, but hunts mute. They are rare even on the other side, and the only pure specimens I have seen in this country are those imported by Mr. Jonathan Thorne, Jr., of Duchess County, in this state. As spaniels are not expected to point their game, they should be broken to range close, never more than twenty or thirty yards away from the gun, and always to "come to heel" or "down charge" at the report.

The dogs to which I have hitherto referred are those used almost exclusively for upland shooting, for although setters or even pointers, if taught, will retrieve from water, yet when one is to follow duck-shooting to any great extent, whether on Western lakes or on the waters of Chesapeake Bay or Currituck Sound, it is much better to be provided with a dog particularly adapted for the purpose. In fact, I once almost ruined several good setters in California by allowing them to retrieve constantly from water, the result being that all were afflicted with canker of the ear. At the present writing my Gordon, "Lou," is displaying symptoms of the same complaint,—the result, I believe, of unlimited swimming and diving last summer in the waters of the Great South Bay.* The pure

COCKER SPANIELS "SNIP" AND "JULIET."
(Owned by S. J. Bestor, Esq., Hartford, Conn.)

* As canker of the ear is a very common disease, always indicated by the dog shaking his head and scratching at his ears, I would mention here that it can be easily cured by the following lotion:—Goulard's extract and wine of opium, of each one-half ounce, sulphate of zinc, one-half dram, water, seven ounces, mix. The ear should first be cleansed thoroughly with soap and warm water, and a little of the lotion injected twice a day.

N. B.—Since the foregoing was written, "Lou" has been entirely cured by this remedy.

Irish water-spaniel is rarely met with in this country. Mr. J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, a portrait of whose "Sinbad" is given (page 778), probably has the finest kennel of them. At the West, where much of the duck and goose shooting is done where the mud is deep and the wild rice is heavy, a dog of great strength and determination is required to bring in, not only the dead, but the many wounded birds which otherwise would be lost. The water-spaniel does all this, and withal is as docile, obedient and intelligent as a French poodle. The head should be crowned with a well-defined top-knot, coming down in a peak on the forehead; the body should be covered with small crisp curls; the tail should be round and without feather, and the whole dog a dark liver-color.

The Chesapeake Bay dog, of which there are now three accepted types, is a dog of which even more is expected. He must have strength to breast the heaviest seas and bring in a goose; he must fight his way through broken ice, and if he meets a piece too large to scramble over he must dive under it. Several families in Maryland have had in their possession for many generations what each claims to be the genuine Chesapeake Bay dog, and at the late bench-show in Baltimore a compromise was made, and a classification agreed upon, by which each of the types is hereafter to be recognized. These are to be, first, the otter dog, of a tawny sedge in color, with very short hair; second, the curly-haired dog, red-brown in color, and third, the straight-haired dog of the same color. The dogs at two years old should weigh not less than eighty pounds.

A FOX-HUNT IN THE SOUTH.

Now that I have described to the best of my ability and within the space allotted to me, the different varieties of our sporting dogs, the reader must decide upon their merits for himself. Nor can I go into the subject of training dogs for field-work, for I believe, in the first place, that good dog-breakers are born, and not made; and secondly, not only would it be taking up too much space, but instructions, if they are of any value, are to be found in the works of recognized and much better authorities. I believe, moreover, that to a great

IRISH WATER-SPANIEL "SINBAD."
(Owned by J. H. Whitman, Esq., Chicago, Ill.)

extent, those sportsmen who are even capable of properly handling their dogs in the field after they are broken, are in the possession of a gift, I might almost call it genius, the secrets of which are patience and self-control. No one who has made his dogs his constant companions can have failed to be struck with the almost human intelligence they sometimes display, and a man who wishes to control his dogs must first control himself. I have known an old, stanch dog to be loaned by his owner to some friends for a day's shooting. After working faithfully and finding bird after bird which they failed to kill, the old fellow dropped his tail in disgust and started for home, abandoning his share of the sport rather than witness their want of skill. The most successful men in the field are those who possess the greatest command over themselves; not abusing their dogs for the slightest fault, although using the whip judiciously; for dog nature is very like human nature,—some will do wrong from mere willfulness, and are only to be controlled by a strong hand. That dogs, when regularly shot over, enjoy the sport, is beyond question, and sometimes the mere putting on of a shooting-coat will drive them wild with excitement. And what sight is there more beautiful than that of a well-broken dog at work in the field—the instinct which teaches the wolf or the fox to hunt for his prey, toned down, or rather developed, by education to be subservient to the will of man and accessory to his sport! You approach a fence, and, having crossed, call to your dog to do the same, for a dog should never, in theory at least, be allowed to enter a field or leave one before you. It is in the autumn, and in the woods the frost-painted leaves are carpeting the ground, while in the open the golden stubble is being burned by the early frosts. Perhaps it is a buckwheat or rye field where the quail as active gleaners still find enough of the scattered grain to afford them subsistence without going to the swamps for buds or skunk-cabbage seeds. Here they have been feeding in the early morning, and have gone to the hedge or that strip of dried grass for their noonday siesta. At the command "hie on," or "hold up," your dog starts on a gallop,—up wind if possible,—head up, to catch the scent which may be drifting across the stubble-tops,

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

his stern—as his tail is technically called —whipping his sides. He crosses and recrosses the field, and presently comes to where the birds have been feeding. In an instant he stops, perhaps half turning to where the faint scent still lingers; but only for an instant, for the scent is cold; but with head to the ground and stern excitedly whipping his flanks, he either "roads" the birds, or, taking another cast, the wind brings him the hot scent of the bevy. Half crouching, he advances until his instinct and the strong scent from the birds tell him he can go no closer, when he stops, with tail extended stiffly, perhaps one fore-foot lifted as though ready for another step, with head rigid in the direction of the birds, and a few flecks of foam dotting his quivering nostrils. Look at him! Was ever a more perfect statue carved? Take your time; he'll stand perhaps for hours if the birds do not move. Now walk up to him; touch him if you will, and still the iron-like rigidity. Now step forward. Never let your dog flush the birds if you can help it. As you pass him, the bevy rise with that sharp, quick "whir-r-r-r" which so thrills the sportsman as frequently to cause him to shoot too quick and wildly. Be cool. Select two of the outside birds,—never shoot at the bunch,—and, covering them carefully, fire. Your dog drops to the ground or the "down charge" as the birds rise, and remains so until you have reloaded and ordered him first to "hold up" and then to "seek dead." Perhaps the birds at which you shot have fallen in some thick and briery patch, or perhaps one has been only wing-tipped and is running Give your dog time. Even if you fancy you have marked the spot where the bird fell to an inch, he may be many yards away The dog knows how to look for him, and will cast around until he catches the scent, and will road him until the wounded bird stops, when he will point him again. Many sportsmen make the mistake of insisting upon their dog working on the very spot where they think the bird fell. The dog knows better.

"I tell yer wot it is, Sam, if this fool of a dog is a-goin' to stand still like this 'ere in hevery field he comes to, we may as well shut up shop, for we sha'n't find no partridges!"—*(After sketch by Leech in London "Punch."*

I have said that your dog dropped when the birds rose. No young dog can be considered properly broken unless he drops "to wing" and "to shot;" that is, when a bird rises, and when the gun is fired, and with young dogs the latter at least should always be insisted upon. As they grow older and stancher, I should be satisfied if they came to heel when I fired. There are times when it is positive cruelty to compel a dog to drop to shot, particularly in the case of pointers on wet snipe meadows. It is the English custom not to break dogs until they are a year old. We begin much earlier, and a puppy is generally sent to the breaker at six months. I think much should depend upon the disposition of the dog. If possible, you should house or yard break your dogs; that is, teach them to drop or "charge" at command, to come in, to obey the whistle, to stop, and, if possible, to retrieve, before sending them to the breaker. You will find them working much better for you

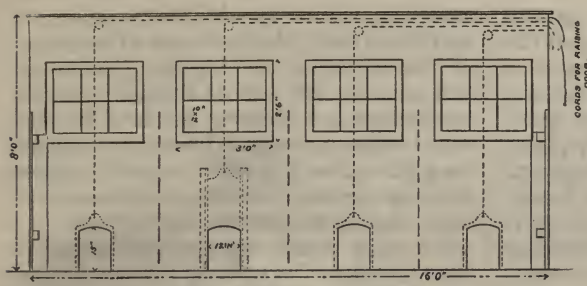
BREAKING YOUNG DOGS.

afterward. Many prefer puppies born in the fall, as in the spring they can be broken on snipe, and some shooting can be had over them in the fall. I believe, however,

GROUND-PLAN OF KENNEL.

that fall puppies are much more difficult to rear from the fact of their being likely to be exposed to cold and wet, which are the great causes of distemper,—that scourge among high-bred dogs; in winter, too, they can get no grass, the corrective provided by nature for all canine ills, and one which should always be within their reach.

The puppy should also be accustomed to the report of fire-arms, as nothing is more discouraging to a sportsman than to find himself in possession of a "gun-shy" dog. This is to be done by taking him to the field, perhaps with an old dog, and by using at first small charges of powder, fired only when he is at a little distance, and perhaps killing some small birds,—the great point being to associate the noise in his mind with some pleasure. Or it is not a bad idea to fire a lightly charged gun near the kennel just before feeding; but these extra precautions need only be taken where timidity is anticipated. Gun-shyness is supposed to be hereditary, but I am inclined to think that where puppies are handled judiciously at first, and not startled by an unexpected report, perhaps directly over them, but little trouble is to be apprehended. Too little attention is paid to the care and diet of dogs. They are left chained to their kennels for days at a time without exercise and without change of bedding until they become afflicted with mange or covered with vermin. Mange is also the result of

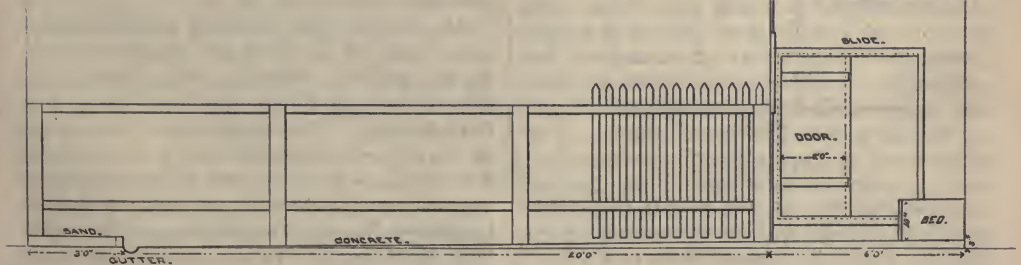


FRONT ELEVATION OF KENNEL.

overfeeding, and many ladies wonder why their pampered and carefully tended pets should lose their hair in spots and be constantly scratching, never dreaming that their too careful attention is the cause. A simple and efficacious remedy for mange is prepared as follows: Take two ounces basilicon ointment, half ounce flour of sulphur, and sufficient spirits of turpentine to make of the proper consistency. Wash the dog thoroughly with carbolic soap, and rub the ointment into the skin. A few drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic is of service in extreme cases. Where but one dog is kept, the scraps from the table should be ample for him; but where food must be prepared, there is nothing better than oat or corn meal thoroughly boiled in water, in which some coarse meat—such as a neck of beef or shin bone—has been cooked almost to shreds, the meat being chopped fine and mixed with the mush. The dogs should never be fed more than twice a day. But the great cause of death among dogs is distemper, and the more finely and carefully they are bred, the more susceptible they appear to be to its effects. A large proportion of the puppies whelped each year fall victims to this disease. Nor is it confined to puppies alone; dogs of almost any age are liable to be attacked, and if they escape with life, may be left with chorea or St. Vitus's dance. In fact, in this respect distemper is not unlike measles, which often leaves a patient with some other disorder. Frequent post-mortems have revealed the fact that distemper in some of its forms very much resembles pneumonia, and, as in that disease, a certain amount of stimulation is necessary. The symptoms are, a thick, mattery discharge from the eyes and nose, with a dry, husky cough and a straining, as though a bone were lodged in the throat; a hot, dry nose, and general listlessness, with, later, a weakness of the hind-quarters. Fits, in puppies particularly, are frequently present, but the symptoms vary somewhat, although the above are unmistakable. There are many remedies advocated for distemper, but

DOWN CHARGE.

I believe there is none more generally successful than that suggested by Dr. Webb, which consists of a course of calomel and quinine, commencing with a dose of the for-



SIDE VIEW OF KENNEL.

mer, varying from ten to twenty grains, according to the size of the dog, and followed by doses of five to ten grains of quinine daily, reducing the dose as the dog improves. When taken promptly in hand, and the dog is kept in a warm, dry place, the disease generally yields to this vigorous treatment. Cleanliness is the great source of health, and when more than one dog is kept, a regular kennel and yard should be prepared. A capital idea of their arrangement can be had from the plans on pages 780 and 781, which are copied from those of Mr. Jesse Starr, Jr., of Camden, N. J.

Further instruction on the subjects here treated of will be found in such exhaustive works as Dinks, Mayhew, and Hutchinson, or "Stonehenge," or "Idstone;" or in our own country, Mr. Arnold Burges's "American Kennel and Sporting Field." Mr. Edward Laverack, the oldest breeder in England, has written a work devoted to the discussion of the setter alone, in which are many valuable hints to the breeder and breaker.

No dogs possess greater intelligence or more excellent dispositions than those used by sportsmen, and where careful education has developed them to a high degree, they are fitted in every respect to be the trusted and beloved companions of man.

OLD EYES AND SPECTACLES.

NUMEROUS errors respecting the condition of eyes that have become affected with age, and concerning the use of spectacles, are prevalent, not only among the laity, but also among the mass of medical practitioners themselves. This, however, is not to be wondered at, since the more precise physiological knowledge of the parts of the visual apparatus involved has come to us within comparatively recent years, and only those who have been working in that particular line have kept pace with the advance of that knowledge. Eyes that have become affected through age were formerly, and are now by a large number, incorrectly regarded as being in the same condition as far-sighted eyes. Persons of all ages may be far-sighted, but presbyopia—or old eyes—is limited to those who have reached the meridian of life and are traveling the downward slope. Far-sightedness, or hypermetropia, is dependent upon a faulty construction of the eye-ball—in general it is an eye that is too short: while presbyopia is simply the result of the decline of the vital powers from age.

Presbyopia consists essentially in an inability to see distinctly small objects close at hand. Our ability to distinguish fine objects within a few inches of the eyes is due to the fact that we have the power to increase the curvature of the crystalline lens, and thus to unite the rays, which come in a divergent manner from those objects, upon the retina. Two factors enter into the production of this; first, the plasticity of the lens, and second, the contraction of a muscle acting upon it. Both of these factors undergo modification with age; the lens becomes firmer and less plastic, and the muscle gets stiff and less active.

Now, while these changes have in reality been going forward since childhood, they do not, under ordinary circumstances, make themselves appreciably felt until about the fortieth year. (We speak now of eyes that are in other respects healthy.) At about that age—or between that and the fiftieth year—most individuals experience difficulty in recognizing small objects, especially under bad illumination. In the evening the book

or newspaper is laid aside earlier than formerly and casual remarks are made not complimentary to the printers of this generation. The page is instinctively held at a greater distance from the eyes and turned so as to have the light fall upon it most advantageously. This sort of thing growing from bad to worse, you happen incidentally to mention it to an elder friend, who astonishes you perhaps by saying: "My dear fellow, you need glasses." The fact is now forced upon you, for the first time it may be, that you are growing old! But it is the course of Nature, and you must accept the fiat. She now declares that she is no longer able of herself to do her work properly, and that art must lend its aid.

And just here comes in a very generally accepted error. It is currently believed that the use of glasses should be put off as long as possible; that a too early use of them is injurious, and that when once begun it becomes, earlier than it should be, a necessity. As the office of the glass is to supply the refracting power which the eye, through age, can no longer furnish, it is evident that so soon as a need of this artificial power is felt we should resort to it. By failing to do so, we deprive ourselves of much useful work of the organ, while the work it does is done under a disadvantage and with greater or less risk.

"But how shall I know when I need them?" you may ask. When you can no longer read, with ease, the finest print of your newspaper, at a distance of 30 centimeters (12 inches).

Inconvenience will first be felt in the use of the eyes in the evening, and for a year or more you may confine the use of your glasses to work at that time. But soon they will become necessary during the day, especially if you have work requiring close and accurate attention, and the light is not good.

Under ordinary circumstances, and when the eyes are in other respects healthy, the first glasses should be weak—say about No. 60, according to the numbering in this country. Such a number, however, should be selected as will enable you to read the finest print at 30 centimeters (12 inches). After the lapse of a year or two you will find it necessary to increase the number of your glasses to about 48, and you will find that these will serve both for evening and day work. As regards the frequency with which the glasses have to be changed, it differs in different individuals. As a general rule, however, they should be increased as much as the individual case may demand every five or seven years—always keeping the "near point" of good, clear vision at about 12 inches. The general health will influence this largely, the weak, nervous woman feeling the need of an increase in the strength of her glasses much sooner than a robust, healthy man. Those who use their eyes much, especially if at trying work, will also experience a demand for a more frequent change.

These rules apply, as previously mentioned, to eyes in a perfectly normal condition. Short-sightedness and far-sightedness influence the necessity for glasses to a great degree. Short-sighted persons can dispense with glasses for near work for a much longer time than those having normal eyes, and if their short-sightedness is of even a moderate degree, they may live to a green old age without ever having occasion to use them. On the other hand, far-sighted persons feel the need of assistance very early—often as early as the 25th or 30th year.

A few words now as to the glasses themselves. In the first place, bear in mind that "pebble" glasses are a humbug. Even if they are what they are represented to be, and are made of pure crystal, they can serve no better purpose than if made of good clear glass. They are harder than ordinary glass, and thus less liable to be scratched, but that virtue is hardly an equivalent for the ten or fifteen dollars extra which the optician demands for his "superior pebbles" which, among other recommendations, are "warranted to strengthen the eyes by use." A pair of spectacles of clear glass, free from defects and accurately ground, which in a neat steel frame cost about three dollars or less, will do as much as the pebbles, for which twenty-five dollars, and even more, is asked.

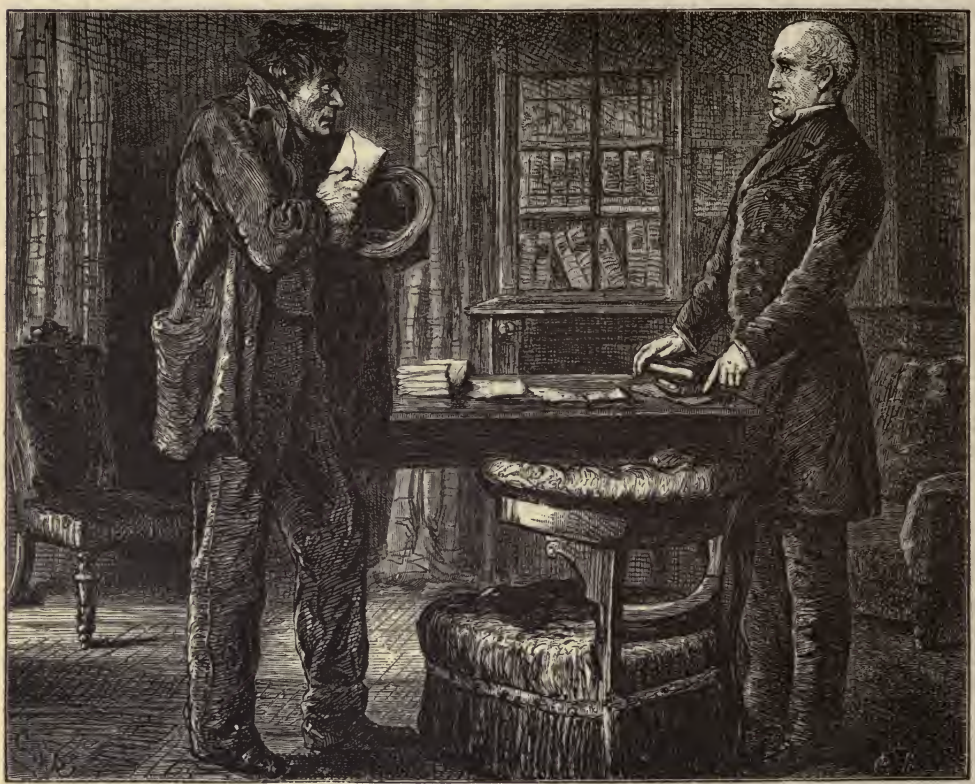
When in use, the glasses should sit square in front of the eyes and at a distance of about one inch, and the centers of the lenses should correspond to the centers of the pupils when the eyes are looking straight forward.

The cases in which the glasses are held when not in use ought to open along the side so that they can be laid in, and not open at one end, which necessitates their being pushed in and pulled out. The rubbing of the lenses against the sides of the case soon causes a depolishing of their most permanent part (the center), and of course materially mars their transparency.

For cleansing the lenses, use a piece of old soft cotton cloth. Silk, linen and paper are all liable to scratch the glass.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"THIS IS THE DOCKYMENT."

CHAPTER XI.

THE finest lawn is sometimes deformed by a rock so huge in bulk and harsh in outline, that it is beyond the gardener's skill to make it beautiful, either by climbing turf or fringing shrubbery. Mrs. Coates had her trials, among which was Mr. Coates, to whom a dress-coat was an abomination, and a white cravat a thing of ugliness and a torment forever. It was in vain that she represented to him the responsibilities and requirements of a forehanded man who had given the best advantages to his offspring. She respected his talent for making money; she had a dim idea that he was her superior in mental gifts, and she knew, as well as a woman of her nature could know, that he held her in a sort of good-humored contempt; but she felt that he did not take as kindly as he should to polite life, and that in this respect, at least, she was his superior.

There was another matter which had always been a source of mortification to her,—Mr. Coates was a stammerer. He never said much, but what he did say was broken into so many pieces that she was always afraid that his auditors could not put them together and make words and sentences of them. He had the habit of his daughter — perhaps he had bestowed the habit upon her — of accumulating material while conversation was in progress, and then coming out with it at unexpected times, and in surprising ways. Unfurnished with her nimble tongue, he aimed at laconic condensation, and made the most of his brief efforts. He hung in the social sun like an icicle, now and then thawing to the extent of a drop, which spattered about in sparkling fragments as it fell, and froze upon the memory. His vocal efforts were periodical, like the performances of the skeleton and the twelve apostles operated by

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the tower-clock at Prague. They not only told the time of day with great precision, but they told it with jerks; and the jerks added an element of humor to what might otherwise have been a tame proceeding.

But Mr. Coates and Mrs. Coates got along together pretty well, considering how conscious each was of the imperfections of the other. She could do nothing with him, and he could do nothing with her; so, in a sort of despair of each other, they came to a tacit agreement to let each other alone, and permit their acquaintances to come to their own conclusions with regard to the respective merits and demerits of the pair. And their acquaintances did come to the conclusion that Mrs. Coates was good-natured, pretentious, insensitive, and amusing as a bore, and that Mr. Coates was a man of common sense, modesty, and a concentrated waggery that lost nothing of its humor by the impediments to its expression. In short, Mr. Coates, very much to the surprise of Mrs. Coates, was a popular man, who stood in the community for just what he was worth, and was very much beloved and respected.

When Nicholas and Glezen set off for the dinner party to which they had been invited, the former was in a good deal of nervous trepidation. He sympathized so profoundly with Miss Coates, and had so thorough a respect for her, that he dreaded the developments of the occasion on her account. He felt, too, that he could not quite trust his friend Glezen, for he knew that the temptation to chaff the old lady would be well-nigh irresistible. Still, he believed in the power of the young woman to hold him to propriety. She had certainly exercised that power upon himself, and he felt measurably sure of the same influence upon his friend. As for Glezen, he had heard so much about Miss Coates that he had determined to put himself upon his best behavior at whatever pain of self-denial.

When the two young men entered Mrs. Coates's drawing-room, they discovered that the dinner was to be strictly *en famille*. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Coates to deprive Jenny of the chances offered by the possession for an evening of two eligible young men. As she took the hands of one after the other, she said:

"I thought it would be so nice to have you all to ourselves this evening! Not that I am selfish, for I'm not. Jenny has often said to me, 'Mother,' says she, 'whatever may be your short-comings, selfishness isn't one of them, no matter what appearances may be.' Says I, 'Jenny, there are joys with which the stranger intermeddleth not, unless it's against my consent, and one of 'em is dining with dear friends for the first time in my own house. There, Jenny, is where I draw my line,' says I. But Jenny says, says she, 'I think it would be nice to have Mrs. Ilmansee and her sister, and Mrs. Morgan and Miss Morgan.' But says I to Jenny, 'Jenny,' says I, 'Mrs. Ilmansee would just as soon think of inviting the Old Scratch as inviting me, though why she should feel so,' says I, 'passes my comprehension, and I'm going to draw my line just there. I've got the first chance, and I'm going to keep it,' says I."

While this introduction to the social entertainment was in progress, Nicholas and Miss Coates gradually retired, and found themselves very agreeably entertained with each other. Glezen, with his closed mouth, was left with Mrs. Coates, and was somewhat embarrassed by the situation. It was, therefore, with a great sense of relief that he heard a latch-key at work at the door, and saw Jenny fly to meet her father. He caught a glimpse of her sparkling eyes and her lithe and tastefully dressed figure as she disappeared, and recognized at once the sympathy that existed between the old merchant and his daughter. He heard her lively brush upon his dusty clothes, and a hurried colloquy, and then the daughter led the old man in and presented him to the two guests.

"H–how d' do? P–pretty well?"

"H–how d' do? P–pretty well?"

These questions were accompanied by two bows, directed to the two young men, and then he advanced and took each by the hand. His clothes were none of the nicest, either in quality or fit; his cravat was crazily tied, in such a knot as he would have made in doing up hurriedly a package of goods; his head was bald, but his eyes and mouth were shrewd and good-natured, and Glezen, particularly, was attracted to him at once. The attraction was mutual, and Mr. Coates seemed conscious that Nicholas—less used to men—found it hard to reconcile his host's appearance with his surroundings.

Then Mrs. Coates excused herself to look after her dinner, as she had not arrived at the point where she could surrender her housekeeping cares to her servants. Housekeeping had always been her strong point. Miss Coates hung about her father, brought him an easy-chair, and by all considerate

acts of deference and affection, seemed to endeavor to excite Glezen's respect for him, unmindful of the fact that she was accomplishing more for herself than for her father. Her arts, however, were unnecessary, for the men understood each other.

It has been said that Mr. Coates and Mrs. Coates had learned to let each other alone. This was strictly true, however, only when visitors were not present. It seemed to be necessary, in the presence of strangers, to vindicate their own sense of propriety by either exposing, or apologizing for, each other's faults.

When Miss Coates had comfortably seated her father, and seen Glezen draw a chair to his side, she resumed her conversation with Nicholas. Then the old man turned to Glezen and quietly inquired:

"H–how long have you b–been here?"

"Oh, ten minutes, perhaps," Glezen replied.

"T–tired of it?"

"Of course not; why should I be?"

There was a queer working of the old man's lips, as he responded:

"M–Mrs. C–Coates is a f–funny old w–watch. She b–broke her chain a g–good while ago, and has been r–unning down ever since. She must have a m–mainspring a m–mile long."

No power could have restrained Glezen's laughter over this, and he laughed so heartily and so long that Nicholas and Jenny both rose from their seats, and approached them. But Mr. Coates was entirely unmoved. Not a sympathetic ripple betrayed itself upon his face, while he completed for Glezen's ear the remainder of his statement and the rounding out of his figure.

"I used to w–wind her up too t–tight, I suppose."

Nothing but the protestations of Jenny could have hindered her mother from preparing the young men for what she was pleased to call the "impederment" of her husband. He had calculated upon this preparation, and, in his remark to Glezen, had intended to pay off his little debt, so that he and his wife might start even with the evening's guests.

When, with a highly self-satisfied air, Mrs. Coates returned with the announcement that dinner was ready, she found them all in a lively frame of mind, and Nicholas and Jenny just where she would have had them—together. She took Glezen's arm, gave a significant nod to Nicholas, who rose and gave his arm to Miss Coates, and then all proceeded to the dining-room, Mr. Coates shambling along in the rear. The table-linen was rich and immaculate, and the porcelain and silver all that was desirable.

"Silent grace!" said Mrs. Coates, in a low tone, bending over her plate—a motion that was imitated by all but the head of the house.

Mrs. Coates, unfortunately, did not share the feeling of her daughter with regard to fashionable churches. She had nibbled about in her own homely pasture, among the thistles and mulleins that had been kept unclipped from the fear of formalism, and pretended to herself and her neighbors that she was content; but she had looked over what was a homely fence on her side, and a flowery hedge on the other, into a pasture which, in her eyes, was a field of enchantment. The fold was so tastefully built, the paths were so bordered with green, the hills were so smooth, the valleys so verdant, the rills of water glistened so brightly and tinkled so sweetly, that in her heart of hearts she would have been glad of a chance to enter it and go no more out forever. To be a sheep with a silken fleece in such a flock, led from hill to valley and from valley to plain by a tall shepherd in white, with a golden crook in his hand, was a picture of felicity often presented to her imagination. Only in her imagination, however, could it be entertained. Mr. Coates would not consent to any change that would serve her wishes, and Jenny was bound to her unfashionable church by a love and enthusiasm that would make no compromise.

There was, therefore, but one way left open for Mrs. Coates, which was to pretend to like what she despised, and to hate what she loved above all things.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Coates, as she raised her eyes from her plate at the completion of her grace, "that the Piskerpalian form of grace is the most fashionable, but"—glowing behind her tureen and lifting her ladle—"Mr. Coates proverdentially has an impederment, and we have adopted the silent form as more convenient in our family. But I must say that I don't understand why people pray three times a day that the Lord will make them thankful for what they are about to receive. Why don't they be thankful, and out with it? It seems to me that it's just what our good old Dr. Hemenway used to call formalism, and I've said to Mr. Coates, often and often, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'whatever sin is laid to our door, don't let it be formalism!'"

Glezen caught Mr. Coates's eye, and saw his mouth begin to work.

"W–what year was that?" Mr. Coates inquired.

Mrs. Coates deemed it best not to pay any attention to this skeptical question, and went on, sipping her soup between sentences:

"The prettiest thing I know of is having grace said by an innocent child. This is quite the thing, I'm told, and it must be very melting. I know a little four-year-old girl who says grace so beautifully that everybody cries. I never dared to try it in my own family, for fear of consequences, you know, but it does seem as if it would be the greatest comfort if I could. A lamb of the flock is such an interesting thing!"

"You m–might t–train a p–parrot," suggested Mr. Coates.

Poor Miss Coates was red in the face. She saw that her father and mother had pitted themselves against each other, and that Glezen was exceedingly amused. Mrs. Coates saw this too, and in her own mind drew a comparison between the staid self-restraint of Nicholas and the irreverence of Glezen, much to the disadvantage of the latter.

"Jenny tells me," said Mrs. Coates to Nicholas, "that you are to be in the city during the winter."

"Yes, I hope to be here," he replied.

Then, moved by the same curiosity which had exercised Miss Pelton's mind the day before, she said:

"What flock do you expect to jine? We should be delighted to welcome you to our fold, although we are at present without a shepherd, and I grieve to say that there is a great deal of straying. I do so long to have a shepherd once more, for I think the picter of a shepherd with a crook, keeping his sheep together on the hills, is one of the sweetest I ever see, and it will take a pretty strong crook to get our flock together again, and I long to have a man settled, and done with it."

"These sh–epherds with c–crooks in their hands d–don't amount to much," said Mr. Coates. "I p–prefer one with a c–crook in his head."

Mrs. Coates, of course, didn't see the point, and wondered what Glezen could find to laugh at. She was painfully impressed with the frivolous character of this friend of her friend, and determined to warn the latter against such associations at the first opportunity.

Then, forgetting that Nicholas had not answered her question. she went on:

"A vacant pulpit seems to me to be an awful thing. It looks as if it was the very yawning of the pit of destruction, but"—recurring to her effort upon the future course of Nicholas—"don't, I beg of you, go over to the Piskerpalians. It's all very nice when you meet 'em on the streets, with their carriages and their silks and satins, and see their ministers in spick and span white gowns in the churches, and their little boys tuning up their amens, and their getting down and getting up. I know it's lovely, but it is very deceptive to the young. I own up that I have felt drawn to 'em, and there was one time when, if Mr. Coates had said the word, I should have went (Nora, pass Mr. Minturn the bread); but I was mercifully spared from embracing a dead formalism. It took a good deal of grace to stand by the vacant pulpit at one time. (Mr. Coates, I'm sure Mr. Minturn will have a little more of the beef.)"

And then Mrs. Coates fell back in her chair, to rest herself from the contemplation of her old struggles with the temptation to subside into a dead formalism.

Mr. Coates had been gradually filling up to the point of expression and here broke in with:

"I'd r–ather have a v–vacant pulpit than a v–vacant m–minister any time."

Mrs. Coates knew that this was intended to be a reflection upon the retired old Dr. Hemenway, and sighed.

"Whatever Dr. Hemenway was," said Mrs. Coates, "it couldn't be laid to his door that he was a dead formalist."

"If I was g–going to be d–dead, I would as s–soon be a d–dead f–formalist as a d–dead goose," said Mr. Coates.

"Mother," said Jenny, wishing to change the line of conversation, "Mr. Minturn is going to see what he can do for the poor. I'm sure you'll like that."

"Yes," said Mrs. Coates, "the poor ye have always among you; and I think we have 'em with a vengeance. It's nothing but give, give, give, from morning to night, till I get sick and tired of it. Here's Jenny going to mission-schools, and visiting round in the awfulest places, where no respectable girl ought to go, and I'm so afraid she'll catch something that it worries my life out of me. There is Miss Larkin, laid up for life with a fever she took doing the same thing."

Here was a bit of news for Nicholas, who understood better than he did before its utterance, the welcome which his purpose had received at her hands.

"Do you labor for the poor?" inquired Mrs. Coates of Glezen, morally sure that he did nothing of the kind, and that she was about to display her daughter's superiority.

"Yes, madam, I do nothing else."

"Is it possible! I thought you were a lawyer."

"Yes, I suppose I am. That is what I am trying to make the New York people believe, any way; but, so far, I have confined my attention to a single pauper, and it's all I can do to feed and clothe him."

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Coates. "Jenny, do you hear this?"

"Yes, mother. The pauper's name is Glezen."

Mr. Coates was shaking in his chair, but without a smile.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Coates, "you mean that you are taking care of yourself?"

"That's what I am trying to do, with very indifferent success," said Glezen.

"Well, that's what we all have to do before we get to be forehanded," said Mrs. Coates, in a benevolent effort to soften Glezen's sense of poverty.

"You are interested, of course, in the poor," she added suggestively.

"Very much so," Glezen responded, "especially in my own particular pauper."

"But you believe we owe duties to the paupers?" insisted Mrs. Coates.

"Yes," said Glezen; "duties which nobody performs. Half of them ought to be tied to a whipping-post and whipped. The rest of them ought to be in jail, with the exception of the children, who should be taken out of their hands and reared to something better."

Mrs. Coates's breath was nearly taken out of her by this most inhuman declaration.

"What can you mean?" she inquired.

"Well," said Glezen, looking smilingly around upon the group, and seeing Jenny's eyes fixed very earnestly upon him, "I mean exactly what I say. Half of them ought to be tied to a whipping-post and whipped. The city is full of dead-beats who would not work if they could. They are as utterly demoralized as if they were thieves. I never saw a willing beggar yet who wasn't a liar. I never saw even a child who had begged, and succeeded in his begging ten times, who would tell the truth, when the truth would serve his purpose just as well as a lie. There are poor and worthy people I do not doubt, God help them! but the moment they become paupers they become liars—I mean paupers who are not only willing to live on charity, but anxious to be fed without effort. I haven't a doubt that the city would be better off if there wasn't a cent given in charity. In our benevolence and pity, we are manufacturing paupers all the time, and doing the poor and ourselves, too, the cruelest wrong we can do."

"You are making out a very pleasant prospect for me," said Nicholas, laughing.

"I shouldn't have said a word," Glezen responded, "if I had supposed you would believe me. Every man has his opinions and his theory, and every benevolent man is bent on trying his experiment. I want to see you try yours."

"But," said Nicholas, growing earnest and excited, "there must be some cure for every evil under the sun. The good Lord hasn't left us face to face with the devil without a weapon in our hands. It cannot be so."

"I agree with you," said Glezen, "and I tell you the weapon is a horsewhip. There is nothing that moves a dead-beat but hunger and pain. He can always get cold victuals, so he is safe from starvation; but there is absolutely no argument that will induce him to work but pain. There is nothing but a whipping-post, established in every town, and faithfully used, that will set him at work, and keep him at it. You may preach to him until the day of doom; you may dress him, you may coddle him; you may appeal to what you are pleased to call his manhood, and he'll just let you bore him for what he can get out of you. There isn't so much manhood in one of them as there is in a horse."

"But even Mr. Coates believes in giving meat to the hungry" said Mrs. Coates, in a tone that indicated that up to the present moment, he was the most inhuman person she had met.

"Y–yes," Mr. Coates responded, "g–give 'em the h–hide of the animal, r–raw!"

Glezen saw that he had, somehow, horrified both the old woman and her pretty daughter, and so attempted to justify himself.

"When I came to the city," he said, "I was full of a sort of chicken-hearted benevolence. A woman or a child could not extend a hand to me on the street, without taking out of my pocket whatever I might happen to have there. I comforted myself over the loss of many a good cigar, with the thought that I had helped somebody to bread, when I only helped them to beer, and did my share toward making them worse and more incurable beggars than they were before.

They soon found me out in my office, where they managed, by the most ingenious lying, to cheat me out of my hard-earned dollars. I became at last sore with my sense of imposition, and sore with my sacrifices, and I've not recovered yet. I can look a beggar in the face now without winking, and when a dead-beat presents himself in my office, I have only to glance at my boot and point to the door, and he understands me, and retires without a word."

"But you can't afford to become distrustful and hard-hearted like that, you know," said Nicholas in a tone of expostulation. "A man can't afford to shut himself up like that, and look upon every needy fellow as a scamp."

"You can't afford it, perhaps; I can; and there, by the way, lies the trouble in the case. Rich people, surrounded with their comforts, try to make themselves more comfortable in their minds by sharing a portion of their wealth with the poor. Their dinners taste better after having fed a beggar. Their nice clothes feel better after they have given an old garment to a dead-beat, who straightway pawns it for rum. Society cannot afford to have the vice of pauperism nourished for the small compensation of gratifying the benevolent impulses of the rich. Does pauperism grow less with their giving? Is it not becoming, with every benevolent effort, a great, overshadowing curse? Pauperism grows by what it feeds on, and it feeds on the benevolence of the rich, and on benevolence which, like some of our Christianity, is fashionable."

An aggressive person like Glezen was the only power that could close the mouth of Mrs. Coates. She was so thrown out of her accustomed line of thought, which ran among commonplaces and conventionalities and popular currents of opinion that, to be met by a decided and persistent protest, from one who seemed, at least, to know what he was talking about, was equivalent to being cut off from her supplies and finding an abattis in her pathway. Like a good many "old women of both sexes," theological and otherwise, she could not quite comprehend how a man could oppose the orthodox opinion upon any subject, unless there was a screw loose in his moralities.

Mr. Coates was happy, too happy, even, to attempt to talk. The study of the faces before him—the horror of Mrs. Coates, the perplexity of Nicholas, and the half comical, half doubtful expression upon his daughter's features, afforded him a sort of grim entertainment, for he sympathized wholly in Glezen's opinions, and could have hugged him for saying so well what he had felt to be the truth for many years.

Miss Coates had a burden upon her heart, and it would have been most unlike her to conceal it. Her eyes were half filled with tears (for she had been a patient and enthusiastic worker among the poor) as she turned to Glezen and said:

"Notwithstanding all, Mr. Glezen, there are worthy and truthful poor people who need our help, and have a Christian claim upon our Christian benevolence. There are little children who cannot help themselves, even if they would, who are to be educated and clothed and fed. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Sometimes, when I have been discouraged with my work, I have thought of this; and I wonder now whether you and the Master would quite agree on this matter of charity. Almost every year I hear of some poor mother who, with her little ones, has starved to death for the lack of the bread which it would have been so easy for us to give, and it seems terrible."

Glezen was touched. "I don't think you and I disagree on this matter," he said. "God forbid that I should deny the bread that keeps body and soul together, to even an unworthy woman. I would give her work to do, however, and try to foster and not kill her sense of womanly independence. If she is sick, I would send her to a hospital. As for the children, I would educate them and put them to work. I never hear, however, of a woman who starves with her children, rather than to descend into pauperism, without feeling as if I would like to fall down and worship the poor emaciated body she leaves behind her. She has realized what pauperism is, and has preferred death for herself and her little ones. Such a woman is a true heroine, who deserves a monument. All that I insist on is this, that there is no cure for a genuine able-bodied pauper but pain. It is the only motive that will make him earn his living. Beyond that, there is no cure for pauperism but to stop raising and nursing paupers. The law ought to take every child of a pauper, and put him where he will be in no danger of becoming a pauper. It is a matter that ought not to be left to competing schemes of benevolence. I tell you the whole thing is rotten to the bottom."

"I shall have to take you around with me next winter, and convert you," said Miss Coates, with a smile.

"I'll go with you," said Glezen, extending his hand in token of his willingness to confirm the bargain; and the bargain was confirmed.

The dinner ended, all retired to the drawing-room. There stood the open piano, and the temptation presented to Glezen was irresistible. He sat down and played, in his magnificent way, whatever came into his mind. Miss Coates, who had studied him during his talk at the table, and been in no little perplexity about him, found in music a point of sympathy which, in a moment, made her wholly at home with him. She drew a chair to the piano, and they talked of music together, while his hands, as if they needed neither direction nor attention, swept the keys through changing themes of harmony. Both forgot at once that, besides themselves, there was another human being in the house. Glezen saw a piece of music behind the rack, and took it out. It was a song, and as he finished the introduction, Miss Coates rose to her feet, and sang. When the song was concluded, Glezen shouted "Bravo!" It was wonderful how quickly these two persons had become intimate friends. Music was a language which both understood, and about which they had no differences.

Mrs. Coates, meantime, had arrived at a new apprehension of Glezen's value. He could help to show off Jenny to Nicholas. For that all-important purpose, she could tolerate him; and as he and Jenny went on, from one triumph to another, she even thought that if he were not poor, and Nicholas were hopelessly tied to a victim of the numb palsy, she might consent to an arrangement which—but this was only a suggestion.

She drew her chair to the side of Nicholas, with the benevolent purpose of assisting him to a proper appreciation of her daughter's gifts and accomplishments. She did this in a low tone of voice, so as not to embarrass the performances, but she was not entirely beyond the hearing of her husband.

"Jenny has had the best advantages," said Mrs. Coates. "A hundred dollars a quarter—quarter after quarter—with the best of teachers, and such troubles as I've had with them fellows! They was always getting attached, and making fools of themselves over Jenny, and bothering her life out of her. I knew it was the loaves and fishes that they were after, but I give 'em to understand that there wasn't any loaves and fishes for 'em in these parts! What do you think I saw in this very room one morning, as plain as I see you now? I heard the piano stop, and so I just walked in,—for I was always on the lookout for dangers,—and found a man on his knees by Jenny's side, a pertending that he couldn't see the notes so high up. 'Get up,' says I to him. Says he, 'Mrs. Coates, I can't see the notes when I'm standing.' Says I to him, 'I understand the kind of notes you are trying to see. Get up,' says I, 'and resume the position which your Maker intended you to ockerpy.' Says I, 'You are paid by the quarter, and a hundred dollars a quarter is all you'll get in this house.' Oh, you never see a man so cut up as he was."

Mr. Coates had heard it all, and gave signs of a characteristic explosion.

"M–Mrs. C–Coates," said he, "b–buys everything by the q–quarter, and c–cuts it up to suit herself."

"Well, I cut him up to suit myself, anyway," said Mrs. Coates, with a decided and triumphant air.

"Y–yes," said Mr. Coates, "she was afraid he'd d–damage the sh–in bone."

Nicholas, who had kept himself under the severest restraint during the evening, was obliged to yield to this, and could not withhold his laughter; but he was compelled to sit for an hour and hear the easy-going tongue of his hostess ring the changes upon Jenny's perfections, and the costly sacrifices which had been made in the long process of their acquisition.

At last, he went to Glezen and tapped him on the shoulder, by way of hinting that it was time for them to make their adieus.

On the whole, they had had a pleasant evening, and matters had taken exactly the turn that Nicholas would have desired. His friend Glezen had been drawn into serious talk, and though the opinions he advanced were not in harmony with his own, he had impressed himself upon the family as one who not only had opinions, but possessed as well both the boldness and the ability to express them. Above all, he had seen a point of delightful sympathy established between him and Miss Coates, which could not fail to bring them together again.

Glezen was delighted—particularly so with the old man and his daughter. Scenes that to Nicholas were full of embarrassment were to Glezen as good as a play.

"Do you know," he said to Nicholas, "I wouldn't have one of those people changed by so much as the shading of a hair. The old man is a dry old wag that I should never tire of; the old woman is an inexhaustible mine of the most uncommon foolishness, and ——"

"And what of the daughter?"

"Well, I wont talk about her, I guess. But doesn't she sing well? And isn't the combination the most remarkable you ever dreamed of? I believe I should like to live in that family. Every meal would be a comedy."

"And to me," said Nicholas, "it would be a torture."

"Yes, there's the difference."

They were walking arm in arm, Glezen accompanying Nicholas to his hotel.

"Do you know you have given me a tremendous set-back to-night?" said Nicholas.

"I did not intend to do it. You know that if anybody in the world has reason to sympathize with the poor, it is I. But I have come to my own conclusions, and I hope you'll take nothing on trust, and come to yours. There's an admirable field for study here, and you have the means to indulge in it. Come and try it, and I'll help you all I can."

The next morning Nicholas devoted to business and to calls, the last of which was given to Miss Larkin, to whom he imparted his impressions of the dinner at the Coates's, with the hopes he had built upon the introduction of his friend Glezen to Miss Coates. They talked of this and of his plans for the autumn and winter, and then he went home to dream of a season of labors and companionships the most delightful that anticipation had ever presented to him.

"I must say that I can't make anything out of that Glezen," said Mrs. Coates, shaking her head after his departure. "A lawyer who can play the piano seems to me like a—like a—contradiction of terms. I don't believe he'll ever be worth a red cent. I should never feel as if I could consent——"

"Mother!" exclaimed Jenny, who had a presentiment of what was coming next.

Father and daughter exchanged pleasant and significant glances.

"Oh, you may look at each other, but that is the way I feel now," said Mrs. Coates; "and it's what mothers have to consider sooner or later"—as if she had considered anything else for the previous five years.

CHAPTER XII.

THE remainder of the summer passed swiftly away, and the autumn found Nicholas in the city, installed in apartments not far from the lodgings of his friend. The house at Ottercliff was closed, or only occupied for protection. Mrs. Fleming went to her friends for the season, and Pont was with his master. Among the young people with whom our story has made the reader acquainted, there were consultations at various times and places, about a winter campaign of benevolence, which was to be entered upon with the onset of cold weather. Nicholas came and went at liberty, in his calls upon Miss Larkin, and always found himself treated by the servants with almost an obsequious consideration. Glezen, for the first time, was full of business. He found a valuable friend in Mr. Coates, who, having taken a fancy to him, threw a large amount of professional work in his way—work which, unhappily for the country, grew more abundant with every passing month, for it had entered upon a period of financial depression which was destined to shake every man's foundation to the lowest stone, and to level vast multitudes and vast fortunes in a common ruin.

Mr. Benson had seen the cloud arise. At first it was no bigger than a man's hand, but it was large enough to attract his eye, and he comprehended the nature of the menace that it bore, as it rose higher and spread itself more broadly in the public view. It was time for him, and for all men, to trim their sails and prepare for the approaching storm; but the reluctance to make sacrifices acted upon him as it did upon others, and he resorted to temporizing expedients. He had invested the money that had been confided to his hands in real estate, held at inflated values, and in bonds whose soundness was undoubted when they were purchased, but which began to shake in the market. The poor who had confided to him their little all would not only need the prompt payment of their interest, but would, in many instances, demand for their necessities the return of their principal.

Mr. Benson was the president of the Poor Man's Savings Bank. He had been chosen to this responsible trust because the poor men of the city had unbounded faith in him; and he had been proud of his distinction. Some of his most self-complacent and satisfactory hours he had spent every day in this institution, watching the

working men and women as they came in to deposit their savings, smiling upon them benignantly, and offering them kind and encouraging words. To see Mr. Benson, and get a kind word from him, almost paid them for their labors and self-denials; and they took away a memory of his presence and recognition as a guaranty of security.

But the time came when the savings banks began to be suspected. Runs were made upon one after another, some of which exhausted resources and shut doors, and bore faithless conductors down to infamy. But the Poor Man's Bank stood stanch and firm, for Mr. Benson was there.

An unexpected result to Mr. Benson of the disasters that had attended the savings banks, was an entirely fresh installment of private deposits. He found that poor women would trust him, even more readily than they would trust the bank over which he presided. They had ceased to have faith in institutions, and they were obliged to fasten it upon a man. Many would walk by the Poor Man's Savings Bank, and go directly to Mr. Benson's office or his house, and place their little fortunes in his hands as confidingly as if he were, at once, the incarnation of all financial wisdom and power, and all the diviner virtues. He was independent—at least that was his attitude—in the presence of his depositors. He would give no security except his note. If they were not content with this, they could take their money away. He was not anxious to extend his responsibilities at such a time; but the money was always left, and, as he would not purchase securities on a falling market, he found himself furnished with a fund of ready cash.

In his apprehensions concerning the future, and in a somewhat debased moral tone, of which even he had become dimly conscious, it did not occur to Mr. Benson that he ought to invest this money so that he himself might become secure on behalf of his depositors. He had given his notes for the money. He accounted himself, if not a rich, still, a sufficiently responsible man. So the money went into the aggregate of his available funds, to be used for any purpose that his necessity or convenience might require.

As the weeks went on, and values shrank apace, until, in real estate, they invaded the margin of his mortgages, and interest on loans and bonds was defaulted on every hand, Mr. Benson saw, with keen distress, that the fabric he had reared was tumbling about his ears. Still he was expected to pay his interest. Not only this, but, as men ceased to earn money, they began to call for their little loans. He must either go to protest and confess himself beaten, or meet the demands as they came. He turned off some as he had already turned off Talking Tim, the pop-corn man, by telling them that their money was invested for a term of years; but many were needy and importunate, and were not to be denied. The money was in his hands. Indeed, it was accumulating day by day, and he was obliged to use it. Why should he not do so, as he was paying, or had agreed to pay, interest on it?

Of one thing he was certain; if there ever was a time when he should attend scrupulously to his duties, it was then. Perhaps he was conscious of the double motive that actuated him—perhaps not. He would do his duty by God and man, that God and man might make a fitting return. He would do his duty in the sight of men, that they might not suspect that Mr. Benson was in trouble; or, if he were, that he would employ any illegitimate or irregular means of getting out of it. He was invariably in his seat at church. His place in the weekly prayer-meeting was never vacant. He was active and influential in all the regular Christian charities. He doubled his benefactions. People spoke of him as very much "softened" by his experiences of danger and rescue, and looked upon him, howsoever "softened" he might be, as a sort of bulwark against the incoming tide of public adversity. His example was quoted as that of one who had neither lost his heart nor his head. One evening, when his affairs and prospects were looking the blackest, and he was morbidly contemplating them, and scheming for relief, his man-servant knocked at his door with the announcement that a gentleman had called, and wanted to see him.

"Do you say he is a gentleman?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"Not exactly," the servant replied with a puzzled smile. "He is a bad-looking sort of a man, but I shouldn't say he was downright poor. He has never been here before."

"You are sure of that?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I know I've never seen him before."

It was a time when Mr. Benson shrank from meeting either "gentlemen" or poor people whom he had seen before. Few of these had favors for him at this time. All

wanted something of him. This man, if a stranger, must be either a beggar or a depositor. If the former, he would make short work with him; if the latter, he had come opportunely.

"Show him up," said Mr. Benson.

He wheeled his chair around to meet the stranger, who soon appeared, hesitating to enter, and peering cautiously into the room, as if there might be others present whom he would not like to see.

"Come in, come in, sir!" said Mr. Benson in his quick, business tone.

The man entered and made a bow.

"Hope I see you well, sir," he said, and stood waiting for an invitation to sit down.

Mr. Benson looked him up and down and all over. A huge, hulking fellow he was, comfortably dressed enough, but carrying a pair of restless, suspicious eyes in a villainous, grizzly face. There was a hang-dog expression in his whole personality which no amount of the easy bravado that he endeavored to assume could dissemble. Mr. Benson, with his quick instinct and practiced eye, knew at once that the man was a dangerous and desperate rogue. He could not guess his business, but he was on his guard, and determined to let the fellow come to his errand at his leisure.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you? What brought you to me?"

"I'm a-comin' to it in my own way," replied the man, doggedly.

"Very well, I'll hear you."

"I'm a-comin' to it in my own way. 'He's a hard worker and a slow saver'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank, which it is the name they call me. 'He's a hard worker and a slow saver, but what he saves he lays up, an' he knows where it is, and he asks no questions of nobody, an' he takes what comes of it'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank."

"Well?"

"An' he asks no questions," said the man. "There's a rule for you. Eh? Pretty good rule, aint it? Eh?"

"That depends ——" said Mr. Benson.

"No, it don't depend," said the man huskily, bringing his fist down upon his knee. "You're all right; I'm all right. Eh? How's that? Ef a feller should come in here, as we're a-sittin' and attendin' to our business in a reg'lar way, and should say, 'Captain Hank, you aint all right, and the General aint all right,' I should tell 'im to git ready to swaller 'is teeth. Eh? I should tell 'im that I'm a hard-workin' an' a slow-savin' man, who don't take no odds of nobody. Eh?"

"Well, Captain Hank,—if that's your name,—this isn't business, you know," said Mr. Benson with a faint and deprecating smile.

"An' ef a feller should come in here where we're a-sittin' an' doin' our business in a reg'lar way an' tell me that my name wasn't Captain Hank, I should break 'is jaw for 'im. Eh?"

The harsh, brutal bully was a strange presence in Mr. Benson's library. Every word he uttered grated on the model man's sensibilities, but he preserved an appearance of good-nature, and determined to see the matter through, to whatever end it might lead.

"Captain Hank don't trust nobody," continued the man, "and when a feller mixes into his business, he jest follers 'im. Eh? That's right, aint it?"

"That depends ——" said Mr. Benson again.

"No, it don't depend. That's where you're wrong. It don't depend. Now, what do you s'pose a hard-workin' and a slow-savin' man like me would do with his money—a man as trusts nobody? What would he do with it, eh? What would he naturally do with it? There's a question, now—a man as works hard and saves slow, and trusts nobody. Eh?"

"I'm sure I don't know,—keep it in his pocket, perhaps," said Mr. Benson.

"There's where you're wrong. He wouldn't do it. You wouldn't do that yourself. You know you wouldn't. Eh?"

"Then perhaps you'll inform me," said Mr. Benson, beginning to fidget in his chair.

"A hard worker and a slow saver puts his money into a bond," said Captain Hank, in measured words—"into a bond as draws interest from cowpons. Then he knows where it is, and it's nobody's business and no questions asked."

"Well, you have a bond, I suppose," said Mr. Benson.

"Did I say I had a bond? Eh?" inquired Captain Hank.

"No, you didn't say so. I took it for granted."

"When I say I've got a bond, it will be time enough for you to say I've got a bond. If anybody should come to me, and say: 'Captain Hank, you've got a bond,' I should drop 'im, and tell 'im that I took no odds of nobody."

"Captain Hank," said Mr. Benson, with a measure of deference for the bully before him, "you must see, I'm sure, that you are wasting my time, and that I must insist on your making known your business, and leaving me to attend to my own."

Captain Hank distinctly saw this, and a little doubtful still whether he had sufficiently impressed his interlocutor with the danger of dealing doubtfully with a man who "took no odds of nobody," proceeded to say:

"General, I'm a man as asks no favors, but I'm hard up, an' I've got a bond. I don't want to part with it, but I want to raise the needful on it—jest enough to git me through the hard times, eh? It's a good bond, and its worth a thousand of 'em, in your money or any other feller's."

"I'm not buying bonds now," said Mr. Benson.

"And I'm not a-sellin' bonds," responded Captain Hank. "Ef any feller was to say to me, 'Captain Hank, you're a-sellin' bonds,' I'd maul 'im, eh? I'd stomp on 'im, eh?"

"I haven't said you were selling bonds. You've sold none to me; and you will sell none to me," said Mr. Benson.

"That's squar'," said Captain Hank, in a complimentary tone, and then he said: "What do you say to advancin' three hundred of 'em?"

"I haven't seen your bond yet."

"You can see it in my hands. I'm a hard-workin' and slow-savin' man, as trusts nobody. 'He slaves and he saves'—that's what the boys say about Captain Hank. Captain Hank is a man as asks no questions, and takes no odds, and slaves and saves'—that's what they say, and let 'em say it. I don't care who says it. Anybody can say it, eh? It aint a bad character to have, is it? Eh?"

"I shall see your bond on my table if I see it at all," said Mr. Benson, decidedly.

Captain Hank hesitated a moment, then took his hat from the floor, carefully turned the lining inside out, and discovered a long, greasy paper. This he carefully unfolded, until he reached a large clean envelope. Opening this, he held the precious bond in his hand.

"This is the dockyment," he said, "and I aint going to be hard on ye, General, but you'll parding me if I stand by you when you're a lookin' at it."

He advanced and placed it on the table before Mr. Benson, who took it in his hand, while the fellow stood closely beside him.

"It's a genuine bond," said Mr. Benson, "and a valuable one."

"In course it is," said Captain Hank. "No hard-workin' and slow-savin' man would take up with a bad bond. Would he? Eh?"

"You want three hundred dollars on it? I shall charge you extra interest. Money is at a premium now," said Mr. Benson.

"Extra and be ——," growled Captain Hank. "I don't stand on extras."

Then he took his bond, put it into its envelope, and resumed his seat.

"You shall have the money," said Mr. Benson. "Excuse me a moment."

Mr. Benson went out of the room and shut the door behind him. The rogue watched him closely, but he did not notice that Mr. Benson, on opening his door, pulled out the key and took it with him. He was absent perhaps two minutes, when he returned with a package of money in his hand, from which he quietly counted out the sum that Captain Hank wanted. Then he wrote a note for Captain Hank to sign, with a memorandum that the bond was taken as collateral security.

"It's all squar', General?" said the Captain.

"All square."

The note was clumsily signed, the bond was passed into Mr. Benson's hands, and the borrower received his money, which he stowed away carefully in the place from which he had taken the bond.

"Our business is not quite completed yet," said Mr. Benson. "Sit down a moment."

When the rogue had taken his seat, Mr. Benson moved a little box at his side, and disclosed a telegraphic instrument. The man began to look suspicious, and was about to rise to his feet, when Mr. Benson raised and cocked a pistol.

"Stir, sir, and you are a dead man! I have a few things to say to you, and I choose to say them with these precautions about me. This telegraph communicates with a police office not ten rods from here. The door behind you is locked from the outside, and there are two men there who wait my bidding. If you come nearer to me, I shall not only fire upon you, but I shall touch the telegraph at the same instant. You see my finger is on the knob. Your only chance of safety is in sitting perfectly still, answering my questions, and doing what I tell you to do."

The man glared upon him like a wild

beast, and tried to get his hand into his pocket.

"If you take a pistol from your pocket, you will be in the hands of the police in one minute, so take out your hand, and show me the inside of it."

The fellow slowly and reluctantly drew out and exposed his hand. He grew pale, and his whole frame trembled as if he were in a fit of the ague.

"What do you want of me?" he said, in a husky voice, as if the muscles of his throat had been snapped, and he were speaking through their loose ends.

"I have one of your bonds; now, I want the other twenty-four. I want them all. I want them before you leave the house."

"I haint got any twenty-four bonds. I'm a hard-workin' and slow-savin' man."

"I understand all that. I know just how you work, and how you save."

"I haint got them, 'pon honor."

"You know you lie, and now you may as well understand that I have you entirely in my power, and that I'm going to have the bonds. If you resist, or hesitate until I get tired, I'll touch this knob, and have you in the lock-up within five minutes."

"My God!" exclaimed the man, grinding his teeth together with such a noise as he might have made, had Mr. Benson's bones been between them.

"You're givin' me devilish hard papers, General," said he.

"Then give the hard papers to me," said Mr. Benson, with grim humor.

"What if I do?" inquired Captain Hank.

"I shall let you go," said Mr. Benson, "and if I ever want you, I shall find you. Such a man as you are cannot possibly be unknown to the police, and I can describe you to a hair. Your future will depend very much upon yourself."

"I reckon you might share 'em with me?" suggested Captain Hank, attempting an insinuating smile.

"Do I look and act like a man who shares plunder with thieves?"

"No!" said the rogue, with a bitter oath. "You take the whole of it."

"Very well! Out with the whole of it."

"Is this honor bright? Can I git out o' that door, and have a fair start?" inquired the man.

"Yes; toss the bundle here."

The man slowly drew from his coat pocket a large package. Mr. Benson dropped his pistol, but kept his finger on the telegraphic instrument. Captain Hank tossed him the package, which he caught, and tore open with his free hand. Then keeping his eye on his prisoner, he counted the bonds until they were all told.

"Open the door, there!" shouted Mr. Benson.

The door flew open.

"Show this man to the street," he said to the two servants, who waited upon the outside.

He still sat with one finger on the instrument, and with his pistol within instantaneous reach, and, thus sitting, saw his visitor disappear, and heard the street door close behind him. Then he rose, walked to the library door, withdrew the key from the outside, and locked himself in. He had been under an excitement that exhausted his nervous force. He felt as if his life had been drained out of him. He threw himself upon a lounge, where he rested for half an hour, thinking over the strange scene through which he had passed.

Then he rose, went to his table, and counted again the package of bonds which had so strangely come into his possession. Whose were they? Did he know?

No, he did not know. He was sure that they were stolen bonds, that they corresponded in amount with the package taken from Nicholas on the night of the Ottercliff robbery, that they were made by the same company, and were of the same denomination. Further than this he knew nothing. What should he do with them? What proof could Nicholas give that they were his? Would he be warranted in surrendering them to him without proof? Certainly he would not.

But why had he permitted the robber to escape? Why had he compromised with crime? He had been cognizant, all through the interview, of the feeble demands of conscience, but somehow he had heard its voice afar off—too far to take hold of his determination. He had been led, as by a blind, unreasoning impulse, to get the bonds into his hands; and now that he had them, and the robber was at large, and as much interested as himself in keeping the secret of their possession, he was surprised to learn that he could not give them up willingly.

Mr. Benson had been going through a process of demoralization for several weeks. The reception of money from widows and orphans at a time when he was threatened with bankruptcy, the taking of money from helpless and confiding people, and using it

for the maintenance of his position, and the payment of his rapidly accumulating liabilities, had deadened his moral sense. He intended to pay everything. He would have been in despair if he had not supposed that in some way everything would come out right; and this firm intention was one of the motives which actuated him in the use of desperate and immoral means. He had reconciled his conscience to this action, but the process had weakened his conscience.

He had the bonds; he had paid money for them. He therefore had a certain right to them—a certain amount of property in them, and he knew of no man in the world who had the proof in his hands that they were his. It would be his duty to hold them until that proof should be presented, or he should learn that it existed.

As he paced his library, or sat down, or dropped upon the lounge, for he was as uneasy in body as he was in mind, he went through all the possibilities of the case. What if the robber, or his companion, should in some way apprise Nicholas of the facts? They could do it by an anonymous letter. Then he could give up the package, and win credit from the operation. He could manage that. What if Nicholas should find the record of their numbers, and advertise it? He could manage that in the same way. What if he should use the bonds? But he would not sell them. That would be essential theft, and he was far from that, he thought, although he had been doing every day that which might turn out to be theft, and that which threatened to be theft. But he could use them in the right place, as collateral security for the money he should need. In that way, he could, at least, reimburse himself for the money he had expended, and still have the bonds where he could lay his hands on them at a moment's notice. On the whole, it seemed best to keep them in his hands for a while, and he felt justified in doing so.

So he carefully placed them in his safe. He had no thought of stealing them,—not he,—but they were his to hold for the present, and to use in any way which would not endanger their loss. Whenever the owner should come with his proofs of ownership, he should have them.

During all the evening—in its excitements as well as its silences—he had been conscious that there was company in Miss Larkin's parlor. The occurrence was not an unusual one, and he gave it little thought. She had many friends, and they came and went freely. They were young people mainly, in whom he had no interest; but on that evening he wondered who they were, suspecting, doubtless, that there might be one among them who unconsciously had acquired a new interest in him.

In the silence of the library, he heard voices in the hall, and knew that these visitors were taking their leave. He rose from his chair quietly, walked to his door, opened it, and listened. Then he walked out and looked down the stair-way. At the moment his head appeared, Nicholas looked up, and bade him good evening. Glezen and Miss Coates were just going out.

"By the way, Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, from the foot of the staircase, "have you a few minutes to spare to me?"

"Certainly," Mr. Benson replied. "Come up."

After Mr. Benson, quite in his accustomed way, had led Nicholas to his library, and given him a chair, uttering some commonplace about the weather, he took a distant seat.

"Are you quite well, Mr. Benson?" said his caller.

"Quite so, I thank you."

"You seem paler to me than usual."

"Very likely. One may say that the times are not tributary to the highest health. I have many responsibilities, and, of course, many anxieties."

"I am sorry for you," said Nicholas, sincerely.

Mr. Benson gave a deprecating smile as he responded:

"I can hardly regard myself as an object of pity, yet I may become so. Nobody knows nowadays to what twenty-four hours may bring him."

"I didn't intend any offense," said Nicholas.

"You have given none, sir. A business man takes what comes, and makes the best of it."

Mr. Benson could not guess what Nicholas wanted of him, but he had a very definite idea of what he wanted of Nicholas.

"I have been thinking a good deal about you lately," said Mr. Benson,—"about that robbery, you know. I hope the loss of your bonds does not embarrass you?"

"Not materially."

"No clew yet to the robbers, or the bonds, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest."

"Are you doing anything?"

"There's nothing to be done. The police have the matter in hand, but they'll do

nothing. They only make a great show of effort, for the sake of getting money out of me."

"You have found nothing of the record, I suppose?"

"No; it seems to be hopelessly lost."

"Pity!"

"Yes, but it can't be helped. I believe Mr. Gold feels worse about it than I do."

"I should think he would. Indeed, I should think he would," said Mr. Benson, with indignant and disgusted emphasis. "Now, it may seem strange to you, but I have a sort of presentiment that you are going to find those bonds. I've had a fellow in here to-night who is just as likely to have been the robber as anybody. A more villainous and truculent fellow I never met. But the trouble is, that you cannot swear to the bonds if you find them. There's your difficulty, and it seems insuperable."

What special pleasure Mr. Benson had in raising the hopes of the young man, and then dampening them; why he should hover around the edges of his guilty secret; why he should rejoice in knowledge which proved him to be a villain, it would be hard to tell; but he had the strongest temptation to tantalize his victim, to glory in his own possession, and to play upon the young man's ignorance. He could make it all right, if occasion should ever come, and refer to his pleasantry with a laugh. It would be such a nice thing to laugh over!

"You wish to see me on business?" he inquired.

"Yes," and Nicholas hesitated.

"You are not in trouble?"

"No; I have been trying to help a man out of trouble," said Nicholas. "You remember the man whom they call Talking Tim—the pop-corn man?"

"Yes, and a troublesome fellow he is."

"Well, he has been in cruel straits. His family have been ill, and have kept him at home, so that he could not earn money, and he and his have really wanted bread. He would die, I verily believe, rather than beg. I happened to know of his troubles, and—well—I bought a note which he holds against you. He needed the money, and said that you would not pay him, excusing yourself on the ground that his money was invested for a term of years."

Mr. Benson was angry; his face flushed, his lips trembled, and his voice was bitter, as he said:

"So you are buying up my notes in the street, are you?"

Both these men, having had time to cool after the altercation which engaged them at their last meeting, had determined that in case they should meet again, they would treat each other well. Mr. Benson saw that he could make nothing out of Nicholas by losing his temper, or endeavoring imperiously to assert his will, and intended to let him alone. Nicholas, too, had been so well received at the house, and had enjoyed himself so freely there, that he wished to show Mr. Benson that he was not angry, and that he could ignore any differences that might exist between them. His first available opportunity came when Mr. Benson presented himself at the top of the staircase that evening, and he had followed him to his library, bent upon a pleasant interview.

So when Mr. Benson put his question in tones of angry irritation, both men were surprised and sorry. Mr. Benson learned that he had lost his old self-control, and Nicholas found his spirit rising to meet the insult. Mr. Benson was sensitive to the fact that he had not done his duty toward Talking Tim, and was angered to think that the young man had done it for him. It was a rebuke, and the note in question was in hands that could enforce payment.

"So you are buying up my notes in the street, are you?"

The angry sneer that accompanied the question, more than the question itself, stirred the temper of the young man who responded with a flushing face:

"I am, sir. I have bought one of them, at least."

"Well sir, I take it as an insult."

"You are quite at liberty to take it for what you choose, and as you please. I don't propose to see a worthy man starve, because you refuse to do your duty."

"When do you expect to get your money on this note?"

"Well, sir, I expect to get it to-night. I did not come to your library to make any demand upon you, I only came to tell you that I hold the note. You receive the news angrily, and with such discourtesy that you compel me to demand the payment before I leave the room. I do not choose to take the risk of a second interview."

"Humph! Yes! I think I understand now what your business is in the city. You are beginning sharply. How heavy a shave did you charge our indigent friend, now? Perhaps you can teach me something."

"No, Mr. Benson," responded Nicholas,

"I can teach you nothing, except, perhaps, that unreasonable anger will be of no use to you in dealing with me. I have had none but good motives in this business toward the man I have tried to help, or toward you; and you have no right to take me up in this way."

Mr. Benson sat and thought. He knew that he was at fault, and that half of his irritability rose from that fact. But there was something else, and his tongue could not withhold it.

"And you didn't think," he said, "before you paid Talking Tim his money, that you had a certain power over Mr. Benson, and that you could get out of him what he could not? You didn't think of that, did you?"

Nicholas faltered, reddened, and then said, defiantly:

"Yes, I did!"

"I knew you did. I knew you did. And you talk to me about none but good motives! Faugh! Give me your note."

Nicholas handed it to him. He looked at its amount, then coolly tore it into pieces, which he tossed upon the floor.

"Now what will you do, sir?"

"I will prosecute you as a thief, and publish you as a rascal."

"You will have a pleasant time of it, Mr. Minturn. Prosecute if you wish to. You are without witnesses. Publish if you can. There is not a newspaper in New York that would risk the publication of your statement. Who are you?"

The instincts of Nicholas were keen enough to see that this was a bit of machinery for bringing him into subjection. He knew that Mr. Benson would not dare to do otherwise than pay the note, but he was not in the mood for being fooled with, or practiced upon. He left his chair quickly and advanced toward Mr. Benson, who rose as if to defend himself, but who let his hand fall, when he perceived that Nicholas had no intention to attack him.

Nicholas, as he neared the table, placed his feet upon the principal portions of the scattered note, then reached out quickly and touched the knob of the telegraphic instrument.

"My God! What have you done?" exclaimed Mr. Benson.

"You told me I had no witnesses. I thought I would summon one while the fragments of the note lie on the floor and my feet cover them."

"But I didn't intend ——"

"I know it. Now write the cheque. You know the sum—with interest from last July. I'll stop the policeman at the door. Take your time, and I'll protect you from all harm."

Mr. Benson did not delay. He took down his cheque-book, cast his interest almost instantaneously, and Nicholas had the paper in his hand before the policeman rang. Then he bade Mr. Benson good-night, met and dismissed the officer in the hall, and followed him into the street.

Mr. Benson had sacrificed his discretion and his dignity in a childish attempt to scare Nicholas and get him where he could handle him. The end of it all, as with deep humiliation and conscious loss of manhood and prestige, he comprehended it, was, that he was more hopelessly in the hands of Nicholas than he had been hitherto.

"My God! my God! what have I done?" he exclaimed, as the door closed which shut Nicholas out for the night. "Who am I? What am I becoming? Where is all this to end? Am I so weak, so base, that I can be handled and controlled and spit upon by a boy?"

He was conscious of the voice within him; he was conscious of the eye above him. The former had been raised to a fierce, spasmodic utterance; the latter looked upon him with calm and pitying reproval.

Then he sank to his knees, and buried his face in the pillows of his lounge.

"O God! spare me from becoming untrue to myself and thee! I have not intended to be untrue. I will restore the bonds in good time. He has no proof that they are his. I cannot give them to him now, but if they are his, he shall have them. I have been tempted. I have been tried. Remember that I am dust!"

He talked to God and to his conscience alternately. He made his promises to one and then to the other. He struggled with his remorse. He fought impotently with what seemed to be a necessity. He could not even wish that the fatal package had not come into his hands. He could not wish to surrender it, although he believed himself firm in the intent to do so. In this intent he took his refuge. It was the only one that he found open to him. It was the only one in which his conscience could find peace, or his self-respect an asylum of safety.

The fatigues and excitements of the day assured him profound sleep, and on the following morning he awoke refreshed and self-possessed, but he found that his heart

was bitter toward Nicholas, who had handled him in his own house just as he had handled the thief. He found that he was pitying himself, and was cherishing a feeling of resentment against the young man. The bonds could lie where they were for the present, at least. He could not afford to give their owner the joy of their restoration. Nicholas deserved punishment, and he should have it in some way that did not involve the guilt of Benjamin Benson.

(To be continued.)

APRIL.

APRIL, at its best, is the tenderest of tender salads. Its type is the first spear of grass. The senses—sight, hearing, smell—are as hungry for its delicate and almost spiritual tokens, as the cattle are for the first bite of its fields. How it touches one and makes him both glad and sad! The voices of the arriving birds, the migrating fowls, the clouds of pigeons sweeping across the sky or filling the woods, the elfin horn of the first honey-bee venturing abroad in the middle of the day, the clear piping of the little frogs in the marshes at sundown, the camp-fire in the sugar-bush, the smoke seen afar rising over the trees, the tinge of green that comes so suddenly on the sunny knolls and slopes, the full translucent streams, the waxing and warming sun,—how these things and others like them are noted by the eager eye and ear! April is my natal month, and I am born again into new delights and new surprises at each return of it. Its name has an indescribable charm to me. Its two syllables are like the calls of the first birds—like that of the Phœbe-bird, or of the meadow-lark. Its very snows are fertilizing, and are called the poor man's manure.

Then its odors! I am thrilled by its fresh and indescribable odors—the perfume of the bursting sod, of the quickened roots and rootlets, of the mold under the leaves, of the fresh furrows. No other month has odors like it. The west wind the other day came fraught with a perfume that was to the sense of smell what a wild and delicate strain of music is to the ear. It was almost transcendental. I walked across the hill with my nose in the air taking it in. It lasted for two days. I imagined it came from the willows of a distant swamp, whose catkins were affording the bees their first pollen,—or did it come from much farther—from beyond the horizon, the accumulated breath of innumerable farms and budding forests? The main characteristic of these April odors is their uncloying freshness. They are not sweet, they are oftener bitter, they are penetrating and lyrical. I know well the odors of May and June, of the world of meadows and orchards bursting into bloom, but they are not so ineffable and immaterial and so stimulating to the sense as the incense of April.

The season of which I speak does not correspond with the April of the almanac in all sections of our vast geography. It answers to March in Virginia and Maryland, while in parts of New York and New England it laps well over into May. It begins when the partridge drums, when the hylas pipes, when the shad start up the rivers, when the grass greens in the spring runs, and it ends when the leaves are unfolding and the last snowflake dissolves in mid-air. It is the first of May when the first swallow appears, when the whip-poor-will is heard, when the wood-thrush sings, but it is April as long as there is snow upon the mountains, no matter what the almanac may say. Our April is, in fact, a kind of Alpine summer, full of such contrasts and touches of wild, delicate beauty as no other season affords. The deluded citizen fancies there is nothing enjoyable in the country till June, and so misses the freshest, tenderest part. It is as if one should miss strawberries and begin his fruit eating with melons and peaches. These last are good—supremely so, they are melting and luscious, but nothing so thrills and penetrates the taste and wakes up and teases the papillæ of the tongue as the uncloying strawberry. What midsummer sweetness half so distracting as its brisk sub-acid flavor, and what splendor of full-leaved June can stir the blood like the best of leafless April?

One characteristic April feature, and one that delights me very much, is the perfect emerald of the spring runs while the fields are yet brown and sere,—strips and patches of the most vivid velvet green on the slopes and in the valleys. How the eye grazes there

and is filled and refreshed! I had forgotten what a marked feature this was until I recently rode in an open wagon for three days through a mountainous, pastoral country, remarkable for its fine springs. Those delicious green patches are yet in my eye. The fountains flowed with May. Where no springs occurred, there were hints and suggestions of springs about the fields and by the road-side in the freshened grass—sometimes overflowing a space in the form of an actual fountain. The water did not quite get to the surface in such places, but sent its influence.

The fields of wheat and rye, too, how they stand out of the April landscape—great green squares on a field of brown or gray!

Then is there anything like a perfect April morning? One hardly knows what the sentiment of it is, but it is something very delicious. It is youth and hope. It is a new earth and a new sky. How the air transmits sounds, and what an awakening, prophetic character all sounds have! The distant barking of a dog, or the lowing of a cow, or the crowing of a cock, seems from out the heart of nature and to be a call to come forth. The great sun appears to have been reburnished, and there is something in his first glance above the eastern hills and the way his eye-beams dart right and left and smite the rugged mountains into gold, that quickens the pulse and inspires the heart.

Across the fields in the early morning, I hear some of the rarer April birds—the cheewink and the brown thrasher. The robin, bluebird, song-sparrow, Phœbe-bird, etc., come in March; but these two ground birds are seldom heard till toward the last of April. The ground birds are all tree-singers, or air-singers; they must have an elevated stage to speak from. Our long-tailed thrush, or thrasher, like its congeners, the cat-bird and mocking-bird, delights in a high branch of some solitary tree whence it will pour out its rich and intricate warble for an hour together. This bird is the great American chipper. There is no other bird that I know of that can chip with such emphasis and military decision as this yellow-eyed songster. It is like the click of a giant gun-lock. Why is the thrasher so stealthy? It always seems to be going about on tiptoe. I never knew it to steal anything, and yet it skulks and hides like a fugitive from justice. One never sees it flying aloft in the air and traversing the world openly, like most birds, but it darts along fences and through bushes as if pursued by a guilty conscience. Only when the musical fit is upon it does it come up into full view, and invite the world to hear and behold.

The cheewink is a shy bird also, but not stealthy. It is very inquisitive, and sets up a great scratching among the leaves, apparently to attract your attention. The male is perhaps the most conspicuously marked of all the ground birds except the bobolink, being black above, bay on the sides, and white beneath. The bay is in complement to the leaves he is forever scratching among,—they have rustled against his breast and sides so long that these parts have taken their color; but whence come the white and black? The bird seems to be aware that his color betrays him, for there are few birds in the woods so careful about keeping themselves screened from view. When in song, its favorite perch is the top of some high bush near to cover. On being disturbed at such times it pitches down into the brush and is instantly lost to view.

This is the bird that Thomas Jefferson wrote to Wilson about, greatly exciting the latter's curiosity. Wilson was just then upon the threshold of his career as an ornithologist, and had made a drawing of the Canada jay which he sent to the President. It was a new bird, and, in reply, Jefferson called his attention to a "curious bird" which was everywhere to be heard, but scarcely ever to be seen. He had for twenty years interested the young sportsmen of his neighborhood to shoot one for him, but without success. "It is in all the forests, from spring to fall;" he says, in his letter, "and never but on the tops of the tallest trees, from which it perpetually serenades us with some of the sweetest notes, and as clear as those of the nightingale. I have followed it for miles, without ever but once getting a good view of it. It is of the size and make of the mocking-bird, lightly thrush-colored on the back, and a grayish white on the breast and belly. Mr. Randolph, my son-in-law, was in possession of one which had been shot by a neighbor," etc. Randolph pronounced it a fly-catcher, which was a good way wide of the mark. Jefferson must have seen only the female, after all his tramp, from his description of the color, but he was doubtless following his own great thoughts more than the bird, else he would have had an earlier view. The bird was not a new one, but was well-known then as the ground-robin. The President put Wilson on the wrong scent by his erroneous descrip-

tion, and it was a long time before the latter got at the truth of the case. But Jefferson's letter is a good sample of those which specialists often receive from intelligent persons who have seen or heard something in their line, very curious, or entirely new, and who set the man of science agog by a description of the supposed novelty,—a description that generally fits the facts of the case about as well as your coat fits the chair-back. Strange and curious things in the air, and in the water, and in the earth beneath, are seen every day except by those who are looking for them, namely, the naturalists. When Wilson or Audubon gets his eye on the unknown bird, the illusion vanishes, and your phenomenon turns out to be one of the commonplaces of the fields or woods.

A prominent April bird that one does not have to go to the woods or away from his own door to see and hear, is the hardy and ever-welcome meadow-lark. What a twang there is about this bird, and what vigor! It smacks of the soil. It is the winged embodiment of the spirit of our spring meadows. What emphasis in its "z-d-t, z-d-t," and what character in its long, piercing note. Its straight, tapering, sharp beak is typical of its voice. Its note goes like a shaft from a cross-bow; it is a little too sharp and piercing when near at hand, but heard in the proper perspective, it is eminently melodious and pleasing. It is one of the major notes of the fields at this season. In fact, it easily dominates all others. "Spring o' the year! spring o' the year!" it says, with a long-drawn breath, a little plaintive, but not complaining, or melancholy. At times it indulges in something much more intricate and lark-like while hovering on the wing in mid-air, but a song is beyond the compass of its instrument, and the attempt usually ends in a break-down. A clear, sweet, strong, high-keyed note uttered from some knoll, or rock, or stake in the fence, is its proper vocal performance. It has the build, and walk, and flight of the quail and the grouse. It gets up before you in much the same manner, and falls an easy prey to the crack shot. Its yellow breast, surmounted by a black crescent, it need not be ashamed to turn to the morning sun, while its mottled gray back blends it perfectly with the stubble.

The two lateral white quills in its tail seem strictly in character. These quills spring from a dash of scorn and defiance in the bird's make-up. By the aid of these, it can almost emit a flash as it struts about the fields and jerks out its sharp notes. They give a rayed, a definite and piquant expression to its movements. This bird is not properly a lark, but a starling, say the ornithologists, though it is lark-like in its habits, being a walker and entirely a ground-bird. Its color also allies it to the true lark. I believe there is no bird in the English or European fields that answers to this hardy pedestrian of our meadows. He is a true American, and his note one of our characteristic April sounds.

Another marked April note, proceeding sometimes from the meadows, but more frequently from the rough pastures and borders of the woods, is the call of the high-hole, or golden-shafted wood-pecker. It is quite as strong as that of the meadow-lark, but not so long-drawn and piercing. It is a succession of short notes rapidly uttered, as if the bird said, "if-if-if-if-if-if-if." The note of the ordinary downy, or hairy wood-pecker, suggests, in some way, the sound of a steel punch; but that of the high-hole is much softer, and strikes on the ear with real spring-time melody. The high-hole is not so much a wood-pecker as he is a ground-pecker. He subsists largely on ants and crickets, and does not appear till they are to be found.

In Solomon's description of spring, the voice of the turtle is prominent, but our turtle, or mourning dove, though it arrives in April, can hardly be said to contribute noticeably to the open-air sounds. Its call is so vague, and soft, and mournful,—in fact, so remote and diffused, that few persons ever hear it at all.

Such songsters as the cow blackbird are noticeable at this season, though they take a back seat a little later. It utters a peculiarly liquid April sound. Indeed, one would think its crop was full of water, its notes so bubble up and regurgitate, and are delivered with such an apparent stomachic contraction. This bird is the only feathered polygamist we have. The females are greatly in excess of the males, and the latter are usually attended by three or four of the former. As soon as the other birds begin to build, they are on the *qui vive*, prowling about like gypsies, not to steal the young of others, but to steal their eggs into other birds' nests, and so shirk the labor and responsibility of hatching and rearing their own young. As these birds do not mate, and as therefore there can be little or no rivalry or competition between the males, one wonders—in view of Darwin's sexual selection principle—why one sex should have brighter and

richer plumage than the other, which is the fact. The males are easily distinguished from dull and faded females by their deep, glossy, black coats.

The April of English literature corresponds nearly to our May. In Great Britain, the swallow and the cuckoo arrive in April; with us, their appearance is several weeks later. Our April, at its best, is a bright, laughing face under a hood of snow like the English March, but presenting sharper contrasts, a greater mixture of smiles and tears and icy looks than are known to our ancestral climate. Indeed, winter sometimes retraces his steps in this month, and unburdens himself of the snows that the previous cold has kept back; but we are always sure of a number of radiant, equable days—days that go before the bud, when the sun embraces the earth with fervor and determination. How his beams pour into the woods till the mold under the leaves is warm and emits an odor! The waters glint and sparkle, the birds gather in groups, and even those unwont to sing find a voice. On the streets of the cities, what a flutter, what bright looks and gay colors! I recall one pre-eminent day of this kind last April. I made a note of it in my note-book. The earth seemed suddenly to emerge from a wilderness of clouds and chilliness into one of these blue sunlit spaces. How the voyagers rejoiced! Invalids came forth, old men sauntered down the street, stocks went up, and the political outlook brightened.

Such days bring out the last of the hibernating animals. The woodchuck unrolls and creeps out of his den to see if his clover has started yet. The torpidity leaves the snakes and the turtles, and they come forth and bask in the sun. Nothing so small, nothing so great, that it does not respond to these celestial spring days, and give the pendulum of life a fresh start.

April is also the month of the new furrow. As soon as the frost is gone and the ground settled, the plow is started upon the hill, and at each bout I see its brightened mold-board flash in the sun. Where the last remnants of the snow-drift lingered yesterday the plow breaks the sod to-day. Where the drift was deepest the grass is pressed flat, and there is a deposit of sand and earth blown from the fields to windward. Line upon line the turf is reversed, until there stands out of the neutral landscape a ruddy square visible for miles, or until the breasts of the broad hills glow like the robins.

There is no month oftener on the tongues of the poets than April. It is the initiative month; it opens the door of the seasons; the interest and expectations of the untried, the untasted lurk in it.

"From you have I been absent in the Spring,"

says Shakspere in one of his sonnets:

"When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him."

The following poem from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," might be headed "April," and serve as descriptive of parts of our season:

"Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

"Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

"Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

"Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

"From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest."

In the same poem the poet asks:

"Can trouble live with April days?"

yet they are not all jubilant chords that this season awakens. Occasionally there is an undertone of vague longing and sadness, akin to that which one experiences in the fall. Hope for a moment assumes the attitude of memory and stands with reverted look. The haze that in spring as well as in fall sometimes descends and envelops all things, has in it in some way the sentiment of music, of melody, and awakens pensive thoughts. Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, in her "April," has recognized and fully expressed this feeling:

"The strange, sweet days are here again
The happy-mournful days;
The songs which trembled on our lips
Are half complaint, half praise.

"Swing, robin, on the budded sprays,
And sing your blithest tune;—
Help us across these homesick days
Into the joy of June!"

This poet has also given a touch of spring in her "March," which, however, should be written "May" in the New England climate.

"The brown buds thicken on the trees,
Unbound, the free streams sing,
As March leads forth across the leas
The wild and windy spring.

"Where in the fields the melted snow
Leaves hollows warm and wet,
Ere many days will sweetly blow
The first blue violet."

Then who would not have a garden in April?—to rake together the rubbish and burn it up, to turn over the renewed soil, to scatter the rich compost, to plant the first seed, or bury the first tuber! It is not the seed that is planted, any more than it is I that is planted; it is not the dry stalks and weeds that are burned up, any more than it is my gloom and regrets that are consumed. An April smoke makes a clean harvest.

I think April is the best month to be born in. One is just in time, so to speak, to catch the first train which is made up in this month. My April chickens always turn out best. They get an early start; they have rugged constitutions. Late chickens cannot stand the heavy dews, or withstand the predaceous hawks. In April all nature starts with you. You have not come out your hibernaculum too early or too late; the time is ripe, and if you do not keep pace with the rest, why, the fault is not in the season.

WEBSTER.

Fixed, like the pole,
He stood, whatever moved,
As if, though sole,
The shock to take and break, it him behooved.

The shock he broke;
The multitudinous main
Its waves awoke,—
Woke all its waves, and stormed the rock in vain.

To join the waves,
The mustering winds went forth,
From all their caves,
Against him, west, and east, and south, and north.

The spinning void
Of whirlwind, humming by
In its cycloid,
Paused, on that seated strength its strength to try.

And the floods came,—
Deep called to deep aloud,
Through the great frame
Of nature, 'twixt the billow and the cloud.

And deluge rolled,
From pole to pole one tide,
Waste, as of old,
And, weltering, shouldered huge against his side.

The thunderbolt,
As when that Titan world
Rose in revolt,
Hot through the kindling air amain was hurled;

And, whence it slept,
Like a swift-sword unsheathed,
The lightning leapt,
And round him its fierce arms of flame enwreathed.

The rending throes
Of earthquake, to and fro,
From their repose,
Rocked the perpetual hills, or laid them low.

And still he stood,—
For the vexed planet still,
Created good,
Was whole, and held her course, and had her will.

Around him cloud,
Pale specter of spent storm,
Clung, like a shroud,
And veiled awhile the inviolable form.

But umpire Time,
Serenely wise and just,
With slow, sublime,
Unalterable decision, and august,

Cleansed this away,
And, lo! the glorious front,
In candid day,
Resumed, with solemn joy, its ancient wont.

INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS.

THE strong interest felt by the popular mind in scientific research is becoming every day more and more manifest. Since the publication of Darwin's last book on "Insectivorous Plants," one man, if no more (so the London newspapers tell us), has driven a thriving trade by selling on London Bridge the *Drosera rotundifolia*. So long as the sundew was a common sundew and nothing more, it had to submit to be treated as an insignificant weed; but when its merits as a carnivorous plant were made known, it acquired new dignity and interest.

When the millennium comes, perhaps we shall find that the powerful instinct which prompts us in these evil days to pry into our neighbors' affairs and so do incalculable mischief, has its legitimate satisfaction in exploring the wonders and mysteries of that humble life about us, which has no hidden anguish to cover with smiles,—no closeted skeleton to conceal.

The distinguishing feature which characterizes modern science is not so much that she reaches out toward the new, the wonderful, the beautiful, and brings it within the ken of her few chosen votaries, as that she is penetrating downward into the popular heart and mind, unraveling the golden mysteries of truth for us who are not her high priests, but are only of those who stand humbly afar off and desire to know. There is a wonderful leveling power in the forces at work in modern society. The truth given to the world nearly twenty centuries ago has a secular as well as a religious side to it. Not only have the poor the gospel preached to them, but this same gospel has opened a way through the otherwise impenetrable darkness of human sin and degradation for other light to shine. The dawn of modern civilization which broke upon the Judean hills eighteen hundred years ago is "shining more and more unto the perfect day." Then the great wall of partition set up by man's pride and dogmatism received the

blow which shook it to its foundation, and it has ever since been crumbling quietly away.

Now that scientific truth is working its way downward and permeating all classes of society, some slight disturbance is naturally created;—a little knowledge is truly a dangerous thing, not because it is knowledge, but because it is so little. And yet even this little has its use,—it is essential as an entering wedge for more. Darwin, whose name is the battle-cry of one of the opposing forces, is a man possessing such qualities of mind as might well be imitated by those who denounce him as the prince of atheists. He is an observer of facts, who is able to brush away from before his eyes the mists of traditional belief, who looks right into the heart of physical truth, and sees things as they are. There is frequently a judicial fairness about his statement of such facts as strongly militate against his own theory, which is beyond all praise. Where the issue should be made with him is in the magnitude of his inferences. However strongly we may and do dissent from his conclusions,—taken as a whole,—we cannot do less than make grateful acknowledgment of the treasures of fact which he has given to the world. The invectives hurled at his head by the "Christian world" are not arguments, and they have lost their power as mere anathemas. They look far more like the passionate protests of a subtle unbelief, trying to prop up its wavering faith by the violence of its expression, than the calm utterances of a truly Christian faith.

To Darwin, certainly, we owe much of our knowledge of those plants which may be called with perfect accuracy, insectivorous, and to him, therefore, we make acknowledgment.

The pitcher plants and the Utricularias, as we have seen, derive their nutriment from organized matter, by absorbing the results of its decomposition. The plants now to be considered are higher in the scale of being, they possess organs for a true digestion and assimilation, and exhibit, in addition to these peculiarities, other phenomena which have been supposed to be confined to the animal world.

The first of these plants which may be called truly insectivorous is a tiny aquatic plant found in Europe, Asia, and Australia; no mention is made in Darwin's book of any American variety. A search of many days through a number of botanical periodicals has brought to light no single fact in addition to what Darwin has recorded. The botanists all seem to be on excellent terms with the Aldrovanda; they allude to it in their classifications, and use it as illustration with an

FIG. 1. DROSERA ROTUNDIFOLIA. [AFTER LINDLEY.]

easy and off-hand familiarity which is very tantalizing to one who is seeking information; but, with the exception of Cohn and Darwin, they tell us absolutely nothing about its life-history.

According to Darwin, then, and to Cohn, the Aldrovanda is a water-plant, destitute of roots and floating freely in its native element; the petioles, or leaf-stalks, grow out radially from the stem; these are broad, and terminate in from four to six slightly divergent spines, each tipped with a stiff bristle. The leaf grows in the midst of these projections; it is bilobed, and the two lobes stand apart about as far as the two valves of a living mussel-shell. The hinge of the two valves is the midrib, and this projects somewhat beyond the leaf itself, and is also armed with a bristle. When the two valves are opened and pressed flat, the impression to the eye is of two circles so

cutting each other that the circumference of each passes through the center of the other. The midrib forms the common chord which subtends the four arcs. The overlapping portion of the circles is seen to be darker than the other, and between these two parts of each lobe there is a wide difference of structure and function. The darker segment of each lobe possesses the digestive and muscular apparatus of the higher species of insectivorous plants, while the lighter crescent-shaped portion is covered with absorbent quadrifid processes with which we have already become familiar in the Utricularias.

FIG. 2. LEAF OF DROSERA ROTUNDIFOLIA (EIGHT DIAMS.) [FROM NATURE.]

It is certainly very wonderful that we should find in an obscure and insignificant plant like the Aldrovanda, on one tiny leaf, a perfect representative of each of the two kinds of carnivorous plants, with the peculiar and delicate apparatus of each for the appropriation of organic matter. The Aldrovanda supplies the link between the two distinct modes of nutrition in this class of plants, as the class supplies the link between the two great kingdoms of organic nature. The absorption of decomposed matter, performed by the quadrifid processes on the outer portion of the leaf, has already been described in the case of the Utricularia. The digestive process of the glands upon the inner portion will appear as we study the Drosera and Dionæa, to which it bears a close resemblance, especially to the latter. Indeed, Darwin speaks of the Aldrovanda as a miniature aquatic Dionæa.

The Drosera rotundifolia [Fig. 1], or sundew, is a common weed, found in poor and peaty soil which can sustain only the sphagnum mosses, and such vegetation as derives little nutriment from the soil. It bears from two to six leaves, which generally spread out radially and horizontally from the base of the flower-bearing stem. The leaves, which are rounded and slightly concave, are covered on the whole upper surface with what appears to be glandular hairs, each of which bears upon its tip a drop of dew. The leaf itself and its pedicel are green; these hairs, or tentacles [*t*], as Darwin calls them, from their resemblance in function to the tentacles of polyps, are of a purple color. On the central portion of the leaf, or disk, the tentacles are short, and stand upright, and their pedicels are green; toward the edges they become longer, and they are more inclined outward, and their pedicels are purple. On the extreme margin they are still longer and bend backward. [See Fig. 2.] *

The tentacles are not like ordinary trichomes or hairs, which, as we have seen, belong to the epidermal system, but they seem to be prolongations of the leaf itself. Bundles of fibro-vascular tissue extend from the leaf up into the tentacles, and in the glandular swellings at the end a bundle of spiral vessels may be very easily seen under moderate powers. The glands, except those borne by the marginal tentacles, are oval [see Fig. 3], about $\frac{4}{100}$ of an inch in length, and of about equal size. They are composed, as the drawing shows, of a bundle of spiral tissue surrounded by several layers of cells, the inner ones decidedly elongated. These spirals are not air-conducting passages, as is usual, but secretory vessels, it would seem, though not essential to the performance of this office, as they are wanting in the glands of some other genera of the Droseraceæ. The marginal tentacles differ somewhat from the others in having elongated glands and in being less irritable, though they do not show any essential variation. The whole leaf, above and below, is covered with small trichomes having a cone-shaped pedicel surmounted by two, three, or four

* Figs. 2, 3, 5 and 6 were drawn from preparations supplied to me by Dr. G. D. Beatty, and Figs. 7–10, by Mr. L. R. Peet, of Baltimore.—S. B. H.

rounded cells, containing much protoplasm. These papillæ [Fig. 2, *p*] do not secrete, but they absorb readily, and aid in the assimilative process of the plant.

If a small object be placed upon the center of a leaf, an impulse is transmitted radially to all the tentacles; the nearer ones are first reached, and begin slowly to bend toward the center, afterward those farther away are similarly affected, until, finally, every one of the hundred or more tentacles of the leaf closely clasps the object. This inflection takes from one to five hours or more for its completion; the difference in time depending upon many circumstances,—on the vigor and age of the leaf, on the size and nature of the object, on the temperature of the air, and upon the present condition of the leaf in consequence of a recent inflection.

If the glands be repeatedly touched, if drops of certain fluids are placed upon the disk, or if it be immersed in certain solutions, inflection is induced. In bending over to clasp an object, the marginal tentacles—which normally bend backward—sometimes sweep through an arc of 180°. The whole tentacle does not bend, but only a portion of the pedicel just above the base. When an object, which excites the leaf to become inflected is placed in the center of the disk, the short middle tentacles do not move; if, however, it be placed to either side of the medial line, they bend over toward it and clasp it. If a nutritious object be placed upon one of the marginal glands, or an insect alight there, that tentacle alone bends, till the captive is deposited in the center of the disk, and then a radial impulse is sent out which causes all the tentacles of the leaf to bend over and clasp it. The object, it will be understood, is held fast by the viscid secretion of the glands.

Not only do these tentacles themselves bend over, but when any strongly exciting liquid like milk is placed upon the middle of the disk the whole blade becomes incurved and forms a tiny cup. At times the edges curve inward and upward equally all around, but usually the apex and two sides turn upward forming a triangular vessel. The time during which a leaf remains incurved, or the tentacles remain inflected over an object, depends somewhat upon the vigor of the leaf, and the temperature of the weather. But by far the most influential force in determining this time, is the nature of the object causing inflection. If the captured prey is capable of yielding nutriment to the plant, the leaf remains much longer inflected than when the object is innutritious. After an interval of from one to seven days the tentacles re-expand and the leaf is again ready for action.

The natural prey of these leaves are, of course, insects, though they may be fed with meat, albumen, drops of various liquids, such as strong infusions of raw meat, cabbage, peas, etc., and they have been known to die of something akin to dyspepsia, from partaking of too much cheese. Every gland is surrounded by a drop of a viscous pellucid substance which it secretes; the heat of the sun, which dries the drops of genuine dew, has no effect upon this secretion unless it be to induce a freer flow. To this fact the plant owes its popular and poetic name of sundew. Any insect which chances to alight upon the gland-bearing leaf is caught and held fast by the viscid secretion, and its fate is sealed; as soon as it is fairly clasped by the incurved tentacles, the glands pour forth a new secretion, which closes the spiracles and the victim dies. This second secretion, as we shall see, differs very much from that which secured its prey, for it is a true digestive fluid.

Any minute particle of matter, which penetrates the viscid secretion, and comes into actual contact with the gland produces inflection, but unless it touches the gland itself, no effect is produced. If a gland be touched once or twice with considerable force, the pedicel does not bend; repeated touches, however, even when lightly made, produce inflection. Though the feet of the most delicate insect, after resting for a few moments on the gland, cause the tentacle to bend over, repeated drops of rain, it is found, induce no movement.

FIG. 3. TENTACLE OF D. ROTUNDIFOLIA. (100 diams.) [From nature.]

A very curious interior molecular movement so generally accompanies inflection that it will not be out of place to mention it here. When the motor impulse is communicated to the bending portion of the pedicel of a tentacle, and inflection begins to manifest itself, a change takes place in the cells—a change which is clearly manifest under a low power, and may even be detected by the naked eye. Previous to the excitement of the tentacle its cells seem filled with a homogeneous purple fluid; sometimes

not more than ten seconds after excitation, the cells of the gland become cloudy. Under a very high power, this change is seen to be due to the fact that small purple granules appear within each cell which aggregate into minute spheres, and these, in their turn, coalesce into larger masses of purple protoplasm, suspended in a colorless fluid. These protoplasmic masses are continually changing shape, dividing and coalescing, and spontaneously moving. If the excitation of the gland has been very great, the aggregation extends down through every cell of the tentacle; during this process the steady flow of a protoplasmic current, before described as cyclosis, goes on around the inner surface of every cell wall. The stimulants which produce inflection also induce aggregation; $\frac{1}{134,400}$ of a grain of the carbonate of ammonia administered to a gland has been known to produce distinct movement and aggregation.

The effect is the same whether the gland be excited directly by repeated touches, or by the presence of an exciting body, or, indirectly, by the transmitted impulse from other and distant glands. The exciting influence which produces inflection can not be identical with the direct cause of aggregation; because, even when the impulse comes from another part of the leaf, and the motor power must run up the tentacles to which it is transmitted, the aggregation invariably begins at the cells of the glands and runs down. As long as the tentacles remain closed aggregation is present; when they reexpand, the little masses of protoplasm dissolve, and the cells seem again filled with a homogeneous purple fluid. As this curious effect may be induced by the presence of bits of glass, etc., it is, of course, entirely independent of absorption. "Physiologists," says Darwin, "believe that when a nerve is touched, and it transmits an influence to other parts of the nervous system, a molecular change is induced in it, though not visible to us. Therefore it is a very interesting spectacle to watch the effects on the cells of a gland, of the pressure of a bit of hair, weighing only $\frac{1}{78,700}$ of a grain, and largely supported by the dense secretions; for this excessively slight pressure soon causes a visible change in the protoplasm, which change is transmitted down the whole length of the tentacle, giving it at last a mottled appearance, distinguishable even by the naked eye." The leaves of Drosera detect with the utmost quickness and the most unfailing certainty the presence of nitrogen. At the time when this power was discovered by Darwin, the delicacy of the test was unrivaled. Now he says with a little crestfallen air: "The spectroscope has altogether beaten Drosera," for it can detect the presence of $\frac{1}{200,000,000}$ of a grain of iodine,—while Drosera could do no more than announce the $\frac{1}{20,000,000}$ of a grain of phosphate of ammonia.

When any substance yielding nitrogen is placed upon the Drosera disk, a liquid is secreted and poured out over it from the glands, which differ from the drops already formed upon its surface. This change in the quantity and quality of the secretion is effected in all the glands before the outermost ones have been fully inflected; it is, therefore, not the direct result of absorption, but of a transmitted influence. Physiologists tell us that when the stomach of an animal is mechanically irritated, it secretes an acid; but that it does not secrete its proper ferment, pepsin, till the absorption of certain nutritious substances has taken place. The experiments upon Drosera show a precisely analogous process. As soon as the glands are excited, an acid is secreted; but it is only after absorption that the true gastric fluid makes its appearance. That this secretion "contains a ferment which acts only in the presence of an acid, on solid animal matter," as animal pepsin does, has been clearly proved. While the process of digestion by the leaf, is going on, the addition of a minute portion of alkaline matter is found to arrest it at once; while the addition of acid sets it going again.

The identical substances are found to be acted upon, in the same way and to the same degree, by the gastric fluid of Drosera, as they are by animal pepsin. Cartilage, bone, even the enamel from teeth, were experimented upon, and it was found were dissolved by it, as well as certain vegetable substances, such as the stored-up matter of living seed, pollen-grains, and the fragments of seedlings. Various experiments were made by Mr. Darwin to ascertain the effects produced by different salts. He found that $\frac{1}{20,000,000}$ of a grain of phosphate of ammonia caused a marginal tentacle to sweep through an arc of 180°. The sensitiveness, in this case, is greater than that found in the most sensitive organs of the human body. Many curious facts came to light under this close investigation. Camphor, it was found, is a violent stimulant; the poison of the cobra occasioned only slight protoplasmic changes, while liquid alcohol produced no

effect whatever. In small doses the fumes of camphor, alcohol, and chloroform, threw the plant into a stupor. Carbonic acid is also a narcotic, which fact offers a curious confirmation of the lately determined point that plants exhale, *as the result of true respiration*, the same gas as is given out by the breathing of animals.

The sensitiveness of the Drosera leaf appears to be wholly confined to the glands. Unless the gland which is excited be upon a a marginal tentacle, the object, or touch, that induces its own inflection also causes a radial influence to be sent outward from its base as a center that affects, first, the nearest tentacles, and in succession, those which are farther and farther off. This impulse does not follow the fibro-vascular bundles, whose arrangement may be seen in Figure 2, *f*; but its course seems to be determined by the form and position of the parenchymal cells of the base of the tentacles themselves and the surrounding tissue. The cells are elongated in the pedicels of the glands; they are arranged radially about the bases of the tentacles, and are longer in the longitudinal direction of the leaf. Aggregation may be seen to be obstructed by every cross division of the cell wall; the motor impulse is probably hindered in the same way, for it always travels most quickly in the direction where there is the least obstruction in the form of cell walls.

When the bending portion of a pedicel receives the impulse from its own gland, it always becomes inflected toward the center of the leaf, and so all the glands, if immersed in any exciting fluid, turn toward the center. When, however, the exciting substance is placed on any other portion of the leaf, the motor impulse is so transmitted radially from the point touched that all the glands turn toward it as a center. The motor impulse, as it ascends the pedicels of adjacent tentacles, immediately acts upon the bending portion without first ascending to the glands, and then being transmitted downward. Some other impulse is, however, transmitted to the glands, for they begin secreting an acid substance, and the glands send back toward the bases of the pedicel that subtile force which induces aggregation. This is the only case of anything analogous to the reflex action of the nerve centers of animals known in the vegetable world.

The mechanism of the movements is not well understood; while the tentacle is bent—and it has been made to curve around a complete circumference—no folds or wrinkles can be seen in the concave portion of the bending part. It is known that when inflection takes place, a portion of the fluids

FIG. 4. DIONÆA MUSCIPULA. [AFTER LINDLEY.]

belonging to the cells in the concave side goes over to the convex. It is supposed that the molecules of the cell walls on the concave side of the pedicel undergo a process not unlike that of the aggregation of the cell contents.

The many experiments made upon the Drosera lead to the conclusion that its tiny rootlets perform for it only the office of imbibing moisture, while its food is in part

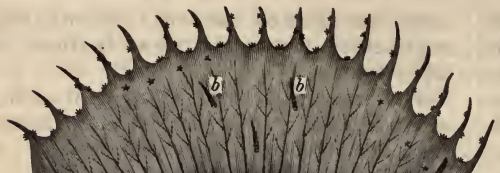


FIG. 5. LOBE OF DIONÆA.

supplied by the atmosphere, and in part by the animal matter it truly digests.

There are a number of other varieties of the Droseraceæ. One, the *Drosera binata*, is an Australian plant, and has leaves which, with their footstalks, measure twenty-seven inches in length. True to its Australian traditions, it differs greatly from its foreign cousins. There are perfectly developed tentacles on the back of the leaf, which are capable of secretion, absorption, and aggregation, but not of inflection. On both surfaces of this variety are well-developed sessile (seated) glands, which secrete only after the absorption of some nitrogenous substance. This variety forms the connecting link between Drosera and Drosophyllum, possessing the organs of both.

The Drosophyllum has been found, so far, only in Portugal and Morocco. The leaves are narrow, concave above, and several inches long. They are covered with stalked, mushroom-shaped tentacles, and quantities of small round, or oval, sessile glands. Internally the tentacles and glands are alike, but they are fitted to perform entirely different functions. The tentacles have no power of flexure; the substance which they secrete, unlike that of Drosera, is easily detached from the gland, and for that very reason is specially adapted to its peculiar mode of capture. The two secretions,—of the viscid acid and of the pepsin,—which in Drosera are performed successively by a single gland, are performed in Drosophyllum by two separate organs,—the mushroom-shaped tentacles secreting the first, and the sessile glands the second of these fluids. The latter glands secrete spontaneously their peculiar sub-

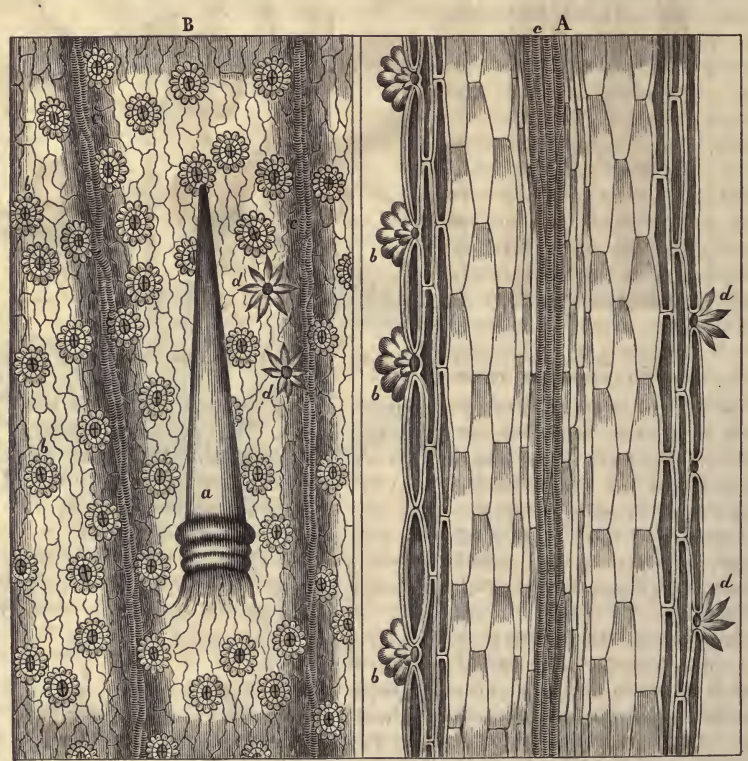


FIG. 6.

A, Glandular texture of Dionæa leaf, seen in section; *b*, *b*, glands on upper surface; *d*, *d*, stellate hairs on lower surface. (About 150 diams.) B, Glandular surface of Dionæa leaf, seen from above; *b*, digestive glands; *d*, stellate hairs; *a*, sensitive filament. (100 diams.) (After nature.)

stance, which is sufficiently fluid to roll off their rounded tops at a touch. An insect alights, and rolls off, carrying with it the viscid drop which effectually clogs its wings and legs, so that it lies helpless upon the leaf below. The lower glands, now, being excited by the presence of nitrogenous matter, begin to secrete their pepsin, and the food is finally digested. The gastric fluid secreted by all of the Droseraceæ, it may be mentioned here, is an antiseptic,—the substances submitted to its action always disappearing, as they do in animal pepsin, without showing any signs of decomposition.

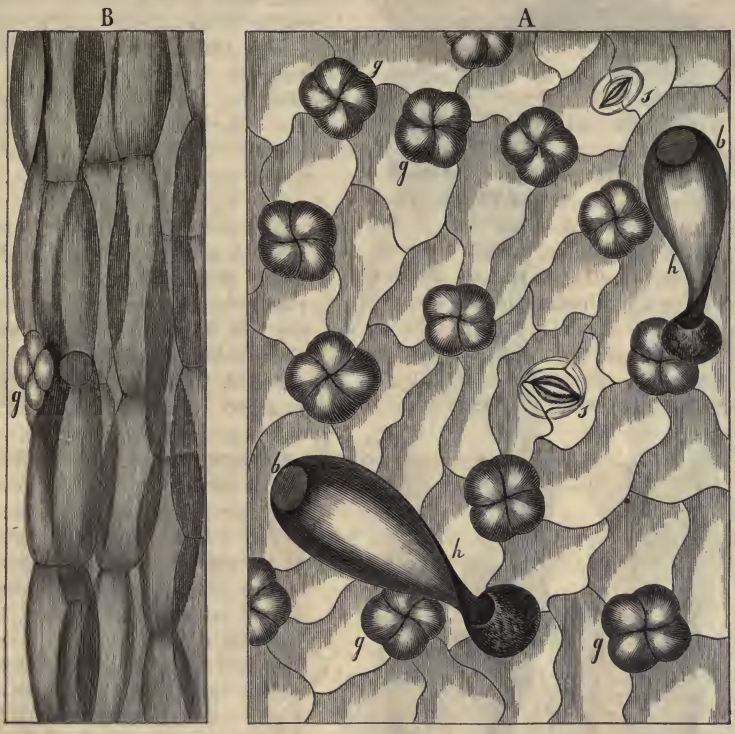


FIG. 8.
A, Pinguicula glandular surface of leaf; *g*, glands; *h*, hairs; *b*, base of hairs; *s*, stomata. [From nature.]
B, Section of Pinguicula leaf; *g*, glands. [From nature.]

The Dionæa, or Venus's fly-trap, is found in great quantities in parts of this country. It presents many points of similarity, and as many of difference, when compared with Drosera. [See Fig. 4.] It possesses, like the Drosera, very small roots. As the plant has been successfully grown in wet moss, they probably serve the same purpose, and are useful only for imbibing moisture. The footstalk broadens out into a leaf-shaped expansion of tissue, *a*, *a*, *a*, at the end of which a two-lobed leaf is found. The lobes curve upward and outward convexly, at an angle of less than 90° from each other; the lobes terminate on their outer edge in a row of sharp projecting points, into each of which a bundle of spiral vessels extends. On the upper surface of each there are three delicate filaments, triangularly placed. [See Fig. 5, *b*, *b*; also Fig. 6, B, a.] Occasionally there are more or less; but the usual number is three. These filaments seem to be the only sensitive part of the lobes; through their sensitiveness they show, not by their own movements, but by that of the lobe on which they are placed. The upper surface is thickly covered with glands, sessile upon the leaf, with a convex upper surface. [See Fig. 7, *a*, *b*; Fig. 6, A, *b*, B, *b*.] These glands secrete, but only after having absorbed some nutritious substance.

FIG. 7. GLANDS. [AFTER LINDLEY.]
a, top view; *b*, side view; *c*, stellate hairs.

Minute projections, having eight arms, stellate hairs, are found thickly studding the outer surface of the lobes. [Fig, 6, B, *d*.] The whole processes of movement and digestion are wonderfully and beautifully cor-

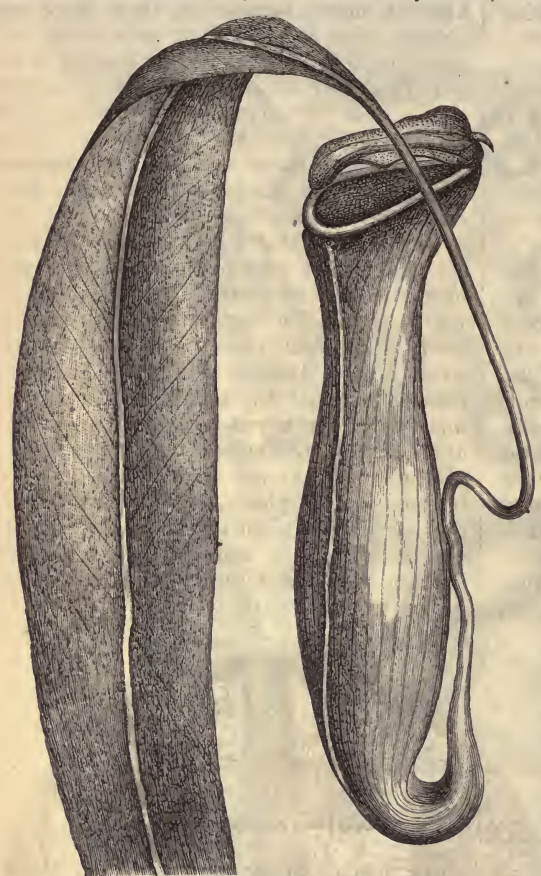


FIG. 9. NEPENTHES DISTILLATORIA.
Leaf and pitcher, natural size. [From nature.]

related. The continued pressure, however slight, which causes the slow inflection of the Drosera tentacles, after the first touch, has no effect upon Dionæa. The Drosera captures its prey by means of its viscid secretion, and the pressure caused by the struggles of the insect causes inflection, which it accomplishes quite at its leisure. Dionæa, having no secretion, secures its prey by instantly closing upon it. The filaments, therefore, which cause the lobes to close instantly at the lightest touch, are comparatively indifferent to prolonged pressure. These filaments have nothing whatever to do with the digestive process; they are merely the sentinels, on guard to signal at the approach of a victim.

Inorganic bodies placed upon the lobes, unless they touch the filaments, do not cause them to close; organic bodies when moistened and placed upon the leaf cause it, after absorption has taken place, to close slowly. The lobes may be made to close over either organic or inorganic matter, but with a difference. When an inorganic substance is placed upon the leaf and the filament touched, the leaf closes leaving a hollow chamber, the spines crossing and interlocking as in Fig. 4, *b*. When, however, an inorganic substance is placed upon the leaf, both lobes press against it and against each other, through their whole extent, with a force sufficient to perceptibly flatten a cube of the white of hard-boiled egg, upon which they have shut. A corresponding projection may be plainly seen on the outside of the lobes after they have fairly closed over their prey; no secretion takes place unless absorption begins. When a substance possessing no nutritious properties is inclosed, the glands are not excited to secretion, and the lobes soon re-open, disclosing the object perfectly dry. If they close over a very minute organic object, it is allowed to escape between the interlocking teeth, —the play, Dionæa thinking, not being worth the candle. When, however, the organic object is large enough to be worth their while, the lobes flatten themselves against it, the spines standing upright and parallel instead of interlocking. The glands touched by the nitrogenous substance begin to secrete as soon as absorption has taken place. The digestive fluid containing the nitrogenous matter is then forced by capillary attraction up between the flattened lobes so closely pressed together; in this way, all the glands are excited to secretion—and the prey is digested. The two movements induced by a touch upon the sensitive filaments and by secretion, are very wonderful in their entire adaptiveness to the purposes which they subserve. A touch from any useless substance, unless it chance to be upon one of the sensitive filaments, produces no effect, while the presence of a nutritious one on any portion of the leaf causes it to close. After a short interval, with no exhaustion of the gastric fluid, the leaves unclose, unless they have captured something which will help to maintain life, while they remain closed over nutritious matter, instead of twenty-four hours as Drosera, for fifteen, twenty-four, or even thirty-five days. The

power of secretion and absorption belongs to the sessile glands [Fig. 6, A, *b*, B, *b*] which are an epidermal outgrowth, and whose appearance under the microscope as the focus is slowly changed is strongly suggestive of their being morphologically stomata, which have been modified to subserve another purpose.

In most cases when the Dionæa lobes reopen after their meal they are torpid, and no excitement of the glands or filaments is sufficient to induce movement. In this respect it differs greatly from Drosera, which is quite ready for another meal before its tentacles are fairly re-opened.

The transmission of the motor impulse in Dionæa is very rapid; a touch upon any one of the six filaments causes both lobes to close at once and simultaneously. The bending portion of the lobes is situated just above the midrib. Many beautiful and delicate experiments, made by Mr. Darwin, go to show that the curvature of the lobes is due to the contraction of the upper superficial layer of cells. The movement of these leaves is due to the same cause, at work in the contraction of the muscular tissue of animals. In both cases, a normal electrical current exists, which is disturbed upon any irritation of the organism. The Aldrovanda, of which mention has been made as a sort of aquatic Dionæa, has upon the inner digestive portion of its leaf, numerous sessile glands which assimilate food, and double-jointed, sensitive filaments which enable it to close upon its prey.

The Pinguicula, or common butterwort, offers one or two points of interest, as an insectivorous plant. A stem, bearing a cluster of purple flowers in general appearance very much like the sweet violet, springs from a rosette-like cluster of radical leaves. It bears about eight rather thick, oblong, light green foliage leaves, which when young are deeply concave. The margins of the leaves are much incurved, and their upper surfaces are studded with glands *g*, stomata *s*, and extraordinary vase-shaped hairs *h*. [Fig. 8.] As in the other insectivorous plants, the roots are short and few in number. The principal point of interest about this plant is that it appears to derive more nutriment from vegetable organisms,—from seed, spores, pollen grains, and even minute seedlings, which are found adhering to its leaves,—than do the other members of the same family. In a paper published in 1847, by Planchon, in the "Annales des Sciences Naturelles," the writer brings together almost every recognized species of the insectivorous plants, mentioning them by name, noticing the fact of their secretions, and power of inflection, but never hinting at the fact that they appropriated the nutritious qualities of the insects they captured. It seems marvelous that an observer who could have noticed the obscure structural resemblances which bind these widely separated species together, should have overlooked the fact that they were insectivorous, especially when he himself supplies the clue to this discovery in the statement that the Lapps use the Pinguicula leaves to coagulate their milk, which causes it to set in a firm, sweet curd. This, it is very well known, is usually effected by rennet, a preparation made from the stomach of the calf, which of course contains animal pepsin.

The most beautiful of all the second class of this group of plants, is the superb Nepenthes, or pitcher plant of the East. [Fig. 9.] At the end of the true leaf there is a prolongation of its midrib, which sometimes grows to the length of a yard and bears upon its termination a vase-shaped growth. This pitcher is, according to Hooker, an enormously developed gland, like those which in a less conspicuous form are formed upon the tips of many leaves. In *Nepenthes am-*

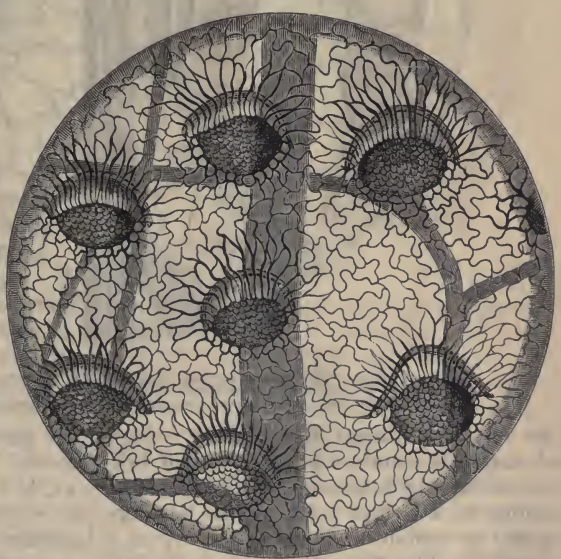


FIG. 10. NEPENTHES DISTILLATORIA.
Glands in stomach part of pitcher. (80 diams.)

pullaria they attain to the height of eighteen inches—and the corrugated brim extends inside in the form of projecting incurved spines, which are strong enough to prevent the escape of any unwary bird which may thrust itself into the cavity in search of food. It would be hard to imagine anything more wonderful and beautiful than the shape, the marking, and the coloring of this graceful pitcher—the broad corrugated brim flares off in a brilliant shaded rose-colored rim, bordering its whole mouth. Down the front run two fringed longitudinal wings, and above it stands a graceful leaf of brilliant colors, which sets off jauntily from the opening as if it had accepted the position, but had no notion of doing the work, of a vulgar lid. The inner surface, as in the Sarraceniaceæ, is divided into several portions, the attractive [Fig. 11], containing the honey glands; the conductive, being, according to Hooker, smooth and glassy, and covered with minute reniform excrescences; and the secretive, which is studded with innumerable glands of a very curious shape. [Fig. 10.]

Fig. 9 is a much smaller variety than the gigantic *N. ampullaria* described above. It is the *Nepenthes distillatoria*, a native of China, and kindly sent to me by Mr. Smith, of the Botanic Gardens, Washington, D.C. The drawing is life size, and the magnified pictures, Figs. 10 and 11, were cut from this identical pitcher. An attempt was made to prepare one of the hundreds of ants which it was in the process of digesting, but the chitinous coats of even those which were most perfect had been made so tender by the gastric fluid as to drop to pieces with a touch. The enormous crater-like gland, Fig. 11 A, was the only one found on a number of pieces cut from the upper portion of the pitcher. The branching hairs B, *h*, glands *g*, *g*, and curious spirals, *s*, seen in the figure occur over the whole of the attractive surface. The secretive, or digestive glands, Fig. 10, are large enough to be seen by the naked eye, as tiny specks regularly dotting the internal, lower surface of the pitcher. They all looked fairly brown with the insect remains they had accumulated or digested.

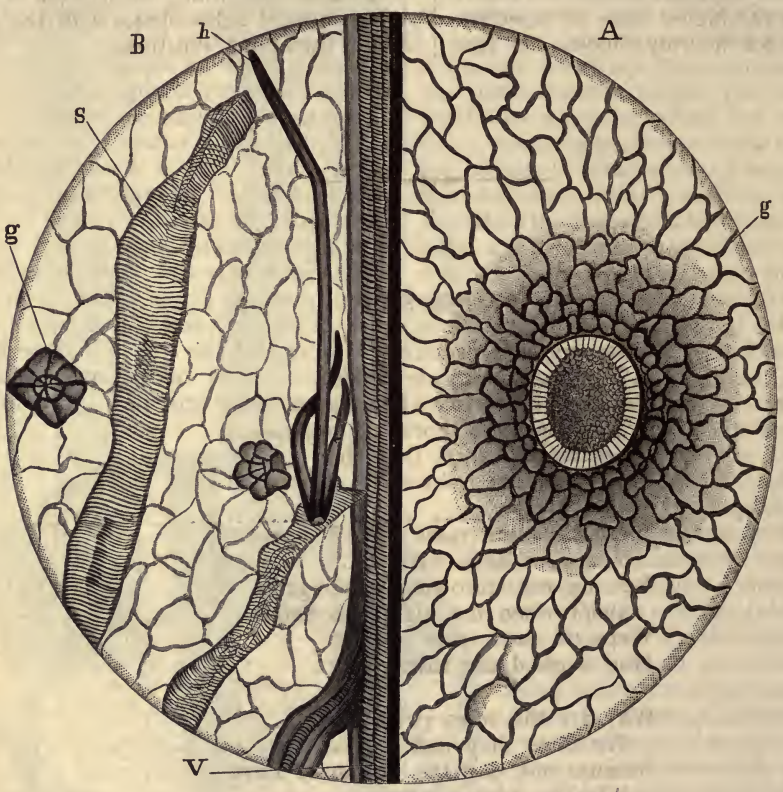


FIG. 11.

A, Single large gland, on upper and inner surface of pitcher of N. distillatoria. (250 diams.) [From nature.] B, same surface; V, veins of leaf, with spirals; *s*, apparently spiral vessel; *g*, glands (honey glands); *h*, branching hair on external surface. (250 diams.) [From nature.]

In taking up the coloring matter, used in the preparation of vegetable tissues for the microscope, the iris part of these eye-shaped glands is of the most brilliant blue, while the lid part and remainder of the tissue is a deep crimson-purple. The whole of the tissue was subjected to a mingled dose of logwood and aniline, and the selective power, by which one portion appropriated one color, and the other another, marks a radical difference in the tissues themselves.

Though in some respects the pitcher of Nepenthes is so much like that of Sarracenia, it belongs to the higher class of insectivorous plants; for it truly digests the food which it secures, and it also manifests the aggregation, which is found in Drosera and Dionæa during that process. Though in mere external form, we seem to have ended where we began, with a vegetable sac, which secures animal food and appropriates it. Yet this is far from true. The *Utricularia montana* has only modified roots; while one might almost say that Nepenthes has a modified stomach. This last and most beautiful of the insectivorous plants serves to lead us into the very vestibule of that strange and inexplicable life, which the highest of us—on his physical side—shares with the humblest of the animal creation.

A ROSE SONG.

WHY are red roses red?
For roses once were white.
Because the loving nightingales
Sang on their thorns all night,—
Sang till the blood they shed
Had dyed the roses red!

Why are white roses white?
For roses once were red.
Because the sorrowing nightingales
Wept when the night was fled,—
Wept till their tears of light
Had washed the roses white!

Why are the roses sweet?
For once they had no scent.
Because one day the Queen of Love
Who to Adonis went,
Brushed them with heavenly feet—
That made the roses sweet!

BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. X.

TALK HERE AND THERE.

THE difficulty of getting a dining-table that shall be both good-looking and serviceable has already been descanted on in these articles, but, I fear, to little purpose. I give this month a few illustrations that may help some of my readers to a solution. Cut No. 2 shows a table recently made by Cottier & Co., with its accompanying chairs. Cut No. 3 is a variation on the design for the end support of this same table. This particular table was made of ash, a wood I have already said I do not like, and the more I see of it the less reason I can find for giving up oak, walnut, and mahogany in favor of such a colorless, expressionless wood. Now, a dining-table, as a rule, is seen only when it is in use, and then only the top of it; so that it may be made of two kinds of wood, one less expensive than the other, as was done in the case of the table shown in Cut No. 6 in the SCRIBNER for May, 1876. As for costliness, the hard woods are all about the same, barring mahogany, which was dear before it came to be the fashion, and is dearer since, of course. But the pleasure that a good mahogany top to one's dining-table will give, as the years go by, is worth straining a point for; particularly as mahogany is a first-rate wood for wear, and literally, with good treatment, proves better and better as life wears away. The best combinations would be walnut and mahogany, or ash and oak; but the top ought, by rights, to be of one or the other of these two handsome hard woods,—oak or mahogany,—so that it may bear the taking the cloth off, at dessert. Then, the rest of the table might be of some cheap wood. In Cut No 2, the frame of the table is shown to be very heavy and strong; there is no need of this, unless the table is a large one, and meant to stretch out on occasion to a great length, as was the case with this one. In such a table, all the folding-rack that supports the additional leaves has to be accommodated by sliding back under the ends, and the table must be solidly built to bear the weight and strain. Cut No. 3 shows a lighter structure: in the drawing, the size of the balls turned on the legs is a trifle exaggerated; they are, besides, rather egg-shaped than round. The bottom rail will be found a convenience, and not in the way. It will be noticed, too, that in both these tables the top projects well over the frame, so that there is no danger of knocking one's knees against the table-leg in sitting down. This should always be carefully looked out for in constructing a dining-table; to knock one's knees in sitting down to dinner is one of the minor miseries of life.

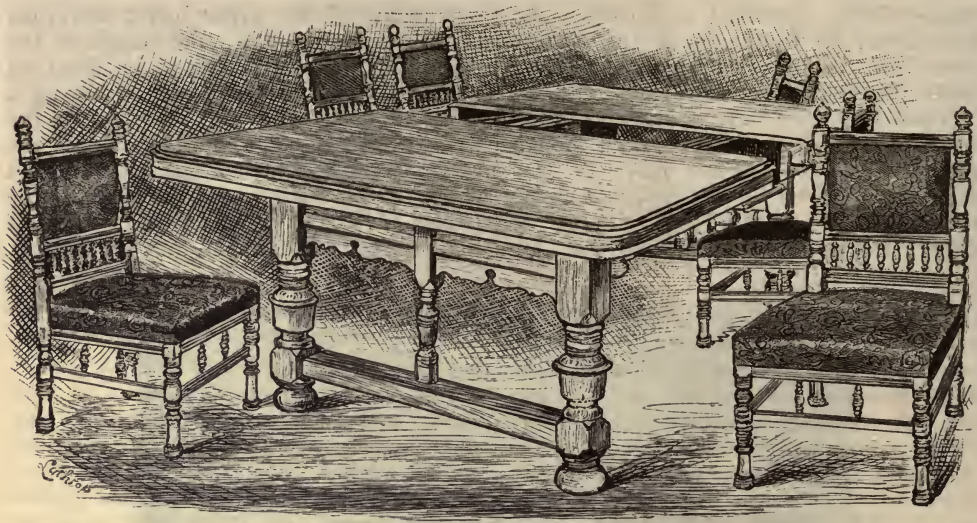
I have already spoken of the desirableness of introducing the fashion of decorating furniture with painting. I have recalled to my readers the commonness of painted decoration in early Italian times, when cabinets, sideboards, wardrobes, and trays were painted with figure subjects,—religious, historical, mythological,—often by artists who afterward became famous. The peasant-furniture of Europe, particularly in Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Holland, is decorated, and often with pretty effect, with a mixture of a primitive arabesque design and flowers; and now and then one sees at Castle Garden an emigrant's wooden chest that, with its bright colors, shines among the shabby trunks and boxes of the rest of the company, like a peacock among the barn-door fowl. In the Exhibition, too, we had an opportunity of seeing some of the coarsely painted but effective furniture from Tunis,—among the rest, some of the hanging shelves like the one in SCRIBNER for February, 1876, Cut No. 9. All these shelves were bespoke from the day they were first opened, and late in the Exhibition it was impossible to buy one, for people who couldn't think such coarse carpentry and rough painting good enough for their parlors and living-rooms, saw that they would look very well in the half-light of their entries; and certainly few hat-racks and hall-mirrors at the fashionable shops are half so pretty as these rude articles.

But it is not easy to get decorative painting done. If it be done by first-rate hands, it is expensive; and there is seldom any talent for this kind of work among our house-painters,—even among those of them who add "decorator" to their other titles. A good substitute for original decoration, and under the circumstances a legitimate one, is to be found in the picture-books of

Walter Crane, published in London and New York, by Routledge & Co. These books are the most beautiful children's books that were ever made; and, indeed, they are altogether too good to be shut up to the delighting of children, even though these were the bonniest ever raised on porridge. Those who know the Walter Crane books,—the last one, "Baby's Opera," is perhaps the prettiest of all,—buy them for themselves, and then can't resist the desire to give them to the children, and then have to buy more for themselves; they are, indeed, many times better than the general run of pictures that one sees by modern masters. They are better, because the artist evidently enjoys his art, and puts into it life, richness of color, much delicate and ingenious fancy, and a power of story-telling that hardly needs the help of the text.

Now, a way to use these pictures so that all could enjoy them would be to paste them upon a folding screen, or in the panels of the nursery and bedroom doors, or in the panels of a wardrobe, or cabinet. An acquaintance of the writer had a wardrobe made of pine, in which the panels of the doors were made expressly to be filled up with these pictures—each picture having a panel to itself—and then the rest of the wood-work painted to harmonize with the general color-effect. Staining pine a good black, or, with a strong decoction of tobacco (which gives a good brown and brings out the grain of the wood) and then shellacking, not varnishing—NEVER USE VARNISH ON FURNITURE—either of these methods will make a good background for these pictures. A useful plan for a wardrobe is to have one half closed by a door the full height of the piece, and the other half divided between say three drawers below, and, above, a cupboard, closed by a door. In the larger closet one hangs clothes that must be hung, the drawers hold body linen and the cupboard above is useful to the owner, if he be a lady, for her hats and furs and other nothings of that nature. The panels should be made to hold each a single picture, and an agreeable variety may be obtained in the

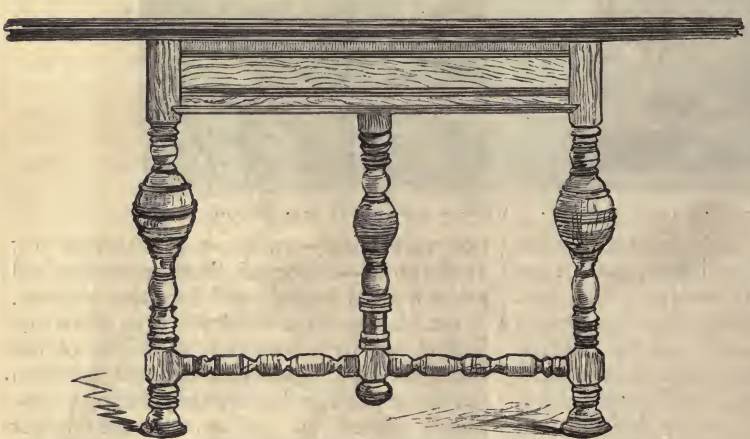
No. 1. "WHY, THIS IS SPODE!" (FROM A PAINTING BY E. L. HENRY.)



No. 2. EXTENSION DINING-TABLE AND CHAIRS.

disposition of the panels by making some of them oblong and others square, to suit the pictures which sometimes fill two pages, and at others only one.

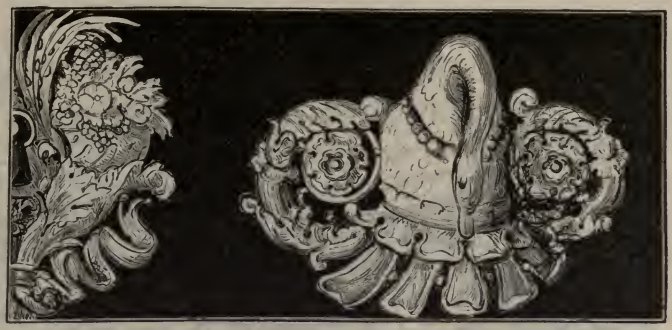
Cut No. 1 of this number is copied from a photograph of a picture by Mr. E. L. Henry, which is engraved for the sake of the corner cupboard,—a good specimen of its kind, more picturesque than the one figured in the SCRIBNER for April, 1876, Cut No. 5. That one, however, was a fixture, while this is movable, though always to be placed in a corner. In justice to Mr. Henry, I am bound to say that the engraver has not given the vivacity to his copy that the artist has put into this really clever picture. In the original, the expression of the old gentleman who is looking for the "mark" on the bottom of the tea-cup, and the action of the old lady who is reaching up for one of her pet pieces, are very truly given, and the soft sparkle of the glass and porcelain on the shelves could not be bettered. However, it was not hoped to give these things; the form of the cupboard was all we could reasonably aim for.



No. 3. DESIGN FOR END SUPPORTS OF DINING-TABLE.

Since writing about china in the January number of SCRIBNER, it has occurred to me to say a word about the home decoration of porcelain, which is at last getting started after having been for years discouraged by the indifference or mild hostility of the dealers. It has long been plain that it was idle to hope for help from the importers and decorators of porcelain and earthenware, because they could not be made to see that their interest lay in getting to be independent of the foreign workmen. The decorative arts are in rather a despairing state in this country because the dealers in wall-papers, china, furniture, and printed and woven stuffs, find it cheaper to "convey" foreign designs than to employ men who could invent fresh designs

and patterns. The only way apparently in which these arts can be given an American impulse is by people outside these decorative trades making their own designs and getting them executed. Perhaps the easiest of these arts to make a beginning with will be the decoration of porcelain, and as one of the main difficulties, the getting it baked, namely, is now put out of the way, there is no reason why everybody who has any liking for dabbling in colors should not buy a few earthenware plates and some colors and begin to decorate china. Of course,



No. 4. DRAWER HANDLE AND HALF OF KEY-PLATE OF FRENCH BUREAU.

No. 5. BRASS ORNAMENT ON FRENCH BUREAU.

many of those who make the experiment will fail and give up trying, and many of those who fail at first will up and at it again, and will succeed at last. But if the occupation can be fairly set on foot, and enough people can be induced to give up working in worsteds and painting wall-mottoes, and to try their hands at decorating china for their friends or for the public, a beginning may be made of waking up the dealers to some interest in supplying the home market with home work. How much better it would be if the girls' schools, instead of spending so much time as they do in teaching their pupils to "draw pictures," to copy "drawing-cards," and "studies," "*études à deux crayons*," and the rest of the feeble tribe, would make up a class for painting china, furnishing the scholar with a few good models, taking them now and then by way of object to their usually objectless daily walk, to the Avery, and Prime, and Castellani collections of pottery and porcelain in the Metropolitan Museum,—thus improving their taste and exciting a healthy interest in the study of the art.

There is so much lay talent always latent in societies, that if this one were stimulated and brought out into active competition with the professional market, that in its turn would have to save itself and supply, as in most cases it easily might, a better answer than any amateur could to the popular demand. In this way, or in some other, must be met the want of American productions in this or in the other

No. 6. BRASS ORNAMENT ON FRENCH BUREAU.

No. 7. TABLE AND CHAIR FROM TYROL, BAVARIA.

decorative arts. After all, the imported things, beautiful as they sometimes, perhaps often, are, do not satisfy the people at large. They want something that has a home flavor, but it looks at present as if they must supply this want themselves.

Cuts No. 4, 5 and 6 are drawn by Miss Oakey, to show in detail the style of ornament employed on the French bureau figured in SCRIBNER for January, Cut No. 6.

Cut No. 7 is a copy of an engraving in M. Rodolphe Pfnor's "Ornementation Usuelle," Paris, 1866–7, where it is described as Fabrique de Toelz, Tyrol, Bavaria. The material is of pine, perhaps, and the decoration is painted, —flowers and their leaves, with borders, bands, and ornaments in lively colors on a yellow ground. The back of the chair, which is in the same style, is pierced at one point in a heart-shape, but the remaining surface is covered with a painted decoration. The tops of these tables are often a slab of slate. A continuous foot-rail runs round the four sides, so near to the floor that the foot easily slides upon it without much thinking; and, although the legs have a strong outward slant, the top projects so well that they are not in the way. A drawer slides in grooved pieces fastened to the under side of the table-top, and is handy for holding the table-cloth and napkins. A few years ago, Messrs. Kimbel & Cabus made several tables after a design similar to this, but they were decorated with carving rather than painting, and this made them more costly. I remember, however, that they were very pretty, and seemed all the prettier for breaking up the monotony of New York furniture-shops with something altogether new on this side the water.

Cut No. 8 is a cousin of the little black-wood coffee-table that appeared in an earlier SCRIBNER. His relative was so much liked that he has thought he also might make some friends, and he has brought with him one of those designs which are so much more comfortable than they look, in which Mr. Facing-both-ways could sit at ease, now leaning against one back and now against the other. Was it not a chair of this kind that Milton used? Mitford tells us, "He composed much in the night and morning, and dictated in the day, sitting obliquely in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over the arm."

No. 8. COFFEE-TABLE AND AS-YOU-LIKE-IT CHAIR.

OUT OF MY WINDOW AT MOSCOW.

A RUSSIAN STREET PORTER.

I AM but ten minutes' walk from the Kremlin or from the busiest part of the city, and just around the corner is the pretty Tverskoi boulevard, where for two-thirds of a mile, under the avenues of lime-trees which shade its straight walks, there are all day and all evening crowds of promenaders; yet the Spiridonofka is a very quiet street; often it seems perfectly empty, and it is only late at night that the rattling of carriages and droskies over its uneven cobblestones is ever noisy enough to disturb me. Perhaps it is because the noise is unusual and at rare intervals that I am disturbed by it. Yet in spite of its quiet I have found the Spiridonofka a good place to observe the street life of Moscow; for everything seems to drift in here at some time or other; my writing-table is close to my window, and, as, like most of the buildings here, my house is of but one story, and my floor almost on a level with the sidewalk, I am,

in summer when my windows are open, almost in the street itself. I have, like everybody else, some plants on my window-sill which protect me in some measure from the hasty glance of the passers-by, but form no obstruction to my view or hearing.

A BEGGING NUN.

"For the love of God, benevolent sir, and for the Church of St. Nicholas on the Ant-hills!" cries a doleful voice, as if to convince me of my error in writing the last sentence, and, raising my eyes, I see a dirty-looking man with tangled beard and long hair, in a worn-out black gown and a cylindrical cap, from which depends a long veil —a dress also worn by the mendicant nuns. He has at his side a tin box for alms, and holds out to me a prayer-book covered with a black cloth marked with a tinsel cross, on which lie a few copper pieces. He is a begging monk, asking aid to repair a dilapidated village church,—the odd name it bears coming from the tradition that a miracle-working picture of St. Nicholas was found on some ant-hills in the neighborhood.

It is curious how much money is given away in Russia for religious purposes in small sums, besides the great amounts with which merchants and nobles endow churches and monasteries. At the Iversky gate, near the Kremlin, there is an old and very popular image, that of the Iversky Mother of God, brought once on a time from Mount Athos. It, or its copy—for the image itself is more often journeying about Moscow to heal the sick and to bless new houses—is in a little chapel in the middle of the gate, which is continually thronged with worshipers. All classes of society stop there for a moment as they go through to pray, and the Emperor himself, whenever he comes to Moscow, makes it his first duty to leave his carriage and kneel here. The amount of money taken in at this chapel in contributions and by the sale of candles is estimated at more than $50,000 a year, of which $25,000 is set apart for the salary of the Metropolitan. At the porches of all the churches, at the ends of the boulevards, on the corners of many streets, and at all the railway stations, there are similar boxes, and the revenue from them is enormous.

Here in Moscow there are nearly four hundred churches, and the brightness of their coloring adds much to the effect of the town. Not merely the frescoes are bright, but many churches, and some houses, are painted light blue, green, lavender, pink, yellow, and every other known shade, and the Church of St. Basil unites all the colors in its bizarre architecture. The domes are often gilded, sometimes tinned, but usually painted green, or blue spangled with golden stars. The dome of the Ascension is only a modern hemispherical dome; but the real old Russian style, which is seen in many of the churches and always in the monasteries, is to have five comparatively small onion-shaped domes surmounting as many tall cylindrical cupolas. It is the multitude of these odd little domes, surmounted by their golden chain-hung crosses, that gives such picturesqueness and beauty to any view in Moscow. The Russian church does not use the Greek cross, but one of the ordinary Roman shape with two more transverse bars, one marking the place of the inscription over

THE RUSSIAN CROSS.

IVERSKY GATE AND CHAPEL, MOSCOW.

A DROSKY.

the head, and the other being the rest for the Savior's feet. This lower bar is always tipped down to the left, because, as the legend runs, Christ stamped his foot down to show that the unrepentant thief would go to hell.

The grated windows and heavy iron doors secured with many curious padlocks, show that there is no lack of jewels and valuables inside the church, and when I enter and see the bewildering maze of gilded pictures, some set with costly jewels, I involuntarily begin to calculate the chances of a man disposed to steal. I believe one or two persons *have* taken a diamond or so in their teeth when they have kissed a picture, but they have usually been caught in time to save the diamond.

On the opposite side of my street there is not much to see; three or four houses only; one is wooden and two stories high, the basement being occupied by a small grocery shop with its sign of "Trade for Coffee, Sugar and Tea." The final syllable of each word has been repainted, and new terminations are put in in smaller characters. I saw so many such altered signs here that I finally asked the reason, and found that it was owing to the interference of the police. It seems that no sign is allowed to be put up in Moscow without the approval of the police, but that this rule had fallen into desuetude until lately. The attention of the authorities being called to the matter by signs of an improper character, a tour of inspection was made, and the result was the correction of all grammatical inaccuracies on the signs. Some bad spelling is nevertheless still left. Upon the sides of the shop door are depicted a loaf of sugar, a basket of eggs, a paper of candles, a ham and several cabbages. Pictorial signs best suit a people that cannot read, and looking at them is, therefore, rather more amusing than elsewhere, for one can see here painted on the shop fronts nearly every article of household use or consumption, and nearly every operation of domestic life. The other houses are stuccoed and colored white or yellow, and have a *mezzanine* story in the middle. None of them is built of brick, but all of logs which are nicely squared and fitted together with oakum stuffed in the cracks. These logs are then covered with boards and then with felt, which is afterward coated with lath and plaster. The result is that the houses are very snug and warm. There are no cellars, but the houses are raised a foot or two above the ground, with openings left for ventilation in summer. What cellars we have are always built in the court-yard, and are filled in winter with ice carefully packed in snow, so that it is possible with precaution to preserve game and meat in a frozen state till midsummer. Another peculiarity of these houses is that the doors are seldom on the street, but in the court, which has a high wooden fence or brick wall, hard to climb. The great gates are barred at night and on a bench in front of the small door the *dvornik* sleeps all night in summer, and usually in winter too. Closely wrapped up in his sheepskin *shuba*, he does not seem to fear the cold until it gets down far below our zero.

A MOSCOW FIREMAN.

I don't know how we could live without a *dvornik*,—a word of which janitor is only a partial translation. He must be always awake to let us in at night, no matter how late we come; he must keep the court always

A YOUNG MERCHANT.

looking perfectly neat; he must buy the wood and ice and see them stored. In winter he must keep the snow always shoveled off the sidewalk and the roof, and in summer must sweep every morning and night that part of the pavement which belongs to our house, so that the most crusty police officer can find no fault; and if it is very dusty, he must sprinkle it with a dipper and a pail of water. Moscow knows no other way of watering the streets. Our *dvornik*, Procop,—as he has the misfortune to be named,—seems never to be idle, and it is at very rare intervals that I see him sitting smoking on his bench at the gate, or lying asleep on a bit of grass that adjoins the little hut—hardly bigger than a dog-kennel—in which he lives. He is an old soldier, and even now has a martial air. He collects the rents of the lodgers back in the court, sees to all the repairs, and acts also as gardener, for my bit of garden is not too large. I have a hedge of acacias on all sides, a few trees, two flower-beds, a plot of grass, and about room beside to put my table and chairs when I wish to dine there.

A garden here is a matter of course, and nearly every house in my street has one. The reason I have so few sights across the street is that just there a large garden begins which takes up thirty acres,—right in the middle of the city. The house to which it belongs is a sort of huge Greek temple, built by the poet Dmitrieff in by-gone times. It stands empty now, waiting for a purchaser. Its walls, painted in the Pompeiian style, are becoming discolored, and the furniture and hangings are fading fast. The garden has not been touched for many years, the walks are choked up with grass, and the trees and bushes grow with unkempt luxuriance, so that it seems like a bit of wood transplanted there. I found this spring the earliest wild flowers there,—blue squills, anemones, and crowfoot. Luckily, I know well the people who have charge of it, and I have constant access to it. We have tea there often in the evening on the broad porch of the house, and we call it our country place. It really is a country place, and that is another of the charms of Moscow. You can turn out of some busy street and soon you are in what seems almost a village lane. The crooked street is fenced with wooden palisades; most of the houses are set back so that they cannot be seen; one perhaps is close on the street, with a pretty flower-

A MUZHIK.

garden in front. You turn another angle and face a small church; and, with another turn, you come out into another noisy street. In these retired by-ways you meet almost no one, and wonder that the street is not grass-

grown, and that cows are not cropping it. If you are there about sunrise, or in the early evening, you will see the cows. A cowherd, blowing a long wooden pipe, and with a flexible whip at least twenty feet long trailing behind him, collects the cows in the morning and drives them to pasture outside the city. He comes back at night down the chief street on his route, and at each cross street he gives a touch to the animals who live in that direction, and each wends her own way home.

MUSICIAN FROM THE SUBURBS.

On the other side of the street there are three droskies with their drivers sleeping in the sun, waiting for passengers. One is a covered chaise in the modern style, the others are the old-fashioned guibars on which one sits astride as on a horse, keeping tight hold of the driver's waist for fear of falling. Some of these droskies are good enough, with fast horses, but the most of them are abominable, and the detestable pavement adds still more to one's sufferings. It is a great comfort when we can have the good snow roads of winter and the cozy little sledges; then one starts out with something like pleasure, though with the chance of being upset in a gutter. Moscow is so large and the sidewalks are so narrow and so bad, that it is next to impossible to walk much, and one soon falls into the lazy habit of always driving. These *isvostchiks* prop-

erly wear a long blue *caftan* with an odd flat hat, but there are so many who come in from the country for a short time that you

A NURSE.

see all varieties of costume. Each has a brass ticket with his number tied around his neck. I have seen No. 15,300, so that the number of these vehicles must be very large. One set of men go out by day, and at night another set who prowl lazily along the streets or stand near some frequented corner, always half asleep, in wait for a chance fare. I have sometimes surprised them at their morning toilet, as I have looked out early in the morning,—a little saliva on the hands, and the face is soon washed. Three crossings and a genuflection to each quarter of the horizon complete the hasty toilet. These *isvostchiks* do not, of course, all own their horses and droskies, but for the most part they belong to *artels*, or co-operative associations. Sometimes they hire the horses and droskies of some man to whom they pay a share of the profits, and sometimes the *artel* owns them all. Their elder or president sees to providing them all with a common lodging and board, and their profits go into the common stock and are regularly divided up.

Besides the drosky, the water-carriers are always stirring at an early hour of the morning, and their trade is so constant that I can see them at almost any hour of the day.

A TARTAR

"RASPBERRIES!"

Moscow is supplied with water from springs near the village of Mytistchi, some twelve miles away, but it is brought only to the large fountains in the street squares, and the pipes are rarely laid to the houses. It is necessary to bring all the water for household use from one of these fountains, and there are plenty of men whose sole employment is to fill their barrels at these fountains and distribute it to their customers. I get my barrel filled up every morning, and pay something like thirty or forty cents a month for it. Everything about these fountains and water-carriers is so primitive that there are not even any stop-cocks or hose, and each man must fill his own barrel with a long-handled dipper. The carriers quickly become

so expert at this operation that the dipper in their hands becomes almost invisible, and you see only a continual arched stream of water from the fountain to the perambulating reservoir. Much is, however, wasted, and the neighborhood of a fountain is a very wet place, and one keeps as far from it

TEA SELLER.

as possible. There are a few old wells still left in town, some of them with the well-sweep, such as we see in New England, but the Mytistchi water is so much better that most people prefer it. I think it is the clearest, sweetest water I ever tasted, and then, too, it is perfectly healthy and can be drunk by strangers at all times with impunity. It has great virtue in bread-making, rendering Moscow bread the best in the world, not even excepting that of Vienna. It is quite common to send *kalatches*—a peculiar sort of Russian bread in the shape of a padlock—from here to St. Petersburg, as a present to one's friends.

I have spoken of the bad pavements here. They are all made of cobble-stones and most stupidly laid; a few men level the ground with sand according to their eye, and put the stones in place, pounding each one in with one of a larger size. When the pavement is finished it is rammed with a block of wood, then covered with broken stones to fill up the cracks, and with sand, which after a day or two is swept away, if not sooner removed by the wind. For a month the pavement thus made is tolerable, after that it becomes very rough, and in the spring, being displaced by frost, it becomes abominable, and needs constant repairs. The gutters are usually in the middle of the street, which with the double slope of the street is an additional annoyance. There is no general supervision of paving, but each proprietor arranges that in front of his own house as he pleases, and you may meet a dozen different grades in the same street. All see the faults of this system but no one has energy enough to change it.

My table begins to tremble as I write, and I hear a heavy rumbling over the uneven pavement; it is the *pozharny command* or firemen. I quickly rush to the door to know where the fire is and find that all my neighbors have done the same. A fire in Moscow is not to be trifled with, for the winds are so violent and there are so many wooden houses; at the first alarm we all desire to convince ourselves that we are in no danger. The fire-engines are small hand-engines, drawn by horses, and worked by six or eight men. They are bright and neatly polished, but have no force to send a stream of water far. The men, however, work with a will, but they seem to be only well started when the water gives out. The reason is obvious. All the water for the engine is brought in a large cask mounted on wheels similar to a water-sprinkler, and these casks must be constantly renewed. There is not in all Moscow a cistern for fire purposes,

BOY PEDDLER.

and though the city is provided with water-pipes, there is not a single hydrant. Every water-cask must go to the fountain to be filled. In spite of these ridiculous appurte-

nances the Moscow firemen are well drilled, and look neat in their brass helmets, their high boots and their coarse gray clothes, and are far more efficient than one would suppose. In the present case by wetting the adjoining buildings and tearing off the roof of the house on fire and flooding it with water, they manage to get the flames under control and finally to subdue them. At last there is nothing left but some charred logs well soaked, and the firemen draw off and go home. The crowd lingers about for a long time still, gazing on the ruins.

A RUSSIAN MERCHANT.

Every crowd has a physiognomy and a character of its own, and after experience of an English or an Irish crowd, one is rather pleased with a Russian one. Not that it is particularly clean or savory, but it is so extremely good-natured and well behaved. There is very little pushing or elbowing. Every one is courteous to his neighbors, and you are sure not to see any acts of brutality or to incur any danger in mixing in it. Smiling, good-natured faces are everywhere, no matter what the rank or position, for good humor is indeed the chief Russian virtue. And then such a curious mixture of people in such a crowd! —merchants with long dark-blue or black caftans, reaching to their heels, and their cravats tied tight around their throats, not showing a shirt collar if they indeed have one; stout old women with silk kerchiefs wound about their heads so as to conceal their hair; shoemakers' boys and apprentices in what seems a dirty muslin dressing-gown; artisans in their blue working-blouses; the ordinary town peasant in his red shirt and high boots, and the *muzhik* fresh from the country with coat of undyed homespun, cloths wound round his legs in lieu of stockings and sandals made of plaited linden bark; here and there a student with dirty shirt and long hair and most foul finger-nails, evidently of the idea that neatness is incompatible with learning; there will probably be a priest or two, and a few soldiers.

But in this warm weather I find it pleasanter to keep out of a crowd, and I prefer

to watch the people from my window as they come by in twos and threes.

There goes a nurse with her little charge. It must be a boy, for her dress is blue, and

A SELLER OF ROLLS.

the nurses here always conform to the proprieties. She would wear red if it were a girl. He must be of good family too, for her dress is richly trimmed with gold, and her apron, which is tied just below her arms, making the waist come where it has no right to be, is of fine dotted muslin. Her head-dress too has, I think, some real pearls in it. 'Tis a pretty dress for some women, and at St. Petersburg it is the court dress on grand occasions. What pretty Russian faces one can sometimes see then on a New Year's Day under this peasant head-gear!

There, on the other side of the way, are three tipsy tailors. One is playing the accordion and trying to sing some love song, and the others are vainly endeavoring to assist each other to walk straight. They are "Mondaying," as the popular Russian phrase goes; for yesterday was a holiday, and of course they were drunk, and of course, too, to-day they have not got over it and have done no work. No wonder Russia is backward when there are more than fifty clearly defined and well recognized holidays, besides Sundays, and when each of them is generally so well kept as to incapacitate the lower classes from working the next day. In addition to these there are many others which are holidays in certain places and on which the public offices are shut.

There comes a Tartar in an Astrachan cap. It strikes me as very strange to see him in a cap, for the Tartars here always wear white felt hats as if it were part of their religion, and underneath you can just see their shaven heads and gold-embroidered skull-caps. Their boots, too, always have green heels and over them they invariably wear big slippers or goloshes. It is these that they take off at the door of their mosque—for they have a little one here far off at the other end of the town in an old house. I went there one day with a friend, and was surprised to see a large silver candlestick of the same pattern as those used in the Russian churches, standing in front of the holy place. The Tartars here take the place of the Jews who buy old clothes in most parts of the world. With his pack on his back and his stick in his hand, a Tartar here is always crying out "*sta' pla'*" (*stariya platya*—old clothes), and is ready to buy anything you have, and to sell or barter to you something he carries in his pack.

A careless carter has spilled some grain out of one of his bags, and it is amusing to see the birds who are at it already. Here in this cold climate we have more birds in town than elsewhere, and twice as many in winter as in summer. There are hosts of

FRUIT VENDER.

sparrows, who save our trees from the worms and caterpillars, flocks of little fat jackdaws, and big ungainly crows who help clean up

the town. We call them crows, though they are not black but of a dark slate color marked with gray and black. The pigeons have it all their own way in Moscow, for no one dares kill them. They are looked on as the incarnate symbol of the Holy Ghost, and a Russian would almost as soon think of becoming a cannibal as of eating a pigeon. Up near the grain and flour markets there are thousands of them, and toward evening the roofs are black with them. The gilded domes and roof of the Kremlin seem to be also particularly dear to these birds, and if you go down to the river about an hour before sunset, and lean over the parapet of the bridge, you will see countless numbers darting and wheeling about the Palace spire. It is just what is needed to finish the beautiful panorama before you. In the early spring I meet numbers of men selling cages of little birds. These the people buy and liberate at Easter-tide. It is a relic of the old habit of freeing slaves at that time. When no more slaves were to be had, birds were substituted as a symbol by the church, and the custom still existed in Russia with all her serfs, without a thought as to what it meant, and how much better it would be to do the thing of which it was a type.

These birds before my window are frightened away by a boy who comes down the

RUSSIAN CARPENTER.

street with a wooden tray of fruit on his head, crying "*malini, svyezhii malini*" (raspberries! fresh raspberries!). Thinking of my dessert, I call him up to me and see if they are good and large, and finding them satisfactory I send him around to the kitchen door to bargain with Avdotia. We buy nearly all our fruit in this way, and many other things too. I was a long time finding

SLOVAK TIN-WARE SELLER.

out where to buy matches, trying many shops in vain; at last I ascertained that it was doubtful if they were sold anywhere save by the boys in the street. Of these street venders there is every variety, and I hear their cries at all times of day. Now it is, "Pears, good pears, and Crimean apples!" now, "Currants, good currants, sweet little, nice little, black little currants!"—if I may so translate a sentence nearly every word of which is a diminutive of the most tender character. At another time it is a boy so loaded down with brushes and baskets that he looks hardly able to move about; at another, it is a Slovak from one of the Austrian Slavonic provinces who is trying to sell tin-ware. Tin-ware can be bought at few of the shops, as most people use plain iron or copper utensils, and these Slovaks, who have wandered such a long distance with their wares, have almost a monopoly of the market.

The Slovaks are almost the only foreigners we have in the street line, except the Italian organ-grinders, who grind us out "Lucia" and "Trovatore" here as everywhere else in the world, even in the most piercing cold. Then there are men with bread and rolls, men with long strings of

cracknels, which are liked by every one; men with jugs of mead and beer; boys with kettles of hot tea wrapped up in cloth to keep the heat in; boys with poppy-seed cakes and sunflower seeds—those favorite delicacies of the lower classes; men with fish and game; men even with nicely chopped cat-meat,—not cat-flesh, but liver and lights to be fed to the huge cats we have here. There is almost nothing that cannot be bought of these street venders. There are perambulating artisans too, glaziers and smiths of course, but even cobblers, and I have frequently seen a peasant stop and pull a boot off, and stand by or sit on the curb-post till it was mended. I like to hear the cries of these men echoing up the street, all musical, all in the minor key, yet each with a different accent and expression.

The singing of the Gypsies is one of the treats we sometimes allow ourselves here and is a thing that no stranger should miss. They go in bands of about a dozen women and half a dozen men, and are at hand in nearly all the cafés in the Petrofsky Park or at Sokolniki. Their music has something weird and unearthly about it, and is at the same time very fascinating. The accompaniment is usually by guitars thrummed in a most unmusical way and yet with a certain pleasing effect. What I like most is the dancing. A girl and a young man rise and face each other, singing alternate stanzas, while the rest sing a quick, lively chorus. The two circle slowly about each other with a parallel waving of their hands. Suddenly the girl begins to tremble, first with her hands and then with her whole body. The music becomes quicker and quicker, and wilder and wilder, until her whole frame is one tremor, and she sinks exhausted into the arms of her partner amidst the involuntary applause of the spectators.

A MARKET-WOMAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

I open my casement window wide and lean out to get the fresh night-air. It is midnight, and all is still save the tramp of the night-watchman and the regular beat of his stick on the pavement, and all is dark but for the faint glimmering in a few windows from the night-lamps burning before the pictures of the protecting Virgin and Saints.

SONG.

THE weasel thieves in silver suit,
The rabbit runs in gray;
While Pan betakes his frosty flute
To pipe the cold away.

The flocks are folded, boughs are bare,
The salmon takes the sea;
And O my fair, would I somewhere
Might house my heart with thee!

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

"SHE STEPPED INTO THE GALLERY BEFORE HE COULD PROTEST."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Liz crept close to the window and looked down the road. At this time of the year it was not often that the sun set in as fair a sky. In October, Riggan generally shut its doors against damps and mist, and turned toward its fire, when it had one. And yet Liz had hardly seen that the sun had shone at all to-day. Still, seeing her face, a passer-by would not have fancied that she was chilled. There was a flush upon her cheeks, and her eyes were more than usually bright. She was watching for Joan with a restless eagerness.

"She's late," she said. "I mought ha' knowed she'd be late. I wisht she'd coom—I do. An' yet—an' yet I'm feart. I wisht it wur over;" and she twisted her fingers together nervously.

She had laid the child upon the bed, and presently it roused her with a cry. She went to it, took it up into her arms, and, carrying it to the fire, sat down.

"Why couldn't tha stay asleep?" she said. "I nivver seed a choild loike thee."

But the next minute, the little creature whimpering, she bent down in impatient repentance and kissed it, whimpering too.

"Dunnot," she said. "I conna bear to hear thee. Hush, thee! tha goes on as if tha knew. Eh! but I mun be a bad lass. Ay, I'm bad through an' through, an' I conna be no worse nor I am."

She did not kiss the child again, but held it in her listless way even after it fell asleep. She rested an elbow on her knee and her chin upon her hand while her tearful eyes searched the fire, and thus Joan found her when she came in at dusk.

"Tha'rt late again, Joan," she said.

"Ay," Joan answered, "I'm late."

She laid her things aside and came to the fire-light. The little one always won her first attention when she came from her day's labor.

"Has she been frettin'?" she asked.

"Ay," said Liz, "she's done nowt else but fret lately. I dunnot know what ails her."

She was in Joan's arms by this time and Joan stood looking at the puny face.

"She is na well," she said in a low voice. "She has pain as we know nowt on, poor little lass. We conna help her, or bear it for her. We would if we could, little un,"—as if she forgot Liz's presence.

"Joan," Liz faltered, "what if you were to lose her?"

"I hope I shanna. I *hope* I shanna."

"Yo' could na bear it?"

"Theer is na much as we conna bear."

"That's true enow," said Liz. "I wish foak could dee o' trouble."

"Theer's more nor yo' has wished th' same," Joan answered.

She thought afterward of the girl's words and remembered how she looked when she uttered them,—her piteous eyes resting on the embers, her weak little mouth quivering, her small hands at work,—but when she heard them, she only recognized in them a new touch of the old petulance to which she had become used.

Joan went about her usual tasks, holding the baby in her arms. She prepared the evening meal with Liz's assistance and they sat down to eat it together. But Liz had little appetite. Indeed neither of them ate much and both were more than usually silent. A shadow of reserve had lately fallen between them.

After the meal was ended they drew their seats to the hearth again, and Liz went back to her brooding over the fire. Joan, lulling the child, sat and watched her. All Liz's beauty had returned to her. Her soft, rough hair was twisted into a curly knot upon her small head, her pretty, babyish face was at its best of bloom and expression—that absent, subdued look was becoming to her.

"Theer's honest men as mought ha' loved her," said Joan inwardly. "Theer's honest men as would ha' made her life happy."

It was just as she was thinking this that Liz turned round to her:

"If she lived to be a woman," with a gesture toward the child; "if she lived to be a woman, do yo' think as she'd remember me if—if owt should happen to me now?"

"I conna tell," Joan answered, "but I'd try to mak' her."

"Would yo'?" and then she dropped her face upon her hands. "It ud be best if she'd forget me," she said. "It ud be best if she'd forget me."

"Nay, Liz," said Joan. "Tha'rt out o' soarts."

"Ay, I am," said the girl, "an' I need be. Eh, Joan! tha'rt a good wench. I wish I wur loike thee."

"Tha need na, lass."

"But I do. Tha'd nivver go wrong i' th' world. Nowt could mak' thee go wrong. Tha'rt so strong loike. An' tha'rt patient, too, Joan, an' noan loike the rest o' women. I dunnot think—if owt wur to happen me now—as tha'd ha' hard thowts o' me. Wouldst tha?" wistfully.

"Nay, lass. I've been fond o' thee, an' sorry fur thee, and if tha wur to dee, tha mayst mak' sure I'd noan be hard on thee. But tha art na goin' to dee, I hope."

To her surprise the girl caught her hand, and, pulling it down upon her knee, laid her cheek against it and burst into tears.

"I dunnot know; I mought, or—or—summat. But nivver tha turn agen me, Joan,—nivver tha hate me. I am na loike thee,—I wur na made loike thee. I canna stand up agen things, but I dunnot think as I'm so bad as foaks say!"

When this impassioned mood passed away, she was silent again for a long time. The baby fell asleep upon Joan's breast, but she did not move it,—she liked to feel it resting there; its close presence always seemed to bring her peace. At length, however, Liz spoke once more.

"Wheer wur thy feyther goin' wi' Spring an' Braddy?" she asked.

Joan turned a pale face toward her.

"Wheer did yo' see him wi Spring an' Braddy?"

"Here," was Liz's reply. "He wur here

this afternoon wi' 'em. They did na coom in, though,—they waited i' th' road, while he went i' th' back room theer fur summat. I think it wur a bottle. It wur that he coom fur, I know, fur I heerd Braddy say to him, 'Hast getten it?' an' thy feyther said, 'Ay,' an' th' other two laughed as if they wur on a spree o' some soart."

Joan rose from her chair, white and shaking.

"Tak' th' choild," she said, hoarsely. "I'm goin' out."

"Out!" cried Liz. "Nay, dunnot go out. What ails thee, Joan?"

"I ha' summat to do," said Joan. "Stay tha here with th' choild." And almost before she finished speaking she was gone, and the door had closed behind her.

There would be three of them against one man. She walked faster as she thought of it, and her breath was drawn heavily.

Lowrie bent down in his hiding-place, smiling grimly. He knelt upon the grass behind a hedge at the road-side. He had reached the place a quarter of an hour before, and he had chosen his position as coolly as if he had been sitting down to take his tramp dinner in the shade. There was a gap in the hedge and he must not be too near to it or too far from it. It would be easier to rush through this gap than to leap the hedge; but he must not risk being seen. The corner where the other men lay concealed was not far above him. It was only a matter of a few yards, but if he stood to wait at one turn and the engineer took the other, the game would escape. So he had placed his comrades at the second, and he had taken the first.

"I'd loike to ha' th' first yammer at him," he had said, savagely. "Yo' can coom when yo' hear me."

As he waited by the hedge, he put his hand out stealthily toward his "knob-stick" and drew it nearer, saying to himself:

"When I ha' done settlin' wi' him fur mysen, I shall ha' a bit o' an account to settle fur her. If it's his good looks as she's takken wi', she'll be noan so fond on him when she sees him next, I'll warrant."

He had hit upon the greater villainy of stopping short of murder,—if he could contain himself when the time came.

At this instant a sound reached his ears which caused him to start. He bent forward slightly toward the gap to listen. There were footsteps upon the road above him—footsteps that sounded familiar. Clouds had drifted across the sky and darkened it, but he had heard that tread too often to mistake it now when every nerve was strung to its highest tension. A cold sweat broke out upon him in the impotence of his wrath.

"It's th' lass hersen," he said. "She's heerd summat, an' she's as good as her word!"—with an oath.

He got up and stood a second trembling with rage. He drew his sleeve across his forehead and wiped away the sweat, and then turned round sharply.

"I'll creep up th' road an' meet her afore she reaches th' first place," he panted. "If she sees th' lads, it's aw up wi' us. I'll teach her summat as she'll noan forget."

He was out into the Knoll Road in a minute more.

"I'll teach her to go agen me," he muttered. "I'll teach her, by ——" But the sentence was never ended. There was a murmur he did not understand, a rush, a heavy rain of blows, a dash of something in his face that scorched like liquid fire, and with a shriek, he fell writhing.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MINUTE later there rushed past Joan, in the darkness, two men,—stumbling and cursing as they went, out of breath, horror-stricken, and running at the top of their speed.

"It wur Lowrie hissen, by ——!" she heard one say, as he dashed by.

"Feyther! Feyther, where are yo'? Feyther, are yo' nigh me?" she cried, for she heard both blows and shriek.

But there came no answer to her ear. The rapid feet beating upon the road, their echo dying in the distance, made the only sound that broke the stillness. There was not even a groan. Yet a few paces from her, lay a battered, bleeding form. There was no starlight now, she could see only the vague outline of the figure, which might be that of either one man or the other. For an instant, the similarity in stature which had deceived his blundering companions, deceived her also; but when she knelt down and touched the shoulder, she knew it was not the master who lay before her.

"It's feyther hissen," she said, and then she drew away her hand, shuddering. "It's wet wi' blood," she said. "It's wet wi' blood!"

He did not hear her when she spoke; he was not conscious that she tried to raise him; his head hung forward when she lifted

him; he lay heavily, and without motion, upon her arms.

"They ha' killed him!" she said. "How is it, as it is na *him?*"

There was neither light nor help nearer than "The Crown" itself, and when her brain became clearer, she remembered this. Without light and assistance, she could do nothing; she could not even see what hurt he had sustained. Dead, or dying, he must lie here until she had time to get help.

She took off her shawl, and folding it, laid his head gently upon it. Then she put her lips to his ear.

"Feyther," she said, "I'm goin' to bring help to thee. If tha can hear me, stir thy hond."

He did not stir it, so she disengaged her arm as gently as possible, and, rising to her feet, went on her way.

There were half a dozen men in the bar-room when she pushed the door inward and stood upon the threshold. They looked up in amazement.

"Those on yo' as want to help a deein' mon," she said, "come wi' me. My feyther's lyin' in the Knoll Road, done to death."

All were astir in a moment. Lanterns and other necessaries were provided, and bearing one of these lanterns herself, Joan led the way.

As she stepped out on to the pavement a man was passing, and attracted by the confusion, turned to the crowd:

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"There's a mon been killed up o' th' Knoll Road," answered one of the colliers. "It's this lass's feyther, Dan Lowrie."

The man strode into the light and showed an agitated face.

"Killed!" he said, "Dan Lowrie!"

It was Fergus Derrick.

He recognized Joan immediately, and went to her.

"For pity's sake," he exclaimed, "don't go with them. If what they say is true, this is no place for you. Let me take you home. You ought not——"

"It wur me," interrupted Joan in a steady voice, "as found him."

He could not persuade her to remain behind, so he walked on by her side. He asked her no questions. He knew enough to understand that his enemy had reaped the whirlwind he had himself sown.

It was he who knelt first by the side of the prostrate man, holding the lantern above the almost unrecognizable face. Then he would have raised the lifeless hand, but Joan, who had bent down near him, stopped him with a quick move.

"Dunnot do that," she faltered, and when he looked up in surprise, he comprehended her meaning, even before she added, in a passionate undertone, the miserable words:

"Ther's blood on it, as might ha' bin yore own."

"Ther's a bottle here," some one cried out suddenly. "A bottle as I just set my foot on. Chaps, ther's been vitriol throwed."

"Ay," cried another, "so there has; chaps, look yo' here. Th' villians has vitrioled him."

They laid him upon the shutter they had brought, and carried him homeward. Joan and Derrick were nearest to him as they walked.

They were not far from the cottage, and it was not long before the light glimmered through the window upon them. Seeing it, Joan turned to Derrick suddenly.

"I mun hurry on before," she said. "I mun go and say a word to Liz. Comin' aw at onct the soight ud fear her."

Reaching the house, she pushed the door open and went in. Everything was so quiet that she fancied the girl must have gone to bed.

"Liz," she said aloud, "Liz!"

Her voice fell with an echoing sound upon the silent room. She looked at the bed and saw the child lying there asleep. Liz was not with it. She passed quickly into the room adjoining and glanced around. It was empty. Moved by some impulse she went back to the bed, and in bending over the child, saw a slip of paper pinned upon its breast, and upon this paper Joan read, in the sprawling, uncertain hand she knew so well:

"*Dunnot be hard on me, Joan, dunnot. Good-bye!*"

When Derrick entered the door, he found Joan standing alone in the center of the room, holding this scrap of paper in her hand.

CHAPTER XXX.

"He wont live," the doctor said to Derrick. "He's not the man to get over such injuries, powerful as he looks. He has been a reckless, drunken brute, and what with the shock and reaction nothing will save him. The clumsy rascals who attacked him have meant to do him harm enough, but they have done him more than they intended, or at least the man's antecedents will help them

to a result they may not have aimed at. We may as well tell the girl, I suppose—fine creature, that girl, by the way. She wont have any sentimental regrets. It's a good riddance for her, to judge from what I know of them."

"I will tell her," said Derrick.

She listened to him with no greater show of emotion than an increased pallor. She remembered the wounded man only as a bad husband and a bad father. Her life would have been less hard to bear if he had died years ago, but now that death stood near him, a miserable sense of desolateness fell upon her, inconsistent as such a feeling might seem.

The village was full of excitement during this week. Everybody was ready with suggestions and conjectures, everybody wanted to account for the assault. At first there seemed no accounting for it at all, but at length some one recollected that Lowrie had been last seen with Spring and Braddy. They had "getten up a row betwixt theirsens, and t'others had punsed him."

The greatest mystery was the use of vitriol. It could only be decided that it had not been an ordinary case of neighborly "punsing," and that there must have been a "grudge" in the matter. Spring and Braddy had disappeared, and all efforts to discover their whereabouts were unavailing.

On the subject of Liz's flight Joan was silent, but it did not remain a secret many hours. A collier's wife had seen her standing, crying, and holding a little bundle on her arm at the corner of a lane, and having been curious enough to watch, had also seen Landsell join her a few minutes later.

"She wur whimperin' afore he coom," said the woman, "but she cried i' good earnest when he spoke to her, an' talked to him an' hung back as if she could na mak' up her moind whether to go or no. She wur a soft thing, that wench, it wur allus which-ivver way th' wind blowed wi' her. I could nivver see what that lass o' Lowrie's wanted wi' her. Now she's getten th' choild on her honds."

The double shock had numbed Joan. She went about the place and waited upon her father in a dull, mechanical way. She said but little to the curious crowd, who, on pretense of being neighborly, flocked to the house. She even had very little to say to Anice. Perhaps after all, her affection for poor Liz had been a stronger one than she had thought.

"I think," Grace said gently to Anice, "that she does not exactly need us yet."

He made the remark in the rector's presence and the Reverend Harold did not agree with him.

"I am convinced that you are mistaken, Grace," he said. "You are a little too—well, too delicately metaphysical for these people. You have sensitive fancies about them, and they are not a sensitive class. What they want is good strong doctrine, and a certain degree of wholesome frankness. They need teaching. That young woman, now—it seems to me that this is the time to rouse her to a sense of her—her moral condition. She ought to be roused, and so ought the man. It is a great pity that he is unconscious."

Of Joan's strange confession of faith, Anice had told him something, but he had been rather inclined to pronounce it "emotional," and somehow or other could not quite divest himself of the idea that she needed the special guidance of a well-balanced and experienced mind. The well-balanced and experienced mind in question was his own, though of course he was not aware of the fact that he would not have been satisfied with that of any other individual. He was all the more disinclined to believe in Joan's conversion because his interviews with her continued to be as unsatisfactory as ever. Her manner had altered; she had toned down somewhat, but she still caused him to feel ill at ease. If she did not defy him any longer or set his teachings at naught, her grave eyes, resting on him silently, had sometimes the effect of making his words fail him: which was a novel experience with the rector.

In a few days Lowrie began to sink visibly. As the doctor predicted, the reaction was powerful, and remedies were of no avail. He lay upon the bed, at times unconscious, at times tossing to and fro in delirium. During her watching at the bedside, Joan learned the truth. Sometimes he fancied himself tramping the Knoll Road homeward, through the rain, and then he muttered sullenly of the "day" that was coming to him, and the vengeance he was returning to take; sometimes he went through the scene with Joan herself, and again, he waited behind the hedge for his enemy, one moment exultant, the next striving to struggle to his feet with curses upon his lips and rage in his heart, as he caught the sound of the advancing steps he knew so well. As he went over these scenes again and again, it was plain enough

to the listener that his vengeance had fallen upon his own head.

The day after he received his hurts a collier dropped into "The Crown" with a heavy stick in his hand.

"I fun this knob-stick nigh a gap i' th' hedge on th' Knoll Road," he said. "It wur na fur fro' wheer they fun Lowrie. Happen them chaps laid i' wait fur him an' it belongs to one o' 'em."

"Let's ha' a look at it," said a young miner, and on its being handed to him he inspected it closely.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "It's Lowrie's own. I seed him wi' it th' day afore he wur hurt. I know th' shape o' th' knob. How could it ha' coom theer?"

But nobody could guess. It was taken to Joan and she listened to the story without comment. There was no reason why they should be told what she had already discovered.

When Lowrie died, Anice and Grace were in the room with Joan. After the first two days the visitors had dropped off. They had satisfied their curiosity. Lowrie was not a favorite, and Joan had always seemed to stand apart from her fellows, so they were left to themselves.

Joan was standing near the bed when there came to him his first and last gleam of consciousness. The sun was setting and its farewell glow streaming through the window fell upon his disfigured face and sightless eyes. He roused himself, moving uneasily.

"What's up wi' me?" he muttered. "I conna see—I conna ——"

Joan stepped forward.

"Feyther," she said.

Then memory seemed to return to him. An angry light shot across his face. He flung out his hands and groaned:

"What!" he cried, "tha art theer, art tha?" and helpless and broken as he was, he wore that moment a look Joan had long ago learned to understand.

"Ay, feyther," she answered.

It appeared as if, during the few moments in which he lay gasping, a full recognition of the fact that he had been baffled and beaten after all—that his plotting had been of no avail—forced itself upon him. He made an effort to speak once or twice and failed, but at last the words came.

"Tha went agen me, did tha?" he panted. "Dom thee!" and with a struggle to summon all his strength, he raised himself, groping, struck at her with his clenched hand, and failing to reach her, fell forward with his face upon the bed.

It was all over when they raised him and laid him back again. Joan stood upright, trembling a little, but otherwise calm.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It had been generally expected that when all was over the cottage upon the Knoll Road would be closed and deserted, but some secret fancy held Joan to the spot. Perhaps the isolation suited her mood; perhaps the mere sense of familiarity gave her comfort.

"I should na be less lonely anywheer else," she said to Anice Barholm. "Theer's more here as I feel near to than i' any other place. I ha' no friends, yo' know. As to th' child, I con carry it to Thwaite's wife i' th' mornin' when I go to th' pit, an' she'll look after it till neet, fur a trifle. She's getten childern o' her own, and knows their ways."

So she went backward and forward night and morning with her little burden in her arms. The child was a frail, tiny creature, never strong, and often suffering, and its very frailty drew Joan nearer to it. It was sadly like Liz, pretty and infantine. Many a rough but experienced mother, seeing it, prophesied that its battle with life would be brief. With the pretty face, it had inherited also the helpless, irresolute, appealing look. Joan saw this in the baby's eyes sometimes and was startled at its familiarity; even the low, fretted cry had in it something that was painfully like its girl-mother's voice. More than once a sense of fear had come upon Joan when she heard and recognized it. But her love only seemed to strengthen with her dread.

Day by day those who worked with her felt more strongly the change developing so subtly in the girl. The massive beauty which had almost seemed to scorn itself was beginning to wear a different aspect; the defiant bitterness of look and tone was almost a thing of the past; the rough, contemptuous speech was less scathing and more merciful when at rare intervals it broke forth.

"Summat has coom over her," they said among themselves. "Happen it wur trouble. She wur different, somehow."

They were somewhat uneasy under this alteration; but, on the whole, the general feeling was by no means unfriendly. Time had been when they had known Joan Lowrie only as a "lass" who held herself aloof, and yet in a manner overruled them; but

in these days more than one stunted, overworked girl or woman found her hard task rendered easier by Joan's strength and swiftness.

It was true that his quiet and unremitted efforts had smoothed Grace's path to some extent. There were ill-used women whom he had helped and comforted; there were neglected children whose lives he had contrived to brighten; there were unbelievers whose scoffing his gentle simplicity and long-suffering had checked a little. He could be regarded no longer with contempt in Riggan; he even had his friends there.

Among those who still mildly jeered at the little parson stood foremost, far more through vanity than malice, "Owd Sammy Craddock." A couple of months after Lowrie's death, "Owd Sammy" had sauntered down to the mine one day, and was entertaining a group of admirers when Grace went by.

It chanced that, for some reason best known to himself, Sammy was by no means in a good humor. Something had gone wrong at home or abroad, and his grievance had rankled and rendered him unusually contumacious.

Nearing the group, Grace looked up with a faint but kindly smile.

"Good-morning!" he said; "a pleasant day, friends!"

"Owd Sammy" glanced down at him with condescending tolerance. He had been talking himself, and the greeting had broken in upon his eloquence.

"Which on us," he asked dryly; "which on us said it wur na?"

A few paces from the group of idlers Joan Lowrie stood at work. Some of the men had noted her presence when they lounged by, but in the enjoyment of their gossip, they had forgotten her again. She had seen Grace too; she had heard his greeting and the almost brutal laugh that followed it; and, added to this, she had caught a passing glimpse of the curate's face. She dropped her work, and, before the laugh had died out, stood up confronting the loungers.

"If there is a mon among yo' as he has harmed," she said; "if there's one among yo' as he's ivver done a wrong to, let that mon speak up."

It was "Owd Sammy" who was the first to recover himself. Probably he remembered the power he prided himself upon wielding over the weaker sex. He laid aside his pipe for a moment and tried sarcasm,—an adaptation of the same sarcasm he had tried upon the curate.

"Which on us said theer wur?" he asked.

Joan turned her face, pale with repressed emotion, toward him.

"There be men here as I would scarce ha' believed could ha' had much agen him. I see one mon here as has a wife as lay nigh death a month or so ago, an' it wur the parson as went to see her day after day, an' tuk her help an' comfort. Theer's another mon here as had a little un to dee, an' when it deed, it wur th' parson as knelt by its bed an' held its hond an' talkt to it when it wur feart. Theer's other men here as had help fro' him as they did na know of, an' it wur help fro' a mon as wur na far fro' a-bein' as poor an' hard-worked i' his way as they are i' theirs. Happen th' mon I speak on dunnot know much about th' sick wife an' deein child, an' what wur done for 'em, an' if they dunnot, it's th' parson's fault."

"Why!" broke in "Owd Sammy." "Blame me, if tha art na turned Methody! Blame me," in amazement, "if tha art na!"

"Nay," her face softening; "it is na Methody so much. Happen I'm turnin' woman, fur I canna abide to see a hurt gi'en to them as has na earned it. That wur why I spoke. I ha' towd yo' th' truth o' th' little chap yo' jeered at an' throw'd his words back to."

Thus it became among her companions a commonly accepted belief that Joan Lowrie had "turned Methody." They could find no other solution to her championship of the parson.

"Is it true as tha's j'ined th' Methodys?" Thwaite's wife asked Joan somewhat nervously.

She had learned to be fond of the girl, and did not like the idea of believing in her defection.

"No," she answered, "it is na."

The woman heaved a sigh of relief.

"I thowt it wur na," she said. "I towd th' Maxeys as I did na believe it when they browt th' tale to me. They're powerful fond o' tale-bearin', that Maxey lot."

Joan stopped in her play with the child.

"They dunnot understand," she said, "that's aw. I ha' learned to think different, an' believe i' things as I did na used to believe in. Happen that's what they mean by talkin' o' th' Methodys."

People learned no more of the matter than this. They felt that in some way Joan

Lowrie had separated herself from their ranks, but they found it troublesome to work their way to any more definite conclusion.

"Hast heard about that lass o' Lowrie's?" they said to one another; "hoo's takken a new turn sin' Lowrie deed; hoo allus wur a queer-loike, high-handed wench."

After Lowrie's death, Anice Barholm and Joan were oftener together than ever. What had at first been friendship had gradually become affection.

"I think," Anice said to Grace, "that Joan must go away from here and find a new life."

"That is the only way," he answered. "In this old one there has been nothing but misery for her, and bitterness and pain.

Fergus Derrick was sitting at a table turning over a book of engravings. He looked up sharply.

"Where can you find a new life for her?" he asked. "And how can you help her to it? One dare not offer her even a semblance of assistance."

They had not spoken to him, but he had heard, as he always heard, everything connected with Joan Lowrie. He was always restless and eager where she was concerned. All intercourse between them seemed to be at an end. Without appearing to make an effort to do so, she kept out of his path. Try as he might, he could not reach her. At last it had come to this: he was no longer dallying upon the brink of a great and dangerous passion,—it had overwhelmed him.

"One cannot even approach her," he said again.

Anice regarded him with a shade of pity in her face.

"The time is coming when it will not be so," she said.

The night before, Joan Lowrie had spent an hour with her. She had come in on her way from her work, before going to Thwaite's, and had knelt down upon the hearth-rug to warm herself. There had been no light in the room but that of the fire, and its glow, falling upon her face, had revealed to Anice something like haggardness.

"Joan," she said, "are you ill?"

Joan stirred a little uneasily, but did not look at her as she answered:

"Nay, I am na ill; I nivver wur ill i' my life."

"Then," said Anice, "what—what is it that I see in your face?"

There was a momentary tremor of the finely molded, obstinate chin.

"I'm tired out," Joan answered. "That's aw," and her hand fell upon her lap.

Anice turned to the fire.

"What is it?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

Joan looked up at her,—not defiant, not bitter, not dogged,—simply in appeal against her own despair.

"Is na theer a woman's place fur me i' th' world? Is it allus to be this way wi' me? Con I nivver reach no higher, strive as I will, pray as I will,—fur I *have* prayed? Is na theer a woman's place fur me i' th' world?"

"Yes," said Anice, "I am sure there is."

"I've thowt as theer mun be somewheer. Sometimes I've felt sure as theer mun be, an' then again I've been beset so sore that I ha' almost gi'en it up. If theer is such a place fur me, I mun find it—I mun!"

"You will find it," said Anice. "Some day, surely."

Anice thought of all this again when she glanced at Derrick. Derrick was more than usually disturbed to-day. He had for some time been working his way to an important decision, fraught with some annoyance and anxiety to himself. There was to be a meeting of the owners in a few weeks, and at this meeting he had determined to take a firm stand.

"The longer I remain in my present position, the more fully I am convinced of the danger constantly threatening us," he said to Anice. "I am convinced that the present system of furnaces is the cause of more explosions than are generally attributed to it. The mine here is a 'fiery' one, as they call it, and yet day after day goes by and no precautions are taken. There are poor fellows working under me whose existence means bread to helpless women and children. I hold their lives in trust, and if I am not allowed to place one frail barrier between them and sudden death, I will lead them into peril no longer,—I will resign my position. At least I can do that."

The men under him worked with a dull, heavy daring, born of long use and a knowledge of their own helplessness against their fate. There was not one among them who did not know that in going down the shaft to his labor, he might be leaving the light of day behind him forever. But seeing the blue sky vanish from sight thus during six days of fifty-two weeks in the year, engendered a kind of hard indifference. Explosions had occurred, and might occur again; dead men had been carried up to be

stretched on the green earth,—men crushed out of all semblance to humanity; some of themselves bore the marks of terrible maiming; but it was an old story, and they had learned to face the same hazard recklessly.

With Fergus Derrick, however, it was a different matter. It was he who must lead these men into new fields of danger.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE time came, before many days, when the last tie that bound Joan Lowrie to her present life was broken. The little one, who from the first had clung to existence with a frail hold, at last loosened its weak grasp. It had been ill for several days,—so ill that Joan had remained at home to nurse it,—and one night, sitting with it upon her knee in her accustomed place, she saw a change upon the small face.

It had been moaning continuously, and suddenly the plaintive sound ceased. Joan bent over it. She had been holding the tiny hand as she always did, and at this moment the soft fingers closed upon one of her own quietly. She was quite alone, and for an instant there was a deep silence. After her first glance at the tiny creature, she broke this silence herself.

"Little lass," she said in a whisper, "what ails thee? Is thy pain o'er?"

As she looked again at the baby face upturned as if in silent answer, the truth broke in upon her.

Folding her arms around the little form, she laid her head upon its breast and wept aloud,—wept as she had never wept before. Then she laid the child upon a pillow and covered its face. Liz's last words returned to her with a double force. It had not lived to forget or blame her. Where was Liz to-night,—at this hour, when her child was so safe?

The next morning, on her way downstairs to the breakfast-room, Anice Barholm was met by a servant.

"The young woman from the mines would like to see you, Miss," said the girl.

Anice found Joan awaiting her below.

"I ha' come to tell yo'," she said, "that th' little un deed at midneet. Theer wur no one I could ca' in. I sat alone wi' it i' th' room aw th' neet, an' then I left it to come here."

Anice and Thwaite's wife returned home with her. What little there was to be done, they remained to do. But this was scarcely more than to watch with her until the pretty baby face was hidden away from human sight.

When all was over, Joan became restless. The presence of the child had saved her from utter desolation, and now that it was gone, the emptiness of the house chilled her. At the last, when her companions were about to leave her, she broke down.

"I conna bear it," she said. "I will go wi' yo'."

Thwaite's wife had proposed before that she should make her home with them; and now, when Mrs. Thwaite returned to Riggan, Joan accompanied her, and the cottage was locked up.

This alteration changed greatly the routine of her life. There were children in the Thwaite household—half a dozen of them—who, having overcome their first awe of her, had learned before the baby died to be fond of Joan. Her handsome face attracted them when they ceased to fear its novelty; and the hard-worked mother said to her neighbors:

"She's getten a way wi' childer, somehow,—that lass o' Lowrie's. Yo'd wonder if yo' could see her wi' 'em. She's mony a bit o' help to me."

But as time progressed, Anice Barholm noted the constant presence of that worn look upon her face. Instead of diminishing, it grew and deepened. Even Derrick, who met her so rarely, saw it when he passed her in the street.

"She is not ill, is she?" he asked Anice once, abruptly.

Anice shook her head.

"No, she is not ill."

"Then she has some trouble that nobody knows about," he said. "What a beautiful creature she is!" impetuously—"and how incomprehensible!"

His eyes chanced to meet Anice's, and a dark flush swept over his face. He got up almost immediately after and began to pace the room, as was his habit.

"Next week the crisis will come at the mines," he said. "I wonder how it will end for me."

"You are still determined?" said Anice.

"Yes, I am still determined. I wish it were over. Perhaps there will be a Fate in it"—his voice lowering itself as he added this last sentence.

"A Fate?" said Anice.

"I am growing superstitious and full of

fancies," he said. "I do not trust to myself, as I once did. I should like Fate to bear the responsibility of my leaving Riggan or remaining in it."

"And if you leave it?" asked Anice.

For an instant he paused in his walk, with an uncertain air. But he shook this uncertainty off with a visible effort, the next moment.

"If I leave it, I do not think I shall return, and Fate will have settled a long unsettled question for me."

"Don't leave it to Fate," said Anice in a low tone. "Settle it for yourself. It does not—it is not—it looks ——"

"It looks cowardly," he interrupted her. "So it does, and so it is. God knows I never felt myself so great a coward before!"

He had paused again. This time he stood before her. The girl's grave, delicate face turned to meet his glance, and seeing it, a thought seemed to strike him.

"Anice," he said, the dark flush rising afresh, "I promised you that if the time should ever come when I needed help that it was possible you might give, I should not be afraid to ask you for it. I am coming to you for help. Not now—some day not far distant. That is why I remind you of the compact."

"I did not need reminding," she said to him.

"I might have known that," he answered, —"I think I did know it. But let us make the compact over again."

She held out her hand to him, and he took it eagerly.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE owners of the Riggan collieries held their meeting. That a person in their employ should differ from them boldly, and condemn their course openly, was an extraordinary event; that a young man in the outset of his career should dare so much was unprecedented. It would be a ruinous thing, they said among themselves, for so young a man to lose so important a position on the very threshold of his professional life, and they were convinced that his knowledge of this would restrain him. But they were astounded to find that it did not.

He brought his plans with him, and laid them before them. They were plans for the abolition of old and dangerous arrangements, for the amelioration of the condition of the men who labored at the hourly risk of their lives, and for rendering this labor easier. Specially, there were plans for a newer system of ventilation—proposing the substitution of fans for the long-used furnace. One or two of the younger men leaned toward their adoption. But the men with the greatest influence were older, and less prone to the encouragement of novelty.

"It's all nonsense," said one. "Furnaces have been used ever since the mines were opened, and as to the rest—it arises, I suppose, from the complaints of the men. They always will complain—they always did."

"So far they have had reason for complaint," remarked Derrick. "As you say, there have been furnaces ever since there have been mines, and there have also been explosions, which may in many cases be attributed to them. There was an explosion at Browton a month ago which was to some extent a mystery, but there were old miners who understood it well enough. The return air, loaded with gas, had ignited at the furnace, and the result was that forty dead and wounded men were carried up the shaft, to be recognized, when they were recognizable, by mothers, and wives, and children, who depended upon them for their scant food."

Derrick argued his cause well and with spirit, keeping a tight rein upon himself; but when, having exhausted his arguments, he found that he had not advanced his cause, and that it was a settled matter that he should not, he took fire.

"Then, gentlemen," he said, "I have but one resource. I will hold no human life lightly in my hands. I have the honor to tender you my resignation."

There was a dead silence for a moment or so. They had certainly not expected such a result as this. A well-disposed young man, who sat near to Derrick, spoke to him in a rapid undertone.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it will be the ruin of you. For my part, I admire your enthusiasm, but do not be rash."

"A man with a will and a pair of clean hands is not easily ruined," returned Derrick a trifle hotly. "As to being rash or enthusiastic, I am neither the one nor the other. It is not enthusiasm which moves me, it is a familiarity with stern realities."

When he left the room his fate had been decided. At the end of the week he would have no further occupation in Riggan. He had only two more days' work before him and he had gained the unenviable reputation of being a fire-and-tow young fellow, who was flighty enough to make a martyr of himself.

Under the first street-lamp, he met Grace, who was evidently making his way home.

"I will go with you," he said, taking his arm.

Once within the walls of the pleasant little room, he found it easy to unbosom himself. He described his interview with his employers, and its termination.

"A few months ago, I flattered myself that my prospects were improving," he said; "but now it seems that I must begin again, which is not an easy matter, by the way."

By the time he ended he found his temporary excitement abating somewhat, but still his mood was by no means undisturbed.

It was after they had finished tea and the arm-chairs had been drawn to the fire that Grace himself made a revelation.

"When you met me to-night, I was returning from a visit I had paid to Joan Lowrie."

"At Thwaites's?" said Derrick.

"At Thwaites's. She—the fact is I went on business—she has determined to change her plan of life."

"In what manner?"

"She is to work no more at the mines. I am happy to say that I have been able to find her other employment."

There was an interval of silence, at length broken by Derrick.

"Grace," he said, "can you tell me why she decided upon such a course?"

Grace looked at him with questioning surprise.

"I can tell you what she said to me on the subject," he replied. "She said it was no woman's work, and she was tired of it."

"She is not the woman to do anything without a motive," mused Derrick.

"No," returned the curate.

A moment later, as if by one impulse, their eyes met. Grace started as if he had been stung. Derrick simply flushed.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I—I do not think I understand," Grace faltered. "Surely I am blundering."

"Nay," said Derrick gloomily. "You cannot blunder since you know the truth. You did not fancy that my feeling was so trivial that I could have conquered it so soon? Joan Lowrie——"

"Joan Lowrie!"

Grace's voice had broken in upon him with a startled sound.

The two men regarded each other in mutual bewilderment. Then again Derrick was the first to speak.

"Grace," he said, "you have misunderstood me."

Grace answered him with a visible tremor.

"If," he said, "it was to your love for Joan Lowrie you referred when you spoke to me of your trouble some months ago, I *have* misunderstood you. If the obstacles you meant were the obstacles you would find in the path of such a love, I have misunderstood you. If you did not mean that your heart had been stirred by a feeling your generous friendship caused you to regard as unjust to *me*, I have misunderstood you miserably."

"My dear fellow!" Derrick exclaimed, with some emotion. "My dear fellow, do you mean to tell me that you imagined I referred to Miss Barholm?"

"I was sure of it," was Grace's agitated reply. "As I said before, I have misunderstood you miserably."

"And yet you had no word of blame for me?"

"I had no right to blame you. I had not lost what I believed you had won. It had never been mine. It was a mistake," he added, endeavoring to steady himself. "But don't mind me, Derrick. Let us try to set it right; only I am afraid you will have to begin again."

Derrick drew a heavy breath. He took up a paper-knife from the table, and began to bend it in his hands.

"Yes," he said, "we shall have to begin again. And it is told in a few words," he said with a deliberateness almost painful in its suggestion of an intense effort at self-control. "Grace, what would you think of a man who found himself setting reason at defiance, and in spite of all obstacles confronting the possibility of loving and marrying—if she can be won—such a woman as Joan Lowrie?"

"You are putting me in a difficult position," Paul answered. "If he would dare so much, he would be the man to dare to decide for himself."

Derrick tossed the paper-knife aside.

"And you know that I am the person in question. *I* have so defied the world, in spite of myself at first, I must confess. *I* have confronted the possibility of loving Joan Lowrie until I *do* love her. So there the case stands."

Gradually there dawned upon the curate's mind certain remembrances connected with Joan. Now and then she had puzzled and startled him, but here, possibly, might be a solution of the mystery.

"And Joan Lowrie herself?" he asked, questioningly.

"Joan Lowrie herself," said Derrick, "is no nearer to me to-day than she was a year ago."

"Are you,"—hesitatingly,—"are you quite sure of that?"

The words had escaped his lips in spite of himself.

Derrick started and turned toward him with a sudden movement.

"Grace!" he said.

"I asked if you were sure of that," answered Grace, coloring. "I am not."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE next morning Derrick went down to the mine as usual. There were several things he wished to do in these last two days. He had heard that the managers had entered into negotiations with a new engineer, and he wished the man to find no half-done work. The day was bright and frosty, and the sharp, bracing air seemed to clear his brain. He felt more hopeful, and less inclined to view matters darkly.

He remembered afterward that, as he stepped into the cage, he turned to look at the unpicturesque little town, brightened by the winter's sun; and that, as he went down, he glanced up at the sky and marked how intense appeared the bit of blue, which was framed in by the mouth of the shaft.

Even in the few hours that had elapsed since the meeting, the rumor of what he had said and done had been bruited about. Some collier had heard it and had told it to his comrades, and so it had gone from one to the other. It had been talked over at the evening and morning meal in divers cottages, and many an anxious woman had warmed into praise of the man who had "had a thowt for th' men."

In the first gallery he entered he found a deputation of men awaiting him,—a group of burly miners with picks and shovels over their shoulders,—and the head of this deputation, a spokesman burlier and generally gruffer than the rest, stopped him.

"Mester," he said, "we chaps 'ud loike to ha' a word wi' yo'."

"All right," was Derrick's reply, "I am ready to listen."

The rest crowded nearer as if anxious to participate as much as possible, and give their spokesman the support of their presence.

"It is na mich as we ha' getten to say," said the man, "but we're fain to say it. Are na we, mates?"

"Ay, we are, lad," in chorus.

"It's about summat as we'n heerd. Theer wur a chap as towd some on us last neet, as yo'd getten th' sack fro' th' managers—or leastways as yo'd turned th' tables on 'em an' gi'en them th' sack yo'rsen. An' we'n heerd as it begun wi' yo're standin' up fur us chaps—axin fur things as wur wanted i' th' pit to save us fro' runnin' more risk than we need. An' we heerd as yo' spoke up bold, an' argied fur us an' stood to what yo' thowt war th' reet thing, an' we set our moinds on tellin' yo' as we'd heerd it an' talked it over, an' we'd loike to say a word o' thanks i' common fur th' pluck yo' showed. Is na that it, mates?"

"Ay, that it is, lad!" responded the chorus.

Suddenly one of the group stepped out and threw down his pick.

"An' I'm dom'd, mates," he said, "if here is na a chap as ud loike to shake hands wi' him."

It was a signal for the rest to follow his example. They crowded about their champion, thrusting grimy paws into his hand, grasping it almost enthusiastically.

"Good luck to yo', lad!" said one. "We'n noan smooth soart o' chaps, but we'n stand by what's fair an' plucky. We shall ha' a good word fur thee when tha hast made thy flittin'."

"I'm glad of that, lads," responded Derrick, heartily, by no means unmoved by the rough-and-ready spirit of the scene. "I only wish I had had better luck, that's all."

A few hours later the whole of the little town was shaken to its very foundations, by something like an earthquake accompanied by an ominous, booming sound which brought people flocking out of their houses, with white faces. Some of them had heard it before—all knew what it meant. From the colliers' cottages poured forth women, shrieking and wailing,—women who bore children in their arms and had older ones dragging at their skirts, and who made their desperate way to the pit with one accord. From houses and workshops there rushed men, who, coming out in twos and threes joined each other, and, forming a breathless crowd, ran through the streets scarcely daring to speak a word—and all ran toward the pit.

There were scores at its mouth in five minutes; in ten minutes there were hundreds,

and above all the clamor rose the cry of women:

"My Mester's down!"

"An' mine!"

"An' mine!"

"Four lads o' mine is down!"

"Three o' mine!"

"My little un's theer—th' youngest—nobbut ten year owd—nobbut ten year owd, poor little chap! an' ony been at work a week!"

"Ay, wenches, God ha' mercy on us aw'—God ha' mercy!" And then more shrieks and wails in which the terror-stricken children joined.

It was a fearful sight. How many lay dead and dying in the noisome darkness below, God only knew! How many lay mangled and crushed, waiting for their death, Heaven only could tell!

In five minutes after the explosion occurred, a slight figure in clerical garb made its way through the crowd with an air of excited determination.

"Th' parson's feart," was the general comment.

"My men," he said, raising his voice so that all could hear, "can any of you tell me who last saw Fergus Derrick?"

There was a little pause and then came a reply from a collier who stood near.

"I coom up out o' th' pit an hour ago," he said, "I wur th' last as coom up, an' it wur on'y chance as browt me. Derrick wur wi' his men i' th' new part o' th' mine. I seed him as I passed through."

Grace's face became a shade or so paler, but he made no more inquiries.

His friend either lay dead below, or was waiting for his doom at that very moment. He stepped a little farther forward.

"Unfortunately for myself, at present," he said, "I have no practical knowledge of the nature of these accidents. Will some of you tell me how long it will be before we can make our first effort to rescue the men who are below?"

Did he mean to volunteer—this young whipper-snapper of a parson? And if he did, could he know what he was doing?

"I ask you," he said, "because I wish to offer myself as a volunteer at once; I think I am stronger than you imagine, and at least my heart will be in the work. I have a friend below,—myself," his voice altering its tone and losing its firmness,—"a friend who is worthy the sacrifice of ten such lives as mine if such a sacrifice could save him."

One or two of the older and more experienced spoke up. Under an hour it would be impossible to make the attempt—it might even be a longer time, but in an hour they might, at least, make their first effort.

If such was the case, the parson said, the intervening period must be turned to the best account. In that time much could be thought of and done which would assist themselves and benefit the sufferers. He called upon the strongest and most experienced, and almost without their recognizing the prominence of his position, led them on in the work. He even rallied the weeping women and gave them something to do. One was sent for this necessary article and another for that. A couple of boys were dispatched to the next village for extra medical assistance, so that there need be no lack of attention when it was required. He took off his broadcloth and worked with the rest of them until all the necessary preparations were made and it was considered possible to descend into the mine.

When all was ready, he went to the mouth of the shaft and took his place quietly.

It was a hazardous task they had before them. Death would stare them in the face all through its performance. There was choking after-damp below, deadly noxious vapors, to breathe which was to die; there was the chance of crushing masses falling from the shaken galleries—and yet these men left their companions one by one and ranged themselves, without saying a word, at the curate's side.

"My friends," said Grace, baring his head, and raising a feminine hand. "My friends, we will say a short prayer."

It was only a few words. Then the curate spoke again.

"Ready!" he said.

But just at that moment there stepped out from the anguished crowd a girl, whose face was set and deathly, though there was no touch of fear upon it.

"I ax yo'," she said, "to let me go wi' yo' and do what I con. Lasses, some on yo' speak a word fur Joan Lowrie!"

There was a breathless start. The women even stopped their outcry to look at her as she stood apart from them,—a desperate appeal in the very quiet of her gesture as she turned to look about her for some one to speak.

"Lasses," she said again. "Some on yo' speak a word fur Joan Lowrie!"

There rose a murmur among them then, and the next instant this murmur was a cry.

"Ay," they answered, "we con aw speak fur yo'. Let her go, lads! She's worth two o' th' best on yo'. Nowt fears her. Ay, she mun go, if she will, mun Joan Lowrie! Go, Joan, lass, and we'n not forget thee!"

But the men demurred. The finer instinct in some of them shrank from giving a woman a place in such a perilous undertaking—the coarser element in others rebelled against it.

"We'n ha' no wenches," these said, surlily.

Grace stepped forward. He went to Joan Lowrie and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"We cannot think of it," he said. "It is very brave and generous, and—God bless you!—but it cannot be. I could not think of allowing it myself, if the rest would."

"Parson," said Joan coolly, but not roughly, "tha'd ha' hard work to help thysen, if so be as th' lads wur willin'."

"But," he protested, "it may be death. I could not bear the thought of it. You are a woman. We cannot let you risk your life."

She turned to the volunteers.

"Lads," she cried passionately, "Yo' munnot turn me back. I—sin I mun tell yo'—" and she faced them like a queen,—"theer's a mon down theer as I'd gi' my heart's blood to save."

They did not know whom she meant, but they demurred no longer.

"Tak' thy place, wench," said the oldest of them. "If tha mun, tha mun."

She took her seat in the cage by Grace, and when she took it she half turned her face away. But when those above began to lower them, and they found themselves swinging downward into what might be to them a pit of death, she spoke to him.

"Theer's a prayer I'd loike yo' to pray," she said. "Pray that if we mun dee, we may na dee until we ha' done our work."

It was a dreadful work indeed that the rescuers had to do in those black galleries. And Joan was the bravest, quickest, most persistent of all. Paul Grace, following in her wake, found himself obeying her slightest word or gesture. He worked constantly at her side, for he, at least, had guessed the truth. He knew that they were both engaged in the same quest. When at last they had worked their way—lifting helping, comforting—to the end of the passage where the collier had said he last saw the master, then, for one moment she paused, and her companion, with a thrill of pity, touched her to attract her attention.

"Let me go first," he said.

"Nay," she answered, "We'n go together."

The gallery was a long and low one, and had been terribly shaken. In some places the props had been torn away, in others they were borne down by the loosened blocks of coal. The dim light of the "Davy" Joan held up showed such a wreck that Grace spoke to her again.

"You must let me go first," he said, with gentle firmness. "If one of these blocks should fall ——"

Joan interrupted him,—

"If one on 'em should fall I'm th' one as it had better fall on. There is na mony foak as ud miss Joan Lowrie. Yo' ha' work o' yore own to do."

She stepped into the gallery before he could protest, and he could only follow her. She went before, holding the Davy high, so that its light might be thrown as far forward as possible. Now and then she was forced to stoop to make her way around a bending prop; sometimes there was a fallen mass to be surmounted, but she was at the front still when they reached the other end without finding the object of their search.

"It—he is na there," she said. "Let us try th' next passage," and she turned into it.

It was she who first came upon what they were looking for; but they did not find it in the next passage, or the next, or even the next. It was farther away from the scene of the explosion than they had dared to hope. As they entered a narrow side gallery, Grace heard her utter a low sound, and the next minute she was down upon her knees.

"Theer's a mon here," she said. "It's him as we're lookin' fur."

She held the dim little lantern close to the face,—a still face with closed eyes, and blood upon it. Grace knelt down too, his heart aching with dread.

"Is he ——" he began, but could not finish.

Joan Lowrie laid her hand upon the apparently motionless breast and waited almost a minute, and then she lifted her own face, white as the wounded man's—white and solemn, and wet with a sudden rain of tears.

"He is na dead," she said. "We ha' saved him."

She sat down upon the floor of the gallery and lifting his head laid it upon her bosom, holding it close as a mother might hold the head of her child.

"Mester," she said, "gi' me th' brandy

flask, and tak' thou thy Davy an' go fur some o' th' men to help us get him to th' leet o' day. I'm gone weak at last. I conna do no more. I'll go wi' him to th' top."

When the cage ascended to the mouth again with its last load of sufferers, Joan Lowrie came with it, blinded and dazzled by the golden winter's sunlight as it fell upon her haggard, beautiful face. She was holding the head of what seemed to be a dead man upon her knee. A great shout of welcome rose up from the by-standers.

She helped them to lay her charge upon a pile of coats and blankets prepared for him, and then she turned to the doctor who had hurried to the spot to see what could be done.

"He is na dead," she said. "Lay yore hond on his heart. It beats yet, Mester,—on'y a little, but it beats."

"No," said the doctor, "he is not dead—yet," with a breath's pause between the two last words. "If some of you will help me to put him on a stretcher, he may be carried home, and I will go with him. There is just a chance for him, poor fellow, and he must have immediate attention. Where does he live?"

"He must go with me," said Grace. "He is my friend."

So they took him up, and Joan Lowrie stood a little apart and watched them carry him away,—watched the bearers until they were out of sight, and then turned again and joined the women in their work among the sufferers.

(To be continued.)

MARCIA'S FORTUNE.

THE old Wentworth house stood at the top of the hill, close to the main road, although acres and acres of farm land stretched away behind it and at either side. It would have unconsciously reminded a thoughtful observer of one of those eccentric and stately old gentlemen who insisted upon wearing knee-breeches fifty years after they had passed out of fashion, it was so old and so quaint and had such a pitiful look of bygone prosperity about it. There were curious carvings over the doors and windows and along the cornice under the roof; the sash of the ancient bow-window was filled with bull's-eye panes of glass, very thick and very green, and the ponderous brass knocker on the front door would have been a prize for a relic hunter. Two lilac bushes on either side of the door had grown so tall that their branches met over it, forming an arch-way. A Virginia creeper grew with such luxuriance that it nearly covered the front of the house, while a scarlet-runner clambered over and through it at will, throwing out here and there bright bits of color in the deep green. It twined about two dormer-windows that seemed to be looking out into the world with a surprised sort of air as if wondering what in the world had happened to the Wentworths, and even took into its embrace the great square chimneys that towered over all as if determined to assert themselves despite the fallen fortunes of the family.

Inside, it was even more quaint and far more fascinating than without; there was the old keeping-room,—the family-room for generations past,—so low-ceiled that all the tall sons of the house had bent their heads to pass in and out of the door-way, paneled from floor to ceiling with black-oak, and with a huge brick fire-place that might almost have held a Yule-log, and was set round with tiles of the most curious description. On some of them, ladies with amazing structures of hair, infinitesimal waists and huge hoops, confronted gentlemen in bag-wigs and small-clothes; on others were Scripture illustrations scarcely to be called artistic, since the mote in the eye was half as big as the man's head and the beam appeared to be a piece of falling timber about to knock the other man down. The parlor was shut up because the floor was shaky, and, being a north room, it had a moldy smell, and many of the bedrooms were only opened once in a while just to air them. The rooms were many, but the people who had once filled them had all gone years and years before my story has a beginning. The spider-legged chairs ending in a claw grasping a ball were seldom moved except to be dusted; the curious little dressing-tables with endless drawers and "cubby-holes" that girls delight in, were clean and empty, and the two old convex glasses found no crowd of people gay with color to reflect in these degenerate days.

For there was no one left in the old house but John Wentworth, his only child and his

sister-in-law, Persis Church. Mr. Wentworth would have been very inoffensive if he had not been so conscious of his hands and his feet; but then one must be conscious of something, and there was little else that belonged to the "last of his race," as he was fond of calling himself—not quite correctly, to be sure, for Marcia was the last—but then she was a girl. A very pretty girl she was, too, with a slender, graceful figure, and a high-bred little head with brown braids wrapped snugly around it. There was never any charming disarray about Marcia Wentworth; she was always well trimmed—like a ship before the wind.

Miss Persis was the dearest and most charming of old maids, not a bit precise, although her back bore evidence that she never lounged, even at fifty-two. Her whole dress was always exquisitely neat and ladylike; the delicate, aristocratic old hands showed their tracery of blue veins; and there was a sweet, kindly smile about the gentle mouth and eyes, albeit they could wear a satirical look when her brother-in-law discoursed grandly of "my father"—for such discourse invariably ended with:

"Persis, have you any money about you?"

She always had "a little," and Mr. Wentworth always took it.

Behind the house, toward the left, was a clump of box, originally the bordering of the flower-beds which had been laid out for Marcia's great-grandmother when she came there a bride, but which in long years had grown to fill up the neglected beds and become more than six feet high.

Opposite, toward the right of the house—would, for the sake of the Wentworths, that it had never been built!—stood the "old laboratory," just a tiny little building of one room, shingled all over, roof and sides alike, black and water-soaked with time and storms, covered with a dark green moss and yellow lichen, a straggling old vine growing over the door-way, and behind it elms whose branches sweep the roof.

"My father"—Dr. Wentworth—had been a very learned man, so much so indeed, that it made him quite mad enough to fling himself into the mysteries of alchemy and finally to shut himself up for years with his pots and his crucibles, his ever-blazing fire and the uncanny messes he was always stirring over it in the hope of finding the philosopher's stone. Nothing stood in the way of his mania, gold,—gold he must and would have. Wife died; children married, or were lost at sea, or emigrated never to be heard of more,—what difference did it make to him?

He was for years avoided by the country people, and even his very name became a terror, for mysterious and horrid tales were whispered in the farm-houses about the dreadful ingredients needed for his witchcraft,—principal among them being the warm blood of babes under a year old. Children shivered in their beds lest a long arm should swoop them out of the window and into the darkness, and many people drew a breath of relief when at last he died, leaving a black and bubbling mess over the fire that he was certain contained the long-sought-for solution. With his last conscious breath he enjoined upon his son to keep up the fire for twelve days and nights—the mystical Egyptian number—when he would find his reward. He died feeling quite comfortable, no doubt; poor old sinner! and what happened? What could have been expected to happen in the nineteenth century? The stuff boiled away in less than twenty-four hours and the fire burnt a hole in the bottom of the kettle, making a practical illustration of the direction the Wentworth gold had taken.

The old house, sadly out of repair, and the rocky and barren farm lands, were all that was left for John Wentworth and his baby daughter. How they would have lived Heaven only knows, if Persis Church, with her slender income, had not stepped into the breach, which she filled so completely that John never seemed to notice there had been a breach at all.

On a bright June morning, the sun was so hot that the old shingles on the laboratory began to renew their youth and give out a faint fragrance of cedar. The door was open and the sun poured a blaze of light on the old furnace, and made it stand out against the wood piled up beyond it, and even danced and glinted as the waving of the trees broke it up on the crucibles standing in a row on the shelf above. These with their dusty, fat sides and slender necks, with one handle on each, bore a ludicrous likeness to the arm of a defiant woman set akimbo on a broad hip.

The sunshine would have poured into the kitchen if Olive hadn't shut it out by pulling to the shutter on the east window, before which Marcia sat with both arms folded on the table listening to her fortune with an amused and interested face.

"Humph!" said old Polly, "I see tears an' a lover an' ——"

"Pshaw!" said Olive, rolling out her gingerbread with spiteful haste, "anybody could tell *that*, 'thout screwing a cup 'round forty times; better tell her somethin' new while you're 'bout it."

"Olive Judd," said Polly, "ef you don't stop your talk I can't tell nothin',—you keep a-puttin' on me out the hull time."

"Please don't, Olive," said Marcia; "because I want to hear it."

"It's all bosh anyhow," said Olive, who subsided so far as speech was concerned, but made up for it by gratuitous slammings of the oven door.

So Polly went on:

"An' 'way off there," pointing a skinny finger to one side of the cup, "is a fortin, an'—an'—there's jugs,—black ones,—an' it's to your right hand."

"And is that all, Polly?"

"Well, it's all I'm sure on; mebbe there's a ring, I guess there is; but there's tears, *lots* on 'em. I allers think it's best to tell folks there's tears 'cause ef I'd knowed it once I might a kep' out o' heaps o' trouble, but nobody told me, an' thet's where I missed it."

"Missed what?" said Marcia.

"Wall, now, didn't you never know?" said Polly, settling herself back in her chair. "I'll tell yer, but it's awful touching; I declare it makes me cry now, old as I be and cracked, some folks say," and the keen, black eyes filled with tears.

Olive couldn't stand that, and burst out with "For the land's sake, Marcia Wentworth, don't you go to drawin' out that old critter; it's enough to kill the saints when she gets a goin', and she'll be a meanderin' here most o' the day. Come, Polly, kite along; your room's a sight better'n your company, Saturdays."

"Laws!" says Polly, catching up her basket and pulling up her rheumatic old bones out of the arm-chair, "I guess I'd better be a-goin', Marcia. I'll tell yer another time; it allus makes Olive mad to hear 'bout other folks' beaux; she allus purtended she didn't want none; but laws! we all know what that means; we aint none of us blind," and with this parting shot Polly hobbled away down the walk.

"Marcia Wentworth," said Olive, standing in the middle of the kitchen, roller in hand, "don't go to listenin' to such stuff; it aint a-goin' to do you no good, an' it might do yer a heap o' harm."

"Nonsense," said Marcia, "as if I believed in it!"

"As if yer did," repeated Olive, "it's mighty easy to believe in what we want to believe in, an' I saw you give a look out to that black hole when she told yer about a fortune, an' I suppose you think I've forgot that when you wasn't mor'n ten year old you was always possessed there was gold in them jugs; trust me for forgettin', an' if you take my advice you'll search 'em an' find out for sartain, an' then you wont be buildin' up no false hopes. Lord knows," she said, stooping down to pull a pan out of the oven, "what the old feller did with it all, but I'll be bound it's gone where you'll never see any of it."

"Don't be a goose, Olive, and you needn't have been so dreadfully cross to poor old Polly."

"You don't know her as well as I do; she'd 'a' gone on most o' the day, an' I aint got no patience with folks, allus blubberin' and yowlin' over troubles that can't be helped, an' are dead an' buried besides; they'd better go to work, that's my doctrine, if 'taint one o' the thirty-nine articles;" and Olive plunged her roller into a pile of dough.

Marcia sauntered down the path which led to a flight of steep stone steps outside the front gate, and directly on the main road; and then she put on her hat, which she had been swinging idly by the button at the end of the elastic, leaned over the fence and gazed at the prospect before her. She apparently gazed over the river to the hills dim and blue in the distance, but really she was in a day-dream—that is, if wondering why things were so "horrid" could be called a day-dream. Marcia taught school in Westport, a town eight miles off, full of old houses and old people, and with a decayed feeling in the very air itself. It was a wonder that any children were ever born there, for the whole tone of the place was against youth in any form; but still there were some born, and they survived and grew to be of a teachable age; and, with the foreign population, there were always enough to keep one school running.

Marcia didn't teach school because she liked it—quite the contrary: she hated it, and had always said she should much prefer to scrub floors for a living; but there wasn't a favorable situation open for scrubbing floors, and she couldn't have kept it up long if there had been, so she taught because there was nothing else to do.

Falls Village lay about as many miles the other way and was as opposite in character as in situation,—a busy manufacturing

town, where money, youth and energy were at a premium. Here Marcia found her lover,—handsome, twenty-five, and book-keeper at "Macy's Mills." It would be difficult to state which displeased Mr. Wentworth more, the teaching or the lover. The teaching was bad enough, but not without precedent in decayed aristocracy; but the lover was one of the "mill people," and that was making things out about as bad as could be. But her father's opinion mattered very little to Marcia except that it would of course have been more pleasant to have had him pleased than displeased, and she had been engaged to Tom for about a year. The engagement had been kept a secret, as there was little prospect of their being able to be married; and what little there had been was growing dimmer very fast, for during the year Tom had become fired with a new ambition. It was the thinking about that same ambition that had given Marcia's thoughts a particularly gloomy tone that morning, for she fancied she saw before her a long separation from her lover. He had talent, but imagined himself to be a genius; he had dabbled in colors and dabbled with clay; injudicious praise had puffed him up, and when a sculptor, home on a visit, pronounced a statuette "not a bad conception," and of "clever execution for a fellow entirely self-taught," Tom felt sure he was a genius out of place. Just at that time a rich and generous young fellow, an owner in one of the mills, who had taken a great fancy to Tom, offered to pay his expenses to Florence, where he might study to advantage.

It was a tempting offer. Tom was young; he hated book-keeping; he had enough money saved to keep him with economy for a year or more, and he believed in himself. On the other hand, there was Marcia, whom he loved after a manner not rare among men,—namely, as a sort of pleasing accessory to himself. Then there was his position; once relinquished it would be hard to regain,—perhaps impossible; and the money saved up, which was to have been a help to hasten his marriage, that would all go. But there was triumph one way, drudgery the other. The more pleasant way was soon seen to be the better, and at the very minute Marcia was leaning over the fence, Tom was hurrying along the road to tell her of his decision, which had been pretty equally balanced when she had last seen him. How handsome he was as he took off his hat to wave it to her! Such a bright smile,—such a fine, manly figure!

"I'm going, Marcia," he called, as if anxious to get it over as soon as possible; and then, as she made no answer, but only advanced a step or two to meet him, as he reached the foot of the steps, "What have you got to say about it?"

"Nothing, Tom. What's the use? I told you what I thought, Sunday. I knew you'd never be out of the mill this time of day, if you weren't going."

"Oh, hang the mill! I've done with that forever, thank goodness! When do you suppose I'm going?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, you're cool,—you don't act as if you cared."

Marcia had seated herself on the old chain-weight that kept the gate closed, and looked down at the grass as she said:

"You can't expect me to be very glad about your going, Tom, as I can't go with you."

"Forgive me, dear," said Tom, bending down and putting a hand on either cheek, and so forcing her to look up.

"I believe I am selfish about it."

He expected to be contradicted; a man always does when he abuses himself to a woman who loves him. He was taken utterly by surprise when Marcia said, with energy:

"Yes, I believe you are. I shouldn't leave *you* so."

"Because you're a woman, my dear."

"I shouldn't if I were a man."

"Oh, yes, you would; you'd see then how foolish it would be to bury your talents; for ——"

He stopped, rather in a quandary as to how to end his sentence,—and it was necessary to end it in some way, for Marcia was looking straight into his face with her clear, honest eyes; so he looked down and screwed the end of his cane into the toe of his boot, and said, finally:

"For any personal wishes or hopes."

"That's a very lame ending, Tom, and I guess we'd better not talk any more about it."

"I always knew I could do something if I had the chance. I've got it now, and I shouldn't be a man if I threw it away."

"Tom," said Marcia, "we've talked this all over before, and there is no use in going over it again. I wouldn't take the responsibility of keeping you back if I could; and, Tom"—here Marcia slipped her hand into his arm, and clasped the other over it,—"I want you to believe that if I thought you really would succeed, and that you were

bothered or troubled by our engagement, I'd break it to-morrow. But I don't believe you can ever be a great sculptor, and I think you had better stay away from it altogether, than only half succeed."

"Now you're talking like a woman without any reason, Marcia. Foolish child! could I live without you? And listen! We may be able to be married a great deal sooner than if I stuck by old Macy; and even if we're not, you'd rather marry a man who was somebody, than a book-keeper!"

"I don't know whether I should or not. It would be nice to have you rich and famous; but you're not sure of that. I suppose it's horrid of me, but I can't help it. I don't believe in things as I used to. Before I began to teach, I used to imagine it was all going to be very fine; but I've found out that the only thing I like about it is the day I draw my salary."

"Exactly so," said Tom, spreading out both hands with a backward motion, as if putting the whole subject behind him. "That's just the way I've always felt about book-keeping. I've no heart in it, and I never did have; but in Italy how different it will be!"

"I don't know about that, Tom," said Marcia, seriously. "Perhaps it will be harder for you to work there than it is here. I remember Mr. Sayre said he never knew how hard it was to settle down to work till he went abroad; for he was so distracted by all the things he wanted to see, and so discouraged by the very seeing, he said it seemed to come upon him all at once that he had never even touched the first beginning of things. It does seem to me that things are very much like working out your own salvation, after all; if you're bound to win, you *will*, if you have health and real honest ambition, no matter what your hindrances may be; and if I had an ambition, I *would* win."

"Well, I wish you had one," said Tom, a trifle nettled. "I'd like to see you win here; and, to take you on your own tack, what's the use of staying in the hindrances, if you can get out of them?"

"I don't know," said Marcia, doubtfully; for his manner was very convincing, and his eyes still more so, as he looked down into hers. "You must decide for yourself, I suppose."

"You haven't asked me when I'm going?"

"No; soon, I hope."

"What! so anxious to be rid of me?"

"It's so dreadful to think of your going away, that I had rather have you go and get it over with."

"Well, I sail next Wednesday, and I'm going to leave you to-morrow night for good."

"For good!" repeated Marcia, losing her color for a minute.

"Yes," said Tom, softly; "and I can't tell for how long; but when I come back, I'll be somebody."

"Marcia, dinner's ready!" screamed Olive; and the lovers went in.

The next night there was a full moon, and Tom and Marcia stood by the laboratory door just before he was going away.

"What an unearthly old den it looks in the moonlight!" said Tom; "it would be a capital study for a painting as it is, or still better lit up by a bright light from the furnace in the center, and lots of the old pots and pans around, and the old gentleman himself stirring the kettle. I wonder the old place hasn't been ferreted out long ago by some of the artists who go to the cliffs."

"Don't talk about it," said Marcia, with a glance over her shoulder; "I never see the place or think of it without feeling as if I hated it; for if it had never been built, we should have been as rich as we wanted to be, and I shouldn't have been buried alive here all the year round."

"You feel, in fact, like the daughter of the Cæsars, contemplating the ruins of the palace of her ancestors."

"You needn't laugh at me, Tom; a daughter of the Cæsars wouldn't feel a bit worse than I do. It's just as bad to lose a little money as a great deal, if it happens to be all one had."

"I declare," she added, after a minute or two of silence, while she stood looking into the door-way, "I've always felt as if there must be gold in those old crucibles; where *could* it all have gone to? It must have gone somewhere; you can't put metals out of existence; and they couldn't have gone off in gas,—could they, Tom?"

"Upon my word, I don't know; never read up on the subject. How much did the old fellow melt up here, anyhow?"

"Aunt Persis told me once that she was always sure he used up all of a hundred thousand dollars."

"Pooh! Nonsense, child! I don't believe it."

"I'm sure I don't care. He melted up all he could lay his hands on, whether it was much or little, and I do believe some of it

is in those old things now. I tipped up one of 'em when I was a little girl, but Olive saw me and gave me such a shaking I never dared touch them again, particularly as no gold ran out."

"Perhaps it's all in a lump at the bottom," said Tom; "let's smash one and see."

"Just what Olive said; no, not for worlds. I should feel as if my grandfather's ghost would haunt me forever. He always seemed to me somehow like a great devil-fish, for he just took in all he could grab. Oh! I forgot to tell you I had my fortune told yesterday, and I have the consolation of knowing that I shall be rich sometime, for old Polly said I had a fortune in my right hand."

"That's cheering."

"Yes, but she wasn't at all complimentary to you, by the way, for she insisted upon it that lovers brought tears."

"Very likely," said Tom; "they're a bad lot, and you may have several yet, you know; but I'm going in a few minutes."

"Oh no! I can't have you go yet," said Marcia, clinging to his arm.

"I must, dear. I've a tremendous walk, you know, unless I get a lift, and that isn't likely so late as this, for it's—yes," he said, holding up his watch in the moonlight, "it's ten o'clock."

So they walked down to the gate, and there were a few tears from Marcia, and a good deal of half tender, half patronizing protestation from Tom, and presently, with a wave of his hand and a flutter of his handkerchief, he was gone.

At first it was very dreary, but Marcia took Olive's advice and looked about for something to do, though it was vacation. Having some taste for drawing, she tried to sketch, and succeeded so well that when she went back to school she began to dare to dream of a talent in the ends of her fingers. She thought it such a blissful discovery, for if she, too, could have an ambition, she would be so much more fit for a wife for Tom. But his letters were different from what she had hoped for and indeed looked for. At first they were bright enough, but during the winter he wrote discouragingly of his prospects; said he was almost sorry he had bound her to him; that he saw years of toil before him; that a man should marry art alone if he was to pursue that life successfully.

Marcia dropped her pencils and stopped trying to do anything with colors, and found school-teaching more weary than ever. In the spring—the early, chilly spring—there came a letter which was the last. He gave Marcia her freedom; he would not bind her to him when she might do better if he should step aside; it would be neither right nor manly to hold her to an engagement, with marriage out of the question; for he could not welcome her to a life of poverty, etc.

Marcia read the letter stupidly at first, then with pity—poor fellow, he was so discouraged!—but finally, with a burning indignation; for, blind herself as she might, the truth was clear,—absence had conquered Tom's love for her. His answer was soon written and dispatched,—his letters thrown into the fire and lying in a charred pile on top of the embers, before she gave herself time to think that they ought to have been sent back to him with a demand for her own.

Then there was an angry burst of tears as she lay face downward across her bed, with the door locked and a desperate feeling in her heart that it was a great deal better so.

She told her aunt Persis the bare fact that she had concluded to break her engagement. Miss Persis saw part and guessed the rest, and wished that she could comfort her, and longed to put her arms around her and tell her she knew how hard it all was to bear. But she did not, because there seems to be some force at work within us that keeps us from our tenderest sympathies with those we love best: we keep it all back to sob out over their coffins.

There was no need of telling her father, for he died soon after of apoplexy,—a good, aristocratic way of passing out of the world where he had been Turveydrop to the life, and nothing else; and the only difference it made was the scrimping of Marcia's salary to pay the funeral expenses.

Summer came, and Marcia tried hard to feel interested in things that she had cared for once, and nobody saw any difference in her except her aunt Persis; she seemed the same as ever, perhaps a little more quiet than before. But Miss Persis saw with sorrow that there was a difference, that Marcia was half unconsciously growing hard, and bitter, and cynical, with a tendency to disbelieve in almost everything, and to deal with people generally as if they were all, without exception, false, hollow, and selfish.

A year and a half went by, another summer came, and vacation, and rest. In all that time, Marcia never heard one word of Tom, but the heart-hurt was just as deep and just as bitter as it had been at first,—more bitter if anything.

One hot day she sat in the door-way and

a carriage drove up to the gate full of gay girls. They were distant cousins, boarding in Westport for the summer, rich, prosperous, and carelessly selfish with regard to their poor relations in the country; for, if they thought at all, it was only to reflect that "there's no use taking two bites out of a cherry, and poor people are so proud, one can never help them without giving offense." But still they were very glad to spend occasional days at the old place, and to allude at times "to our old family homestead, you know;" for, to be a "Wentworth," no matter how remotely, was to be somebody.

Marcia felt a pang of envy as the girls took off hats and dusters, for their clothes were new, and pretty, and stylish, while hers were always in the "made-over" stage, and she felt painfully conscious that she was as countrified as she could be, from the crown of her head to the soles of her shoes.

"Oh!" said Helen, as she advanced and retreated in front of one of the old convex glasses; "did you ever hear of or know, Marcia, a Mr. Durfee, from somewhere about here, who is in Florence now? Tom Durfee, I think Nell said,—didn't she, Sue?"

"Yes," said Sue, "he used to be something in one of those mills at 'The Falls.'"

"Yes," said Marcia, leaning far out of the window to pick a rose off a bush. "Oh, yes, I've met him once or twice," and she began to pull the rose to pieces, after all her trouble to get it.

"Was he nice?" said Sue.

"How do you mean?"

Marcia wondered if she looked pale.

"Why, gentlemanly and all that, you know."

"Oh, yes, very! Why?" said Marcia.

"Because Julia Revere's engaged to him; her father made a row about it because he hasn't any money and is going to live abroad; but she carried her point, as she always did, and it's out. Nelly Hale wrote Sue about it."

"Yes," said Marcia again, rather absently, "he was very nice. Sue, do let me see how your overskirt is made behind, it's a marvelous combination."

It was a long day, but it came to an end at last; and when Marcia had seen them drive off and watched them out of sight, she walked slowly back to the keeping-room where her aunt Persis was sitting with her knitting.

She sat down by the window and looked out. Suddenly she said: "I wish I were dead," and threw herself upon the lounge, buried her head in the pillow, and burst into a passion of tears.

Her aunt Persis was grieved, but not astonished, for she had overheard the talk among the girls; but she said nothing, and Marcia kept on crying till she was nearly exhausted, and so heated from lying with her head in the pillow that she could hardly breathe; then she sat up.

Miss Persis said:

"Marcia, if you're crying about the news you've heard to-day, I don't think I'd waste any more tears, if I were you."

"That's all very well," said Marcia, passionately, "but how can I help crying?" and she began to sob again; but Miss Persis went quietly on:

"You can help it if you make up your mind to, and I think I should have too much pride to grieve over a man that had"—she was going to say jilted—"treated me as Tom has you."

"I have too much pride; I'm angry with myself, but I can't help caring. I'd have waited for Tom forever; and oh, dear, some girls do seem to have everything, and I have nothing, and the hardest time that ever was into the bargain!"

"No, you don't have the hardest time that ever was, my dear," said Miss Persis, knitting tranquilly, and exasperatingly, Marcia couldn't help thinking. "Plenty of other people have suffered just as much as you have, and they've lived through it, and died when the time came in a very resigned state of mind."

"I suppose they have, but that doesn't make it any easier for me to live here buried alive while everybody else has a good time in the world. No, indeed," she added, getting up and sitting down by the window; "it's all very easy for people in novels to be able to bear everything all at once, but when you come to live it for yourself, it isn't so easy as they make it out. I suppose I ought to be resigned and pious, and an example to everybody, and be glad Tom can be happy, but I'm not anything but just as miserable as I can be."

"I dare say she thinks she is, poor child!" said Miss Persis to herself.

By and by Marcia went on:

"I've thought sometimes that I'd be a first-rate heroine for a novel. I'm poor and proud, and the last of my family and I have to work, and I hate it, and there's everything but the romance, for nobody takes any notice of me. I've tried to forget Tom, and I do forget sometimes, but the minute I go to bed

I begin to dream of him, and in the morning I feel twice as bad as I did the night before. I don't mean to break my heart about him; but oh! I can't help it; I can't help it!" and down went the pretty head and brown braids upon the window-sill.

Then, after a long silence, she said:

"And I can't help thinking of the way I used to walk with Tom, and to think of his saying just those same sort of things to somebody else is—is very hard, Aunt Persis," and a little sob stuck in her throat.

"Yes," said Miss Persis, "that is hard, but brooding over it all wont make you feel any better, and now try to think of and do something else, and whatever it is do it with all your heart and soul. Why don't you begin to draw again, you were doing so nicely?"

"I can't; I've neither heart nor ambition to do anything now; I don't care for anything."

"You never will, as long as you don't try; but there's one thing I would stop, and that is trying to forget Tom. Try to remember how many women that nobody ever heard of have suffered just as much as you do now, and take in the common-sense fact that this life isn't heaven, and never will be,—although we're always trying to make it so,—and you'll be a great deal happier."

"Aunt Persis," said Marcia, "I know what you say is all true, but if you were in my place you'd feel just as I do."

"I know that very well," said Miss Persis, shaking out a fluffy cloud of knitting and proceeding to roll it carefully up in an old napkin; "for I've been in the same place myself. I cried it out on that very sofa; but the advice I've given you cured me, only I had to hammer it out for myself; there was nobody to tell me, and I thought I'd pass it along as I don't need it."

Marcia was sitting up straight with a pair of wide, astonished eyes.

"I didn't know you were ever engaged, Aunt Persis."

"Well, I was, and to a man I loved just as well as you ever loved Tom Durfee, and I couldn't marry him when he was ready for me, and so he jilted me;" and Miss Persis got up as if about to leave the room.

Marcia wanted dreadfully to ask why she couldn't marry, and perhaps Miss Persis saw it in her eyes, for she stopped half way across the room and said:

"I'll tell you why I couldn't marry him then, because it may help you to realize how everybody has something to bear that they can't wear outside. I was to have been married about the time that your mother died; but there was nobody to take care of you, and your father wouldn't let me take you home, so I came here, and, before I knew it, Mr. Macy was tired of waiting,—and I stayed."

A few days after, Marcia wandered after sunset to the family burying-ground on the top of a little hill in the south pasture. It was just a little inclosure with a white picket fence around it where more than two generations of her family were buried, and she was fond of going there because there was a pretty view to be had from it. As the little gate swung to after her, she seated herself on an old grave near by and looked over the tall pine-trees in the valley below to the deep crimson flush in the sky that was fast dying away, and her thoughts went back to the talk she had had with her aunt. Not the slightest allusion had been made to it again by either of them. Marcia could not ask curious questions, and Miss Persis had opened her heart after all those long years, just that Marcia might have a glimpse of what women can endure and yet make no sign. It made a deep impression upon Marcia, for she then realized what she had often felt vaguely, when in a moralizing mood, that as life went on with her, it grew dreadfully real, and that there was no use in trying to shirk realities. Shouldered, they could be borne; shirked, they would be always under her feet and tripping her up; and when she suddenly started up, to find the stars bright in the warm, clear summer heavens, there was not the "glorified victory" of a novel heroine "shining in her face," but there was something there that told of a new and strong determination.

It took tangible form at once, for Marcia began to paint again with an energy that surprised and delighted Miss Persis. At first she worked without any very definite object in view, sketching little scraps of views, a few flowers, a lichen-covered rock, until one day she was sitting in the old laboratory when Tom's suggestion about making a study of it flashed upon her. She sketched it and tried to paint it, and sometimes felt that she was improving and felt correspondingly encouraged, and then again she sank to the depths of despair, and felt tempted to put the whole thing into the fire. That summer was certainly an eventful one, for the dream, with the crucibles for a foundation, that Marcia had cherished for years secretly and half unconsciously, came to an end in a terrific thunder-storm. The old

elm was struck by lightning, and the largest limbs split off and fell directly upon the roof of the laboratory, crushing it down, and of course making a general wreck of the old shed. The morning after, Marcia went out to look at the ruins, and with a queer little fluttering of the heart, she discovered a broken crucible near the edge of the roof. She turned over the pieces with her foot, then she took up the unbroken bottom of it in her hand; there was nothing there; yes, there was something: a quantity of fine black sand which sifted through her fingers as she turned it over her open palm, and nothing else. Marcia stood a moment with the piece of broken pottery in her hand but dropped it with a half guilty start as Olive's voice said close behind her:

"So there warn't nothin' in 'em after all! What did I always tell you?"

"Nothing but the truth, Olive; I'll own up I've been a great goose, and I'm afraid old Polly isn't to be implicitly relied upon, for I haven't found my fortune in them after all. But I'll tell you what I'm going to do; I shall mend one and take it into the house and keep it."

"Ef you'll take my advice, you'll never tetch one of 'em," said Olive, stalking into the house.

Marcia hunted about and found all the pieces of one of the smaller ones except a piece of the lip of one. But she comforted herself by the reflection that it "was a nice, picturesque break," and when mended and filled with bright leaves it made so quaint and odd a vase that she wondered that it had never before occurred to her to use one for such a purpose.

The fall and winter wore on and not quite so drearily as usual, for Marcia took a few lessons in painting of an artist who happened to be wintering in Westport, and every spare minute she worked at her picture; she was sometimes haunted by a vague doubt that it wasn't the sort of thing she could succeed with best, but as it grew under her brush she felt encouraged and very hopeful, for to her eyes it was an exact reproduction of what the old laboratory must have been in her grandfather's time. By the next August it was nearly finished, and just about that time the son of an old friend of Miss Persis wrote to her asking if he might come there to board with them, that he might recruit in a quiet and out-of-the-way place.

Miss Persis deliberated a while, and finally wrote to him that he might come, and then told Marcia.

"Mercy!" said Marcia, "what did you do that for, aunt Persis? what shall we ever do with him? Men are dreadful in the country, they never know what to do with themselves except to smoke everlastingly. Then in hot weather we shall always have to be dressed —no more comfortable dressing-sacks."

"Don't you worry," said Miss Persis, nodding her head; "if he is half as agreeable as his father was before him, you'll find him a very nice fellow. No," she added laughing, as Marcia gave her an inquiring look, "not a bit of it, no relation."

So, duly heralded, Will Kingston arrived, and to Marcia's great delight, proved to be not only a charming companion but an amateur artist of such excellent sort that he might have taken a high rank as a professional, had he not already chosen another path,—that one wherein men learn to make black white and *vice versa*,—the path of a successful lawyer. In one way and another Marcia had met and known a good many men, because all the family connections had gravitated after a time toward the family homestead, but Mr. Kingston was different from any man she had ever known before. He was always thoroughly the gentleman, but had not always the entirely deferential manner to which Marcia had been accustomed. Being a sensible and quick-witted woman, she was at once attracted and interested by that very want of deference to her opinions that would have been annoying to many women; for sensible women do not like to receive extreme deference from men whom they feel to be their intellectual superiors. It is too much like that gentle good breeding shown in words and tones to one's inferiors in the social grade: the woman is not placed upon a level with the man to be crossed, argued with, and treated generally like a friend and an equal, but is put into the position of an inferior being,—in intellect at least. So Kingston's abrupt and often quite rude speeches were the first link toward a strong and enduring friendship. He sketched bits of the coast scenery in a vigorous and masterly way, and it was not long before he found out that Marcia had real talent and indomitable pluck. He asked, one day, what she was always "pottering about," in the old and long disused back kitchen, and Marcia told him, and then with many misgivings she showed the picture to him, saying as she opened the door:

"Now mind, you are to tell me the real truth."

"I don't dare tell a woman unpleasant

truths," said Kingston, "and you can't, really, you know, expect that I sha'n't see some fault in it."

"Of course not," said Marcia. "Don't think me such a fool."

"Then you promise that you wont ruffle all your feathers and fly at me, if I dare to disagree?"

"How ridiculous!" said Marcia, as she went in and pulled up the blind. She didn't turn round to watch the effect upon him, but looked out of the window, for she felt agitated and uneasy; no one had seen her picture before and she felt that it was under the eye of a man whose opinion was worth something—and who would give it.

For at least three minutes there was a dead silence, then Kingston scraped a match on the hearth-stone and lit a cigar, his unfailing recourse.

Marcia turned: "Well?" she said.

"Hold up your right hand." She held it up. "Now, you want the truth, honor bright?"

"Yes."

"And you wont get mad?"

"No."

"Well," he said, holding his cigar in one hand and plunging the other in a pocket, while he fixed two keen, steady eyes upon her face, "it's horrible."

"Horrible!" repeated Marcia, with a start, and a queer, hot, tingling feeling that thrilled her from head to foot; "do you mean it?"

"Upon my word, that is really the only word to use."

"What is the matter with it?"

"Everything. Don't you see that it's something you don't know about, and something you can't do."

"I do know about it," said Marcia, hotly; "haven't I had the laboratory before me all my life?"

"Oh yes, in that sense; but, don't you see it is really quite exceptional to have had an alchemist in the family, and this sort of picture would only impress an artist as an extremely bad imitation of the wretched trash Americans buy at so much the square foot almost anywhere abroad.

"You are too hard," said Marcia with a lip that would quiver in spite of herself, and eyes that were fast filling with tears.

Kingston went on apparently not noticing either, but plainly seeing both, wishing himself well out of the scrape, but determined to tell her all the unwelcome truth:

"You see it's just the same sort of thing that is being done every day in Europe, and done a great deal better. Yes, if it were only a trifle better—or worse, I think it really might get hung at the 'Academy' in the spring. I'll tell you what it is,—a real literary picture, capital to describe in a novel. Listen!" He threw himself into an attitude and began: "An old laboratory, fire in the middle, mysterious-looking jugs, supposed to contain material for devilish incantations; old alchemist in the middle stirring a mess over the fire, red light, swarthy and anxious face, dark corners fit for desperate deeds, broken roof, stars shining through,—there, you have it all; if you would only take to writing, now, it would do up well."

Marcia stood twisting her fingers nervously, and Kingston took an uncomfortable puff of his cigar. Presently she struggled with her voice enough to say, "Then it is nothing but a horrible failure."

"Just expresses it," he answered; and Marcia made a hasty bolt out of the door, muttering something about being "back in a minute."

"Confound it all!" said Kingston aloud, throwing his cigar out of the window, and marching up and down the long room with hasty strides. "Now, I've hurt her feelings; I'm a brute; but the girl has too much sense and too much real talent not to make it worth while to risk telling her the truth, and she bore it like a plucky little woman. I wish she would come back, though!"

Presently she appeared with a suspicious redness on her cheeks, and a little huskiness of voice, and said:

"Now, just finish your lecture, and tell me if I can do anything at all?"

"Yes, indeed," said Kingston heartily; "but first tell me you'll forgive me for being so—so harsh?"

"I have nothing to forgive," said Marcia. "I asked for the truth, I expected to get it. I'm sorry; but then if I can do anything, it is at least best to find out at once what I can't do."

"Bravo!" said Kingston; "you're truly refreshing, upon my word, Miss Marcia. Now, see here, you have a talent to deal with the things that lie the very nearest to you and the things that you have despised to deal with; a bunch of the old hollyhocks yonder, a head of grain or an ear of corn,—a thousand things right under your eye."

"How do you know?"

"I took a sneaking advantage of your absence the other day and looked through your portfolio."

"You did!" said Marcia with rising color.

"Yes, don't be angry; it was mean, I confess, but I had a motive; you see I partially guessed the truth that you had a grand ambition, and I felt afraid I should be called upon to enact the disagreeable rôle of critic, as I have been, and I wanted to know what it was that you considered unworthy of your labors, for that is apt to be the very line we can best succeed in."

Several years passed away, bringing with them at first, so many trials and so much that was discouraging and hard to bear, that sometimes Marcia felt that she could bear no more, and that she had best go back to the dreary school-room, and that it would have been better for her never to have left it. It was at those times that Mr. Kingston proved himself the best of friends; he had that rare faculty of knowing where to "lend a hand" and how to turn to the best use that spirit of self-depreciation which is generally found to accompany genuine talent. He had, with the help of her aunt Persis, made the way smooth that she might study under a famous artist; but despite hard work and perseverance, little seemed to come of it for several long years. Her sketches sold occasionally, but she never made a success of it; neither, however, did she fail.

At last, by what seemed a touch of inspiration, she painted a panel, that was prominently exhibited and gave her the beginning of a reputation. At least "people said" it was a touch of inspiration, though it was simply the blossoming of the patient, steady work of years, like the aria sung before the foot-lights, which flows so sweetly and so dexterously from the throat of the singer that no one thinks of the years of practice, and the gaping world says "what a wonderful gift," as if gifts descended from heaven in a golden lump, instead of being gathered grain by grain.

And the crucibles made her fortune after all, for it was the picture of the crucible she had kept for a flower-pot, filled with bright leaves and fluffy milkweed that was her first success. It was bought by a gentleman living in Paris, who said, "I'll show them over there what we can do at home." So the bunches of flowers and grasses painted with a tender and exquisite delicacy that was all Marcia's own, made the little panels with "M. W." in the corner widely sought for, and each brought a sum that would have once seemed a small fortune to her. She had a little studio in New York, and she and her aunt kept house cosily in a few rooms adjoining, and in the summers they went home. And in a way Marcia was happy; she enjoyed her success except for one thing. Her love for Tom Durfee had been thoroughly like herself, stronger than she knew; and strange to say, while his treatment of her had not cured her of her love for him, it had made her distrustful of other men as lovers, and when Kingston —before her success—had asked her to marry him, Marcia was sorry. She liked him,—she loved him in a way,—but she wished he hadn't told her, and she said so to him. He was not satisfied; he saw more deeply into her heart than she imagined, but he asked only one question, "Tell me one thing: is it any one else?"

And Marcia, utterly taken by surprise in her own heart, her most unassailable fortress, as she imagined, could only stammer out in her surprise:

"Yes—no—I don't know; oh! don't ask me. I think not."

He was puzzled; he knew all her friends, and he was sure that she had no lover among the men about her, that she hadn't even a preference for one, and yet there was something. So when business took him abroad, he said, when he went to say good-bye:

"I'll wait till I come back again."

And Marcia said nothing but "Good-bye!"

Yet, once gone, strange doubts crept over her. "Had she done right?" She would be so lonely by and by; but then he was such a good friend, would it be wise to run the risk of finding him a false lover?"

So she tormented herself. In all those years she had heard but twice of Tom—once that his engagement had been broken, Julia Revere had married somebody else. The rights or the wrongs of the case she never knew, but she found herself wondering "Did he break it? was he sorry?" Again she heard that he had given up his studies in Florence; nobody knew precisely where he was, but there was a hint that he had become dissipated. Then pity began to creep into her heart, and had she heard more to his discredit, it might have grown, and ousted all the love that was left,—for although pity may be akin to love, it is when pity comes first, for if it creeps into a woman's heart where love already is, love must go; but she did not hear any more of him.

Summer came, and Will Kingston came home, and he went to see them at the old house, and Marcia was glad to see him, and yet a trifle nervous, and he, quite without her knowledge, watched her with a keen, professional eye,—as if she had been a witness on the stand,—and he decided that her nervousness was a very good symptom, and having settled that fact with himself, he fell back into the old, gay, friendly bantering, and Marcia felt relieved and—sorry.

One day he was sitting in the door-way smoking, and Marcia was sewing near by.

"By the way," he said, knocking away the ashes of his cigar, "I've been meaning to write to you; did you know you had a mystery about you?"

"Never dreamed of being so interesting," said Marcia, laughing. "Why? Have you stumbled upon one?"

"I'm doubtful," he said, with a keen look which Marcia didn't see, for her eyes were just then busy with a tangle.

"Explain, explain; can I be a woman and endure this longer?" said Marcia gayly.

"Well," said Mr. Kingston, "I went to a reception at Grafton's when I was in Paris—the fellow who bought your picture, you know ——"

"Pray," said Marcia lightly, "don't deal in irony; do I need to be told the name of the man who bought my first success?"

"Ah, pardon; I fancied you were so famous that ——"

"Nonsense; your mystery, quick!"

"I found a fellow I once knew in Florence planted in front of it; his name was Durfee—Jim—no, Tom. Tom Durfee; that was his name, and, Grafton happening to say in his hearing that I knew you, I was buttonholed for half the evening, he asked so many questions about you and what you were doing. Did you ever know him?"

It was so sudden, Marcia felt that she paled and colored, but her conscious thought was, "I must be quiet; he must not know," and she answered quietly enough:

"Yes, I knew him very well once, ten years ago. Did he like my picture?"

"Like it! that's what I'm coming to; the picture is at the bottom of it all. He talked about it, and asked more questions about it than I could have answered in a week; and, as I turned away at last to try and escape, he said, so loud that I caught it, 'By heavens! so she did make up her mind to do something,' and while I stared, he turned and caught my look and disappeared in the crowd. I couldn't find him again, and I confess to a womanish curiosity to know the solution of his remarkable exclamation. There's my mystery. If you hold the key, turn it at once."

"One would imagine I was upon trial."

"So you are," said Kingston, quickly, and then, in vexation at his imprudent speech he bit off the end of his cigar.

"Ah," thought Marcia, "am I?" But she answered instantly: "Your mystery is simply no mystery at all. As I told you, I knew him very well once, and one day, during some argument, I told him that if I made up my mind to do anything, I would do it if it could be done, or something to that effect, and the only mystery is that he should have remembered it after all these years."

How well *she* remembered it! The place where they had stood while they were talking was before her eyes. She found some excuse soon to leave the room, and Will Kingston blew delicate rings of smoke into the air about his head, and thought:

"Humph! mysterious and inscrutable like the rest of your accomplished sex. I don't pretend to be a judge of women; who could be—but one thing I'm certain of, they always make a mystery where none exists, and explain matters in a clear and utterly unfeminine manner if there really is something to cover up—*ergo*, there is a mystery. There is something in it, more than I thought. Can it be possible that she once cared for that fellow?"

He smoked a little longer, but soon his cigar went out, quite forgotten, and when he finally discovered the fact, he tossed it away, saying, half aloud:

"I'll wait; she is worth it, and something may yet turn up to show him in his true colors; then I'll have a chance."

October came, bringing with it duck-shooting and visitors.

There were Kingston and an engaged couple—the girl, a dear friend of Marcia's, and the lover—a good fellow enough—tolerated as a necessary evil. One evening Kingston said:

"Now, girls, Charley and I are going over to 'The Cliffs' to shoot, and we must start to-night to be up betimes in the morning; suppose you drive over for us, and when we come in we shall have a good long day on the rocks. Miss Marcia can sketch, and you, Miss Bell, can botanize until we come back."

The last words were accompanied by a bow and a smile to the lovers.

"Jolly!" cried Marcia, "it suits me exactly. What is so rare as a day in June, except a day in October, and where could we spend it better? We'll eat, drink, and be merry ——"

"Don't finish it," said Bell, putting up her hands; "we're not going to die yet."

"Oh, no!" said Marcia, with a half sigh and a shade passing over her face, which only Kingston saw; "we shall only keep on living, and that's the hardest work we can do."

"Speaking of eating and drinking," said Kingston, quickly, "be sure and put up a good lunch and lots of it, for it's the hungriest place I know of."

"Oh, I'll be sure to,—that is, enough for you and me," said Marcia, with an instant change of spirit, nodding her head at him gayly, "for Bell and Charley won't want any, because you know there's nothing half so sweet in life, etc., and they can live on that."

"No, you don't," said Charley. "I'm the very model of the old woman who was so unreasonable as to require nothing for her bodily support, except victuals and drink, and, as with her, they constitute the chief of my diet."

Then, after some arrangements for the next day, they parted.

"The Cliffs" were a long ledge of rocks, almost the highest land on the coast from Maine to Florida, and a resort for lovers of nature who would take the trouble to get to them, for, like that to many other good things, the way to them was long and hard. It was one of those charming golden days in late October, when the glorious sunshine tempers the air to just the right point of fresh crispness, when the blood in one's veins seems to renew its youth ten years if one is old, and fairly to bubble with exhilaration if one is young; but notwithstanding, sun and air filled also with a tinge of sadness, for the very perfection of it all weighs upon sensitive and loving souls, because the thought will come, "it will so soon be gone." As the old horse began to climb the steep and rocky road leading to the solitary house and barn where they were used to put up their horse, Marcia said:

"How hard, and bare, and rocky it all looks! The words 'abomination of desolation' always seem to me to apply especially to this place. I don't know why, exactly, for that seems to mean a perfectly barren spot, which this is not, and yet there is something—what is it?—so forbidding about it all; only the sunshine redeems it.

"It's like Mrs. Perkins herself, if you care to embody it," answered Bell.

"It is exactly, without the sunshine. Doesn't it seem strange that in so many cases it happens that the broader the actual horizon, and the nearer people live to nature itself in its absolute simplicity, the narrower they seem to grow—no, I mean to contract." Then, after a pause: "I wonder if it's because human nature must assert itself, even if it can only be a little miserable black speck, rather than to allow itself to become absorbed and thus invisible."

"Isn't it having just that effect upon you?" said Bell; "hasn't the spirit of the Perkins fallen upon you? Exorcise it at once,—presto! change!" and Bell waved her whip close to Marcia's nose.

"What a sordid creature she is!" said Bell.

"Who? oh, Mrs. Perkins! yes, indeed, I can't even bear to meet her; she has a bad effect upon the air itself."

"Well, we're not likely to meet her, they've moved, haven't they?"

"Yes, on to the other slope; the house was tumbling about their ears, and Tim said 'the pasturin' warn't no good here.'"

"I should think not, indeed," laughed Bell, "talk about sharp-nosed sheep, they'd need gimlets for noses to get anything from between these rocks. But here we are. I'll tie 'General,' you get out the feed-bag and the rest of the things."

They had driven up to an open space, a sort of platform on the rocks, where stood a one-storied house and barn, both extremely dilapidated, the house especially so, but to Marcia's surprise,—for she supposed the house to be utterly empty and deserted,—a pile of chairs stood on either side of the front door, and a log near by had an ax stuck into it and a few freshly cut chips were scattered about. The house door stood open and swung back and forth in the breeze, giving a series of dismal creaks as it did so.

"Dear me!" said Marcia, "how provoking! have some wretched picnic people got here just to make a bedlam of our peaceful day?"

"Investigate inside; if that's the case their baskets will be there."

Marcia pushed open the door and stepped into a tiny square entry with a closed door at either hand. She lifted the latch of the right-hand one and went into the room, but started back with an exclamation of horror, for there, in the middle of the room, stood a coffin with the body of a man

lying in it. She gave one hasty look, and ran out. Bell was just coming out of the barn and cried:

"Good heavens! what is the matter, Marcia? You're as white as a sheet."

It was a minute before Marcia could speak, and then she told what she had seen. She had taken in the fact that it was the body of a man, that the coffin rested on two chairs, that the only other piece of furniture in the room was a table, and that a horrible chill and dampness filled the room.

"Was it Tim Perkins?" said Bell.

"Oh, no! it was some one with a beard. I didn't stop long enough to see much, I just stood for an instant at the head of the coffin; the one step or two I made took me there, the room is so small. Oh! what a shock it gave me," and Marcia shuddered.

"Ah," said Bell, suddenly, "here comes Mrs. Perkins, she'll know about it."

And she went forward to meet her, but Marcia remained seated on the log where she had dropped when she came out of the house.

Mrs. Perkins was a perfect specimen of a very disagreeable class of New England people,—tall, thin, angular, and with a grasping, hard expression written all over her face and figure. She advanced toward them with an air in which craft, suspicion, cold calculation, and an approach to fawning servility were strangely mingled. Bell spoke first:

"What is the meaning of this, Mrs. Perkins? I suppose you know. Miss Wentworth went in and ——"

"Wall," interrupted the woman, "I guess you was skeered if you went pokin' in there," indicating the house with a long, forbidding finger. "No, I don't know nothin' 'cept I been plagued to death with him."

Marcia had approached them.

"Don't know anything about him?" she said.

"All I know is he come here 'bout two weeks back and said he was goin' to camp out, and he hired the house of Tim till he got tired on it, he said."

"But how did he die?"

"Sprees, half a dozen on 'em, and me to bother to take care o' him, cookin' and fussin', an' no pay fur it neither."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Perkins?" said Marcia.

"I mean what I say. He come here, an' fur a spell he poked around the rocks, an' he went fishin' some, an' he drinked a good deal, an' I tell you night afore last he drinked hisself to death, an' all I know about him is his name's Brown, an' he aint got no money, an' I don't know if he's got any folks b'longin' to him or not. He's a-goin' to be buried in our pastur' this afternoon. Mr. Carter he was for havin' him buried in our lot. My sakes! a man nobody knowed nothin' about." And she gave a sniff of indignation at the bare idea.

The girls said nothing, and she went grumblingly on:

"I wouldn't a-giv' the grave if there'd been a poor-farm here; I don't like lone graves a-lyin' 'round, an' I'd like to know who's goin' to pay for the diggin'?"

Just then her husband made his appearance behind her, one hand in a pocket, the other fingering nervously at the fringe of gray hair under his chin, casting abject glances toward his wife, and looking oddly like an old sheep; but, apparently made bold by the presence of strangers, he said, in a deprecatory manner:

"Oh! now, Lowizy, 'taint so bad; we can spare a bit out o' the pastur' to put him in, and 'twont hurt the feed any."

The girls shuddered, and Mrs. Perkins turned upon him like the snap of a whip and said:

"You just shut up, Tim Perkins, an' go to helpin' them men fix the boards inside; I aint a-goin' to lend 'em no more cheers o' mine."

He turned obediently, with somewhat the air of a street cur, to two men who had made their appearance upon the scene, and Marcia lingered one moment to say:

"And who pays for the coffin?"—not from curiosity, but because she suspected from whose pitiful salary the money would come, and had already decided in her mind to pay for it herself should her suspicions prove correct.

"Mr. Carter, he said he'd give the coffin if we'd give the grave, so's seein' he's willin' to do his share, I said I'd do mine," and with a complacent smile added: "Folks must allus have Christian charity for them as falls."

The girls turned away and hastened down to the rocks, exchanging broken sentences of horror and disgust.

"Poor Mr. Carter!" said Marcia; "he is wearing out his body here among these flinty people, and why his spirit don't take flight I can't imagine."

"Shall we go back to the funeral?" said Bell.

"Oh no! I couldn't bear it; his spirit is

as sweet as a man's can be; but his theology is dreadful, and it will be a warning sermon, I know, so I think we had better stay away."

They reached the last extent of rocks where they stretched away off into the ocean, and Marcia sat down intending to sketch while they waited for the gunners to come in. She looked at her watch:

"Not yet ten o'clock; how quickly we came; they will soon be here. Duck-shooting is all very early, you know."

"Of course; but see here, Marcia, it all seems so sad and unfeeling,—sha'n't I hunt for some ferns or something for a bunch for that poor fellow's coffin?"

"How thoughtful of you, Bell! Yes, indeed. But when shall we put them on?"

"I think when the coffin comes out of the house; that'll be about four o'clock, I imagine."

"Yes, we can do that easily. Poor fellow, whoever he was! The flowers wont be from us, Bell, but from those who loved him," and Marcia's eyes filled with tears.

Impulsive Bell kissed her warmly! "Don't cry, dear."

"I can't help it, I was thinking"—she hesitated.

"What?"

"That perhaps some one, Bell, loved him as you love Charley, and she doesn't know."

"Don't, don't, Marcia!" cried Bell with a pain in her voice; "he couldn't have left her, you know."

"Perhaps not, but I don't know, it always seems to me as if the most unlikely and the saddest things are all that are very true and sure to happen." She took her block and pencils out of her pocket and settled herself on the rocks, while Bell scrambled up the steep hill-side, searching for rock-fern, stopping here and there, and presently going out of sight behind a turn.

Left alone, Marcia tried to sketch, but soon she dropped her pencil to watch the waves as they came rolling in and broke on the rocks, sending up showers of spray.

A flock of tiny sea-birds flew close to the edge of the surf, turning so sharp an angle as they rounded the cliff that Marcia wondered if they ever made a miscalculation as to distance, and dashed themselves to death on the rocks. A fish-hawk circled about in the air above her; then a gull came by, close enough to show the silver sheen of his breast and, finally flew off to sea in a zig-zag route. As she followed him with her eyes till he was lost in the distance, Marcia thought, "If one could only sit on his back now, and see foreign lands, like the fairy on the swallow's back in Hans Andersen! I'm like the gull myself; how I should enjoy going through the world, zigzag, as I'd a mind to!" and a half pity began to creep into her heart of the women who were content to live lives shut in by four walls and sewing-societies and all other things that she cordially detested, but which it was supposed by the world in general to be the whole duty of woman to like, nay, more, enjoy, without a thought of the free world outside which is for men only. Just then the sound of a voice singing reached her ears, and she turned her head to see a little boat, with two men in it, row past—as near in shore as was safe. One was a gunner, and the other a man she knew well,—a broken-down sailor who had once shipped "able-bodied seaman," but whose day for that had long been over. As he rowed he trolled out an old sea-song, sung by many a sailor as he weighed anchor or reefed top-sails, outward bound. It was this:

"I'm bound away to leave you;
Good-bye, my love, good-bye!
Don't let my absence grieve you;
Good-bye, my love, good-bye!"

And then he was too far off for her to hear any more. It wasn't exactly a tune, but the refrain had something touching in it as it came to Marcia over the water, and "Good-bye, my love, good-bye!" rang in her ears, and her thoughts went back to the lover she had known and loved so long ago. Where were all her feelings of glorious independence of a few moments before?—for tears filled her eyes at the very thought of him, and a sad reflection of what Bell and Charley were to each other, and of how lonely she would be when her aunt Persis died. "Ah me!" she sighed, "I'm only a woman after all, and a lonely old maid." But as she sat and gazed into the distant horizon, the sense of vastness brought with it a new strength, and she startled herself by raising her arms to heaven and exclaiming aloud; "I will not be lonely if I am an old maid and alone; my pictures shall be my children, and my fancies shall all be good and pure and true, and the world shall be the better for my having lived in it;" but with a woman's strange contradiction of moods, tears still filled her eyes and a bitter yearning wrung her heart.

But as she thought of one lover, one long halloo from another startled her, and looking up she saw Kingston holding up some

ducks limp and lifeless, as he came striding toward her over the rocks.

Lunch was eaten, but it was not the jolly day they had planned. The girls made a wreath and bouquet of rock-ferns and tiny purple asters, and when four o'clock came they were again within sight of the house. An open wagon with the seats taken out stood backed up to the door, while the quiet old horse with the reins tied up on his neck cropped a mouthful or two of grass. A man stood near his head who had a pleasant cheery face, and Marcia went up to him and asked him a few questions. He picked up the ax and made one or two lunges at the log of wood by it; occasionally caught it and pulled it out with a jerk, and spoke in a low tone as if unwilling to be heard. Presently there was a little stir in the door-way, and the man went back to the horse's head.

Four men brought out the coffin and pushed it into the wagon with a harsh, grating sound. It was stained in imitation of black walnut, but was without plate or handles. Then came the minister, a small, pale man, looking worn and tired, but with a gentle expression in the eyes, which rested on Marcia's face for an instant. With a very slight bend of the head to her, he took his place before the horse and walked to the brow of the hill where the road made a sudden and steep descent; the man led the horse and the four bearers walked two on each side. They stopped at the top, and then the man at the horse's head looked back with an inquiring air; then—oh! mockery of grief—came the Perkinses: he, subdued and shuffling; she, with an air both defiant of the opinion of the world and filled with an assumption of charity and forgiveness for all sinners. Mrs. Perkins rested the ends of the fingers of one hand in the awkward crook of Tim's arm, as if determined to observe the proprieties; the other was, as usual, half over her mouth.

Then came two or three neighbors, one or two old fishermen with some attempt at a Sunday garb,—a best coat perhaps over the blue shirt of every-day wear; two young fellows,—one a farmer's boy, the other a sailor,—rough, shy, and casting glances at the strangers as they passed them, awkwardly holding their hats and forgetting to put them on till they came up to those before them. Then followed one or two women, thin, and prematurely old, glad to have even a funeral to vary their monotonous existence, and clad in a queer mingling of clumsy imitations of city styles and curious old scarfs or veils from far over the sea. One young woman, of all these, looked sad and sorry; she wore rusty black and a thin crape veil, limp with the sea air; but she wiped her eyes as she walked along all alone. Marcia knew her, and remembered that her husband had been lost in the September gale the year before. When all were in their places, Mr. Carter, who had been silently waiting with eyes that looked far away, walked slowly on. The bright sunshine streamed over the steep road, bare with rocks in many places, over the brown and barren pastures, the only glint of coloring being the huckleberry bushes, blood red as the sunlight shone through them, and the few late spears of golden-rod nodding under the stone walls;—over the coffin in the open wagon and the little procession following it, two by two, and which grew mournful and pathetic as the hard faces were lost to view. They watched them till the bend in the road hid them from view, and as they turned each found the eyes of the others dim with tears.

"God help the poor fellow!" said Kingston.

"Better say God help his friends, if he has any and they ever know what has become of him, for *he* will begin again now, whatever he has done," and Marcia stooped to pick up her wraps. An exclamation from Bell made her look up: "We've forgotten our flowers; isn't it too bad?"

"So we have,—oh! I'm so sorry; never mind, it isn't too late now," said Marcia, "I can run across lots with them, I know just about where the grave must be."

"I'll go," said Kingston.

"Oh, no, I'd better," and Marcia began to climb over the stone wall.

"You'll feel so in the way," said Bell.

"Well, yes, a little, perhaps, but all these people know me, and after all I've as much right there as anybody. Oh! see here," and she turned back a step, "meet me at the bend in the road by the old plum-tree, then I shan't have to come up hill again."

She ran quickly over the pasture, climbed a wall, kept on down the hill over a marshy place, which kept her a minute or two longer looking for a crossing; then up behind a long grove of pines. There at the top of a little knoll was a pile of fresh earth, and the men just setting down the coffin on supports over the grave. Marcia was out of breath with running, and Mr. Carter looked up as he heard her steps through the dry stubble. It was too late to speak when she reached him; the people were all there, and he was opening his book; she held up her flowers,

—Mr. Carter understood and bowed his head. Marcia being on the side of the grave upon which the earth was thrown up, slipped down on her knees, the better to reach the coffin; for to have stood upon the earth would have brought her too high above it.

She laid one bunch on the foot, and was about to lay the other on the head of the coffin, when the man whom she had spoken to stooped and raised the lid, exposing the face to view—as was their custom—and Mr. Carter began to read.

For a moment Marcia remained quietly kneeling with her eyes fixed on the ground, and feeling it not unfit that she should be there to represent an element of human sympathy. When she raised her eyes and fixed them on the dead face, a strange suffocating feeling came upon her; everything turned black before her eyes,—the minister's voice sounded dull and far away, and Marcia saw only the face: her heart beat hard, there was a choking feeling in her throat, and she seemed to hear two voices saying together, "it is," and, "it cannot be."

A face strange and yet familiar, surely one that she had known,—one that she knew. She gasped "Oh God! it cannot be," but no sound came from her lips, and each second seemed to burn into her brain, "It is—it is—Tom—dead here before me; the man I loved, who kissed me the last time I saw him, here dead. They'll shut the coffin; I must be sure." Was she losing her mind? It *could* not be. She felt as if trying to rouse herself from some dreadful nightmare; but each instant grew surer, deeper, more certain the truth. It was Tom—the same forehead, the same wavy droop of the hair, the same straight, handsome nose and delicate, sensitive, nostril; the same—no, not quite the same mouth—still handsome, but weaker; with lines about it that age had not put there.

Marcia gazed and gazed, and thought, "Why did I not see before when I first looked." All through the long prayer her eyes were fastened on it, and the old likeness grew under their steady look, and she realized that it was not a dream but reality.

When Mr. Carter's voice ceased, and there was a little stir as one after another pressed nearer to take a last look, prompted by custom and curiosity, Marcia partially roused herself to feel that she was gazed at curiously by the people about her. She wanted to get up and get away, but seemed to have no power to do so, for all her mind seemed centered upon one idea, to keep her eyes on that face as long as she could. When the man took up the lid to replace it, she leaned forward, said involuntarily, "One moment," took one last, long look and then drew back. In the little stir of fastening on the lid she rose to her feet, even noticed some trifling trouble with one of the screws which, when finally tightened, left its head uneven and unlike the precise regularity of the others. She laid the flowers on, saw the coffin lowered, the rough ropes they had used pulled up, all the time conscious of a strange feeling that it was all something she had known about and looked on at before, when it had happened to some one else.

As she turned away, the soft, dreamy, melancholy haze of the Indian Summer was about her, infolding her into all visible nature, and, looking up, she saw the declining sun lighting the old plum-tree and the little group that awaited her.

WHERE IS GOD?

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through,
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea:
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song:—"I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Multiplication of Industries.

We have already had occasion to allude to the multiplication of American industries, as growing out of the present financial condition, and the condition of the labor market. The matter is of such vital importance as to warrant a further examination.

Certain leading industries have not only been carried to a high degree of perfection, but, by the stimulating influence of a great war, have been carried beyond the requirements of home consumption. We have the facilities for making more iron, more paper, more cotton cloth, more shoes, more sewing-machines, more mowing-machines, more railway cars and locomotives than we can use. We are exporting some of these articles, but still our mills only work on half time when they work at all.

Agriculture—a branch of industry which we have been in the habit of regarding as illimitable—is seen, more and more, to be like all the rest. Machinery has so multiplied the powers of labor in this field that only one man can get a living in it, where six men used to work, and could now work, if the machines had not been invented. We raise, with the present force and facilities, wheat and meat enough to feed all our people, with a handsome margin for exportation. This field of production could not be greatly crowded beyond its present condition without glutting the markets, and reducing the price of the product below the remunerating point. So, while many more could raise the food they eat, and could better do this than starve at other employments, or with no employment at all, agriculture, as a hopeful and profitable industry, is as truly limited by the wants of the country as any other. The old idea, that anybody and everybody who fails elsewhere can do well on a farm, must be given up.

With the field of agriculture fully occupied, with all the leading manufacturing industries overdone, what is the resort left to our laboring populations? What is the resort left to our capitalists? There is but one, and that is the multiplication of our industries. The foreign peoples who have looked to America for their best markets—who have almost lived upon America—will be obliged to turn their attention to other fields, and even in them dispute with Americans for trade, and do it at a disadvantage; for the late Exhibition has shown them, and shown ourselves, that American ingenuity, untrammeled by old ideas and methods, finds better modes of manufacture than those that have been followed for centuries in the Old World. We formerly imported all our watches; now we make as good watches as anybody, and make them by the use of machinery that nobody else has dreamed of before. The Italian sewing-silk, which formerly stood at the head of the markets of the world, is now superseded in quality and cheapness of production by the American article. There is really nothing that we have touched in earnest that we have not succeeded in accomplishing, and we are beginning upon silk fabrics with the certainty of success. All this has been done within a few years, and the time is not far off when we shall make all our own silks,—with China and Japan at our back-doors to raise our cocoons for us, and reel them,—and build all our own watches.

What has been done and is doing in these branches of production is quite practicable, and in every way necessary to be done, in other fields. We can make all our own pottery and decorate it, just as well as to depend upon other countries for it. We can make all our own cutlery, quite as well as they make it in Sheffield. We can make our own woolen cloths and carpets as well as they can be made in France and Germany and England. There is no good reason why the finer grades of leather may not be produced here as well as in France. Already, England is losing her prestige in printing. Our modes are surpassing hers. It is not two months since an intelligent gentleman in London informed us that Scribner's Monthly is revolutionizing wood-cut printing in England. It is not a year since a London printer sent here for a ream of the paper on which St. Nicholas is printed, having found that his printers could not produce the results which he saw effected in that periodical. It is not a month since a well-known British publisher sent to his agent here for the machine by which the paper of this magazine is polished after printing, when no such machine exists, and the only secret is in the mode of manipulation!

There is nothing that we use which we cannot make. Gloves we make already in enormous quantities. Artificial flowers, bronzes, every sort of ornament, are as easily producible here as anywhere. The flax industry has hardly been touched here—an industry on which Ireland and Saxony almost live at our expense. There is no good reason why we should import a yard of linen. We have land—an almost illimitable acreage of it—that will raise good flax, and plenty of men and women to grow and fabricate it. We can not only make our own cordage, but produce the raw material for it.

Out into these fields the capitalist must reach or find no profitable employment for his money. Into these fields labor must go, or lie idle and descend into pauperism. It is not a matter of choice with us; it is a matter of necessity. Of course it will take a good many years to accomplish the results we seek. There must be costly experiments; there must be processes of education of head and hand; there must be time for capital to move itself; but the change must come, and toward these fields the public attention should be immediately directed.

Our only hope for steady and permanent prosperity lies exactly here. We must produce for ourselves, and thus employ the nation's idle capital and idle hands, and the quicker the movement is made, and the more efficiently it is prosecuted, the earlier our old and much longed-for prosperity will come back to us. The subject is full of interest, and crowds the coming century with changes and developments which the most hospitable imagination must fail to measure.

College Trustees and Professors.

We suppose there are few successful professional and literary men who do not receive many letters from the young, asking for their advice, on matters relating to a career. There is a sense of ignorance and a yearning for direction among large masses of bright and ambitious young men, that seek for satisfaction in a great variety of ways. Now, there is no influence that goes so far with these as an example. They are peculiarly inspired by a great practical life, which wins, or drives its way successfully through the world; and the call for prescriptive advice is simply a declaration of the absence of inspiring example within the immediate vision of the applicants. It is as natural for a young man to look for a model, and to put himself under the influence of an inspiring personality, as it is to breathe; and when and where this inspiration is wanting, we shall always find young men seeking for counsel.

In view of what seem to be the facts of the case, we are compelled to believe that this matter is made small account of in the appointment of college officers. To begin with the trustees: we would like to inquire what motives usually prevail in determining their election. It happens that there are, here and there, boards of trustees at the head of our literary institutions, made up of men who are really inspiring powers upon the students and professors alike; and it is notorious that there are others, and, perhaps, the majority, who are held by both in contempt. They are ignorant, incapable of good except as they may be led by the faculties under them, niggardly, short-sighted, conservative, illiberal, and with no more apprehension of the high duties of their office, and the march of improvement, and the growing necessities and requirements of the times, than they would be if they were made of wood and iron. A board of trustees of this stamp is, of course, a clog upon any institution. How many boards like this, held either in good-natured or ill-natured contempt by the professors and students under them, have we in the country? We fear that there are a great many, made up of men who have been placed in trust because they have influence in the financial world,—because they have money and need to be flattered into leaving endowments,—because they have intrigued for the eminence which has been bestowed upon them,—because they have shown themselves wise in scheming for themselves in fields that have no alliance with learning.

Now, the college trustee ought to be a man, not only of learning, but of an eminence that grows, and can only grow, out of learning, or in association with it—a man who knows the needs of a college not only because he has been through it, but because he knows the world, takes the measure of his time, sees the drift of progress, apprehends opportunities. He should be a man whose presence is an inspiration,—a man whose life, blossoming with culture and crowned with success, is a stimulant and a tonic upon all the college life, alike of professors and students. The difference in the influence of a board of trustees, made up of men of whom such a man is the type, and one made up of the ordinary trustee material, is so great that the observing outsider can only wonder that the prevalent absurdity can live for a year. We should like to know how many boards of faculty are at this moment making all their progress in spite of stupid trustees, who lie back in their breeching like mules flapping their hybrid ears in protest!

Something was said in the editorial pages of this magazine last month on the need of literary men as professors of literature in our colleges. The article of Professor Beers upon Yale, which appeared in Scribner some months ago, recognized the literary bent of the Cambridge students as a somewhat distinctive characteristic of Harvard, though he attributed it to another cause than the influence of Lowell and Longfellow. A recent editorial in the "New York Times" took strong ground in favor of literary men in literary professorships.

But there is a wider view to take of this whole subject. The college professor, as a rule, is bound up in his specialty. He has but one side to him, and that is always turned toward the college. He has no side turned toward the world. He teaches within the walls what he has learned, and betrays no fructification of thought and life in production. He gets into his rut, which grows deeper and deeper with the passing years until, at last, his head sinks below the surface, and he loses sight of the world and the world of him. Now, the difference in their influence upon a student, between such a man as this and one who writes successfully,—or preaches successfully,—or speaks successfully,—or investigates successfully in new fields, must be, in the nature of things, very great. To the professor who has met the world's life in any way, and won a place in the world's thought and regard, and become an outside power and influence, the student turns as naturally for instruction and inspiration as a flower turns toward the sun. Even a single professor, in an academic institution, who shows by attractive production that his learning has really fructified his mind, will have more influence in determining the college life, and that which goes out from it, than all the rest of the faculty put together. The students know that they are to meet and, if possible, to master life. There is not a bright one among them who does not know that his learning will avail him little if it does not give him practical power; so that every exhibition of that power among those who teach him leads and inspires him.

Suppose such a man as George William Curtis were at the head of a college department,—a man ready and graceful in speech, acute in politics, facile

and accomplished in all literary expression, familiar with history, courteous and happy in social intercourse,—what would be the effect upon the students under him, compared with that of a professor who only knows the duties of his chair, and who is but a helpless baby outside of it? To ask the question is to answer it, and cover our whole argument. The culture and drift of the college would be toward him, not at all because he would be a teacher, but because he would be an inspirer. Take such a man as Julius Seelye, who has just been elected to the presidency of Amherst,—a man who is a recognized power in the pulpit,—who presents the argument for Christianity to the wise men of India,—who demonstrates the fact that, although he is a teacher and a preacher, he is quite capable of statesmanship in the halls of national legislation, and compare his influence upon a body of students with that of the average college president.

The simple truth is, that there is nothing which our colleges need more than men of public power and influence,—men who can not only teach their specialties, but, by their life and example, point the way to usefulness, and influence upon the world,—men who have a side for the world as well as for the college, and who, by their knowledge of the world, and the practical ways of reaching it and acting upon it, are able to guide and inspire as well as to instruct and enrich.

Editorial Trials.

It is said—with how much truth we do not know—that Thackeray left the editorship of "The Cornhill" because he could not, or would not, stand the strain which the position imposed upon his sympathies. No man but an editor knows exactly what this means, for, though he has talked about it a good deal, the world seems slow to recognize the difficulties of his office, and if he be a sympathetic man, the pain which he undergoes in its wise administration. It seems to be supposed, by the constantly increasing number of aspirants for a literary life, that, if he will, he can lift them into eminence. All he needs to do is to accept their offerings in order to give them a start. What is so easy to be done, if he only will, as to publish their effusions, and thus give them a foothold?

In the first place, no account is made of the fact that a periodical is not published for the benefit of writers but for that of readers. No account is made of the fact that, if the readers are not satisfied, the publishers cannot publish, and that publishing is purely a business matter. The publisher agrees for a consideration to give to his readers the best literary material he can buy; and he is bound to do this, irrespective of all other considerations. His living and prosperity, no less than his business honor, binds him to just this, and compels his editor to just this. The editor has no right, under any circumstances, to take into consideration the desires or the needs of a writer who seeks a place in his columns.

In the second place, the production of literary matter far exceeds the publishing capacity and the popular demand of the country. At this time, particularly, when every means is resorted to for earning a livelihood, the production is enormous. There is not a magazine in this country that can publish more than from one-twentieth to one-fortieth of the manuscripts offered to it. Even with the most careful examination and judgment—fighting off all the time papers that are in every respect desirable—hopeless accumulation takes place. We have been told that one concern in this city has on hand sixty thousand dollars' worth of literary material, for which it has paid the money, and of which it can never use a tenth part. We can easily believe it, in the light of our own experience. The men and women of culture, of genius, of experience in writing and in life, the learned men, the wise men, are in large numbers writing for the magazines. Into this company, and this overwhelming competition, the novice comes, and asks, for considerations which cannot in the nature of things be entertained, for a place and a hearing.

Here arises another complaint. The magazines are charged with favoring only the great names. Let it be confessed, then, that they are glad to get great names—that, other things being equal, they would prefer a great name to a little one. A great name has a mercantile value, which the publishing interest is bound, in financial wisdom, to consider. But how did the name happen to be great? The publisher did not make it great. The author who owns it has honestly earned his fame, and it is pertinent to ask whether it is just to him to give him only an even footing with those who have neither fought for nor earned a position. It certainly is not just to him to treat him in this way. He ought to be considered first. He has had his fight, and won it, worthily; and if he is not to have a reward,—if he is to have no consideration for this,—then he may well complain of injustice. He has bravely worked through all the early discouragements of a career, won his advantage, and has a right to enjoy it.

No fair-minded young man or young woman would quarrel with this statement, because this is precisely the advantage that each wishes to secure; but then they would say that the young writer has no chance at all. Just here comes the opportunity to relieve them of a misapprehension. Next to the desire of an editor to secure the work of men and women who possess valuable literary names is the desire to get hold of a new name—to get the first contributions of the men and women who are to have valuable names in the future. To discover a genius is like discovering a diamond; and uncounted miles of manuscript are hopefully waded through in the search; for an editor knows, or ought to know, that nothing kills a periodical so surely as "a regular corps of contributors." If he is alive and understands his work, he knows that he must always be looking out for fresh blood, and not only looking out for it, but getting it. Indeed, this is his chief anxiety, and the occasion of more labor than all the rest of his duties put together. The novice has just the chance that his gifts and acquirements

enable him to command. Should he ask for more than this?

There are many young writers who believe that their contributions are not read by the editor. So deep has been this conviction among some of them, that we have discovered traps for him in reading their manuscripts—contrivances by which their writers may know whether their papers have really been opened and examined! These are quite unnecessary, for all manuscripts are sufficiently read to furnish a fair basis for a judgment. Yet this ought to be said, viz.: that many good papers are necessarily sent back, because it is simply impossible to publish them. In these times, an editor can hardly accept a moiety of the very desirable papers presented to him, and even great names wander from office to office for a fitting market.

We have alluded to the editor's trials—the strain upon his sympathies. Suppose we present a few of them. A young man with little experience of life, high ambitions, great expectations, thorough industry, sends a manuscript and accompanies it with a letter, in which he says that all the hopes of his life are hanging upon the fate of his paper—that the editor has a destiny in his hands—that the writer is waiting to hear his fate, etc., etc. A woman writes that the living of herself and her children, who have been left without a protector and provider, depends upon the editor's decision, and that if her manuscript is not accepted, she and her little ones must become beggars. A young girl, just from school, wishes to earn her own living, and relieve a father who has failed in business. Another girl desires bravely to educate her brothers and sisters, who have been left without the requisite means. A woman is possessed by an overmastering desire to do good with her pen. Hundreds write that they are poor, and that they have no recourse but their power to write.

To a man who carries a heart, such appeals are painful beyond expression. He has no right to yield the slightest consideration to them, and he must not do it. They have no right to distress him in this way, but they do not know that. The resort is so desperate that they are really unfitted by it for doing their best work. The presumption always is that the literary part of the case is consciously a weak one. The urging of an illegitimate consideration would hardly be indulged in by one who felt strong in his literary claim. When a man is large enough to write for the public, he is usually large enough to see that an illegitimate claim to attention degrades him; indeed he is large enough not to think of making it.

After all, the mistake of the novice begins in his incompetent idea of literature. No man thinks of putting his first picture in the exhibition; but the moment a man begins to write, he wants to print, forgetting that there is no art that demands more study and practice than the literary, and that he has had no special training for it. Without experience in life, without training in art, and with only a natural facility for expression, he has a fancy that if he could only get a publisher he could succeed at once. Our painters, our sculptors, our singers, our architects, are obliged to go through long courses of instruction and practice; but our essayists, our poets, our novelists, seem to think that they must fly when they tumble from their nests, or it is all up—or down—with them.

"But if you refuse to publish, will you not read our productions and criticise them? We are anxious to learn. We have no literary friends about us."

Good friends! eyes wear out, work presses, cares are many, every day brings its fatigue, and every evening its demand for rest. The editor would be glad to serve you and help you, but he has no time. The day that you ask of him belongs to others, and is crowded with the duties of his office. No, you must fight it out alone, as all the successful men and women have done. Nobody can help you, unless he can teach you to rely upon yourself, and the friendliness and good faith of the editors to whom you send your literary efforts.

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE is a great deal of commonplace painting in the Water-Color Exhibition this year; but there is, also, not a little which has the power to interest and charm the eye, some which even reaches the mind, and some—not much, we confess—that goes farther and touches the heart. Among the things which we particularly like are Bouvier's "Female Head" (No. 1), Killingworth Johnson's "Burning Brush," which, though not pleasing in color, tells the story in a clear and manly way; Henry Farrer's "Windy Day," a most poetic bit of realism; Mrs. Stillman's flower pieces (too much alike, perhaps); two or three, not all, of Vibert's pictures, notably "The Grasshopper and the Ant;" "The Finishing Touch," by Simonetti; Mrs. Darrah's quiet landscapes, especially the "Sunset;" a Meissonier, not as interesting as usual, however; a noble little sepia drawing under Turner's name, and the etchings of Whistler, Seymour Hayden, and Leo Flaming. There are not so many Winslow Homers on exhibition this year as usual; but they are all good in their way, even the bad ones: no, not all—the "Rattlesnake" (198) is beyond redemption villainous. "Backgammon" (396) not only has no background,—that we might endure as an artist's whim,—but it is a poor joke to paint the girls' cheeks green. The cheeks of "Lemon" (280) are equally unpleasant. But in the "Book" (42), and in the "Blackboard" (122), Homer is himself again—one of the few American painters of originality and force. C. S. Reinhart's "Gathering Wood" is a fortunate bit of color, of a conventional sort, to be

sure, but still of the better conventional sort; his larger painting in the corridor is not nearly so good. McEntee has a pretty October piece; Swain Gifford's work is all pure in color and agreeable in other respects; the same may be said of Samuel Colman, who, however, seems to be wasting time in architectural details, without compensating artistic effect. Mr. Abbey who did so well last year, this year sends a good subject, but a cheap and careless piece of work.

The most dangerously bad pictures in this collection are by men of the ability of Eastman Johnson and W. T. Richards. Mr. Johnson's "Consuelo" (in the black and white room) has about the value of a photograph worked up with crayon; it is altogether unworthy of the painter of the husking scene, which delighted all eyes at last year's Academy Exhibition. Mr. Richards, we should judge from his "sketch" in the north room, could do better things than his "Old Fort," and "Purgatory," if he were not so industriously pursuing the wrong road. We do not object to "elaborate" drawing; but to what we must consider bad drawing—that is, drawing which does not represent nature; but of this subject more anon. Of a different and more harmless, because less influential, badness are Walter Satterlee's paintings. Young artists and young authors are very apt to pass through a primary stage of sentimentalism in their work; Mr. Satterlee's work is now at its silliest and most sentimental. Hereafter, we shall look for better things from him—or worse. But it is some satisfaction to note that none of our home painters exhibit anything so vulgar as those clever and repulsive pictures of Bellecour.

WHEN we open the books of some of our contemporary authors, it is like opening the front door of a third-rate boarding-house. The air is loaded with the stale and mixed exhalations of inelegant living. We are inclined to think, by the way, that the modern boarding-house is directly responsible for the vulgarity of much of our literature. Unless we are mistaken, there was not so much of this kind of vulgarity in the English and American writers of the last century. We do not refer, of course, to the brutal, and the coarse, and the immoral. They have always existed. But we refer to the semi-genteel manners, the assumptions, the self-assertions, the gossip,—the general atmosphere of the ordinary boarding-house,—which make themselves felt unconsciously to the writers in so many of our current stories and poems. Yes, even poems; for, just as there is a musical, and, as we may say, a well-bred way of arranging the nouns and adjectives, and even the vowels and consonants in a poem, so there is a common and boarding-house way of using them.

The stilted diction and bogus classicism of the old-time writers probably helped to keep even the authors of least genius from falling into the pit of vulgarity. But now the classic has passed into the romantic, the romantic into the sentimental style. This style, with a touch of the scientific, or a touch of the jaunty or jocose, is identified with the murmur of crowded dining-rooms, and all that is dreary and demoralizing in beds and tables, stools and candlesticks which have been bought at a sale of steamboat furniture. It is easy to see that some of our writers have had their entire view of life colored by a rejection on the part of the landlady's daughter of a third-class boarding-house.

A NEW edition of Bryant's poems * has lately been published, including "The Flood of Years" (which first appeared in last year's "midsummer holiday number" of SCRIBNER). Now that "The Flood of Years" has its proper chronological place, its accordance with the general tone of the poet's thought, as well as with his wonted poetic style, is still more evident. It is noticeable, too, that both real rivers and the river of time, are favorite themes and images with Bryant. "The Flood of Years" has been frequently compared with "Thanatopsis;" but the closing movement of the former poem reminds one especially of the last lines of "An Evening Reverie," which are as follows:

> "Gently—so have good men taught—
> Gently and without grief the old shall glide
> Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
> Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
> Shall journey onward in perpetual peace."

There is, as there always should be, music in the very vowels and consonants of these poems. We never before felt their exquisite musical quality so keenly. We should think that a South Sea Islander, hearing these lines properly recited, would recognize their charm:

> "When beechen buds begin to swell,
> And woods the bluebird's warble know,
> The yellow violet's modest bell
> Peeps from the last year's leaves below."

Then take the following stanza:

> "The light of smiles shall fill again
> The lids that overflow with tears;
> And weary hours of woe and pain
> Are promises of happier years."

It does not account for the felicity of the first line of this last stanza to say that the expression, "The light of smiles," is a very usual one. Let some one else try to select from ordinary phrases an expression as poetic and fit as that. Here are four more lines, in another poem, which seem to us most fortunate:

> "Oh, fairest of the rural maids!
> Thy birth was in the forest shades;
> Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
> Were all that met thine infant eye."

We beg the reader who is not familiar with "The Snow Storm," to get down his Bryant and read that poem. We remember very well, the day and the place where we first read it. Read also "June," which Poe liked so much. And for what might be called orchestral effects, read "Not Yet," written in 1861. The Fourth of July orator often indulges in allusions to the geography of his country; but not often with such power as this:

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* Poems by William Cullen Bryant. Collected and arranged by the Author. Illustrated by one hundred engravings from drawings by Birket Foster, Harry Fenn, Alfred Fredericks and others. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

"Our humming marts, our iron ways,
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain-crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with its bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!"

That, we say, has something of the orchestra in its music; but Bryant's sonorous stanzas are more apt to suggest the sound of an organ. It is not the full-voiced thunderous organ upon which Shakspere and Milton played; but it is no mean instrument, nor one whose music is likely soon to be forgotten.

ONE of Bryant's most remarkable poems is that entitled "The Poet." In it he tells—about as well as can be told, we should suppose—how to make a poem; and not only how to make it, but how to mend it after it is made:

"Then, should thy verse appear
Halting and harsh, and all unaptly wrought,
Touch the crude line with fear,
Save in the moment of impassioned thought:
Then summon back the original glow, and mend
The strain with rapture that with fire was penned."

That Bryant knows how to do this himself may be discovered by a comparison of his most celebrated poems as first printed, with their form in the latest edition. How many readers of the present generation have ever seen the following stanzas?

"Not that from life and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch Time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul, to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flattering verse may breathe,
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry *justice* frown'd severe,
And 'tis the eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear."

It is often said to editors overburdened with MSS.: "But, of course, you can decide upon contributions merely by reading the first few lines." If the editor who prepared for the press "The North American Review" of September, 1817, had decided after reading only these stanzas with regard to the poem of which they formed the introduction, he would probably have declined to publish no less notable a poem than "Thanatopsis." Since its first publication, "Thanatopsis" has not only been shorn of its introduction, but the first sixteen and a half and the last fifteen and a half lines have been added, and the body of the poem itself has been actually rewritten. Among other changes, the following now very familiar passage has been inserted:

"And poured round all
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."*

In the same number of the "North American," where "Thanatopsis" is published, the well-known "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," appears under the title of "A Fragment," and without the closing passage as now printed. (Both poems were published anonymously.) An emendation has been made, also, in the "Waterfowl." In the second stanza, the line—

"As darkly painted on the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along."

is justly changed to—

"As darkly seen against the crimson sky," etc.

It is not necessary to give further examples of Bryant's corrections, although the study is a very interesting one.

*We are indebted to our friend, Mr. Philes, for a copy of "Thanatopsis" as it appeared in "The North American," which copy we have compared with the original.

Boston, February, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR: Naturally enough, there are various opinions about the new church which the congregation of old Trinity has presented to Phillips Brooks. As you are probably aware, it stands on the flat land of the new quarter of Boston, where the streets are broad and perfectly straight, instead of being narrow and twisted. There is a party in favor of the outside of the church, and a party which does not think that Mr. Richardson has made a success of it. There are those who think that Mr. John La Farge has wonderfully improved the fine architectural effects of the interior, and there are others who, for their part, "cannot see what people find to admire in those big saints." For my own part, I think the interior a great success, and a credit both to architect and painter. The former has made a church which, without departing entirely from the traditional form of a cross, contains the acoustic advantages of a theater, or approaches them in some degree. Imagine a broad and wide tower supported on four massive piers at the four angles. Standing in the center, under this tower, and looking to the four points of the compass under the arches that connect these piers, one sees, to the east, the chancel; to the north and south, the transepts; to the west, the nave. But it is the inner wall of the tower in each direction, painted with the great fifteen-foot saints and smaller angels, that gives the church such a richly decorated look. The limbs of the building have been painted, but not with figures or elaborately. Even the chancel wall has not yet been covered with a semicircle of religious pictures.

The daily papers probably have given you detailed accounts of the paintings on the four walls of this tower. You remember the three windows on each wall, high up; how the emblems of St. John and St. Peter occupy the compartments to the right and left of the window on the south wall, those of St. Matthew and St. Luke the like positions on the north. Over the windows are small compartments with Scripture subjects, and between them, medallion heads of angels. Further down, below a broad zone of gold, on which a Scripture text is written, come the squared compartments, like windows, in which are heads and shoulders of angels looking out over the top of the arch. To the right and left of three of the arches stand the gigantic figures which cause so much controversy, but which, I believe, every one enjoys seeing. St. Peter and St. Paul stand by the horseshoe arch over the chancel; David and Moses guard the arch leading into the north transept, and the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah stand before the south transept. The groundwork of the lower walls of the whole church is a dull red, in various delicate shades, but where the decorations on this are at all numerous the predominant colors are green and gold. In the folds of certain draperies of the figures, these two colors have been skillfully blended to a fine variety of gold-green. But, in the limits of a letter, I could not attempt to describe these beautiful tones and effects, as incomplete as they are even yet. If Mr. La Farge works at the church for the coming year, as it is to be hoped he will, the harmony which already shows in all the walls will be perfected to something really worth a longer notice.

Mr. La Farge has had a number of young painters assisting him for various lengths of time: Mr. F. Lathrop, Mr. Millet, the young sculptor St. Gaudens, Mr. Dufais, and Mr. Maynard. Only the first-named, who designed the decorations on the ceil-

ing of the nave, remained with him till the last. Great credit is due the painters for their hard work under discouraging circumstances at an enterprise for which they were not prepared by previous labors of the kind. Perhaps other churches will follow the example of Trinity, and we shall have really beautiful works of art in the place of blank walls or the tiresome stucco of shop-work. There is still another class of objectors to these decorations, but not from questions of taste. Theirs are religious objections, for they consider such things merely distracting to the mind when it ought to be fixed on higher subjects of spiritual interest. But this is a matter which can only be decided by individual experience. H. E.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Housekeeping.

DECK your house from inward out.
Let there be an inmost shrine
Where to praise with gifts devout
Love both human and divine;

After that, the holiest room
Heap with choicest things that grow;
Spare not gold nor silver show,
Ambergris, nor forest bloom,

Man's wrought marvels daintiest,
Colored canvas, chiseled stones,
Comforts few, but all that's best,
Each that special beauty owns.

Then as worldly station calls
All your home in order set,
Nor through hasty pride forget,
Chambers still outrank the halls.

After, if you more can spend,
Neatly decorate the shell;
Next your crumbling fences mend,
Lay your road-beds deep and well—

But beware, lest these beguile
Care on outward things to waste:
Save in heart-cells fair and chaste,
Where does fortune really smile?

Virginia Floors.

BEFORE accepting Mr. Cook's advice to discard carpets and substitute rugs, the question arises how to prepare the floors which must in such case be exposed to view. To people with plenty of money the problem is easy of solution, and the matter may be left to professional house-furnishers; but those less fortunate will doubtless be glad of a few practical hints as to how the staining may be done in less costly fashion.

In Virginia, and farther south, carpets are little used in warm weather, and many housekeepers prefer bare floors even to straw matting. The floors are, therefore, made of hard-wood,—generally pine,—though occasionally oak is employed. The boards are dovetailed together as carefully as for a table or cabinet, and every crevice is filled in with putty.

We distinctly remember one of these floors—the pride of its owner and the admiration of strangers. The family moved into the house during the war. The parlor carpet did not fit the new floor; it was so small that it left a margin all round the edge. In those days carpets were a luxury scarcely to be bought at all, and to add to the difficulty, the dwelling having been for some time unoccupied, the floor in question had been stained by the rain beating in through broken windows, and the discolorations were too deep to be removed by planing. But the lady of the house had all a woman's ingenuity. A strong decoction of chestnut oak bark was made by boiling the bark, fresh from the tree, in water, adding a little lye to set the color. This was applied to the floor, plank by plank, and rubbed dry with an old-fashioned dry-rubbing brush. The process was repeated three times, and under it the floor became a rich nut brown, beautiful in summer, and not cold-looking in winter, where it showed at the sides of the carpet. Every spring, when the carpet was taken up, the dye was renewed, one coat being sufficient after the first staining. An occasional rubbing with the brush, and a little wax now and then, kept it in order. In a few years the floor became so highly polished that the shadows of objects were reflected in it.

At another old Virginia homestead the parlor floor was a yellowish-brown—a peculiar tint, too light to be called brown, too dark for yellow. This was obtained by treating the pine wood with strong lye leached from hickory ashes, and applied after the manner already described.

For oiling floors there are various recipes. The following is known to be satisfactory: Boil linseed oil thoroughly, and apply it as hot as possible by means of a mop made of old rags, or a soft brush; rubbing the floor afterward until a cambric handkerchief may be wiped over it without being stained. A day or two may be necessary to dry the oil, and the brush-polishing is not absolutely necessary, but it adds exceedingly to the beauty of the work, and pays for the labor, which may be given at any time while the floor is drying. Spanish-brown dissolved in the oil makes a pretty coloring, and one much used. Black walnut bark dye gives a dark brown tint much like that of the wood of the tree itself. If the floor is naturally a pretty one, waxing it without staining will be found satisfactory.

One notable housekeeper, whom I remember, disdained all stains or dyes, and kept her floors white and polished with fine white sand sifted through coarse muslin, and applied with an old shoe to every spot—rubbing the floor afterward with the long-handled dry-rubbing brush—as necessary an institution in an old Virginia homestead as the broom itself. Her reward was a white floor, with a surface as soft and sheeny as satin-wood.

These Southern floors are beautiful and not costly, except in patience and what old folks call *elbow grease*.

Better than Medicine.

THERE is a sort of practical every-day knowledge in which our grandmothers were wise, which the present generation of mothers, with all their advance in the sciences, in the arts, and in matters of taste, are apt to neglect. The doctor, for example, is now a most costly member of every well-to-do family, called in for every ache or qualm. If he be of the advanced school and have faith in patience, nature, and "letting-alone," no harm is done; but many a practitioner feels that he must earn his money by a certain amount of drugs. The mother soon becomes familiar with his favorite remedy. If the children have eaten too much candy, and need a day's fasting, or a long walk in the open air, she fires pills of quinine, or pellets of arnica, belladonna, or arsenic, wildly down their throats, or plumps them into "sitzes" and "packs," or puts the poles of the galvanic battery to their trembling backs, heads, or throats. This modern Cornelia brings up her young Gracchi by the heroic treatment alone. She scouts simple, easy preventives and commonplace bits of knowledge. She goes to art classes, in order to fit her to criticise the human body; but she knows nothing of the anatomy of her baby's foot, and mangles and deforms it in heeled shoes. She knows precisely what chemical elements enter into every object in nature, and looks back with compassion on the generation who never heard of molecules. But she feeds her family on bread, pickles, confectionery and pastry, bought at the nearest shop, all more or less poisonous with copper, alum, and mineral dyes. Her old grandmother, a veritable ignoramus in her eyes, fed her children on home-made food; the fame of her pies and roasts went abroad through the country, and her boys' stout limbs and the rosy cheeks of her girls bore witness to their merits.

Little Mrs. Dodd, whose matter-of-fact method of teaching her boys we have spoken of before, believes that the chief requisites in a housekeeper, or head of a family, is this practical knowledge. "Look," she says, "how every paper and magazine recognizes this lack in women, and tries to supply it with recipes for cookery, simple remedies, popular adaptations of scientific knowledge to every-day life." She keeps her eyes and ears open for such suggestions, but tests them thoroughly before using them in her family. She knows the physical requirements and peculiarities of husband, children and servants, and wards off indigestion here, neuralgia there, rheumatism from one, nervous debility from another, by a change of diet or clothing or temperature, a little wholesome hard work, or a holiday and adventure into the country or to the city. She knows just what to do before the doctor comes, in case of a burn, or fall, or sprain; and just when to stop doing, which is a rarer knowledge. All these things are trifles, people may say. But Mrs. Dodd is always quoting old Ben Franklin's maxim, that human happiness consists not in great pieces of good fortune that rarely happen, but in the little comforts and advantages of every day.

Hints for the Summer Vacation.

FIRST. If there be any weakly children in the family, make an effort to find a boarding-place near a river or lake, and give them a boat and oars (with due regard for their safety, of course). There can be no healthier pastime for boys or girls of dyspeptic or consumptive tendencies than paddling the summer away in a light skiff. We know of more than one child—a few years ago narrow-chested, pale, stooped-shouldered, subject to incessant headaches in school, who is now broad-breasted and ruddy, simply from the exercise of rowing during the summer months.

Secondly. Pack up all the finery of both girls and boys and—leave it at home. Have stout, well-fitting shoes made for them to order, without heels. Clothe the whole of them in flannel. Navy blue at forty-five or fifty cents per yard is the best. Pretty and cheap loose-fitting suits of this are the most artistic dress for child or adult on the sea-side, hills, or wherever tramping, and sudden showers, and downright fun are the rule. Flannel is, by all odds, the coolest dress to wear in the hot season, and an almost certain preventive of colds, neuralgia, etc.

Thirdly. If there are boys, you will find it a wise investment to spend $6 or $8 for a shelter tent. They could sleep in it, if necessary, with benefit to health; but in any case, they can carry it to lonely solitudes back of the barn, or up on the mountain, and camp out all day and night, cooking their own meals and keeping up a watch-fire.

Fourthly. Provide for rainy days,—a checker-board, decalcomanie pictures, story books, and especially good-humor. A family stranded upon the barren shore of a farm-house with nothing but their trunks is a spectacle not edifying to gods or men.

The Culture of Reserve.

THE much-needed bit of a sermon on the prevalence of diminutives in the catalogues of female schools, which was recently published in this department, under the title of "Girls' Names," has been the means of calling our attention to another and earlier protest against the same practice—from the pen of a woman, by the way—contained in Miss Brackett's excellent volume, "The Education of American Girls." Especially worth notice is this paragraph on the culture of reserve in girls:

"In the unrestrained and affectionate intercourse of the family, the girl has not felt the necessity of concealing in any degree her real self. She is under an observation that is intelligent and sympathetic, and she is sure of the kindest construction of all her actions. If she talks or laughs loudly, for instance, it is not supposed that this springs from a desire to attract attention, but from the natural, innocent overflowing of healthful spirits, and a forgetfulness of self. But her social education cannot be called finished till she has in some measure been taught to distrust others. She must learn that society is not one vast family, abounding in sympathy, and always ready to put the kindest construction on her words and actions. She must learn this sooner or later. Shall she learn it by mortifying experiences, by finding herself often in absurd and annoying positions, by having her confidence betrayed, and the outspoken utterances resulting from her very purity of thought made the occasion of coarse remarks and suspicions? or shall she be guarded against all these by being taught that she must

not give all the world credit for being as pure and innocent as she? We must so educate her that she will not lightly give her confidence, or show to uninterested persons too much of her real self. In other words, we must educate her into a reserve, into the gentle, unoffending dignity which holds all but the nearest and dearest at a little distance from herself. This is not teaching deceit. It is only teaching what must be learned,—the means of 'possessing one's self in peace.' The majority of our girls who talk and laugh loudly on Broadway do not do this to attract attention. They do it simply because their education on this point is not yet completed. A slight indication of the same defect in education is the profusion of endearing pet names, which we find in the published catalogues of girl students. If the girls themselves do not realize the impropriety of thus publishing to a world of careless strangers the names which family affection has bestowed upon them, should not the teachers who compile the catalogues direct and overrule their uneducated taste? It is only necessary to imagine the catalogue of Harvard or Yale, printed in the same manner, to make manifest, even to the girls themselves, the want of proper dignity displayed. Men, in their intercourse with the world, learn sooner than women, by the rough teaching of experience, the necessity of fending in their inner selves from the outer world. But both boys and girls might be saved much time and pain, if parents and guardians recognized more clearly that this was a part of education."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Recent Translations of the Sagas.*

It is now some thirty-three years since the Scotchman, Samuel Laing, published the first complete English version of "The Heimskringle," or the "Sagas of the Kings of Norway," a book which Emerson has aptly styled "the Iliad and Odyssey of English history." Then followed, after a long interval, during which this new and fertile field of inquiry had lain well-nigh fallow, George Webbe Dasent's wonderful translation of the "Njal's Saga" (under the title of "The Story of Burnt Njal"), which, enriched as it is with an able introduction and exhaustive notes, elucidated still further the character of the connection between early English and Norse history. Since then Icelandic scholars, like Gudbrandr, Vigfusson, Eirikr, Magnusson and Jón Hjaltalin, all residents of British University towns, have lent their aid to the English workers in the same field, and have, in connection with Dr. Dasent, William Morris, and Joseph Anderson, translated and edited nearly all the more important sagas. During the last few years the "Orkneyinga Saga," "Gunlaug Ormstunga Saga" and "Thorstein, Viking's Son's Saga" have been made accessible to the English public; and to those who care to penetrate into the remote wonder-world of the North without the aid of the translator, Vigfusson has, in his admirable edition of "Cleasby's Dictionary," furnished a reliable cicerone.

On this side of the ocean, Longfellow was the first to discover the rich poetic material contained in the heroic tales of the old Norsemen, as William Morris, at a much later day, made the same discovery in England; and every one who knows the true saga spirit will recognize the genuine primitive cadence in the "Saga of King Olaf," in "Tales of a Wayside Inn" (the story of which is taken from the "Heimskringla"), while the rhythmic drowsiness and elaboration of insignificant detail in the "Lovers of Gudrun" contrast unfavorably with the pithy wisdom and, what one might call, the sledge-hammer directness of the original Norse narratives.

With the exception of Barkley Pennock's translations from Keyser ("The Religion of the Old Norseman"), no work of importance has appeared here which could give us a deeper insight into the life and character of our Scandinavian ancestors. Professor Anderson's "Norse Mythology," which was published a year ago, was the first attempt made in this direction, and his present volume, containing translations of two of the prose sagas, is well qualified to stimulate the interest aroused by his mythological treatise.

The author's preface, the only fault of which is that it is too short, purports to give a sketch of the saga literature; but contents itself with briefly analyzing and classifying the two sagas which are placed before the reader. We hope that Professor Anderson's next volume, which we believe is already announced, will repair this deficiency, and furnish a more detailed review of the general scope and character of the ancient prose literature of the Norsemen. In dignity of style and sobriety of judgment, however, the present preface contrasts agreeably with the aggressive heedlessness of the introduction to the "Norse Mythology."

The story of Thorstein, Viking's Son, (Thorsteins Saga Vikingsonar), seems to us to prove by internal evidence that it is a genuine product of the period to which it purports to belong. Being a work of fiction, however, dealing only with unhistorical or semi-historical characters, the precise time of its origin is difficult to determine. N. M. Peterson, the historian of the old Norse literature, whose æsthetic insight was by no means equal to his critical sagacity, disposes of it very briefly, as a confused collection of superstitions and improbable adventures. But superstitions too may be historic documents of no mean importance, and, as psychological facts, are apt to interest us even more than the actual exploits of actual men. In the present tale, for

* Viking Tales of the North. The Sagas of Thorstein, Viking's Son, and Fridthof the Bold. Translated from the Icelandic by Rasmus B. Anderson, A. M., Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin, etc., and Jón Bjarnason. Also Tegnér's Fridthof's Saga. Translated into English by George Stephens. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

Fridthof's Saga. A Norse Romance. By Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Wexio. Translated from the Swedish by Thomas A. E. Holcomb and Martha A. Lyon Holcomb. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

instance, the significance attached to dreams, the belief in witchcraft, and the understanding of human speech attributed to the ship "Ellide" (in "Frithof's Saga") furnish us with a key to the real soul-life of the Norse warriors, lay bare the workings of their thought, and reveal to us the inner motive by the light of which their speech and actions may be clearly interpreted. How many generations of vikings must have roved over the deep before this human companionship between man and vessel could be established, before the ship could have become personified so as to respond to the spoken will of her master! Again, where the exploits of the hero transcend the limits of probability, they nevertheless indicate, by their general tendency, what qualities and accomplishments the Norsemen especially valued, and thereby enable us to reconstruct with tolerable accuracy the ideal of the age; and in its ideals the age reveals the tendencies and aspirations by which it is known and judged.

The saga of Thorstein, Viking's Son, opens, as almost all the sagas do, with the genealogy of its hero, and gives in broad outlines the biographies of his father and grandfather. The two foster-brothers, Halfdan and Viking, surprise King Njorfe in Limfjord, and offer him battle; but as their fleet is larger than his, they send away five of their vessels (which shows a sense of fair play, unknown to the diplomacy of later days) and attack him with a force exactly equal to his own. They fight for three days with great violence, but none is as yet ready to yield. Then, filled with admiration for each other's bravery, they clasp hands and swear friendship and brotherhood. After having spent many years more in viking cruises (each of which the saga describes in detail) they return home, and Viking becomes a *hersir* (the next in rank to an earl) under King Njorfe. They have each nine sons, and as ill luck would have it, the hersir's sons are superior in manhood and strength to those of the king. At a ball play Njorfe's son Olaf, prompted by jealousy, provokes a quarrel with Viking's son, Thorer, and is slain by him. This is the beginning of a long tragedy, which ends in the death of all the king's sons with the exception of Jokul, the eldest. The duty of blood vengeance, which is the tragic motive in all Icelandic tales, urges them on to ever fresh deeds of violence, and allows the last survivor no rest until the brave sons of Viking have all bit the dust, except Thorer and Thorstein. And then it is only grim necessity which compels Jokul to accept atonement and peace. Very pathetic is the scene when old Viking arrives with a cart at the spot where seven of his sons lie slain; and the effect is greatly heightened by the simple strength and directness with which the saga relates it:

"Toward the end of the night he (Thorstein) heard a wagon coming along the ice. Then he saw a man following the wagon, and he saw that the man was his father. And when the man came to the field of battle, he cleared his way, throwing the dead out of his path, *but he threw none with more force than the sons of the king.* He saw that all were dead except Thorstein and Thorer. He then asked them whether they could speak at all, and Thorer said that he could. Still Viking saw that he was covered with gaping wounds. Thorstein said that he was not wounded, but very tired. Viking took Thorer in his lap and then it seemed to Thorstein *that his father, in spite of his age, showed great strength.* Thorstein went to the wagon and laid himself in it with his weapons. Then Viking drove on with the wagon."

Mark the wonderful self-restraint, and the characteristic touches in which the saga reveals the father's emotion. No soft words, no tears; he only flung the dead bodies of the assailants with a more indignant force, and he showed an unwonted strength in spite of his great age. Extremely touching, too, is the firm resolution of the two old friends to keep their oath of brotherhood sacred in spite of their sons' provocation to the contrary. But instead of dwelling on the bitter soul-struggle, the sagaman merely contents himself with repeating, at the end of every fresh quarrel between the sons, this simple statement: "But Viking and Njorfe kept their friendship well until their death."

The life and adventures of Thorstein, who after his reconciliation with Jokul becomes a hersir under King Bele in Sogn (whose friendship he has gained by conquering him in battle) are very nearly a repetition of the exploits and career of his father. His son Frithof, the hero of the second saga in the volume, quarrels with the sons of Bele, who are jealous of his fame and his superiority to themselves in strength and manly sports. What has especially raised this saga above all others in popularity is the introduction of the almost romantic attachment which exists between Frithof and Bele's daughter Ingeborg, who have been fostered together by the peasant, Hilding. In plot it does not differ essentially from the typical modern novel, while the unique matter-of-fact style, even when dealing with the most startling situations, is refreshingly at variance with the microscopic and analytical tendency of our own century. The story, as told by Bishop Tegnér, an English version of which, by Professor George Stephens, is included in the present volume, is too well known to need recounting.

In reading Professor Stephens's translation, as well as one by Thomas and Martha Holcomb, we have been freshly impressed with the truth of the maxim that it takes a poet to interpret a poet. It has invariably been the misfortune of Tegnér to fall into the hands of crude but well-meaning poetasters. Of the twenty English versions which have appeared during the last fifty years, not a single one even remotely approaches the sonorous grandeur and dignity of the original. They are all respectable, and in detached passages even felicitous; but as a whole, singularly unpoetic. The rhythmic splendor of Tegnér's verse, his luxurious reveling in magnificently resonant phrases, in which his large stately images fit as "the helmet fitteth to the forehead," his powerful sway over all the resources of sense and sound—all this and much more which makes Tegnér pre-eminently the king of Northern song, it would perhaps be unreasonable to demand even faintly re-echoed in his translators. But an approximate fidelity to the text, and a knowledge of the requirements of English prosody would hardly

seem to be extravagant demands of one who undertakes to interpret a classic poem of another tongue.

Of the two translations before us, that of Mr. Stephens is perhaps superior in its literal adherence to the original; while in metrical fidelity both are equally deficient. That, for instance, an emphatic dissyllabic word cannot properly be disposed of in the two unaccented syllables of a dactyl or an anapest seems never to have occurred to either of the translators. To take an example from the Holcomb version:

"And he saw in the South many islands and rock till he came to the *calm Grecian wave.*"

Here the word *calm*, which does not exist in the text, is interpolated as a bungling remedy to make an impossible anapest.

Mr. Stephens's ear is even more singularly constructed. We defy any one to scan the following line, which in the Swedish is a marvel of musical perfection. We add the original text to give the reader an opportunity to compare:

"Hither 'twas, hither 'twas I invited my maid,—ah she cruel the North loved too well."

"Det var hit, det var hit, jag min elskade bjod, men den harda i Norden forblef."

The verse, as will be observed, is anapestic throughout.

To take another example, where the Holcombs have, as it appears, deliberately murdered a fine and sonorous verse:

"Suddenly the old man wakens,—much that sleep was worth to me.
Guarded by a brave man's weapon, sleep is sweet beneath a tree.
Yet I do not see thy weapon; where has fled the lightning's twin?
What has parted you who never in your lives have parted been?"

To give the reader a juster conception of the verse, we venture to offer the following rendering, which, however, does not differ greatly from that of Mr. Longfellow:

Straight the ancient king awakens: "Sound has been my sleep," he said;
"Sweet it is to sleep in shadow guarded by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger, lightning's brother where is he?
Who hath parted one from other that should never parted be?"

It is a matter of regret that Professor Stephens, who has gained a wide fame as a Northern scholar and archæologist, has not appreciated the importance of preserving the alliterations in poems like "Ring's Drapa," where the poetic effect depends so largely upon the consonance of the initial letters. Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb indeed profess to have understood this; but being evidently ignorant of the structure of the ancient Scaldic lays in accordance with which the "Drapa" is modeled, they have repeatedly introduced vowel alliterations which are unknown to the poets of the sagas.

Notwithstanding these criticisms we do not wish any one to infer that the present translations are positively bad or worthless. Our only regret is that where single scenes are so good, the whole should not be better. The opening canto of the Holcomb version, describing Frithof's and Ingeborg's childhood, is so well sustained, and the English phrase frequently so felicitously chosen, that we were at first beguiled into hoping that we had now, at last, found a version of Tegnér's great epic, which should give our English-speaking public an adequate idea of its grandeur. But we are forced to add, that the distance between the translations and the original is still unnecessarily great. In time, perhaps some real poet, who is strongly imbued with the heroic spirit of the North, will interpret in English song all the splendors of diction and melody in this chief work of the Swedish bard. And he who shall do this will have added a new classic to our literature. Until then the present versions will at least have their excuse for being.

Jules Verne's "Michael Strogoff."*

JULES VERNE will always be a favorite while people are pleased with the stirring and the adventurous. This book carries one to St. Petersburg and thence eastward and southward into Siberia till the region of Tartar invasions is reached. There is a race for life between the courier and a deserter from the Russian army, a colonel who has escaped in disguise and is hurrying to join the Khan of the Tartars in order to attack his own country with their aid. With Ivan, the courier, the point is to reach the Czarowitz, who is traveling about among the distant military posts of Siberia, and does not know of the treachery in the person of the deserting colonel which is about to assist his enemies between himself and St. Petersburg. On his way Ivan meets and befriends a young Livonian girl going to see her exiled father. Together they finally reach a besieged city just in time to save the heir of all the Russias. One has only to remember M. Verne's best books to understand how graphically he describes the picturesque adventures of Ivan and his fair companion in hardship. Two newspaper correspondents, one French, the other English, form a sort of double chorus, which turns up at appropriate occasions and makes remarks in accordance with their Gallic or Saxon temperaments as the case may be. Verne has seized upon the melancholy of nature, human and not human, as it appears in the vast possessions of Russia, very much as we find it spoken of in books of travel like those by Théophile Gautier, and also in fiction from Russian authors. There is also a short Mexican story in this volume called "The Mutineers." Both are fully illustrated with spirited pictures by Ferat.

"The Barton Experiment," and "The Jericho Road."

MR. JOHN HABBERTON has been lately appearing, anonymously and professedly, as an instructor in public morals; and we must say that he does his delicate task well. His position can hardly be other than that of a tract writer when he uses "The Barton Ex-

* Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar. By Jules Verne. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

periment" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) to inculcate the fact that without personal effort and some personal sacrifice it is idle to expect the vicious, the improvident, the weak-willed, to reform. The "Experiment" is not put in practice until one victim of man's hard-heartedness is gone past a cure; but when set in motion it bids fair to assist drunkards and overworked people to a higher as well as healthier form of life. There is some good character-drawing of stingy, well-meaning people who reckon up their good deeds with such minuteness that there is always a strong balance against the bad actions they may be conscious of.

"The Jericho Road, a Story of Western Life," * is another book by the same author, having a like purpose,—a philanthropical one, namely. The characters are village people in the Mississippi valley; but we suspect Mr. Habberton applies his moral to places nearer the Atlantic sea-board as well. They are shopkeepers, farmers and village clergymen, who figure in these pages, all or almost all are church-goers, but their charity is so timid that it not only begins at home, but cannot be induced to travel further. "The Jericho Road" is a little work intended to persuade this unfledged charity of people to try a flight abroad. Mr. Habberton's methods might be paralleled by the object teaching which is now in vogue in schools; he tries to show things actually as they are, let his hearers see and feel them, that they may make no mistake in applying the rules to their own surroundings.

"Friend Fritz." †

FRIEND FRITZ is not a man to be described in a paragraph; his story must be read in the pages which MM. Erckmann-Chatrian have devóted to him. There are many of them, but one never wearies of the idyllic pictures of Alsatian life presented one after the other in the happy and seemingly artless style of these well-known and much-read authors. One hears all about the ancestors of Fritz, his intimate friends, his housekeeper, and finally of his farm in Meissenthal. There grows a little maiden who upsets all his cunningly devised and solidly argued theories of bachelor life. She is the daughter of his farmer, a little thing of sixteen; but the jovial gourmand Fritz is slain in his turn, and indeed takes on after a wonderful fashion when he finds he is really deep in love. His terror lest she shall not have him is as great as his former philosophic indifference to the fair sex. But not Fritz alone is admirably described; his friends and boon companions are alike vividly portrayed. The whole story overruns with good-nature and good cheer. It is the kind to read on a very wet day, when every other means to drive melancholy away has failed. Books are excellent medicine for those who know how to apply them rightly. Just to read of Fritz's feasts and the old wine he and his friends consume is a corrective to low spirits.

* Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

† Friend Fritz. A Tale of the Banks of the Lauter. Translated from the French of Erckmann-Chatrian. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

A New Book by Mark Twain.*

IT needs no skillful reading between the lines of this last volume by Mr. Clemens to see that it is essentially an autobiography. The experiences of the author, his trials, his failures, and his final success are patent on every page. Even in the illustrations, one may read the story of his eventful career. Though with rare modesty he has suppressed the most sacred facts of his life, it takes but an ordinary imagination to peer through the palings of his father's fence (see cut on page 25) and behold him in the sportive innocence of childhood, throwing his grandmother's gridiron (see cut on page 27) at the neighbor's cat. How easy to discern in this incident the budding of those distinguished editorial faculties of later years! Here, too (page 97), is a view of the brick-yard in which—though he says it not, we know from other sources—he worked for years. In fact, there is an air of brick-yard throughout the whole of this volume, which it is impossible to attribute to any other literary mood than reminiscence. The volatility of his youth is also plainly to be seen. If we are not at fault, the inference to be drawn from the book is, that for many years the author could stick to nothing; but that, in later years, his power of application has notably increased. Yet, we must frankly admit that we have found but few irregularities in the whole volume. Further on (pages 124–137) are given numerous sketches from the author's life on the Mississippi. The one of the pontoon bridges (page 126)—which, it may not be generally known, were used at the times of the overflow of Western rivers—seems to us hardly enough to the point. We think we can detect Mr. Clemens's hand in the sketch from which this view was made; it has, in common with the gridiron, already referred to, a certain individuality bordering on mannerism. (Can we be mistaken in supposing that the gridiron must have come from Mr. Clemens's hand?) Nor do we like so well the view of the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad (page 140), on which Mr. Clemens went to California in '49; if we should be asked to name its principal fault, we should have to complain of the perspective. The views of the stratification of gold in the California mines (page 153), as it appeared to the imagination of Mr. Clemens, have a touch of that quaint humor so characteristic of him. We could wish the text were fuller in regard to this part of the author's romantic life, but we must do him the justice to remember that the title of this book only promises fragmentary sketches; though, as the title modestly suggests, they are not easily displaced from the memory.

But we did not mean to follow Mr. Clemens through the whole of the checkered career exhibited in this volume. It is a book to which readers could easily become attached. Many a lesson of patience and moderation may be learned from the parallels he has here drawn. Artists, even architects, will

* Mark Twain's Adhesive Scrap-Book, patented June 24, 1873, by Samuel L. Clemens. Published by Slote, Woodman & Co., 119 and 121 William street, New York. Remove the oiled paper as the leaves are used.

find much in the drawings to encourage them, while, among the quotations, many a scholar will gladly welcome the frequent lines of Arabic, the smoothness and flow of which are quite beyond praise. The style of the book, though occasionally labored, has none of the discursiveness heretofore so noticeable in Mr. Clemens's work, but is evenly sustained throughout. The compositor's work is almost without flaw. We have found a few instances of "wrong fonts," but, so far, not a single error in the leading. We must, however, protest against the insertion by the publishers, at the close, of the cut of the ladder by which Mr. Clemens rose to fame.

It is quite safe to say that no such work has ever been given to the public; the price per copy is from $1.25 to $3.50, according to style of binding, etc.

"The Plains and their Inhabitants."*

COLONEL DODGE has done a good work in exposing, as only an army officer can, the condition of the Indians in their relation to the army and settlers. The book is a full manual of sporting in the great West, or rather on what is generally called "the plains," but its chief value lies in the portions treating of the Indian. We find that he does not advocate the summary Western process of getting rid of Indians—extermination. He puts plainly enough before us the reason why the white populace on the borders are so unanimous for a total destruction of the race. Some of his chapters are ghastly enough to make one wonder how it is that people can be found willing to live in districts where such unspeakable atrocities are liable to be repeated. But he has the good sense to see and state the cruel wrongs that the Indians suffer, and have always suffered, from a partly mistaken, partly corrupt policy of successive governments. His verdict is naturally against the continuance of a hypocritical or sentimental theory that Indians can be treated with on an even footing with white people, when the history of every treaty proves that it has been only made to be broken. He advocates the only common-sense view of the case, a total disarmament, and a careful instruction in the arts of agriculture at separate points where the Indians would feel their helplessness, and not be driven to desperation by hunger.

The Indian village life which Colonel Dodge depicts is very interesting when one reflects that both its virtues and vices may, for all we know, be of comparatively late acquisition. Indians that have taken to the prairie and horseback are hardly likely to retain the same habits they possessed on foot in the woody regions of the Atlantic sea-board.

New English Books.

LONDON, February 7, 1877.

THOUGH the immediate dread of war in Eastern Europe is considerably alleviated, the uncertainty of future prospects in that quarter of the world exercises still a very benumbing effect on public and private enterprise. As publishers must live, and people must read, many books continue to be issued, and in some cases sell fairly, but there is nothing of the buoyancy and jubilant feeling that accompanies successful trading. The tendency is unquestionably to "save money against a rainy day," in preference to expending it in support of literature and art. The Lords of the Treasury acted on this principle (perhaps rather more tacitly felt than openly expressed) when they refused to accept the recommendation of the Trustees of the British Museum to furnish the means necessary for the purchase of the Cesnola collection of antiquities, and thereby afforded a chance for the display of the splendid liberality of private citizens of New York. The repeated instances of this kind of personal munificence in the United States, as exemplified in Cornell University, Vassar College, the Johns Hopkins University, the Astor and Lenox Libraries, etc., impress European minds very strongly, and yet strange to say, without provoking imitation to any very perceptible extent. In an old country the government or the state is looked to as the originator of great enterprises, and the millionaire grumbles at the administration for failing to accomplish some object, without reflecting for a moment how much his own surperfluous wealth might do toward effecting the purpose he desires to realize. Yet it cannot always have been so. The religious, the educational, and the charitable endowments of past ages, whose mere regulation, from excess of income, is now a matter of great delicacy and difficulty, all spring from personal bounty. It would seem indeed that there is, for nations, what may be called "an heroic age," before the exertions of the individual become subordinate to those of the state for the furtherance of public objects, and that America is now passing through it, while affording to the world such an unexampled list of private citizens who have devoted their means, not to selfish ends, but to the furtherance of the public good. It follows from this apathetic feeling that we have had in London of late no sales of books that compare in amount with that of the Menzies library; no picture collection disposed of equal to the Johnston gallery; nor is there a prospect of any at this moment. The latter collection, certainly, sold to more advantage than it would have done in London, as the modern French school of painting is comparatively little known, or appreciated in England. Excepting Sir Richard Wallace's unapproachable wealth of Meissonnier's pictures, there are probably more good examples of living French painters in New York than London,—particularly of the great landscape painters, as Troyon, Daubigny, etc. The general low tone of their pictures is too much like the natural dullness of English skies to be acceptable. It would seem, indeed, as if each nation delighted most to paint what it had not: English artists generally revel in "golden harvests," and sunny autumn days, too often imaginary, while the French discard their natural heritage of a clear horizon and an unclouded

* The Plains and their Inhabitants. By Richard Irving Dodge, Lieut.-Col. U. S. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

heaven for the representation of fog, chill and damp, and the only English landscape painter ever appreciated in France is Constable, whose perpetual showers remind one of Fuseli's exclamation: "Bring me my umbrella; I am going to look at Mr. Constable's picture." At present the only chance for the rich man who is burning to found a gallery at public sale, will be the auction in April, of the "splendid collection of modern pictures formed by Albert Grant, Esq., for the decoration of Kensington House, comprising perhaps the largest number of masterpieces of the English school ever offered for sale." This announcement gives probability to the rumor that the mansion above-mentioned (never occupied by its owner) has been sold to the Duke of Northumberland, who was rendered houseless by the improvements at Charing Cross, for four million dollars, a large sum, even though it include some ten acres of secluded pleasure-grounds, a lake, etc., all formed by the power of that great enchanter—money—in the midst of a crowded and densely populated neighborhood. Many symptoms, besides the purchase of pictures, point to the increased cultivation of the fine arts in America. The correspondent of an English journal ("The Academy"), writing from Florence, is at once surprised and gratified at the "amount of knowledge of foreign galleries and their contents among young Americans, especially females, acquired by reading in America." A book worth especial mention on this subject is Mr. Samuel Redgraves' "Descriptive Catalogue of the Historical Collection of Water Color Paintings in the South Kensington Museum." It forms a handsome royal octavo volume, copiously illustrated by chromolithographs and etchings, containing a history of the origin and progress of the art, the materials used, processes, and aims of its distinguished professors, etc., etc., by the editor. It is altogether an elegant and instructive work on an art now making rapid progress in the United States, where less than twenty years ago a gentleman known to the writer was unable to find a teacher of it in New York for the instruction of his children. Another branch of the subject is well and thoroughly illustrated in the new and enlarged edition of the "Introduction to the Study and Collection of Ancient Prints," by W. H. Willshire, two volumes royal octavo. The author well says: "There are numberless prints not worth having—not worth the room they take up nor the confusion they cause. Then there are others so scarce—or so costly—that governments or millionaires only can hope to procure them when such prints occur, at rare intervals, for sale. To go in pursuit of the former is wasting money,—in search of the latter, losing time." Yet these are the rocks that beset the bark of the novice, and to pilot him safely through them is the object of Dr. Willshire's book. He draws the line for ancient engravings about the end of the seventeenth century. For all the varied processes of the art,—wood-cutting, etching, line-engraving, etc.,—the characteristic works of its chief professors,—the judicious choice and arrangement of specimens,—and in fact for every topic connected with the pursuit, he gives the most full and accurate details, such as it is difficult to read without catching some of the writer's enthusiasm for the study. A manual of the kind in English was very much wanted, and the desideratum is now effectually supplied. A new edition of Walter Thornbury's "Life of J. W. M. Turner," who completed its enlargement and revision, just previously to his recent decease, is about to appear in a more compendious form, included in one volume with illustrations in colored fac-simile, from Turner's drawings. Another art book to be expected is a new "Life of Albert Dürer, with a History of his Art," by Professor Thausing, of the Vienna gallery, from the German, with the author's revision and numerous illustrations. A book that promises to be one of great curiosity and value in various respects is "The Likeness of Christ; an Inquiry into the Verisimilitude of the received Likeness of our Blessed Lord," by the late Thomas Heaphy, illustrated with photographs colored in fac-simile, and engravings on wood from original frescoes, mosaics, pateræ, and other works of art of the first six centuries. It is necessarily got up (in large quarto) in an expensive form, and the issue will be limited to subscribers.

A new work by Gustave Doré must always command attention. Two magnificent folio volumes comprise a superb edition of Michaud's "Histoire des Croisades," with one hundred illustrations by the inimitable artist. No subject could, in its varying phases, afford finer opportunities for the exercise of his peculiar talents. It rouses to eloquence the philosophic indifference of Gibbon when he contemplated "the mournful and solitary silence prevailing along the shores, which had so long resounded with the world's debate," and Doré has brought out with a power all his own, the picturesque incidents of the conflict between the embattled forces of Christendom and the turbaned hosts of the Prophet of Mecca.

Students of American history when they visit the loan collection of pictures by the old masters, now open at the Royal Academy, will feel as if they recognized an old friend when they see on the walls of the first gallery the portrait of "Thayeadanegea (Joseph Brant) the Mohawk chief," so familiarly known by the frontispiece to Colonel Stone's life of that worthy. It is a fine original painting from life, by George Romney, in his boldest and most vigorous style. It now belongs to a Mr. Unwin, but the history of the picture is not given in the catalogue. It should certainly find its way to the United States.

The literature of travel still forms an important portion of the books issuing from the press. The annals of discovery in the Nile basin are nearly closed; except for a little uncertainty as to some of its western affluents, its course is well known from the Victoria Nyanza to the sea, and has lost the attribute of mystery—the charm that so powerfully affected the imagination of adventurers, from Bruce downward. The merchant and the missionary are already taking the place of the explorer, and in spite of all the Khedive's exertions, the outlet of the products of the upper basin of the Nile must be on the eastern coast of Africa, in the Zanzibar

region, where the mercantile houses of Salem (Mass.) so long held uninterrupted sway. Colonel Gordon has recently been staying in London. His slight figure and unpretending presence give no outward sign of what "manner of man" he really is; no persuasion could induce him to allow himself to be made a lion of, and he has steadily refused the allurements of publishers and their tempting offers for a book. With the modesty of true merit, he says he has "kept no notes," and has done "nothing worth speaking of," so some other historian than himself must be found to record his achievements. Mr. Stanley's circumnavigation of the Lake Victoria finished worthily his labors in that quarter. Should he ever emerge from the *terra incognita* where he has since been shrouded from the knowledge of civilized man, it will be on the western coast of the continent, probably near the equator, and the interest of discovery will be transferred to that side of Africa. "Across Africa," by Captain Cameron, is the first installment of adventure in that direction. If that gallant officer were asked what he had done during three years and a half, he might safely reply, in the words of the Abbé Sieyes, when a similar inquiry was made to him, what he had done during the days of terror in France,—"I have lived." Yet Captain Cameron has done more than merely exist; through the dangers of human savagery and wasting sickness, he pursued steadily his progress, and the red line on the map, showing his daily and devious footsteps from the Eastern to the Atlantic Ocean, speaks with a mute eloquence, stronger even than his own words. This work has no pretensions to literary achievement, but possesses the charm of unquestioned truthfulness, and an entire absence of anything like sensational exaggeration. The insecure attitude of political affairs in the East gives great attraction to books in that quarter. Mr. Russell's account of the Prince of Wales's visit to India has been unfortunately delayed; but will be brought out this spring. Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva" has been a great success for the author, whom it has made known to fame, and for the publishers, who are said to have bought the book of the writer for £1,000, and have no reason to complain of their bargain. "Russia," by D. Mackenzie Wallace, is a book of a superior character,—a careful study of the political, social, and domestic life of the Russian people, from materials collected during a seven years' residence among them. To the Eastern excitement, no doubt, is owing the new edition of Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," in six compact and conveniently sized volumes. It may probably also be regarded as a sign that the work will never be completed on the scale first projected (though another volume is promised). Macaulay always comes into mind when one thinks of a great work overpowering its creator for want of a due sense of proportion between what he desires to do, and what one life is able to effect. Such failures show, in fact, that the historian who determines to tell all will, in reality, be able to tell very little, and the master-hand is shown in the due sense of symmetry resulting in a balanced aspiration and possibilities, such as insure a lasting vitality to the works of Prescott, Hallam, and many French historians, but is too often wanting in the writings of English authors of equal industry but less artistic judgment. A crowd of other books on Eastern countries and people is about appearing, and owing to political circumstances a flood of light is thrown on two hitherto obscure portions of the world — Central Asia and European Turkey, both of them, perhaps, destined to be the theaters of great events before long.

Two remarkable volumes of "Sermons" possess more attraction than can usually be claimed for that class of literature. If it were required of any one competently informed, to designate the three strongest men of the Church of England—not on the Episcopal bench—he would probably name Dr. Lightfoot, Canon Liddon, and Dr. Mozley. The "University Sermons" of the latter divine made a strong impression when published last year. His new volume is entitled "The Ruling Ideas in Early Ages, and their relation to Old Testament Faith." Its object is to grapple boldly with the perplexities arising from the divergence between modern modes of thought and the facts and sentiments put forth in the ancient Jewish scriptures as of Divine origin, and to show that when judged by the ruling ideas of the times they do not conflict with this assumed source, but, on the contrary, are in accordance with this rudimentary condition and gradual development of human thought, as exemplified in other phases of the Providential evolvement of the race. Among the subjects discussed by the writer with a powerful and original mind are the sacrifice of Abraham, the conduct of Jael to Sisera, the vindictive war with the Canaanites, etc., etc. The other volume referred to is by a divine, well known in the United States—"Some Facts of Religion and of Life. Sermons preached before her Majesty the Queen, in Scotland, 1866—76, by Dr. John Tulloch, Principal of St. Mary's College, University of St. Andrews." They have all the directness and simplicity characteristic of Dr. Tulloch's style. Their leading object is to present considerations of religion as allied to and affecting the facts of life; and, above all, to insist on the possible separation of the two ideas, religion and theology. The topics included in the latter word being such that men always have differed on, and always will,—while the atmosphere of religion has no connection with the strife of intellectual conflict, but embraces the calmer regions of spiritual and moral influences, appealing to the consciousness of each and of all and whereon every one may be agreed. * * *

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Driving Galleries in Mines.

In "fiery" mines liable to be invaded by explosive gases, the use of gunpowder in blasting is always attended with danger, and the slower method of breaking up the coal or rock by means of hand-drills and wedges must be employed. Rock-drills and coal-cutting machinery have reduced this labor greatly, and made it possible to drive galleries in fiery mines with speed and safety. Among the latest improvements in this class of machinery is a combined rock-drill and rock splitting and cleaving machine. It is of the usual type, as far as the rock-drilling is concerned, and the drill may be driven by steam or compressed air. It is designed to drill holes in any direction, and also to serve as a steam-hammer; and in cutting a gallery, the first operation is to drill a hole directly into the face of the rock the whole length of the drill, or 70 centimeters (27½ inches). The drill is then withdrawn and the cutting tool at the end is removed, and a heavy iron weight is put in its place. A needle wedge is then inserted in the hole in the rock, and the machine, now transformed into a steam-hammer, delivers its blows on the head of the wedge with great force and at high speed. This tends to split and smash the rock till an opening is made of about the usual size made by a single blast of powder. More holes are then drilled, and the process is repeated till the face of the rock is broken up. With a pressure of three atmospheres the machine is reported to give blows, with a percussive force of 300 kilograms (about 600 pounds), and will advance a gallery quite as quickly as by the use of powder, and in entire safety.

Storing Green Hay.

The usual method of making hay is expensive and liable to risks, owing to the changeable weather at the haying season. To escape the danger of wetting and spoiling, experiments have been made with grass cut and stored in one day, and after only two hours exposure to the sun. In these experiments the grass was cut as soon as free from dew, was then turned over once with the tedding-machine, and after drying for two hours, was hastily gathered and removed to a tight barn. The barn was plastered on the inside, and had a tight floor and roof, and as soon as the loads entered, the doors were closed and the hay was immediately packed into the mows. The barn was then kept as nearly air-tight as possible, till the hay was consumed in the winter. By this method of quick gathering, and the perfect exclusion of rain, and the nearly perfect exclusion of air, the hay was preserved sweet and in excellent condition, and was found to be more valuable as food for cattle than hay made in the ordinary way. The chief points of interest in this method of curing grass are the quick gathering and the use of tight buildings for the exclusion of moisture and air. The experiments made in this direction are reported to be very satisfactory, and the subject commends itself to the attention of farmers in the variable climates of some of our states, both on the score of economy of time and labor and the improved quality of the hay.

Corrective in Lead-Poisoning.

Workmen employed in the manufacture of white lead are always liable to lead-poisoning, both by inhaling the dust and in touching the lead with the hands. Various correctives for this have been employed, and among these the latest and most simple is a careful washing of the hands in petroleum. Three washings a day are reported to be sufficient to prevent all serious danger of poisoning. The benzole in the petroleum is said to scour the skin and remove the dust of lead, and the fatty substance in the oil prevents the absorption of the lead salts. The experiments made with petroleum used in this manner give such good results that it is proposed to use the same material as a guard against poisoning in other industries where the salts of copper or mercury are employed.

Armored Guns.

Among the recent improvements brought out in the race between guns and plates,—between the destroying power of guns and the protective power of armor-plates on forts and ships,—is a system of armored guns designed both for ships and casemates. The port on the ship or casemate is reduced in size so as nearly to close the opening for the gun, only leaving sufficient space for it to be turned about in firing. This opening is finished in the shape of a ball-and-socket joint, and the work is made as thick and strong as possible. A thread is cut on the gun, near the muzzle, and a heavy ball of steel or iron, designed to fit the socket in the ports, and having a hole through the center, is screwed tight to the end of the gun. When the gun is in place, the port is closed by the ball carried on the muzzle of the gun, and only the end of the gun is visible on the outside of the fort or ship, and the port is thus armored against shot. Suitable sight openings are provided, and when once the gun is trained for firing, it may be fired continuously without resighting, or without moving the piece. The recoil of the gun is expended on the ball affixed to the gun and the socket in the wall of the casemate or the side of the ship. Only very strong, steel breech-loading guns have been tried, and in experiments with a field-piece of 8.8 centimeters (3½ in.) bore, excellent results were obtained both in accuracy of aim, rapidity and ease in handling the gun and freedom from smoke in the casemate.

Intermittent Filters.

In filtering water for domestic use, it is proposed to employ intermittent filters that will at intervals

run dry, and thus allow the filtering material to become aerated and permit the impurities lodged upon it to become oxidized by exposure to the air. The filtering material may also be turned over or cleansed out during the interval when the filter is empty and without interrupting the supply of water. The filter may be filled with charcoal or other filtering material laid on a perforated base forming the bottom of the filter. Beneath the filter is a tank designed to catch the water dripping from the bottom of the filter, and to distribute it to the house. The water supply flows into the filter at the top, and is regulated by a common floating ball stop-cock. In the tank below the filter is another floating ball, controlling by means of a rod the water supply for the filter. These two automatic stop-cocks are so adjusted that they must move together to open the supply, and move independently to close it. By means of this device, the water first fills the filter till it is cut off by the float. The water then passes through the filter and fills the tank below. The float in the filter would now fall and open the supply pipe, but the water in the tank raises the other float and keeps the supply closed. The filter then runs dry and remains so till the water is withdrawn from the tank. As the water in the tank is not drawn during the night, the tank remains full and the empty filter is exposed to the air till the water is drawn again. On drawing the water from the tank, the float falls and opens the supply pipe into the filter, and the process begins again. By adjusting one float to the other, this kind of filter may be made to run dry at intervals, and thus give opportunities for cleaning or airing the filter as often as may be desired.

Recording Weighing-Machine.

THIS machine is of the common steelyard pattern, and has affixed to the underside of the scale-beam a number of points or punching-types, each representing a number on the scale. These points are placed at the tens figures, in a scale reading a hundred, or at hundreds, on a scale counting up to a thousand kilos, pounds, or whatever units of measurement are used. The sliding weight on the beam has attached to it a plate that may be moved by a lever, and that may be brought up in contact with the bottom of the beam when needed. On this plate is a sliding-bar having points or types representing units, or tens and units. In weighing with this machine, the weight is adjusted in the usual way, and then a blank ticket marked off with spaces for hundreds, tens and units is inserted between the plate on the weight and the beam. By a movement of the lever, the plate is then forced against the scale-beam. This drives the types on the beam and on the sliding-bar together, and punches the figures in the paper ticket, thus giving a stamped record of the weight. Any number of tickets may be thus put on the plate and made to give a record of the weight. This apparatus is said to work accurately, and to give a stamped record as quickly as one can commonly read the figures on the scale. The stamped tickets are also useful as vouchers of the weight of the goods.

Artificial Paving-Blocks.

THE slag or scoriæ that results from blast-furnace work has always been a troublesome by-product, and various attempts have been made to utilize it. Run into blocks, it has been used for paving with more or less success, but a new process of casting and annealing is claimed to furnish a good and uniform material that resists wear, and gives a good footing for horses. This process consists in taking the slag as it flows from the furnace and running it into molds placed upon a circular table. As fast as the molds are filled, they are moved away, and left to cool down to a dull-red color. The molds are then opened, and the blocks are taken out and annealed in a furnace kept at a particular temperature for twenty-four hours. They are then finished, and may be used at once. The chief novelty in this process seems to be in the annealing of the blocks of slag.

Memoranda.

THE bichromate of potash electric battery is cheaper and more powerful than the Grove and Bunsen batteries, and yet it is rarely used on account of its liability to fail soon after starting. This defect results from the rapid deposition upon the surface of the carbon elements of the chromic oxides, which tend to destroy the power of the battery. Attempts have been often made to overcome this by shaking the solution on moving the plates, but with only partial success. To obviate this, and to keep the plates clean at all times, a new style of battery has been introduced. Each cup is placed in a step so that they stand one above another, and by a system of siphon pipes the bichromate of potass solution is made to flow from the upper cups to those below. By having a supply of the solution in a reservoir near the upper cups, and a waste reservoir below the solution may be easily kept in motion, and the deposition of the salts prevented.

A new form of gas stove designed to give warmed fresh air has been made, consisting of two upright cylinders inclosed one within the other. The outer cylinder is open at the bottom and is designed to be connected by means of a pipe with the chimney. The inner cylinder is connected at the bottom with a fresh air box or pipe, and takes air from out-of-doors and is open at the top. The gas is burned in the outer cylinder and serves to heat both the outer walls and the inner cylinder, through which air is drawn from out-of-doors and sent warmed into the room. This style of gas stove or furnace gets rid of the products of combustion by means of the chimney, and at the same time furnishes warm fresh air to the room.

Metallikon.—This is an art process designed to give a cheap form of ornamental window glass. Sheets of clear glass are first cut to the size of the

intended sash or window, and on this glass is traced the intended picture or design. Pieces of colored glass, painted and cut to fit the design, are then laid on the glass and fastened down by means of a transparent cement. This plan of securing the colored glass dispenses with "leading," and gives perfect protection from the weather, and gives pictures or designs with much finer lines than by the ordinary process of setting in lead sash. The effects may also be varied by using glass rods, tubes, prisms and other pieces of cut glass that by reflection and refraction give cross or dispersed lights.

Reference was made in this department some time since, to the employment of the waste heat of lime-kilns in heating greenhouses. This was accomplished by placing a saddle boiler over the kiln and connecting it with a water circulation. The inventor of this cheap system of heating has advanced the subject another step, and has constructed a novel form of boiler to be placed over a lime-kiln, and thus employ the heat now thrown away in raising steam. The boiler is of the upright tubular form, and is designed to be set in brick-work over the top of the kiln. Suitable provisions are made for firing the kiln and for removing the lime, and the working of the kiln in no way interferes with the production of steam.

The incompressibility of sand is suggested as a cheap and ready means of making supporting columns and bases for anvils, or for blocks designed to support heavy weights. Sand inclosed in thin wooden or iron walls, if thoroughly shaken down, may be made to sustain a much greater weight than the walls or cylinders alone, by placing all the weight directly on the sand and quite free from the walls that retain it. Wooden boxes filled with sand thus, make excellent supports for anvils or tables for laboratory work. So long as the pressure is vertical, the sand will sustain far greater weights and will resist heavier blows than could be borne by solid blocks of wood of the same size.

In the manufacture of chilled cast-iron car-wheels, an improvement is announced in the addition of a certain proportion of Bessemer steel to the pig iron in the cupola furnace. This use of Bessemer steel is reported to improve the character of the wheel, and to add to its strength. It also admits of the use of different grades of iron, and finds one more use for the hitherto nearly useless waste pieces that result from the manufacture of this steel.

Glass silk is finding a new use as a material for laboratory filters. It is said to make an excellent strainer for acid and alkaline substances, as it gives a ready flow with good filtration without imparting impurities to the liquids. It is also useful as a ready means of determining the character of the deposits, either by washing them out of the filter or by melting the glass fiber. In ordinary chemical work it may be used many times by washing after use and drying in the air.

In replacing iron water-pipes, it has been found that old pipes that are usually considered as of no value may be restored to usefulness by heating in a furnace till the scales of rust may be knocked or scraped off. On taking the pipes from the furnace they are cleaned and scraped, and then dipped into a solution designed to give them a water-proof coating, and when dry, they appear nearly as good as new, and may be relaid with safety.

In making nuts for railway car use, some manufacturers now cut two deep slots at right angles in the top or face of the nut, and give the bottom a concave surface. This style of nut is much deeper than the ordinary pattern, and on screwing it in place, the corners of the concave bottom strike first, and tend to spread the nut out and pinch the slots in the top together round the bolt, and thus bind it firmly into place.

Notes on Assaying and Assay Schemes; by Pierre de Peyster Ricketts, E.M. Ph. D. The Art-printing Establishment, New York—This work is designed as a text-book for the practical mining assayer and the student. It gives the systems and schemes of assay employed in Columbia College, and is valuable both as a book of reference and as a guide in practical work.

Among the substances recently proposed as a refractory lining for furnaces when a very high temperature is used, is the oxide of chromium. This oxide is expensive, and it is suggested that chrome ore, containing at least 50 per cent. of chromium, might be used instead, The oxide of chromium is also proposed as a material for making molds for holding fused metals.

Water-proof paper has been introduced as a sheathing for the hulls of iron ships. It is designed to be secured to the submerged portions of the hull by means of marine glue. From experiments made with iron ships, the paper sheathing is reported to be of great value as a shield against barnacles, seaweed, and corrosion.

Gas from petroleum has been tried as a fuel in burning lime, and is reported to give excellent results, the lime being very white and pure, and commanding a higher price than lime burned with wood or coal.

Salicylic acid is recommended for the preservation of cream that must be kept for churning, and for the preservation of butter intended for distant markets.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

JEALOUSY AT THE AQUARIUM.

Seal, to his comrade:—"Look there, Ned, it's all up with us; if they haven't gone and got that Baby Hippopotamus and all the girls are going into ecstasies over him."

A Fish Story.

(MR. EDWARD FISH LOQUITUR.)

WHO the deuce is that knocking, I wonder,
  It must be that rascally Jew.
Come in, you old thief! What in thunder ——
  I beg pardon; didn't know it was *you*,
I supposed my commercial friend, Judas,
  Was there. Anything that you wish?
I am sorry that I was so rude as
  To —— What? Mr. Fish?

Do I know a man *so* named in college?
  Why, bless you, the catalogue's full.
Five Fishes, at least, to my knowledge,
  In fact, I may say, a whole school.
They're a crowd that I don't much admire;
  A scaly mess, rather, *entre nous*.
Which one *was* it, if I may inquire,
  You'd reference to?

Let me see,—there's a Fish with the Seniors;
  It can hardly be he that you mean.
He's reputed to be quite a genius,
  And does pictures in oil, the Sardine.
And there's Ponsonby Fish, a dog-fancier;
  It is strange how the fellow's bound up
In his dog and his studies ("from Landseer")—
  Just adores that bull-pup.

Then there's Percy Fish, known as the "Codfish"
  (His descent's not as long as his purse),
And Byron Fish, *he's* quite an odd fish,
  Dresses queer and writes exquisite verse.
Why, they say those dear creatures, the Muses,
  Do nothing but weep and repine,
Because my Lord Byron refuses
  To go on the Nine.

What? The man you want roomed *here?* May be, sir.
  You've his signature there? Let me look.
"*Edward Fish.*" Sure enough—Oh, I see, sir,
  It was he who subscribed for your book.
Ah, my dear sir, your searching is ended,
  You needn't look farther for Ned,
Poor fellow! He's gone—moved—ascended;
  In fact—he is dead!

'Tis a story I don't like to tell, sir,
  Though it happened three months since and more.
He *would* venture alone in a shell, sir.
  Though he'd never been in one before.
And the thing got swamped out in the river,
  While Ned (who, you see, couldn't swim,
Notwithstanding his name) sank forever,
  And that ended *him*.

Poor fellow! We all of us missed him.
  Dispensation! They needn't tell *me*.
'Twas nothing but this beastly system
  Of marking that killed him. You see,
If he'd cared less for marks, he'd had spare time
  To cultivate boating as well;
And he wouldn't have upset. What! Prayer-time?
  'Pon my word, there's the bell.

I must leave you, I'm sorry to say, sir.
  Pray sit here just as long as you like.
Must you go? Oh, no trouble. *Good*-day, sir!

Well! I thought that bell never *would* strike.
That you, chum? Say! first fasten the door, and
  If a book-agent comes this forenoon,
My name isn't Fish any more, and
  I was drowned, back in June.

JOHN BROWNJOHN.

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Uncle Gabe's White Folks.

SARVENT, marster. Yes, sah, dat's me,
"Ole Uncle Gabe" 's my name;
Thankee, marster. I'm 'bout, yo' see;
An' d' ole ooman? she's much de same,—
Po'ly an' 'plainin', thank de Lord!
But de marster's gwine t' come back from 'broad.

"Fine ole place?" Yes, sah, 'tis so,
An' mighty fine people my white folks wair,
But yo' oughter 'a' seen it years ago,
When d' marster an' d' mistis lived up deyre;
When de niggers 'd stan' all 'roun' de do'
Like grains ob corn on d' corn-house flo'.

"Lived mons'us high?" Yes, marster, yes,—
Cut 'n onroyal 'n' 'gordly dash,
Eat an' drink till yo' couldn't res',—
My folks warn't none o' yo' po' white trash;
'N', sah, dey wuz ob high degree,
Dis hyar nigger am quality.

"Tell yo' 'bout 'em?" Yo' mus' 'a' hearn
'Bout my ole white folks, sho!
I tell yo', sah, dey wuz gret an' stern,
Didn' hav' nothin' 'tall to learn,
D' knowed all dat d' wuz to know.
Gol' ober d' head an' under d' feet,
An' silver!—d' sowed like folks sow wheat.

"Use' to b' rich?" Dat warn't de word,—
Jes' wallowed an' roll' in wealf.
Why, none o' my white folks ever stirred
To lif' a han' fo' d' self;
D' niggers use' to be standin' 'roun'
'S same es leaves when d' fus' fall down.
De stable-stalls up hyar at home,
Look' like teef in a fine toof-comb;
De cattle wuz 'digious,—mus' tell de fac'!
An' de hogs mec' de hill-sides look like black,
'N' de flocks ob sheep wuz so gret an' white,
Dey 'peared like clouds on a moon-shine night,
'N' when my 'l missis use' to walk,
(Jes' t' her *kerridge*,—dat wuz fur
'S ever she walked), I tell you, sir,
Yo' could almos' hyar her silk dress talk;
It use' to soun' like de mornin' breeze,
When it wakes an' rustles de gret-house trees;
'N' de marster's face,—de marster's face,
When eber de marster got right pleased,
Use' to shine wid 'e heavenly grace,
Same 's he count'nance had been greased.
De cellar too had de best ob wine,
'N' brandy an' sperits dat yo' could fin',
'N' ev'ything in dyar wuz stor'd—
'Skusin' de glory ob-a de Lord.

"Warn't dyar a son?" Yes, sah, you knows
He's de young marster now;
But we hyar dat dey tooken he very clo's
To pay what ole marster owe:
He's done been gone, ten year, I s'pose,
But he's comin' back some day ob co'se;—
An' my ole ooman,—she's aluz pyaird,
An' meckin' de blue-room bed,
An' every day dem sheets is yaird,
An' will be till-a she's dead;
An' de styairs she'll scour an' de room she'll ten',
Ev'y bressed day dat de Lord do sen'.

What say, marster? Yo' say you knows?—
He's young, an' slender-like an' fyair;
Better lookin' 'n you, ob co'se,
Hi! "You's he?"—Fo' Gord, 'tis him!
'Tis de berry voice, an' eyes, an' hyar,
An' mouf, an' smile (on'y yo' aint so slim),
Bress de Lord! I wonder whar—
Whar's d' ole ooman! Now let-a my soul
Depart in peace, fur I behol'
Dy glory, Lord! I knowed yo', chile,
I knowed yo' soon's I see yo' face;
Whar hez yo' been dis bressed while?
"Done come back an' buy de place?"
Oh! bress de Lord for all his grace!
De ravins shell hunger an' shell not lack,
D' marster, d' young marster's done come back!

T. N. PAGE.

Replevin.

HE was a youth all simpleness,
And she a maiden full of wiles;
How could the rustic ever guess
That mischief lurked beneath such smiles?
She did not wish his heart to break
For pastime ere she went to town,—
But just to keep herself awake,
And win, perhaps, some slight renown.

She flirted with him at the well,
She flirted with him in the wagon,
And at her meals—though, truth to tell,
His mother watched her like a dragon.
He cut her pencils when she drew,
He cut her name on several beeches—
In fact, he did the best he knew,
And racked his brain for pretty speeches.

The thing went on some little while,
Until at last the maid grew weary;
She could not always raise a smile,
The country, too, was growing dreary;
She thought she'd try a new effect,
And so, without the slightest warning,
She said to her flirtee-elect,
"I'm going home to-morrow morning."

She scanned his face for signs of grief,
But what she saw surprised her, slightly;
A look of most intense relief
Appeared there, and he answered brightly—
"I'm thankful—no—I mean to say,
I hope you'll find some other fellows
To flirt with, if you come our way
Again, for Sue's most awful jealous!

"I've tried to tell you, but somehow
I always felt so dreadful sheepish,
And next thing, there'd 'a' been a row,
For really, it was getting deepish!
You see, we're promised, Sue and me—
She's bright, though she's not had much schooling—
She said last night she'd set me free,
Unless I'd say I'd quit this fooling!

"Of course I said I would, but then
I wondered what you'd think about me,
I thought I'd catch it, sure, again,
You seemed so lonesome-like without me.
I never thought that you might hear
From some one else of my engagement,
But Ma's been telling you, it's clear!"
* * * * * * * *
He wondered what her look of rage meant!

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

FAMILY CARES.

Quatrains.

(IN REPLY TO E. R. IN LAST NUMBER).

DAY AND NIGHT.

You say that "Day's a butterfly
That hovers in the azure sky!"
Night, then, a *caterpillar* is
That's passing through its chrysalis!

THE WORLD AND THE POET.

"What is the world compared to me?
Its thoughts are foam, mine, pearls," most rare;
What a mistake! for all can see
Your thoughts are *shells*, the pearls—not there!

THE SPHYNX.

You say "All things do go on fours,"
Within, as well as out of, doors.
If, as a fact, we this concede,
How walks the nimble centipede?

THE CUCKOO.

Of all the birds, if a bird you could be,
You think you prefer the cuckoo best,
"For *he* don't go building nests, you see,
But lays *his* eggs in another's nest."

VILLY PIQUE.

A Poem by the author of "Home Sweet Home."

A LADY of Middleborough, Mass., writes us as follows:

"I remember John Howard Payne very well, as he was a frequent visitor at my father's house in New York when I was a child. One of my Christmas gifts when I was twelve years old was a beautifully bound album, and I at once decided to have nothing but original pieces written in it. Showing it to Mr. Payne, and asking him if he would comply with the conditions, he at once agreed to do so, and returned it to me a few days after with the following verses, which have never been printed."

TO ADELAIDE.

Yes, yes! if 'tis sweet 'mid the soul-stirring sights,
Which travelers, where nature has frolicked, entrance,
Now and then to look back, as we toil o'er the heights,
And gather the beauties of all in a glance,
It is more sweet, in passing thro' life, to review
The feelings and scenes which its ruggedness cheers,
And recalling the dear ones departed, renew
In the dream of a moment the blessings of years.

Then precious are pages like these, with a spell
In the gems which may deck them, around us to cast
Recollections on which with delight we may dwell,
And illumine the Present with smiles from the Past.
May your life, like the leaves of your book, gentle maid,
Be adorn'd by the charms of affection and taste;
Be as pure as those yet uninscrib'd from a shade,
But as bright as the brightest by excellence grac'd.

J. H. P

Scintillations.

I. LEGAL.

QUOTH Advocatus: "Friend, I would not try
To bring this suit to court—your case wont lie."
"Humph!" answers Cliens, "I supposed you knew
That all the lying must be done by *you*."

II. SOCIAL.

Old Æsop tells us of an ass that tried respect to win
By strutting up and down the earth clad in a lion's skin;
A stranger thing we see each day, when in the street we pass
Some well-known social lion in the habit of an ass.

FRANCIS ELLINGTON LEUPP.

"Automatic Tension."

BY PERMISSION FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A LUNATIC.

As I was walking through the Fair,
'Mong many things well worth attention,
I saw a placard, high in air,
And on it "Automatic Tension."

And 'neath it needle-work, which vied
In fineness with the lace Valenciennes,—
To which in crowds the ladies hied
As to a Woman's Rights Convention.

A fair-haired maid was standing near
With eyes as blue as any gentian,
And soft I whispered in her ear,
"What is this 'Automatic Tension?'"

She blushed and smiled, then sweetly said
(With just a touch of condescension),
"It is a—well, in short 'tis said
To be a *marvelous invention.*"

I checked an old man passing by;
Said I, "Pray pardon the detention,—
But—will you kindly tell me why
This is so wondrous an invention?"

But he replied, almost in rage,
"This has received award and mention;
It is the wonder of the age,
It is the 'Automatic Tension!'"—

And left, as wishing to avoid
All danger of a long contention
With one so seemingly devoid
Of ordinary comprehension.

The catalogue I next essayed;
Then asked a soldier with a pension;
Then, one whose classic nose betrayed
A knowledge of the Greek declension.

But some would smile and others frown
Till one (with, doubtless, good intention),
In florid phrase said 'twas "*the crown*
Of all mechanical invention."

Then reason fled my maddened brain;
I knew not fear of reprehension,
But loud and long, with might and main,
I shouted "AUTOMATIC TENSION!"

Again, again, my cry rang out,
Till strangers, filled with apprehension,
Came hurrying round me, as the shout
The echoes woke in its ascension.

They seized me, and they bound me fast,
E'en gagged me as a sure prevention.
I struggled not, but to the last
I *gurgled* "Automatic Tension."

And now within this madman's cell,
Four stories high, with an extension,
I ask with maniacal yell,
"*What is the 'Automatic Tension?'*"

P. K.

36

1914

AN ART REFORM.

It is proposed at future Exhibitions to do away with the Hanging Committee and allow each artist to hang his own picture. This is in order to avoid the little unpleasantnesses which sometimes occur.

BINDING SECT. MAY 4 1966

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